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CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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EDITORIALS

As yet it is extremely doubtful if we shall be able to build—anything—this year. The amount received for our building fund is negligible. Times are hard, no doubt, and our good friends simply haven't the money to send us. Just now we do not know what will happen next year, as we cannot possibly accommodate all the new applicants in our present Seminary.

* * * * * * * *

Some way must be found. It does seem terrible to think of turning down applications from those who wish to devote their lives to the work of the Missions, yet they must have a roof over their head if they are to undergo a period of preparation. This time the situation is really serious as far as we are concerned. Yet we know that Providence will find a way for us. And the way may be to inspire some good benefactor to come to our assistance.

* * * * * * * *

MISSIONARIES RELEASED

It was with great joy that we heard the news of the release, without ransom, of Fathers Laffan and Linehan of St. Columban's, Hangyang. They were captured on April 26th of last year and it was rumored at different times that they had been put to death. Not only for the sake of the missionaries and their dear ones at home are we glad to hear this good news, but because of its significance in China. In spite of the sufferings and death of many missionaries the Church has consistently refused to sanction the paying of ransom for those captured. To do so would be but to invite the capture overnight of every missionary the bandits could lay their hands on. A firm attitude on the part of all mission societies in this regard is the only hope for the future, as gradually even the bandits will realize that it does not pay to capture missionaries for whom ransom will never be paid.

* * * * * * * *

A great many people these days complain that it is a shame to send fine young men to China because the Chinese do not seem to appreciate or understand the motives which prompt the missionary to make such a great sacrifice. Those poor souls mean well enough. It is out of the kindness of their hearts they speak. But they do not seem to realize that no missionary worthy of the name ever goes to China for either appreciation or "understanding." As far as the missionary is concerned he goes to bring something to the Chinese, not to receive anything from them. If they are not as appreciative as they might be, it is precisely because they do not know Christianity.

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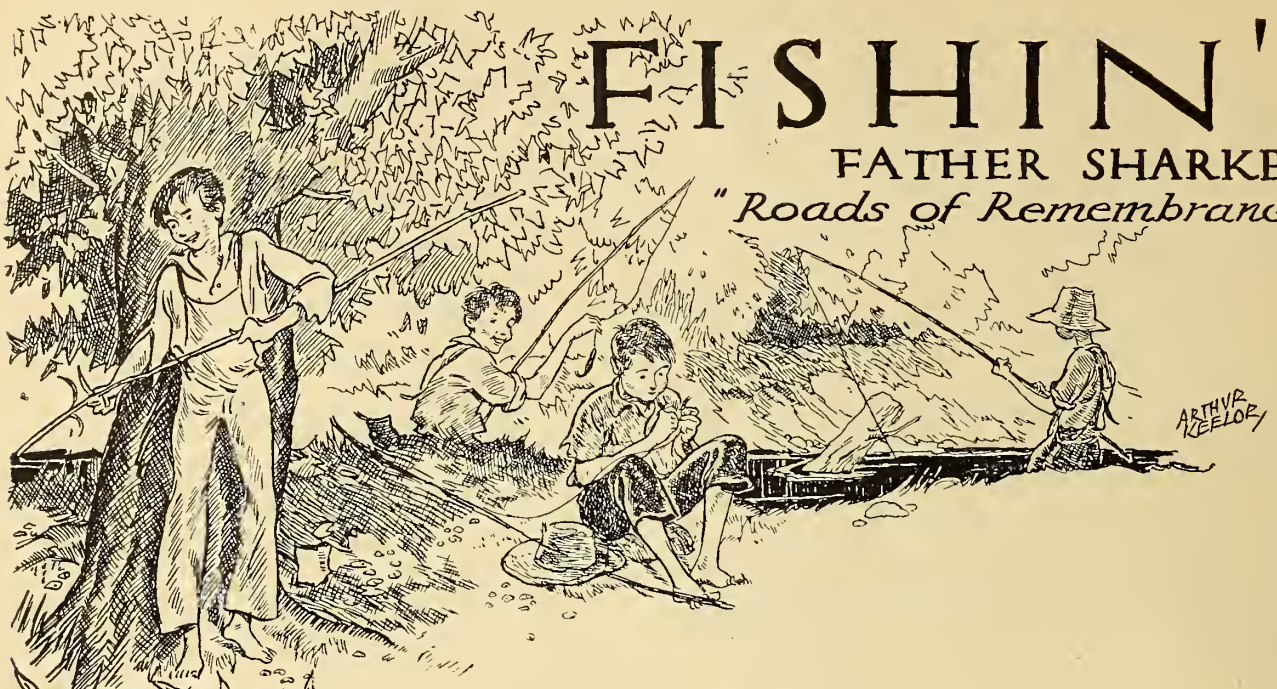
Another mistake people make in arguing about mission life in China is that they leave the poor missionary's own interests out of it altogether. The missionary himself has a soul to save. God has called him to the Foreign Mission Field. And it would be a sorry decision on his part to risk the loss of that precious soul of his by infidelity to God's grace and his sublime vocation just because there are many things to be desired in the character of the people to whom he is going.

* * * * * * * *

Only God could ask a young man to leave home forever and face the loneliness of China because only God could give the grace to sustain him in his sacrifice. Self-pitying souls had better keep far away from the Mission Field. As Bishop Defebvre well said in his lecture to our students here before leaving for China, the greatest assets of the missionary are piety and cheerfulness. Truly "a saint sad is a sad saint" as far as the missions are concerned.

* * * * * * * *

There is one paragraph in "The Life of Father Gonnet" which always impressed us greatly in regard to the missionary in China. It is part of a letter he wrote to the students of Laval. "One suffers often and much," he said, "body and soul are bruised. But at the same time there is so much good to be done, there are such great consolations that one wishes one had a thousand lives to consecrate to the service of the Master. And then, our Fathers and Brothers, who leave us for Heaven, are so content to die. It seems that the passage to eternity has lost all its terrors in the case of the missionary. Yes, long live China, regardless. It is the shortest and perhaps the surest road to Heaven."



FISHIN'

FATHER SHARKEY

"Roads of Remembrance"

THERE'S a brook that I remember, t'was the prettiest about,
Deep and clear and nicely shaded, full of lively speckled trout.
And we used to go there fishin' in the days of long ago,
With our worms and rods and tackle, Jim and Bill and Frank and Joe.

And we'd take our lunches with us so we'd have the whole day there,
Just a-sittin and a-dreamin' not a worry or a care;
Till we'd feel a kind-o tuggin' at the rod within our hand,
And we'd give a whoop of triumph as we brought our catch to land.

Well, the brook is still a-babblin' under branches red and gold
But the old gang ain't there these times as they were in days of old.
For one day, as we sat fishin' on an afternoon in Fall,
A strange shadow fell between us and we heard the Master call.

Yes, the years have slipped by quickly and the gang has dropped to four,
And poor Frank he won't go fishin' with the old gang anymore;
For the Communists they shot him when they raided Chuchufu
And my cheeks are damp and glistening and it ain't the evening dew.

Father Joe is down in Honan, Father Jim is here with me,
And we sometimes hear from Billy all alone in Kiangsi.
He has fled into the hilltops, just escaped a band of Reds,
And we're 'spectin' every moment to be hearin' he is dead.

While the old brook babbles softly at our favorite rendezvous,
And there, other lads are fishin' as we youngsters used to do.
And perhaps they'll hear the same call as our old gang heard it then,
For a lad can do no better than go fishin' souls of men.

My FIRST MISSION TRIP

BY

REV. A. GIGNAC

Home again, after my first mission trip with Fr. Beal (now becoming a grizzled veteran) to Giu Sz Ka and Suichang. The latter place is about sixty li from Sungyang. From our headquarters at Chuchow, where most of the "beginners" are located until they become acclimatized, to Sungyang, where Father Beal is located the river is navigable by river boat. Beyond Sungyang there are numerous rapids and rafts are used for carrying cargo and passengers.

It was on a cool morning in September that the "boy" and I took our departure from Chuchow. The weather had suddenly changed from intense heat (and in China that means HEAT with four capital letters) to a cool, clinging sort of dampness and I was just as well pleased that I brought along my overcoat and extra blanket for the journey. We had hired the boat outright for the trip and I was the only "passenger." But captain, steward and first class passenger all dined together on the trip, the boatman joining us as I endeavoured to swing the chopsticks into action in strict conformity to the rules of Chinese etiquette. The Chinese are always very pleased when they see a foreigner do his best to conform to their accepted way of eating.

All day long we travelled, the "boatman onward plodding his weary way," hurry was out of the question. Shortly after supper time he decided it was time to "dock" for the night so we pulled up beside two or three other boats and moored our craft by the shore. I spread my bed in the bottom of the boat and was soon lulled to sleep by the gentle lap lapping of the waters on the side of our frail little craft. Another day and night and we arrived at Sungyang where I remained with Fr. Beal over Sunday, preparing to make my first mission trip and learn from him the ins and outs of missionary and apostolic journeyings in China.

The morning of departure came at last. We hired a carrier for the trip and checked our Mass kit, bedding and hand bags aboard this human baggage car. In spite of the fact that it had rained the night before and looked as if it might start again at any moment we were anxious to be off. The going was not so bad until we came in sight of the first "Lian Ding" (rest house) when a heavy shower began to fall. We hastened our steps and were soon joined by several other wayside travellers also seeking shelter from the elements. A short conversation with them enabled us to learn the names of a few Chinese vegetables they were carrying. And then, in spite of the fact that the rain was still falling we decided to push on.

After a short walk we came upon a herd of water buffalo. The owner was leading one of them, evidently the head of the herd, and this particular bull decided it was time to stage a little show for the benefit of the foreigners passing by. Breaking loose, he singled out another bull worthy of his horns, and the fight was on. Believe me this was a bull fight, without matador or toreador or red flag. A crowd soon gathered. The buffalo put all they had into the attack and soon got tangled up in each other's horns and, although we would liked to have seen the finish, we were obliged to move on because of a cold and misty rain. At a little hamlet farther on we stopped and had the proverbial drink of tea, the only thing there is to drink as the water is not fit to take. For this the store-keeper would not accept any payment, as her husband was a Christian. Shortly before dusk we arrived at Giu Sz Ka. The boy got busy setting up our beds on planks laid over benches, and then prepared for supper. A few Christians came to see the priest and some stayed for the prayers at night.

We spent a week at Giu Sz Ka, visiting the Christians and exhorting them to come to Mass and the sacraments. The catechist explained the doctrines to them and we ourselves added a word of exhortation from time to time, telling them how important a thing it was to save one's

soul, that life in this world at best was short and full of trials of every kind and that the truly wise man would work for a life of happiness that had no end. During our week's stay quite a number of Christians came for Mass and the sacraments. We also went to the home of one of the Christians, whose mother had died a few days before, to bless the coffin and afterwards the grave. As it was too far to walk back to the mission compound we accepted our host's invitation to stay for dinner. The meal was a simple one, consisting of four or five bowls of various kinds of meat and vegetables placed in the middle of the table. We all sat around, with nothing at our places but a pair of chopsticks and a little cup. The cups, of course, were all filled with Chinese wine and at a signal from our host we "jumped" into the dish containing what each one judged to be most to his liking. Cigarettes were passed around at the end of the simple meal.

On the following Wednesday we hired another carrier en route to the next mission, forty li distant. At the thirty li mark we stopped for a dinner of vermicelli, meat, Chinese wine and peanuts for dessert. We ate well and used the chopsticks to perfection. You can't imagine the price we had to pay. For the five of us, Fr. Beal, myself, the Catechist, the "boy" and the carrier the bill was 160 dong pan. In plain English that represents the exorbitant sum of sixteen cents, about three cents each.

We reached Suichang at about 2.30 and after arranging our belongings went out to visit a christian family nearby. The father has been a Christian for over thirty years. It is very amusing to hear him sing his prayers. He has a tune all his own. He comes every night for night prayers, he and his daughter, whether the priest is there or not. Would that we had more like him! We also spent a week here visiting the Christians and trying to bring back some of the "fall aways." We managed to get three to come to the Church who had not seen a priest for seven years. Both Masses on Sunday were well attended.

On our return trip to Giu Sz Ka we hired a raft as it is much cheaper than walking, strange as that may seem. Walking means hiring a carrier for the baggage and as we are not—any more than any other missionaries — overburdened with money, economy is a vital necessity. Compared with the quiet monotony of the trip up stream it was quite exciting to shoot the Rapids in this "Rapids Prince" of ours. Noon overtook us half way between towns, so hurrying our boatman a little we soon reached a small village. The raft was pulled up near a nice gravel beach and leaving our baggage in care of the faithful "lau da" or boatman, we marched down Main Street in search of a restaurant. After walking the whole length of the street we came to a house which opened on the road and which they told us was an inn. The place was crowded with Chinese, standing around talking and smoking, and the floor was littered with tables, benches and fire pots. "Dinner for four" stated the catechist. "What did the foreigners want?" "Oh, well, meat, white vegetables, vermicelli and bean curd." Meanwhile we sat sipping our tea and were the cause of much comment on the part of the regular customers. A crowd of youngsters stood around, open-mouthed, watching us. But they disappeared as soon as we began to question them as to their names, ages, etc.

It might interest you to know what this bean curd is. It looks for all the world like ice cream, but, oh boy, what a difference in taste. The self, "What a pity to spoil perfectly first time I tasted it I said to mygood beans!" Now I have acquired a taste for it and find it is not half bad. Wonderful what force of circumstances can do. To the amazement of the by-standers we seized our trusty chopsticks and soon had stick-handled our way through a healthy and fairly appetizing dinner.

The rest of the return trip was more or less uneventful. One item of interest was a "paper mill," a place no bigger than a two-car garage. Three men were working there, one stirring up the solution, other spreading this liquid in layers by means of a wooden frame inside of which was a screen. When dry each layer is a sheet of paper.

Well, dear co-workers, such are the "high spots" of my first mission trip. Had I the pen of a poet or an author I might have been able to make the trip as interesting to our readers as it was to myself. Before making it I certainly had no idea of the appalling condition of many of our mission outposts. I childishly thought they were buildings of fairly substantial construction and fairly comfortable. They are really only miserable hovels. It makes one's heart bleed to think that the Saviour who once came to us an Infant in a poor stable has no better place of abode when He comes to us on our mission trips in Chuchow district. We certainly need material assistance to put these chapels in repair. Some day we hope to have them in fairly good condition and at least a resident catechist in each place.

Yours in the Lord,

—AARON GIGNAC

IN YOUR WILL

REMEMBER OUR WORK FOR CHINA

As the number of our priests in China and students at home increases, the financial burden is becoming heavier. Add to that the cost of maintaining students in college—those who are not yet ready for the study of philosophy—and you will see why it is becoming increasingly difficult to make ends meet.

If we are to support our growing institutions here and in China we shall need much more than the day-to-day donations which are sadly insufficient even for our present needs.

WILL YOU HELP US!

Our Legal Title is:

St. Francis Xavier
China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Can CHANG KAI-SHEK *Conquer* THE BANDITS?

Rome.—The theme of press and missionary correspondence as Chang Kai-Shek emerges victor from his contest with the formidable coalition of the North is the call for another war, this time against banditry. The generalissimo recognizes the urgency of this and in his "victory speech" stated definite plans. "I intend," he said, "to divide the country into determinate regions and to confide to responsible commanders the task of cleaning up the districts assigned them. I hope that in from three to six months after the opening of the campaign the country will be relieved of the plague of communists and bandits."

While all are not so sanguine about the rapidity of the clean-up, it is the prayer of the nation that this curse be wiped out. Official circles have been particularly embarrassed by the mounting figure of Catholic missionaries captured, the total now held being 21 from six different nations, and by the brutal murder of two Protestant lady missionaries, whose deaths drew forth strong declarations in the British Parliament. The Chinese Government recognizes that as long as missionaries can be captured and tortured in so many different sections of the country it cannot pretend to be maintaining a strong administration. Missionaries, while sympathizing with the problems which have been facing Chang Kai-Shek, ask what can be more fundamental for a government than the abolition of savage outlawry.

Latest reports reveal that the two Protestant missionaries, Miss Nettleton and Miss Harrison, captured in Fukien as they sought to reach the coast, were not shot as originally stated. Instead they were very clumsily beheaded after the most excruciating torture. It comes to light that they were held for four months by a violent Communist band in a small hovel, guarded constantly by four men who never ceased to rouse them to horror by the most fearful threats and practices. The North China Herald says of them: "Death, when it came in all its horrid gruesomeness, must have been a welcome visitor to these victims of barbarous and insensate cruelty. For the exquisite torture of their long days of loneliness, scarred by the incessant visitation of physical and mental flagellation, must have surpassed the culminating horror of the final scene. There is no redeeming feature in the whole tragic recital of the bandits' dastardly conduct. It stands condemned as unworthy of the lowest beasts of the field. It should be noted throughout the world as the logical outcome of the spread of the Communist creed which the miscreants endeavored to glorify by their crime."

The secular as well as the religious press has noted the telegram of encouragement to the missionaries which the Holy Father, through Cardinal Pacelli, sent to the Apostolic Delegates at Peking last September 29: "The Holy Father, keenly rejoicing in the magnificent example of apostolic fortitude which the missionaries have given during the recent troubles, charges Your Excellency to render to all a well-merited commendation in his august name and to transmit to them the Apostolic Benediction, with a very special mention for Bishop O'Shea and Father Keng."

The "Bulletin Catholique," of Pekin, leading ecclesiastical organ in China, reveals the happiness of the missionary body at receipt of this praise from the White Shepherd of the Vatican.

"These missionaries," says the magazine, "faithful to the traditions of their predecessors, have only one law: to hold on to the very end; they have but one consolation, the thought that after this day of sacrifice they will find the light.

"The Holy Father eulogizes the moral force of the missionaries. St. Augustine tells us that fortitude 'is a love which supports easily all things because it loves'. The missionary loves China; Pere Crocq, M.E.P., after he had been given his liberty, wrote to the Apostolic Delegation: 'These condemnations to death, these tortures endured, these long months

of captivity before my unexpected freedom, all these are already forfotten, for all these will serve, I have no doubt, for the glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom in this great China which I love with all my heart and which I love now more than ever because I have suffered for it.'

"Fortitude, says the same Doctor, is a force which quails neither before adversities nor death. Bishop O'Shea, C.M., who remained at Kanchow, and Father Keng at Changsha, despite the terror and the Communist occupation, when both Europeans and Chinese withdrew before the mounting wave of red peril, surely did not quail before adversity nor death."

Bishop O'Shea, who drew such distinguished praise from the Holy Father, is an American Vincentian, born at Deep River, Connecticutt, while Father Keng, likewise commended, is a Chinese priest of the Vicariate of Changsha.

These war years in China can be viewed as a blessing for the Church throughout the world in the revelation they have provided for all Christendom of the widespread spirit of heroic sacrifice which exists among the China missionaries. This spirit is epitomized in the words of two Belgian missionaries of the town of Lichwan in the Vicariate of Ichang. Bandits captured their region but they held their posts, keeping their liberty by their first aid treatment of all wounded. After two months, in place of gratitude, the ruffians one day descended on the chapel, and dragging the vestments from the sacristy, staged a masquerade in the market place. Insolence was all they received for their Medecines. "But do we resent it?" writes one of the Fathers. "Bah! We shall continue to be the slaves of these miserable fellows; for perhaps by it we can save our mission from destruction."

"Hold the ground, whatever the cost!" is the cry in the China missions. But the Catholic world hopes ardently that the distracted country will right its house and bring peace both to its own and to the thousands of apostles laboring within its borders.

—FIDES.

Tibet, Land of Mystery

Christianity Makes Little Progress in Forbidden Land of Lamas

Tibet the impenetrable! Still the land of mystery, it is the one section of China, if you will, which defies all efforts of the missionary. Priests from the province of Szechuan, the adjoining province with its 60,000,000 inhabitants, have frequently been brought into contact with those curious nomadic people, and have worked among them assiduously but with little success. As far as the lamas, or priests, are concerned, and the country is over-run with them, their hatred of christianity is such as to render their conversion almost an impossibility.

Lamaism is a domestic religion, a heteredox form of Buddism, in a more intense form than is known in any other country. If a woman has two sons, one at least becomes a Lama, possibly both of them "and one frequently finds cases where one woman has five or six sons all priests. Those devoted to this debased religion leave the parental home, if one may call it that (for the Tibetans are wholly nomadic), at the age of six or seven, and it is expected that the mother should keep them in the lamassaries—the great monasteries which are scattered throughout the country. To realize that possibility, too, it has to be remembered that the wife and mother is the head of the household. She is the commercial and financial head, and does all the family management, which indicates that probably feminism has its rise behind the lofty Himalayas. Then the fare is most frugal. It consists almost entirely for the 365 days of the year of a queer mixture of yak butter and tea. The tea comes from China, and after being boiled in water for three or four hours is mixed with a little salt and soda and a great chunk of rancid-butter made from the milk of the yak. This, with ground roasted barley, forms almost exclusively the fare of the Tibetans. The greater part of the country was of an altitude of 13,000 feet or more, and little grows there save grass, and that but scantily. Still, the people seem to be quite as healthy as others, and are just about as long lived on the average.

"To what an extent religion is practised may be learnt from the fact that in Dureliang there is a lamassary with 7,700 priests, celibates, devoted to a religion founded on the Phallic principles. This seems strange, for Tibet is surrounded by countries peopled by either polygamous tribes, in which a man takes as many wives as he is able to keep, or polyandrous folk, where one woman sometimes has five or six husbands. These people will not tolerate foreigners in the country, and it is a difficult, not to say dangerous, business to try to gain entrance to this land of mystery."

Some years ago a French Priest, Father Devanas, was captured by some Lamas on the border at Damo, taken to one of their temples and tied to a stake. He had a luxuriant beard and his punishment was to have one hair at a time plucked out by each priest as he entered or left the temple each day. This refinement of torture continued for five weeks when the Bishop organized a rescue and brought him back into the province. The sisters did what they could to help him but the strain of the terrible ordeal he had undergone proved too much for him. His spirit was completely broken and he died.

Tibet is ruled by the mysterious Dalai Lama, a person upon whom few foreigners have ever laid eyes. His word is law in everything and there is no court of appeal. Each successive Dalai Lama is supposed to be a re-incarnation of the same being, the present occupant of the exalted office being supposedly the fifteenth edition of some previous celebrity. When one Dalai Lama dies the priests cast spells or draw lots to find the new ruler. It might happen to be a child of tender years, but once elected he is supreme and none dare refuse their homage.

Suicidal Wave Worries Chinese City

Seven in Five Days Seek Death in Hankow, As Reported in the North China Herald.

The local vernacular press is evincing anxiety about the number of suicides which are taking place in Wuchang and Hankow. Undoubtedly many such incidents occur which are never reported to the public, but there have been four attempts at suicide in the river of which one was successful and three suicides by opium within the last five days which have been the subject of enquiries by the police. The first case was that of a barber named Wu living in Wuchang. He was 28 years of age and got married last year, incurring very heavy debts over the festivities. Constantly pressed by his creditors and unable to make enough by his needle to keep himself and his wife, he jumped into the river.

The next case was a man formerly working in a cotton mill at Wuchang which suspended business some time ago. His is named Shang and was thirty years of age. There being practically nothing in the house to eat, he went out nominally for a walk. On his return he said that he was faint and went to bed, but in reality he had secured enough opium to kill himself. He leaves a wife and one child to fend for themselves. After him came an out-of-work, 40, named Shih, whose wife is too ill to do anything. To get away from his sorrows he jumped into the river at the Hankow side, but he was rescued by the river police and taken back to his home.

Love impelled the fourth to seek oblivion. He was a Middle School student nineteen years of age. His affections were centred on a girl-student, and her parents proved obdurate and reported him to the principal of the School, who proved stern. Young Mei was hauled out by the river police and after a lecture from the magistrate, was handed back to his parents. Love also accounted for the successful suicide of a young wife of the same age. She was married to an officer who left for the front during the recent campaign and had not written. She herself was ill in a small hospital, but managed to get enough opium to kill herself during the night.

A man who had come to Hankow to escape from the communists had only managed to get a job at $8 a month, and lived on the verge of starvation. When he was told that he was dismissed as there was no more work for him, he walked down to the Bund and jumped into the river from one of the hulks. He too was rescued by the police. But a small trader up at Wang Chia Teng accomplished his purpose to kill himself. His little business was a failure, but he managed to borrow a dollar and a few cents and went out to invest these in small articles to sell. He was held up and robbed of the dollar, so he spent the cents on opium and gave up the struggle.

It seems incredible that three persons should lose their lives over $1.25, but such was the case at the Ko Family Village beyond Hanyang. Stated in cash the amount looks more imposing, being 7,000 cash, and the fight about it was so strenuous that the mother and the daughter-in-law on the one side and a little boy on the other side were knocked into the village pond and drowned. Each side is now accusing the other of responsibility for the deaths.

Two other cases of drowning happened off the Shung Kwan wharf. A boy was helping his father with a net when he lost his balance and fell into the river. His father caught his clothes but lost his balance in turn, and went in too.

Pull Dick — Pull Devil



McCay in New York American.

Christianity is Not Considered in the Alternatives Here Presented for China.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



FATHER JIM'S LETTER.

Well, here's New Year and good resolutions. I wonder what most of the Buds will decide to do this year. There will be, I suppose, almost as many kinds of resolutions as there are Buds in the Garden. Of course you can almost guess what I would like you to include, that is if you have not made too many. It is a bad thing to overload oneself with good resolutions because few are likely to be kept. But as far as the Rose Garden is concerned, the daily prayer for the conversion of China and the monthly Communion are the only obligations. And we know you are all faithful to them.

I had no idea there would be so much interest in the word-building contest. So many are anxious to know just what the prizes are that this month we are printing the list and also the full conditions for entrance in the contest. Try to have your list of words in before Jan. 30th, the date to which we have extended the closing day.

Many were enquiring about Fathers Laffan and Linehan and so many prayers have been offered up by the faithful members of the Rose Garden that we are not surprised to learn the good news of their release by the bandits, without ransom. What a happy Christmas for them and their dear ones in Ireland!

The Church will never pay ransom for missionaries. Why? Three guesses. What do you think would happen in China if the bandits knew that they could get thousands of dollars for every priest or sister they captured? We leave it to the Buds to figure that out for themselves. But sometimes a little "face money" as the Chinese say, is paid, that is enough to pay the expenses incurred by the bandits in keeping the priests.

During all this trouble in China we are depending more than ever upon the prayers and Holy Communions of all our members. We must storm Heaven these days that great good may come out of all the suffering so many missionaries have had to undergo.

A Happy New Year and God Bless You All.

Affectionately,

Father Jim.

A BEAUTIFUL SUGGESTION.

Dear Father Jim,

Ruth Graves (Daisy Bell) a new member from far-away Victoria, B.C., has a beautiful suggestion to make to the Buds. We shall let her tell what it is. She writes:

"Father, it seems that if we are the Little Flower's Rose Buds we ought to follow her Little Way too. I read of something lovely the other day called 'God's Game,' I want to pass it on to you, Father.

"There are three players, The Little Flower, God and ourselves. We begin by giving The Little Flower something, a little prayer or an act of sacrifice. She offers our gift to God and He gives her a grace or favor, some rose-petal to send down to earth, to convert a sinner, help a missionary, etc. Don't you think that a wonderful game? Oh, how lovely if we could have all the Buds who wanted to sign a promise to give even just one thing to the Little Flower every day, a good act, a sacrifice, a prayer. I wonder how many of the Buds would vote for it.

Please excuse the ink smudges as I am sick in bed. Would two pen-pals please write to me?

Sincerely,

Ruth Graves (Daisy Bell).

2925 Prior St. Victoria, B.C.

I am sure, Ruth, that all the Buds will be sorry to hear that you were sick and we trust you are now as well as ever. Yes, I do think it is a very beautiful game, but I would not care to have the Buds sign any more pledges than those called for as conditions of membership. They do offer God something every day, the Prayer for the Conversion of China, and I think this would enable them to start that very child-like and beautiful game. You know that is what is so beautiful about the Life of the Little Flower, the fact that she always felt herself like a little child, being led by the hand by her Heavenly Father. And to offer up such little sacrifices freely, as well as the Little Prayer, would certainly please our little Patroness in Heaven and bring down many a shower of roses upon the Missions and upon our dear Buds themselves.

Father Jim.

MOTHER.

(Contributed by Michael Gainer.)

I knew God took two patches,
From the sun-kissed skies of blue,
Then from them made two sparkling eyes
And gave them both to you.
And you have been an angel,
Ever faithful, ever near,
And you have made of earth
A Paradise, my mother dear.

"Would you please tell Ningie to write me?" asks Rita Byrne, Bay Roberts, Nfld. "I don't know her name."

If we know anything, "Ningie" is going to be a busy correspondent for a while, especially as she tells us that her recent worries were about "Macbeth," twenty corries, choir practice, and painting Christmas Cards. She also wants to know (Ningie does) if Father Jim was in the picture on the front of the December China. Well, he was in the chapel when it was taken, perhaps in front of the camera, but we cannot say.

Did you ever, quotes the Literary Digest, sit down of an evening with a book in your hand, your faithful dog in your mouth, and your good pipe at your feet?

That is almost as bad as the absent-minded man who put his umbrella to bed and went to sleep on the umbrella-stand.

Helen Keating (Pollyanna), Fairville, N.B., wishes that CHINA would come every day, she likes it so much. There's something for the editor and Fr. Jim and Beaver and the whole staff. They all claim a share in CHINA'S popularity.

Catherine McKee, a new Bud from 47 Curzon St., Toronto, came from Motherwell, Scotland, only last April and says she will gladly tell the Buds anything they wish to know about her native country. She wishes to hear from Buds in Newfoundland.

Oh, Oh!

"Grandma," said little Willie, "were you in the Ark?"

"Oh, no, my dear."

"Then how did you keep from being drowned?"



A HALIFAX FLOWER BED
Buds from St. Joseph's Convent, who think Fr. Jim must be a relative of Santa Claus. The trophy displayed is drawn for each week and won by the class highest in punctuality.

"I think I know who Father Jim is, but I will not tell," says Annie Dawson, Bay Roberts, Nfld. I am glad the Buds are loyal to poor Father Jim in his efforts to hide his identity. It is becoming terribly hard, though, these days, with so many sleuths anxious to know "just for themselves."

Beaver asks us to thank many of the Buds from Newfoundland who kindly sent in used stamps. He says they can't send him too many.

"Bubbles," 2307 Bourbonniere St., Montreal, was the first to send in an answer to the word competition. We wish you every success, Bubbles, when it goes to the Judges.

Here's a request for Corries. Blanche Brazil (Narcissus), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld., wishes to correspond with Meadow Sweet, Lily White, Twilight Fairy, Syb, Lil "and many others." What a large order that is.

Father Jim's great worry is how to get all the Buds' letters in China. I know many will be disappointed this month, but we are doing our best to "squeeze in" as many quotations as possible.

Viola Cottreau (Violet), Meteghan, N.S., wants to know what is the age limit in regard to sending letters to the Rose Garden. I think, Violet, that the Little Flower would never put an age limit because she wants us all to be "little children," always, just like she was herself. Besides, Father Jim would certainly feel sorry if he could not hear from the Buds any more after they had reached an age limit. What do you think, Buds?

Ha! More sleuth work! "There was a priest at our house the other night who knew who you were, Father Jim, but we couldn't make him tell," says Ruth Summers, Pennywell Rd., St. John's, Nfld. There's a clue. But some time ago one of the Buds from Ottawa told us the same thing. Which goes to show that Fr. Jim is a much-travelled man at any rate.

There are now thousands of Buds saying the prayer for the conversion of China every day. No wonder we feel happy and encouraged in our work. Our "little army" will surely enable the missionaries in China to win in their struggle with the powers of evil.

"I did not see my letter in print last month, but I am trying again," says Aileen Hyde, 1236 Dufferin St., Toronto. We would like to publish your whole letter this time, Aileen, but we trust your appeal for lots of corries will be answered.

Margaret MacNeill says that Fr. Jim is like Fr. Bennet MacDonald, Summerside, P.E.I. And now if I publish my picture in answer to the many requests of the Buds, Father MacDonald would never forgive me, would he?



Fr. Beal with his eleven-year-old "Professor" of Chinese, who is, he says, a dandy.

ROSE GARDEN

How many words can you make out of the above letters? We offer ten prizes for the best answers sent in before Jan. 30th, closing day of the contest.

RULES OF CONTEST.

(1) Write your list of words neatly and number each word. (2) Do not use any plurals or proper names. (3) The letters R and E may be used twice in each word, other letters once only. (4) Verbs may be used in their different parts, e.g., GO, GOES, GONE, etc.

PRIZES.

First Prize. Framed Kalograph of the Authentic Portrait of the Little Flower, size 16 x 13 inches. Second Prize: Framed Group of family, size 18 by 15 inches. Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Prizes: 10 by 7 inches Framed Kalographs of various pictures of the Little Flower. Seventh and Eighth Prizes: The Life of Theophane Venard, Martyr. Ninth Prize: Modern Stamp Album or choice of $1.50 worth of Honor Bilt packets of stamps (10) Choice of Seven Mint sets of stamps as advertised in our Christmas Offer or of a Two Year Subscription to CHINA.

Address Your Letter:

Word Contest Dept. — CHINA — Scarboro Bluffs, Ont,



Nano O'Toole, 40 Centre St., Peterborough, Ont., is an enthusiastic Bud.

St. Joseph's Convent,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Rev. Mysterious Father.

Yesterday as I mounted the hill to our school an army of "Buds" came running down, waving a green magazine and shouting, "Sister, our names are all in the CHINA Book." A similar invasion took place a week ago when I said: "A letter and lots of things from Father Jim." Nothing was opened until all were seated. What straight backs, folded hands and eager eyes! No need to say "pay attention." The silence was death-like, brightened by "miles and miles of smiles" and shining eyes.

As I called the name of each to get her certificate, prayer, and button, I said: "Ah, yet more, I think Father Jim must be a relative of Santa Claus."

We are sure all the Buds will be glad to accede to the request of Doris Gignac, (Tiny), Ridgetown, Ont. She would like them to say a prayer for her brother, Father Gignac, who is in Chuchow and who describes one of his mission trips in this month's issue.



Left: Harry Mullens, 114½ Armstrong, Toronto.

Stamp Corner

I guess Fr. Jim isn't so bad a fellow after all. I was certainly stuck this month until he came along and offered to rent me some space in the "Garden." Hope he doesn't charge too much. I just had to show the very latest in stamps to our "corner" members, the new Spanish set commemorating the discovery of America by Columbus.

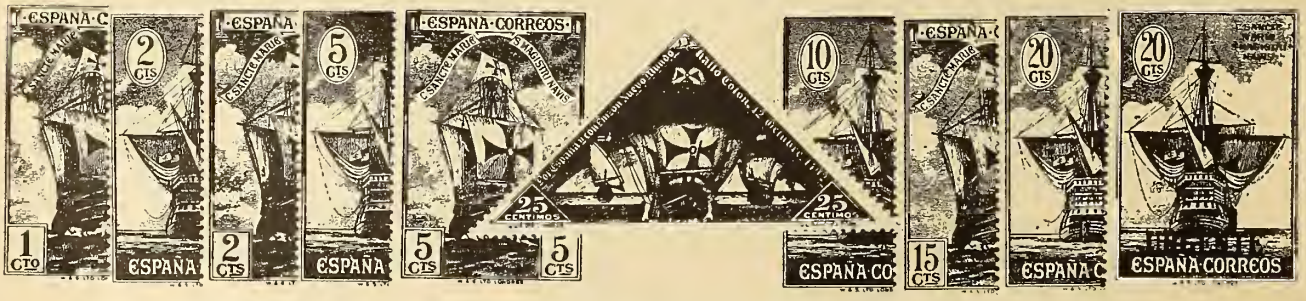
It seems that Spain has had a weakness for commemoratives of late and has issued many stamps of very beautiful design.

Our Newfoundland correspondent informs us that a new air mail set is to appear there in January consisting of three values, 15 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. The new Canadian air mail is claimed to be the finest piece of engraving done on stamps in years. Of course, members of the corner can easily procure it at face value, 5 cents.

I guess that's all I can say this month as we must not trespass on too much of Fr. Jim's property. However, if he says anything to me I'll get even. I'll take his picture when he's asleep and put it in next month's Stamp Corner. That'll fool him.

Best New Year Wishes,

BEAVER.



If any of the Stamp Corner members would like this Spanish set (10 values, mint) we can procure it for them for 35 cents. First 5 values, 10 cents. Sent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Correct This Sentence.

"I guess holidays are all right in their place," sighed the third-year theologian, "but it sure feels good to get back to the three articles a day."

Oh, Boy!

Sign in grocer's window:

Strictly fresh eggs	60 cts. doz.
Fresh eggs	45 cts. doz.
Eggs	30 cts. doz.

Certainly Not.

A Jew boarded a street car with a rather large boy in tow. When the conductor called "Fare," the Jew refused to pay for the boy on the grounds that he was only six years old.

"But he looks a lot older than that," remarked the conductor, suspiciously.

"Vel," said the Jew, "can I help it if he worries?"

"Congratulate me, George," said Mr. Brown, bursting into the office. "I've just received a wire from my wife that they've discovered land on my Florida property."

All Dodgin'.

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman, but his name was not known to all the men under him.

One day he ran across two men smoking in a corner.

"Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

The low price of wheat at least teaches us that the costly ingredient in bread is the yeast.

Or the Merchant of Venus.

"My niece is quite theatrical," remarked old Mrs. Blunderby. "Next week she is taking part in a Shakespeare play at college."

"Which of his plays is it?" her caller asked.

"Edith mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's 'If You Like it that Way' or 'Nothing Much Doing.'"

The final proof of courtesy is to have an ailment just like the one the other fellow describes and not tell him.

A Good Slueth.

Farmer: "I cannot give you money, but I can employ you to dig potatoes."

Workshy: "But it would be better to employ the man who planted them."

Farmer: "Why?"

Workshy: "Because he knows where they are."

Civilized nation: One that cheerfully spends billions to kill men but can't think up a way to care for the jobless.

A Masculine Explanation.

Mrs. Bindler: "Is there any difference, Thomas, between a fort and a fortress?"

Mr. Bindler: "I should imagine a fortress, my dear, would be more difficult to silence."

Concern advertises the perfect bridge lamp. Must be light enough to see by and too heavy to throw.—Dallas News.

His Party.

A titled lady was once canvassing for votes at a Parliamentary election and stopped at a house the door of which was opened by a burly woman, who eyed her none too graciously.

"May I ask," said the lady sweetly, "to what party your husband belongs?"

"Certainly!" answered the woman. "I'm the party to whom 'e belongs, and well 'e knows it!"

With some women the span of life seems to be just one bridge after another.

Tricks of a Doormat Husband.

First Business Woman: "Well, I must hurry home to dinner. I love a good home-cooked meal, don't you?"

Second: "Yes, but I'm beginning to suspect my husband's spending his afternoons in the matinees. I'm positive that pudding last night came from the delicatessen." — Michigan Gargoyle.

Short history of a great radical: (1) Whoops for reform; (2) Wins power and discovers the people don't give a darn; (3) Fills his pockets and becomes a conservative.

"How did you like the "Barcarolle" at the musicale last evening?"

"Oh, I left before the refreshments were served."

If Dogs Could Talk.

Customer (doubtfully): "Is it a pedigree dog?"

Dealer: "Pedigree! Why, if this dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us!"

A man driving his car remarked to his wife: "One of my cylinders is missing."

"Well, well," she replied, "the car has been in the garage all day, with the door locked."

Dies As He Lives.

"Are you sure that I shall recover?" an anxious patient once asked a physician. "I've heard that doctors sometimes give a wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia when afterwards they die of typhoid fever."

"You have been woefully misinformed," replied the medico, indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Wrong Plea.

Judge: "Were you sober at the time this accident occurred?"

Reckless: "As sober as a judge, your Honor."

Judge: "Six months."—Life.

Brown: "We're getting up a raffle for a poor old man. Will you take a ticket?"

Jones: "No. I wouldn't know what to do with him if I won."

Down on the Farm.

Jack: "I just met Farmer Brown. He seems disappointed about something."

Bill: "Yeh. His boy Tom went to college and quit. Now he's a bootblack."

"And what's the old man doing about it?"

"Oh, just making hay while the son shines."

Mrs. Newly-Wed: "John, dear, we have rats in the house. Will you bring some rat-biscuit this evening?

Hubby: "I'll be darned if I do. If they can't eat what we've got they can starve."

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The Happy New Year Elf

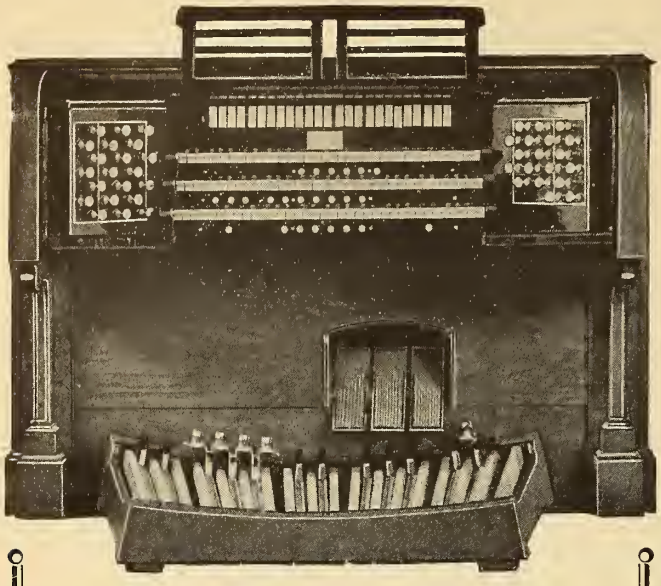
WEE Jack was very weary,
All tired out with play,
And dozing by the fireplace,
He heard a small voice say:
"Perhaps he's undernourished,
I'll wait around and see,
And get from Jack a promise
This year to live with me."

Jack opened wide his eyelids,
And what do you suppose?
A little man addressed him,
All garbed in silver clothes:
"My name is Happy New Year,
Wise children promise me
To keep this resolution,
So happy they will be.

"Drink each day one quart of milk,
Eat butter pure and sweet,
With City Dairy's fresh foods
None others can compete;
And sleep with windows open,
In fresh air always play,
Nineteen thirty-one happiness
And health you'll have each day!"

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The Valentine Lady

THE Valentine Lady, in garment of red,
With shiny black curls bobbed all over her head,
Came down to our school on St. Valentine's day,
And everyone wished that the Lady could stay.

Her eyes were so bright and her smile was so sweet,
The children all rushed up, the Lady to greet.
She chattered and played with us all the day long,
And taught us this wonderful, wise little song.

"St. Valentine's Day has come round once again,
And everyone's striving with might and with main
To keep up the standard in work and in play,
For that's to be happy each hour of each day!

We've all rosy cheeks and we're mentally keen,
We're really not bragging—it's plain to be seen;
The secret is simply the best of good health,
For we know that's better than all kinds of wealth."

And now, though our Valentine Lady has gone,
We keep up her standard; we all sing her song;
A quart of pure milk each one drinks every day—
We know that's the Valetine Lady's own way!

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA



Published Monthly, August excepted, by
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

Vol. XII. . . . CHINA . . . No. 2.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Rt. Rev. Bishop Fallon, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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EDITORIALS

Just as we are rejoicing at the arrival of our Sisters at Chuchow, there comes from Father Serra the disquieting report that there is a possibility of losing our schools there. The Nationalist Government has long since forbidden the teaching of religion in the schools, but while this decree has been rigidly enforced in certain parts of China, in other places, notably in the north, the individual governors and mandarins have seen fit to permit the mission schools to continue unmolested.

* * * * * *

Up to the present there has been no interference with our schools at Chuchow in spite of many rumors that the decree was to be enforced there, but the recent visit of the mandarin to our priests at headquarters seems to have been the result of pressure from somewhere "higher up" regarding the enforcing of the Nanking school regulations.

* * * * * *

Of course catechism classes in the Church or elsewhere are permitted in virtue of the decree of the Constitution which permits freedom of religious worship. But if schools are to continue they must conform with the regulation which forbids absolutely the teaching of religion. Many Catholic Colleges have had to close their doors as a result of the absolute insistence by the officials upon this clause of the school regulations.

* * * * * *

However, we are still hoping for the best as the Mandarin at Chuchow has always shown himself very just and very well disposed towards our missionaries there. Were it left to him to decide the issue we feel that he would do all in his power to enable our priests to continue the all-important work of the education of the children. We ask the prayers of our readers that the final decision may not go against us.

Another priest has been added to our ranks. Father John J. MacDonald, of Windsor, N.S., who came to us from Holy Heart Seminary a little over a year ago, was ordained to the Priesthood in St. Augustine's Seminary chapel by His Lordship Bishop MacDonald, on Sunday, January 25th. Father MacDonald is the fourth to be ordained during the present scholastic year, Fathers Chafe, King and Venadam having been ordained at our Seminary by His Lordship Bishop Defebvre during his recent visit. He will probably be one of the band to leave the Seminary for China this Fall. Rumor has it that Father Chafe, much to his own disappointment, will be conscripted for service at home for a while in the capacity of Editor of CHINA next year. We speak from experience when we say that that sure is a tough break for any young man and a rude shattering of his dreams of an impending journey to the Far East. However, " 'Tis an ill wind . . . ."

* * * * * *

Some time ago we started a "building fund." But we are worried about it because its growth has suddenly stopped at the childhood stage of its existence. Some have been even unkind enough to say that it is dead, but we refuse to believe that in spite of its failure to respond to every known form of artificial respiration. "Suspended animation" we prefer to diagnose the case, praying meanwhile, as we think of next September, that the animation does not remain suspended too long.

* * * * * *

While the boys will have their joke about what is going to happen next year if we cannot build—parking space in Smithy's boiler room and upper berths in the root house—we must admit that we are not a little concerned about the prospects. The present Seminary is crowded to capacity and already new applications are coming in for next year. Perhaps a life-giving transfusion in the form of a series of cheques from our well-wishers and friends would do more than anything to bring the dormant building fund back to life and activity once more.

SISTERS *Arrive in* CHUCHOW

"TE DEUM LAUDAMUS."

The eighth of December, nineteen hundred and thirty, saw a new and inspiring page, written in the annals of the Church in China, especially in our district—for on that day, our own Canadian Sisters, the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, arrived in Chuchow.

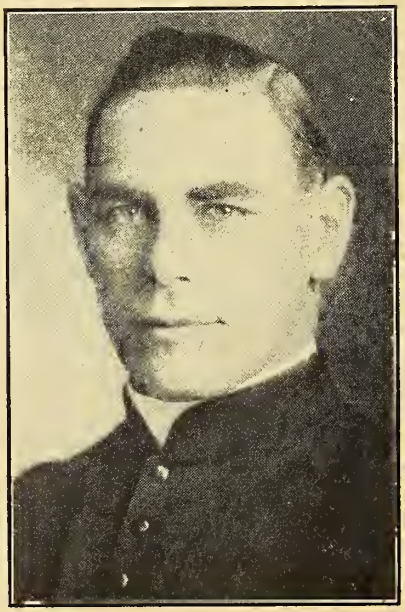
Never before in the history of this city, had Catholic Sisters entered the ancient portals of Chuchow and walked up its narrow streets. Long ago Our Blessed Lord had come to this pagan city, in the advent of the first missioners; now, in the person of our Sisters, Mary the Mother of God had come, to share with Christ in that kingdom, which was their's by right of conquest. Satan, in the pagan temple on the hill above, must have cowered with fear, as he recalled those words pronounced against him in Eden—"I will put enmities between thee and the Woman—she shall crush thy head".

Although the day was far from fair, nothing could dampen the spirits of the great crowd of Christians and pagans, who had gathered to welcome the Nuns in true Chinese fashion. Many of the faithful had come from outlying districts, all dressed in their very best and excitement waxed strong. Couriers were stationed at different points down the river, who on sighting the Sisters' boats, were to race back to Chuchow with the news. Meanwhile everything was got in readiness.

The convent and the grounds around it, the mission compound and the church itself, all were gaily decorated with flags, banners and pretty lanterns. Paper pennants with something akin to our word "welcome", were given out to the schoolboys to carry and the inevitable fire-crackers were strung on long poles—everything was all set. workmen were busy with numerous odd jobs. People running here—people rushing there—it was for all the world like an ant hill.

Everything was hustle and bustle about the convent itself, where the stoves were put up in the house, furniture put in the rooms, the grounds were cleaned up—everybody was busy at some job.

The rain kept up a miserable drizzle, while we awaited news of the boats. Father Amyot had gone to Wenchow and had taken with him a servant, and had wired us of the Sisters' departure from Wenchow. The servant he had taken with him, left the boat a few li (Chinese miles) down the river, evidently determined to have the honor of breaking the glad news first. When he arrived and said that the boats were just a short distance off, great was the excitement. I never heard such a confusion and hubbub in all my life.



(Photo Leatherdale Studio)

REV. JOHN J. MacDONALD
Who was ordained on Sunday, Jan. 25th, by Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald in St. Augustine's Seminary Chapel.

We all went down to the river (about five minutes walk from here), where schoolboys, schoolgirls and Christians all formed a guard of honor through which the Nuns were to pass. Hundreds of pagans were there, too, to swell the already large crowd.

About four thirty in the afternoon the three boats hove in sight and the three Sisters stepped ashore. They had made the wearisome trip up the river without mishap, although they had passed through a district infested by bandits. After their departure from Wenchow, the Sisters there heard that two of them had been captured by bandits and were being held for a high ranson. Our three Sisters were amused when they heard of this rumor, but God alone knows through what great dangers they passed.

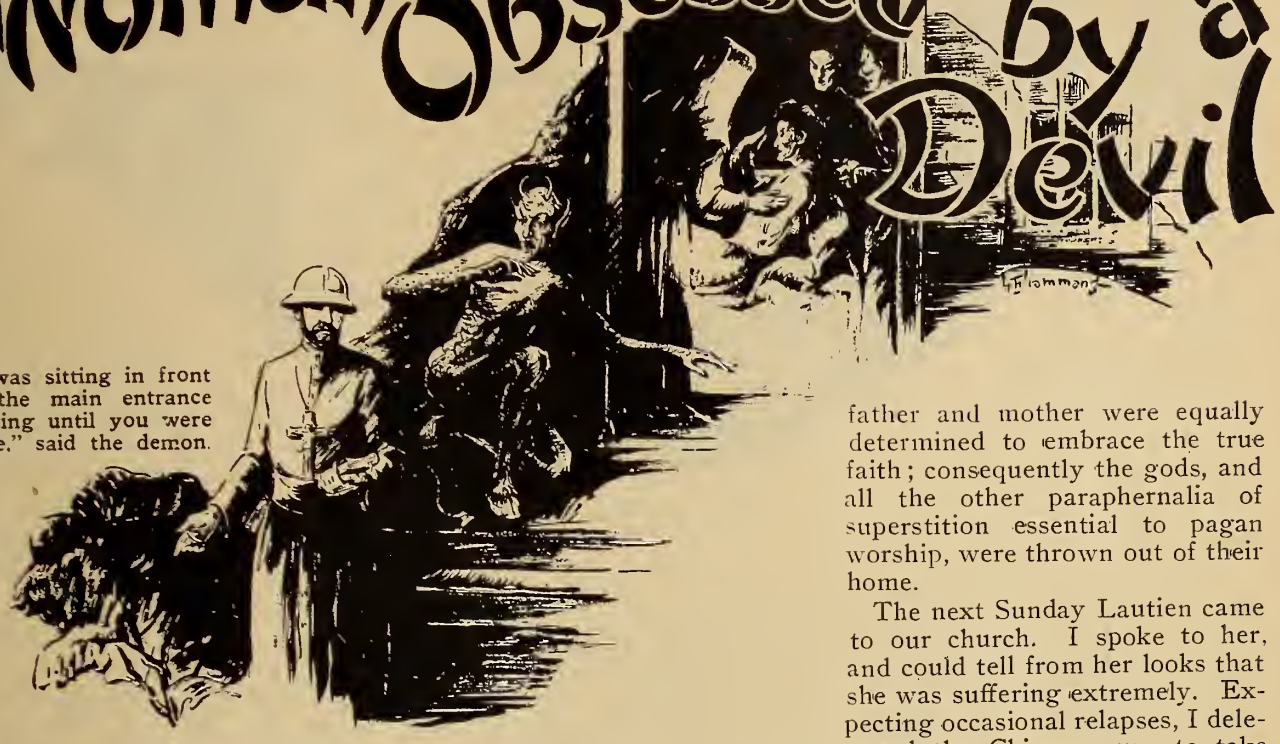
Accompanied by the priests and a huge concourse of people, the Sisters walked the short distance from the river to the mission. Very fortunately, the rain had ceased just on the arrival of the Nuns.

Fire-crackers, strung on long poles, were so connected that when one was lit, a continual cannonade was kept up, from the river to the mission.

It was indeed a triumphal procession—one of joy and triumph for the Church, for Canada, for our good Sisters, ourselves and all our people and especially for the Immaculate Conception. It was indeed appropriate, that the Nuns should arrive here on the feast of their order and how happy we all were

(Continued on page 30)

Woman Obsessed by a Devil



"I was sitting in front of the main entrance waiting until you were gone," said the demon.

Few people realize that even to-day there are persons who are actually possessed by the devil, even as in the days of the early Church. This is especially so in pagan lands, where more than in other countries "the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour" (I Peter, 5:8).

While at home, I wondered if I should ever come in contact with a person in such a deplorable state as "possession." It did not take me long, once I got to China, to find that in this pagan land, as in those others where Christianity is not dominant, there are fairly frequent cases of such possession, ranging from the mild to the very violent. I had secretly longed to meet such a peculiar case, though I had a feeling I would be rather skeptical.

Well, I have been blessed with such a case, so terrible and disheartening, that I now pray, "Lord, deliver me in the future from all cases of possesion, obsession, and queer doings of the spirit world." I had a ten-day bout with the devil himself, during which I experienced the darkest hours of my life.

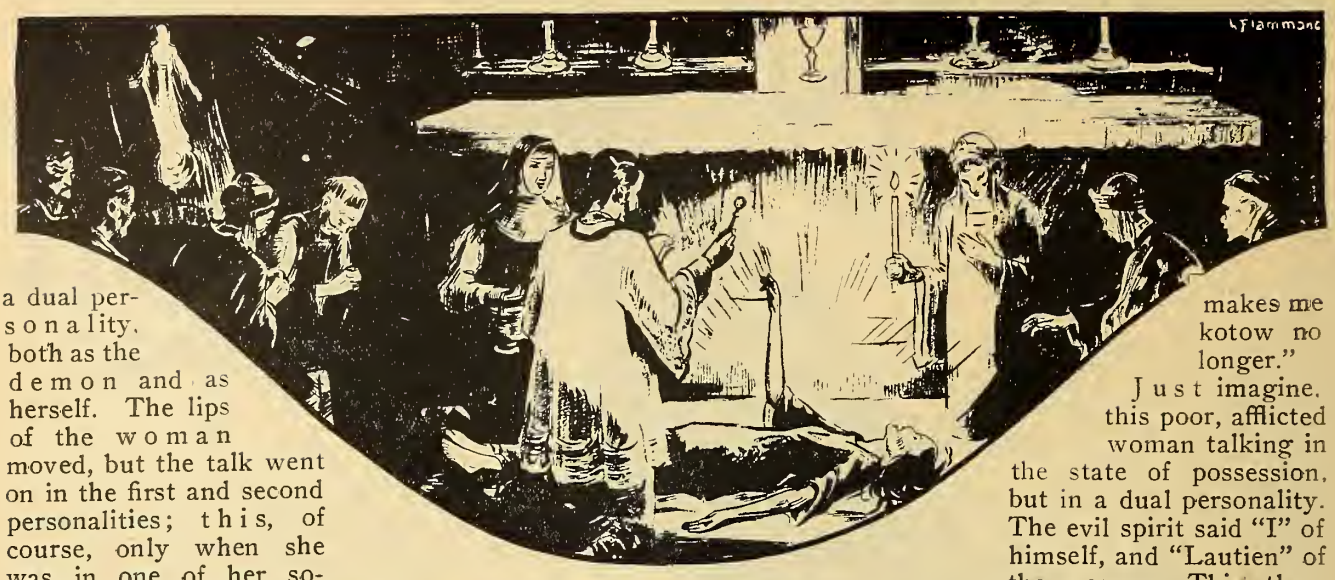
Having been in the walled city of Junan, China, since last fall, I often went into its Eastern suburb, a place of much poverty and wickedness; endeavoring to convert these poor benighted heathens. I soon succeeded in interesting a certain doctor and his son in the Catholic religion.

Sometime ago this doctor had been called upon to cure a case, which was, of course, quite beyond his skill, and which he admitted positively to be "muoguay bjing" (devil sickness). Some of the local Christians wished to visit this woman, to pray with her, and to sprinkle holy water around her, hoping to help her. The remarkable thing was that, before they arrived, she got up and ran off, howling, "They are coming, they are coming, I can't stay here any longer!" Her father, being a sensible man, would tolerate none of her foolishness. He went after her and brought her from the home of a neighbor, though she still protested vehemently against seeing these kind women. The Christians sprinkled holy water on her, and she immediately became herself, was very gentle and kind, and even recognized the people. The Christians reported the case to me and claimed that they had routed the devil. I smiled and said to myself, "Who knows?"

Of course, after this, the unfortunate woman, whose name was Lautien, was now willing to become a Catholic, and her father and mother were equally determined to embrace the true faith; consequently the gods, and all the other paraphernalia of superstition essential to pagan worship, were thrown out of their home.

The next Sunday Lautien came to our church. I spoke to her, and could tell from her looks that she was suffering extremely. Expecting occasional relapses, I delegated the Chinese nuns to take care of her. Though they were able to bring Lautien to her senses by the use of prayer and holy water, still the relapses would recur. Finally I decided to take the case in hand myself and had Lautien brought to the mission station, to live in the women's quarters, where she could be under closer observation. She was there for a week and a half, and was normal all this time: so, not expecting anything extraordinary to happen, I went into the country for about ten days to visit my other mission stations.

I returned home on a Wednesday evening. The very next day Lautien had a slight attack, and another one on Friday, but the Sisters by means of prayer and the use of holy water had no difficulty in arousing her from these attacks. Friday, about nine o'clock, she suffered such a severe attack that the Sisters sent for me. I went over at once. What a fearful sight! Lautien was moaning as only the damned in hell can moan, then laughing, a hollow, delirious laugh of despair, as only the damned in hell can laugh. Her eyes were closed, but still she was aware of all that took place, even answering questions and chattering most mysteriously. At first this puzzled me greatly, but soon it became clear that this woman talked in



We bedded her on a mat at the altar.

a dual personality, both as the demon and as herself. The lips of the woman moved, but the talk went on in the first and second personalities; this, of course, only when she was in one of her so-called attacks. I gave her, in simple form, the blessing, but noticed no effect. I then went back to my house for my breviary. When I returned, I noticed that the Sisters and the women were trying to keep Lautien quiet. She would curse them, laugh at them, ask them questions, even answer their questions. I opened my breviary as if about to say my office, but instead recited the form of exorcism as given in the breviary. I had not even finished the preliminary prayer to St. Michael, when Lautien became very quiet, stretched herself on the bed, and turned her face to the wall. As I came to the words "In nomine et virtute Domini nostri Jesu Christi, etc." (In the name and power of our Lord Jesus Christ), Lautien first gave several tired yawns, her head turned, she opened her eyes, looked at me, stood in front of me, holding her hands like the others, and made the Sign of the Cross. I actually felt like sinking through the ground; I was so dumbfounded, and thought to myself, what stupendous power the prayer of the Church must have to accomplish such a feat! I asked the woman how she was feeling now, and she made a graceful bow and said that she was perfectly all right. I thought to myself, that certainly went fast; and yet somehow, I was still rather skeptical about the departure of the devil, for he had had possession of poor Lautien for so long that I felt he would not completely give up his control without further attempts to dominate this poor creature.

Lautien entreated me to baptize her, and as she had been studying hard, and had the necessary knowledge, I decided to comply with her request and baptize her the next day.

Hardly half an hour had gone by when I was called again. The same moanings, the same terrible laughs, etc., as before. When I was half through the formula of exorcism, Lautien cried, "Shenfu (priest), give me baptism, and all will be well." I said, "All right, in God's name." They followed me to the church, and there I baptized her and also a little girl. The child I baptized Theresa, and to Lautien I gave the name of Mary, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This baptism took place a little before Friday noon. All afternoon Lautien was happy, free, rejoicing in her heart, convinced of a complete cure. Saturday passed, and nothing striking happened. I did not know what to make of it. If the thing does not recur, then what was it? Should it still recur, what is it then? I was saying to myself. But that very same evening I was called twice within an hour, but brought her back to her normal state. However, before I did, I said to myself, "Bird or devil, I am going to talk to this thing."

I approached close to the woman, and the grimacing face became quiet, stolid, and attentive. I said, "What are you, and who are you?"

And the answer came quietly, "I am an avenging spirit. In the house of Lautien they have destroyed my altar, and Lautien no longer burns incense to me and makes me kotow no longer."

Just imagine, this poor, afflicted woman talking in the state of possession, but in a dual personality. The evil spirit said "I" of himself, and "Lautien" of the woman. This, then, was his greatest grievance, that my Christians had swept the home of that woman of all evidences of idolatry.

Then I said, "Devil, what is your name?"

He said, "I have no name." Then he said something very peculiar: "How is it that formerly I could get into her heart, and now I can not."

Isn't it impressive to have this demon himself admitting that though formerly able to inhabit this woman's heart, he no longer had the power to do so since her baptism?

Lautien also had these terrific knots as they are described in the rubrics prefacing the rite of exorcism in the ritual. These knots are terrible things; to touch them, gave me a sensation of touching a live electric wire.

Continuing to question him, I said, "You are a fine devil, without even a name. By the grace and in the name of God I am going to expel you from this station." At this, the howling and the moaning became more intense. It increased greatly as I put on the surplice and stole, even though the woman had her eyes closed tightly. I brought her back to normal once more.

After dark, I was called to her again. I said to the devil, "How dare you come back again!" "Oh," he said, I wasn't gone far. I was sitting there in front of the main entrance waiting until you had gone." With the formula I brought the woman out of her attack, and she rested well that night. Sunday was rather quiet. The people attended Mass, we fasted that day and held an hour's

adoration in the afternoon; trying to storm Heaven to obtain the relief of this poor soul.

That evening I was called for, and the demon would say, "I am going, I am going, and I will never, never come back again." But he would not keep his word, which, I suppose, was really too much to expect of the "father of lies." I felt most upset and uncomfortable. At nine that evening I prepared Lautien for Confession and Holy Communion. She was happy and eager to do anything and everything that would deliver her from this demon, who was sapping her strength and life. Early the next morning, as we were ready to go to church, Lautien had another attack. She began to curse, kick, and protest that she would not go to church. Despite this, they rushed her over, almost being obliged to carry her. I was there at the church door and saw her condition when they were bringing her in. Would you believe it —when she entered the church, she came to herself as quickly as a sleeping person does when dashed with cold water! It took a few noisy gasps, three yawns, and there she was as normal as could be, pious, willing, kind, and intelligent. She made a wonderful Confession and received her first Holy Communion.

But that day proved to be her hardest day, and mine too; as if the demon was determined to go to any length to triumph, because he feared she was slipping out of his grasp. These were certainly the darkest hours I have ever experienced.

Shortly after breakfast she had a mild attack, which I was able to overcome quickly. Remembering the quieting effect of her being in the church, I said to her, "You might as well go to the church, study or amuse yourself there and you will have peace." She took a step in that direction, and on came that demon. Do what I could, I could not bring her out, and she was such a pitiable sight. All the things that devil told me on that day! I was simply desperate and said, "Well. if you won't come to Jesus, I'll bring Jesus to you." How the demon moaned and begged me not to torture him! I went to the church and returned with the Holy Eucharist on my breast. As I came into that room, there were a few gasps like those of a drowning person, and the woman was normal. But it lasted scarcely five minutes. We prayed and sprinkled holy water, and I recited the formula of exorcism a dozen times. The woman would come to, and the go right out again. I brought the Holy Eucharist back to church and then went over and stayed there, trying to help.

A thousand tricks he brought into play to get me out of that room. He had an awful terror of me because of my priestly powers, admitting in so many words that he did fear me. "I fear you, I cannot look at you, don't touch me," he would say. Once he was cursing, and I said, "Are you calling me names?" He said, "Oh, I wasn't calling you any names. I don't dare call you names, I meant the others." "But, then, if you fear me, why don't you go?" I said, and he answered, "Let Lautien go, and I'll go too." That was one of his conditions from first to last. To which I always answered, "The woman's soul belongs to God. You'll never get her soul." He said, "Then I'll take her life. I'll choke her to death." And really, the hands of Lautien came up, and unless forcibly prevented, the woman apparently would have choked herself to death.

I was almost in despair. A thousand times I prayed that day. "In te Domine speravi, non confundar in aeternum" (In Thee, O Lord, I have hoped, let me never be confounded). Lautien's case was becoming notorious, and woe to me and my Church if I could not show the world that I could drive out this devil; for, had not Christ said to His apostles (and so to the priests of His Church), "In my name they shall cast out devils"? (Mark 16:17).

So about three o'clock that afternoon I said, "This devil is talking so much about Lautien's home and the destroyed altars there . . . . I'll just go and bless this home and hang up a holy picture, if it's the last thing I do." When I came there, the people asked me how the case was progressing, and I said, "It's terrible to-day," but I gave them a short talk on the fact that there is no kind of devil the Church did not have the power to drive out, and that I absolutely guaranteed the eventual releasing of Lautien from this demon's power. I came back and entered the church to gather light and strength before the next attack of that demon, and there was Lautien smilingly greeting me. I thought, so there's one place still where the demon doesnt dare to show up. In my absence, the Sister, in her desperation, had had Lautien carried, howling horribly, across the street and into the church, where she immediately revived, as before. That evening this unfortunate woman was happy because I allowed her to live right in the church, if necessary, even to sleep and eat there. That same Monday night poor Lautien had her first night attack. "Troubled by



Her throat began to work and get short on breath as though an unseen hand was clutching at the larynx.

a demon" does not express it. In our great pity for this afflicted person we tried everything: we prayed, I used the formula of exorcism, and we even laid her on the altar. It helped for a while, and then the relapse seemed to be the more violent.

That demon was just as desperate as we were. When Lautien was free, she was the most sensible, tractable person. The Sign of the Cross was the infallible sign. When she was herself, she would make it most devoutly; otherwise she would protest, find excuses, such as, her arm was sore, etc.

That night I asked this devil, "How dare you come to this holy place?" and he said, "I'm not in the church at all, I'm standing over there outside in front of the church door." And even to this day I don't know how to take that statement. It's possible that he could work from that distance; but, then, the devil was not scrupulous about telling lies and misleading me. In the rubrics prefacing the formula of exorcism it says that the devil is wont to play on the exorcist with a view to tiring and discouraging him, trying to make him believe it is no real possession and so on. But since "this phenomenon itself is preternatural, a humanly scientific explanation is, therefore, impossible," though the devil would try to make us believe otherwise. That devil played all those tricks on me as they are given in the ritual, and many, many more.

Anyway, as it got towards dawn, we got this woman in a sort of half-quiet state that looked like sleep, and we bedded her down on a mat at the gospel side, right near the altar. Of course, the next morning she was there for Mass, Holy Communion, and prayers. That is one of the most striking things—during all those days she never missed a church service, especially not Mass and Holy Communion. The next day, Tuesday, Lautien was under the influence most of the time, but more lightly, joking and laughing. Of course, just at the time prayers were to be said, the demon had the funniest things to say, even clapping and singing; one could have actually been convulsed laughing at the funny things that demon said and did, if it were not all so horribly pitiable. This devil always pretended to have a ravenous appetite for human flesh, telling us, now to kill this person, and now that one. Lautien's meals were one of the big problems that day. I'd bring her to herself and she would start eating very nicely and politely, then suddenly on came that demon, and she would eat like a demon. Impossible to tell all she would have devoured if we had permitted her to do so.



In the course of that day that devil learned a number of things he did not seem to know before. He learned to say Sister and Shenfu ("priest" in Chinese), and he even said "Jesus." In short, he tried every kind of trick to have us let him alone. In the beginning, yawning was an unmistakable sign that Lautien was coming to herself; but the demon gradually realized that we relied on this sign, so then he would give a yawn and say, "See, I'm all right," though by close observation one could distinguish between the real and the false yawn.

A simple and authoritative adjuration addressed to the demon in the name of God, and more especially in the name of Christ crucified, was the usual form of exorcism. But sometimes in addition to words some symbolic action was employed, such as breathing (*insufflatio*), or laying of hands on the subject, or making the Sign of the Cross.

Off and on Lautien would really come to, either by the formula of exorcism, or by means of prayer or the use of holy water, by pressing my relic of St. Paul at the Cross to her lips, or even by put-



ting my hand over her eyes. This demon would say sometimes, "What kind of a man are you, anyway; you've got some queer hands, they are not at all like the hands of the others." Strange how even a devil from hell must acknowledge the priestly power in these consecrated hands, which have often held the Body of Christ. To the very last, the hand of a priest on the eyes of this woman was like a firebrand to this demon.

Tuesday night that demon played his biggest trick on me. It was around midnight, and we were kneeling at the communion rail, praying and exorcising. When freed, Lautien would pray with us, and then be stubborn, as only a demon can be. Then the demon would ridicule our praying, try to distract us, and said, "I always make her forget everything. I make her stutter," and he would imitate stuttering. "She always wants to study Christian doctrine and learn the prayers, but I make her forget everything. This Lautien, I just make her laugh and make her cry, and that's all."

About this time the two catechist women moved Lautien rather roughly, and he took on a bass voice and was madder than a hornet. (Here it may be stated that during the day, among his other tricks, he would try to hide his own identity. He would say, "You say, devil, devil, what devil are you talking about? I'm Lautien" . . . . trying to pose in Lautien's own personality). But at this moment, when he was so en-

raged, he made a clear distinction. He said to the catechist women, "Who are you that handle me so roughly? I tell you, you can't get at me, the one you are hurting and oppressing is Lautien, you're hurting her and not me." And all this in an unusual bass voice, whereas otherwise Lautien has a rather high voice.

The demon said to me, "I have nothing against you, but that woman (the catechist) over there, I hate her."

I answered, "For that matter, you might as well hold it against me too, for that woman obeys my orders. Why don't you leave this person if you don't like the treatment?"

He said, "She's mine, and I want her soul."

I said, "Her soul is mine. I baptized her, and she's mine. You are such a clever devil and don't know that yet?"

He said, "I'm not clever at all."

"Oh, but," I said, "you've already learned a few things in these days. But I am not of yesterday either, I'm onto your tricks."

How mistaken I was in thinking I now knew all the deceitful wiles of this particular demon. He was going to show me how overconfident I was.

The catechist woman came with the blanket and spread it in the aisle in front of the communion rail. I said to the two women, "Now lay her on there and give it to this devil." And the demon, in complete control of Lautien's body, flopped her on the blanket and said, "All right, go to it, have your way, but I'll choke her to death."

Her throat began to work, she got short of breath and made choking sounds, as though an unseen hand was clutching at her larnyx. One minute, two minutes—no breath and no pulse that we could notice. A picture of death! I became terrified. What if this person should die on my hands! The two catechists sprinkled holy water and chanted prayers while I began the formula of exorcism. More fervently than ever before, I began, "Princeps gloriossissime caelestis militae, Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in proelio adversus principes et potestates" (most glorious prince of the heavenly host, Holy Michael the Archangel, defend us in battle against the principalities and powers) and so on. I knew the prayer by heart, I had said it so often over this poor woman. Slowly the pulse came back, and beat normally, but there was no breathing that we could notice. As they sprinkled holy water on Lautien's face, I noticed how the closed eyelids gave the slightest little jerk. I said to the two, "It's all right," and I thought of the incident in the gospel where the demon threw down the boy like dead, so that the people said, "He is dead."

Just as I finished the exorcism, the woman opened her eyes. "Shen fu," she said, "I feel so tired and heavy of heart," and she wept big tears. "Shenfu, let me go back home to-morrow; here you are, not getting any rest, and all on my account. Why should you have such a mad person as I am on your hands?"

"You are cured," I said, "and being cured, you may go back home to-morrow if you wish." I really thought this was the end of our struggle with the wicked one.

Lautien soon fell into a deep sleep. I told the two women to retire, and I gradually withdrew also, leaving Lautien in a sleep like death. I went back at one o'clock and again at three, and she was still in the same condition, to all appearances. Yet in the morning Lautien complained, "Shenfu, why did you leave me? What fear and terror I went through after you were gone! I didn't sleep a wink; I heard the stroke of every hour as it was tolled from the Protestant Church tower. But I could not open my eyes. I wanted to call for help, but could not. Just once I managed to open my eyes, and I saw the burning candle, but not a person around me."

During the day there was a continual repetition of the same old tricks and arguments, until Lautien would come to, when she would be utterly disheartened. What didn't I say and do to cheer her up and inspire her to bravery! For everything now depended on her own courage. It was certainly a special trick of the demon to make her give up the fight. As for myself, I was really quite encouraged that afternoon, for I noticed how fast we were gaining on this monster, and I thought, we will certainly get him out by repeated exorcism and prolonged spiritual exercises.

A peculiar incident happened that afternoon. The demon had always maintained that Lautien must serve him, burn incense to him and make him kotow. I once said, "Oh, why, I'll just take her place and do that for you"; so I fixed up a paper affair on the table, got a twig and said, "That's the altar and the incense, and now for the kotow." Knowing that I was a mockery of him, as I went down and touched my forehead to the floor, he crouched in a far



As we three walked into the room, the possessed woman was a terror.

corner, and the screaming and terror were indescribable. I jeered. "Well, I'm doing my part, what don't you like about it?" and he wailed, "Oh, you can't give me kotow, you can never give me kotow."

Suddenly he said in a commanding voice, "Those two children who destroyed my altar have come, bring them here, and I will reprimand them." And what happened? The two men who had destroyed the pagan altar in Lautien's house had just come to the mission. They were still at the front entrance, far away from us. None of us knew that they were there; yet this devil, without a name and with closed eyes, was aware of their arrival. They soon came to the room of their own accord to inquire how Lautien was getting on. "Here they are," the demon cried, "how I hate them!" and then in a weeping, moaning voice he reproved them for their crime of destroying his altar. I recited the formula of exorcism, and the woman greeted these men, and was glad to see them; perfectly normal once again.

Monday previously I had sent a special runner to our Fathers at Chumatien, with a letter asking advice and help; so, on Wednesday evening Father Rosenbaum and Father Irsigler arrived on horseback. As we three walked into the room, the possessed woman was a terror. I had her carried to the church, where she became herself for a little while, greeted the new Fathers, and apologized for giving them so much trouble.

Then we three priests consulted together and decided then and there to keep up continual prayers until this demon was finally driven out. Lautien was sitting in an easy-chair placed in the church and when she was conscious, in her own personality, joined in the prayers; otherwise she had to be kept in the chair by force. Day and night a group of Christians, with one of us priests, prayed unceasingly. Father Irsigler had ridden back to Chumatien to telegraph the Monsignor, who was in the southern mission, for faculties to apply the solemn rite of exorcism. Meantime Father Rosenbaum and I changed off with each other, as did the various groups of Christians, so that never for one instant did we cease storming Heaven that this soul might be rescued from the clutches of the evil one. We were progressing. The aim now was to get Lautien to fight the devil herself by act of faith and trust in God. I sat there from nine in the evening till midnight whispering ejaculatory prayers into her ear. About half the time she was conscious, but could not speak. The demon choked her and shook her frightfully. A vigorous nod or shake of the head, or a gesture, showed that she understood, for if I told her to make an act of faith in her heart, she would thump her chest; if I told her God was good and would certainly not let the demon harm her, she would give a vigorous nod. That's how Father Rosenbaum and I got her so far that the attacks became fewer and less violent, though in a way Lautien suffered more, since she was mostly conscious of the actions of this demon.

On Friday evening the faculties for solemn exorcism arrived. We began to apply them at once, Father Rosenbaum assisting. This rite requires about half an hour, and we applied it three times before midnight.

Coming to the questioning, and the devil was there. I thought of what Tertullian had said when addressing the pagans of his time—"Let a person be brought before your tribunals who is plainly under demoniacal possession. The wicked spirit, bidden speak by the followers of Christ, as readily makes the truthful confession that he is a demon as elsewhere he has falsely asserted that he is a god." For when I asked in the name of God and with all the backing of the whole Catholic, Apostolic Church, the devil talked right up. He persisted in the statement that he had no name. That he would not go, first Lautien must go, as he did not want her to stay in the church. To which I answered, "You have nothing to say in the matter. God has appointed you your time, and you must go!" He'd say, "All right, I'm going, I'm going right now,"—a yawn, and he was gone; but he came back.

Saturday there were fewer and lighter attacks, but the prayers and watchings continued. But in the evening we had to apply the solemn rite of exorcism twice. He changed so quickly, first the demon would be present, answer questions, then in a few moments it would be the woman in her right personality. Father Rosenbaum and I just stood there and looked at each other, absolutely non-plussed. I could have wept from discouragement. Father Rosenbaum said, "If he would only once get rough. I would even let him tell me my sins if he would only go." And there was the woman sitting in front of us, innocently fondling my big mission cross, kissing it and admiring the beauty of its workmanship. I stepped over in front of the little altar of Our Lady of Lourdes, and I vowed ten Holy Masses and two rosaries to go with each, and said, "Immaculate Mother, won't you help us crush that monster's head," for, somehow, I was being overwhelmed by an awful feeling of discouragement, probably also a temptation from the devil. I thought of all the days of fasting, prayer, and mortifications, and still the demon persisted in possessing this poor creature.

Sunday after Mass, the perpetual adoration was taken up again, and prayers were to continue if necessary during the coming Rogation days. She continued to have more or less violent attacks, but in the night, about midnight, there was rather a violent attack; I used the solemn formula, at the end of which she gave a tired yawn and Lautien woke up. Since then Lautien has been absolutely normal, and I am sure she is cured. Reception of the Sacraments and works of piety will tend to make her spiritually stronger, and immune against future visitations of this nameless demon.

It goes without saying that I learned much in these past few days. I see clearly now, all the mistakes I made in this my first case of possession. I blundered many times and gave this demon the advantage. Should I ever have another such case, I shall handle it differently. How much more clearly shall I henceforth understand the workings of the evil one! This demon gave me many visible demonstrations of the power of grace. Prayer made him helpless, and I could see how prayer really works "ex opere operato" to a great extent. Oral prayers rendered him powerless and in those last few days absolutely put him to flight. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the Rosary, holy water, all had a great effect. The church, the sacraments, the sacred character of the priest, relics, blest articles — he feared them all.

To give the devil his due, as the saying goes, this demon was never so savage that he would throw things. Though he did not like a crucifix in the hand, he would not throw it, but would draw away in terror. Even at the worst stage one person could always manage this

(Continued on page 30)

BELIEVE IT or NOT

By Fr. Sharkey.

Many strange things are seen and heard in China, to which Ripley's famous words might well be applied.

Cities With Lifeboats.

One has very often heard of ships with lifeboats, but I feel sure that few ever knew that there are cities so equipped. But it is a fact, and I myself have seen it.

Floods are common here in China and they very often take heavy toll of life and property. The last big flood in this district took place about fifteen years ago. For this reason, most cities along the rivers have a number of large lifeboats and when a flood threatens it's a case of "man the boats". Noah's Ark would sure come in handy here.

Roofed Cities.

The narrow eastern streets may have their disadvantages when it comes to questions of traffic, etc., but recently I found out one of their advantages.

In the month of July, when the fierce, eastern sun is like the heat from a furnace, bamboo mats are stretched across the streets from roof to roof. Thus they are kept shady and cool, and one sees not only a walled but a roofed city.

When Chuchow becomes like Toronto, with street-car wires, and telephone wires, things will change, but that day is still far off. Until then we can still roof over our streets and laugh at old Sol.

The Devil Cannot Travel in a Straight Line.

So the Chinese pagans say. Believe it or not. How such a belief originated I do not know, but all have great faith in it, for it gives them a chance of escaping His Satanic Majesty.

Since the devil cannot go in a straight line, mats are hung before the main door of a pagan home. The devil therefore cannot get in, for he would have to go around the mat to do so—which for him is quite impossible, according to the Chinese.

For the same reason, a wall is often built in front of the main entrance to a house or temple. To a Christian who does not know the superstitious meaning of it all, it certainly seems ridiculous to build a door and then put a wall in front of it. Evidently, to the pagans. Satan is so crooked that he cannot even travel straight.

The MacPherson Burse

Just two years ago a priest friend, Father D. MacPherson, P.P., Port Hood, N.S., started a MacPherson Burse for our Seminary. In spite of hard times, depression and what not, our good friend has managed to raise the total to $693.70, a wonderful achievement, all things considered.

Father MacPherson asks us in his latest letter, "How many of Father Jim's Buds can figure out how long it will take to get $5,000.00 at the rate we are going? Can they figure if this old man will see the Burse completed before he goes to Purgatory? With all the world suffering from depression, financially, what must be the state of the Missionaries and their charges! To lend a hand now must be true charity."

He then adds a mesage for "Chinese Scotsmen," as he puts it. "Tapaidh leibh," the only "Chinese" Scot we ever heard of, was the famous Mandarin from P.E.I., whose life story appeared in an earlier issue of CHINA. If you don't believe there was such a person, ask Father MacAuley, of St. Peter's Bay. And while we don't know Gaelic, we hazard a guess that Tapaidh leibh might be freely translated "Come across". Perhaps we are all wrong.

Following are the latest contributions to the MacPherson Burse:

Mrs. Allan MacDonald, Detroit, $5; J. Hector Gillies, $4; In Honor of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph, Mrs. Angus Campbell, $50; Duncan Cameron, $1; Mrs. Ellen MacMaster, $2; Mrs. Susan MacIsaac, $2; Mrs. Alex. MacEachen, $5; Mrs. R. A. MacIsaac, $2; Miss Lillian Davis, $2; Mrs. Angus MacDonald, $40; Mrs. Alex. MacDonald, $2; Alex. E. Rankin, $2; Mrs. Kay, $5; Miss Mary MacDonald, $20; Alex. Cameron, $2; Mrs. John D. MacEachen, $50; Mrs. Angus Campbell, $5; Rev. D. MacPherson, P.P., Port Hood, $25; Miss Ann Beaton, $5; Miss Tina Curry, $2; Mrs. Donald Beaton, $10; Mrs. Alex. MacDougall, $1.

We take this opportunity to thank Father MacPherson and our many other kind friends whose co-operation has made possible what has already been done towards the completion of the Burse. And if we know anything, there are many other MacPhersons among our readers who will want to be represented before the Burse is completed.

For the benefit of those who may not be familiar with what a Burse means, we might say that the interest on one completed Burse of $5,000.00 enables a priest to be educated in perpetum for the Missions, that is, when one priest has gone through the Seminary, another student takes his place, and so on indefinitely. If we but had sufficient completed Burses, the financial burden of educating our priests would be appreciably lightened.



A Christian Family at Jian-Liao, baptised last year by Fr. Fraser.



Prodigal: "Father, I've a notion to settle down and go in for raising chickens."

Father: "Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."

A dollar doesn't buy the value it once did. You notice it especially when you watch the dollar spent for education.

Two in One.

Mr. Johnson went for a ride in a plane. When he came down he said to the pilot: "Tank you, suh, for dem two rides."

"Two rides?" said the aviator. "You've had only one."

"No," said the colored man, "I had two. Ma first and ma last."

Writing music is easier than writing stories. You can't steal forty sentences and stick them together to make something original.

B. Walker tells of the Scot's wife whose doctor told her she had to have salt air. She woke up next morning and her husband was fanning her with a herring.— Walter Winchell in the Daily Mirror.

Taking money for acting in the movies may keep Bobby Jones from being an amateur, but it doesn't have that effect on a lot of regular actors.

They Don't Satisfy.

A New Jersey doctor says there are fewer girl sopranos since women started smoking. That's the greatest argument we've heard in favor of women smoking.—Southern Lumberman.

If only Burbank could have lived to see how many gallons of orangeade one orange can make.—Key West Citizen.

Fly Boy.

Grocer: "Here's your fly paper. Anything else?"

Rastus: "Yassuh, Ah wants about six raisins."

Grocer: "Do you mean six pounds?"

Rastus: "Naw, suh. 'Bout six raisins—jes' enough for decoys."

Aspiring Youth (to prospective employer)—You'll pay me what I'm worth?

Works Manager—I'll do better than that. I'll give you a small salary to start with.—Nottingham News.

Newspapers are segregating crime news, and Dora is looking on the travel page for those gangsters who are being taken for rides.—Judge.

A Start.

The village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred, but it had four legs.

One day he took his bargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. The smith regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs.

"You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length. "I see you've got the scaffolding up."—Montreal Star.

If you think politicians have an easy graft try sitting on a fence and keeping one ear on the ground.

Take a Friend's Advice.

"That man wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a bean, old man."—Leeds Mercury.

Farmers who think the corn-borer a great affliction should try playing bridge with a bore full of corn.

Gangway for the Shining One.

Breezy—"Have you a good opening here for an unusually bright and energetic young man?"

Business Man—"Yes. I believe we have—and please close it softly as you leave!"—Utica Press.

One reason why pity overlooks many who deserve compassion is because those who are crippled above the ears don't limp.

A Big Burden.

Mrs. Greene had got a cold, and could not go to church, but she insisted that her husband should go in her place.

"Well," she inquired, on his return, "and what was the burden of the vicar's sermon?"

He sat down with a weary sigh and murmured: "All of it, my dear!" —Churchman.

A fellow has a wide range of possibilities now to select from: He can be land poor, stock-market poor, factory poor or wheat poor.—Detroit News.

'Ware the 'Gator Getters.

The Florida beach and blue sea looked inviting to the tourist from the north, but before venturing out to swim, he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

"Nossuh," replied that functionary, grinning broadly. "Ain't no 'gators hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest, he called back:

"What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," bellowed the guide. "De sharks done skeered dem all away." — American Legion Weekly.

Scientists searching for absolute zero might observe the average man's interest in another's bad cold symptoms.

Perils of the Deep.

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Bowers, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced: "Peter Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."—Tit-Bits.

Fork: An implement people lift halfway to their faces and then lean over and snap at.

An Irishman escaped from an insane asylum. After searching for over a year, his frantic parents found him teaching school in Scotland.

Charge.

The chairman of the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done," he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade.'"

At this point a consumer jumped up with the shout: "Oh, what a charge they made!" — Collegian Reporter.

A Vegetarian.

While visiting a Zoo in Ireland, an American noticed a solitary sea lion and wondered why there was not a pair.

"Where is his mate?" he asked a keeper."

"He has no mate, sor," was the response. "We feed him on fish all the time."

We Gratefully Acknowledge the Following Donations Received From Nov. 20th, 1930, to Jan 19th, 1931.

Over $10.00.

Children of St. Vincent School, Toronto, $20.00; Hon. D. A. Ryan, St. John's, Nfld., $20.00; a friend, Peterboro, $25.00; St. John Bap. Church. Ottawa, $50.00; Sisters and Nurses Pembroke Hospital, $15.00; Cathedral, Pembroke, $52.00; St. Edmunds Church, Stoco, $38.05; Rev. F. P. White, St. Aloysiuos, Windsor, Ont., $25.00; St. David's Mission Unit, St. David's School, Toronto, $10.34; Austin F. Hall, Toronto, $15.00; Marie R. Harcourt, Toronto, $20.00; Finch Campaign, per Fr. Fraser, $99.87; St. Andrew's Convent, St. Andrews, Ont., $10.50; St. Joseph's School, Halifax, $25.00; Elizabeth Neville, Quebec, $20.00; Mrs. Mary Dion, Westmount, $25.00; Catherine MacDonald, Boston, $10.00; Rev. W. T. Kingsley, Kingston, $30.00; Patrick Meehan Estate, $50.00.

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J. Drohan, Toronto; Friend, Pembroke; Geo. Kerr, Arnprior; Very Rev. J. J. O'Sullivan, Mt. St. Joseph, Peterboro; J. J. Carolan, P. C. O'Connor, Gracefield; Mrs. Jeffrey Sampson, Canso; St. Paul's School, Toronto; Rev. Bro. Eagan, Holy Cross School, St. John's; Hamilton Cathedral Girls School; Rt. Rev. W. Gehl, V.G., Dundas, Ont.; Friends, Hamilton; W. A. Fawcett, Hamilton; Msgr. P. L. Belliveau, Grand Digne, N.B.; Mrs. H. Black, Montreal; Higgins & Burke, per Stafford Higgins; J. J. Carolan; J. Drohan; E. B., in honor of our Lady, Help of Christians.

Over $5.00.

Crusaders, St. Martins School, Toronto, $5.40; C.C.S.M.C. Renfrew Sep. School, $9.20; St. Mary's School, Toronto, $7.75; Edward Doherty, St. Marys School, $8.00; S. S. Class of Rev. Leo Smyth, St. Catharines, $6; Mrs. W. Cassidy, Stoco, $6; Margery Martin Renfrew, $5.15; St. Mary's Boys School, Halifax, $6.50.

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$1.00 and Over.

A friend, $1.90; St. Patrick's School, Sr. 1st Class, Niagara Falls, $1.00; Mrs. M. E. Tuthill, Detroit, $1.00; Children of Birch Cliff, Sisters of Service, $2.45; Irene Robson, North Bay, $1.00; Mrs. J. Butler, Sheenboro, P.Q., $1.00; Mrs. Lucy Picco, St. John's, Nfld., $2.00; Edward Manning, St. John's, Nfld., $1.45; Agnes Power, St. John's, Nfld., $1.00; Jane F. Kearns, Barrie, $3.00; S. B. McNeil, Port Hawkesbury, $1.00; A. J. MacDonald, Sydney, N.S., $2.00; Kay Sharron, Calgary, $2.00; Wm. McDonald, Glace Bay, $1.00; Mrs. M. A. Scarine, Hamilton, $3.00; Patrick J. Kealy, Brewer's Mills, Ont., $3; Winnifred Downs, Toronto, $3.00; John H. Burke, Bathurst, N.B., $1.00; Mrs. M. P. Hayes, Soo, Ont., $1.00; Gertrude Grace, St. Mary's, Nfld., $4.00; B. Martin, St. John's, Nfld., $1.00; E. Svencinski, Vancouver, $1.00; Eugene Doyle, $1.00; Sisters Convent Tweed, $2.00; Sisters Ottawa, $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Mrs. R. J. H. McCormick, Montreal, $1.00; Miss M. J. McGillivray, Victoria Mines, $3.00; Pupils Convent Class, Arichat, N.S., $2.40; Miss Delina d'Entrement, L. E. Pubnico, $1.75; Aloysius Schmitt, Foymount, Ont., $2.00; Mrs. B. Cosgrieff, Kaslo, B.C., $4.00; R. J. Kelly, Amos, P.Q., $1.00; Stuart MacDonald, Montreal, $3.00; Mrs. B. Walsh, Corbyville, $1.00; Sister St. Bernard, $1.00; Mrs. B. A. O'Byrne, Calgary, $2.00; Margaret McNulty, St. Regis, $1.81; E. T. C., $1.00; Mary J. Bonness, St. Stephen, N.B., $1.00; Anon, $1.00; St. Mary's School, Collingwood, $2.00; Irene C. Gillulain, Brockville, $1.00; John Cooney, Portage, Me., $2.50; Mrs. C. Wickett, Toronto, $1.00; Angus D. Grant, Apple Hill, $1.00; W. A. Grant, Toronto, $1.00; Gus O'Connor, Almonte, $4.50; Irene Robson. North Bay, $2.00; S. H. A. Crusaders, Sac. Heart Acad., Metaghan, $3.00; St. Ann's Convent, Eel Brook, N.S., $1.65; Mrs. P. G. Roche, Killaloe, $1.00; Mrs. J. R. MacDonald, S. Lake, P.E.I., $1.00; Miss K. Masterson, Ottawa, $1.00; K. Sharron, Calgary, $2.00; M. McManamy, Thorold, $2.00; E. H. Hughes, Welland, Ont., $1.00; Miss Mary Smith, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. Grimes, Toronto, $1.50; Mrs. E. Wilson, Charlottetown, $1.00; Mrs. J. A. McKenty, Chatham, $4.00; Rev. Edward E. Mulvihill, Calgary, $2.00; Mrs. T. Diemer Woodslee, $1.00; Louise J. Martin, Tottenham, $2.00; Josephine D., Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. H. V. Ferguson, Toronto, $3.00; Leonard's Mite Box, $3.50; M. S. McCormick, Windsor, $2.00; Vashti De Leon, Tracadie, N.B., $2.00; St. Anne's Convent, Renfrew, $1.00; Mrs. J. Flynn, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. Mary Doyle, Mount Morris, $1.00; Albert Briand, St. Pierre, $1.00; Hugh Nolan, Lakefield, $2.00; Kathleen Bird. Toronto, $2.00; Mrs. Axel, Toronto, $1.00; Ernie Quinn, St. Andrew's, $1.50; A. J. MacDonald Sydney, $2.00; B. McCarthy, Hamilton, $1.00; P. J. Veale, Washington, D.C., $2; Mrs. Thos. Cooney, Argentia, Nfld., $1.00; Mrs. Mary L. Trask, Brighton, Mass., $1.00; Mrs. M. C. McGrail, Montreal, $1.00; Friend, Cable Head, Nfld., $1.35; Rev. R. Beaton, Comox, B.C., $2.00; St. Joseph's Academy Students, Lindsay, $3.22; St. Joseph's Academy Community, Lindsay, $2.20; Jos. G. Kennelly. Hamilton, $1.25; Miss Julia A. Kenny, London, $1.50.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the Following Donations to the Building Fund.

B. L. Sheard, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. F. Ryan, Toronto, 50 cents; Miss A. O'Brien, Winnipeg, $2.00; Friend, Phelpston, $12.00; Miss Devine, Brockville, $4.00; Stella Gignac, London, $1.00; Katherine Donnelly, Toronto, $3.00; Friend, Hamilton, $10.00; Mrs. Harman, Hamilton, $2.00; Theresa Gorman, Outremont, P.Q., $10.00; Blanche McMahon, Ottawa, $1.00; V. Marchildon, Penetang, $5.00; Mary Columbus, Penetang, $1.00; Dan J. Rankin, S. Highland, $1.00; Anna King, Toronto, $2.00; Mrs. E. McGuire, Toronto, $2.50; W. H. McNabb, St. Thomas, $5.00; Mrs. Kelly, Toronto, $1.00; Miss Margaret Wilmes, Trail, B.C., $25.00; Mrs. Neil J. McNeil, Summerside, P.E.I., $2.10; Mrs. M. E. Crossland, Barrie, $1.00; A. A. Giovanni, St. Lawrence, Nfld., $1.00; Dominic Kedroski, Renfrew, $5.00; Blanche McMahon, Ottawa, $10.00; Rev. E. Egan, Schomberg, $5.00; Margaret MacNulty, $2.00; Well-Wisher, Tignish, $10.00; Mrs. Catherine Stroder, Kitchener, $40.00; J. L. Giovanetti, Halifax, $4.00; M., Montreal, $2.00; Miss S. Ryan, Toronto, $2.00; Miss Beatrice M. Casserly, Kingston, $3.00; G. and P. Kennedy, Toronto, $1.00; Miss Anne T. MacDonald, Ottawa, $4.00; Sr. St. Stanislaus, Verdun, P.Q., $6.00; Miss E. Murphy, Kaslo, B.C., $4.00; Harry M. Blake, Toronto, $5.00; Anthony Doyle. Detroit, $1.00; Allen Reynolds, Antigonish, $2.00; Francis Schultz, Montreal, $1.00; Doris Gignac, Ridgetown, $1.00; Mary Burns, Hamilton, $2.00.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the Following Donations to Burses:

Mrs. A. R. Henman, Sudbury, Little Flower Burse, $5.00; Chas. Masterson, Montreal, Little Flower Burse, $1.00; Friend Reader of China, Students' Burse, $4.00; Annie M. MacDonald, Kirkland Lake, Holy Souls Burse, $2.00; A Friend, Holy Souls Burse, $20.00; Beatrice M. Casserley, Kingston, Sacred Heart Burse, $1.00; Beatrice M. Casserley, Little Flower Burse, $1.00; Mrs. Jos. Lindsay, Kinburn, Little Flower Burse, $2.50; College St. School, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Burse, $25.00; W. B. Fitzpatrick, Tracadie Cross, Holy Name Burse, $5.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, Kippewa, St. Theresa's Burse, $2.00; Katherine McAlenney, St. John, N.B., Blessed Sacrement Burse, $2.00.

WOMAN OBSESSED BY A DEVIL.

(Continued from page 26)

possessed woman, though as far as lifting was concerned, it often took three of the Sisters to carry her when in this condition, although ordinarily she weighed only about a hundred pounds. This demon was never horribly abusive, nor did he ever make impure remarks.

This unfortunate Lautien might well have cried out in the words of the psalmist, "I will say to God: Thou art my support. Why hast Thou forgotten me? and why go I mourning, whilst my enemy afflicteth me?" (Ps. 41:9); but her very own experience proves that the priests of the Church of Christ are today as powertul in combating Satan, as they were in the centuries ago when Christ "having called His twelve disciples together, He gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out" (Matt., 10:1).

A true story by Fr. Peter Heier, S.V.D., in "Our Missions."

SISTERS ARRIVE IN CHUCHOW.

(Continued from page 20)

to be able to offer to Our Dear Mother Mary, such a beautiful sheaf of lilies on her name day.

Our very first visit was to the Church, where rosary was said, followed by Solemn Benediction and the singing of the Te Deum. Father Morrison of Sung Yang was the celebrant, for he had come to Chuchow to welcome the Nuns.

After the Te Deum, all the Christions and hundreds of pagans came to pay their respects to the Sisters —Sister St. Oswald, Sister Mary Catherine and Sister Anthony. Men, women, boys and girls, even the little babes—all came, two by two, to make their bows to the Nuns. Little slips of paper were handed to each person and these entitled them to a real Chinese banquet—a bowl of steaming-hot macaroni, etc. To the Chinese, every great occasion must have its banquet.

Darkness had settled down and the many colored Chinese lanterns cast a romantic spell over it all. As I sat there watching, the Sisters themselves faded from my view and I saw in their stead, Our Immaculate Mother Mary, receiving the homage of that vast crowd of Christians and pagans. Truly the words of the Magnificat were being fulfilled—"Behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed". This was Her name-day and her Immaculate Conception was being honored to-day, where it had never been so gloriously honored before.

The following morning, Solemn High Mass was sung by Father Serra, our Superior, and afterwards he blessed their convent. Through his untiring efforts and those of Father Amyot, the arrival of our Sisters at such an opportune time was made possible. And although the necessary outer buildings are not as yet fully completed, we hope to have them all ready for use early in the New Year. At present things are temporarily arranged and the Sisters are well, happy and quite comfortable.

Surely the brave, pure, self-sacrificing lives of these noble Nuns will draw many pagan souls to the feet of Jesus and Mary Immaculate. In healing the ailments of these poor people's bodies, God grant they may have a salutary effect upon their souls. Thus shall the words of Isais the prophet be fulfilled in them—"Many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband." What a wonderful Christmas gift we are going to have to offer to the Infant Christ of Chuchow.

—Father Sharkey.



Left, Fr. Gignac. Right, Fr. Sharkey. A Study in Black and White.

Rose Garden Contest

We regret that lack of space prevents us from featuring Fr. Jim's Rose Garden this month.

Answers to the Word Contest have come in in great numbers, and prize winners will be announced in March "China."

IN YOUR WILL

Remember our work for China.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.



Some of the pupils of the Girls' School, Chuchow. Unless Government regulations deprive us of our school, the attendance will greatly increase with the arrival of the Sisters.

CHINA

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CHINA

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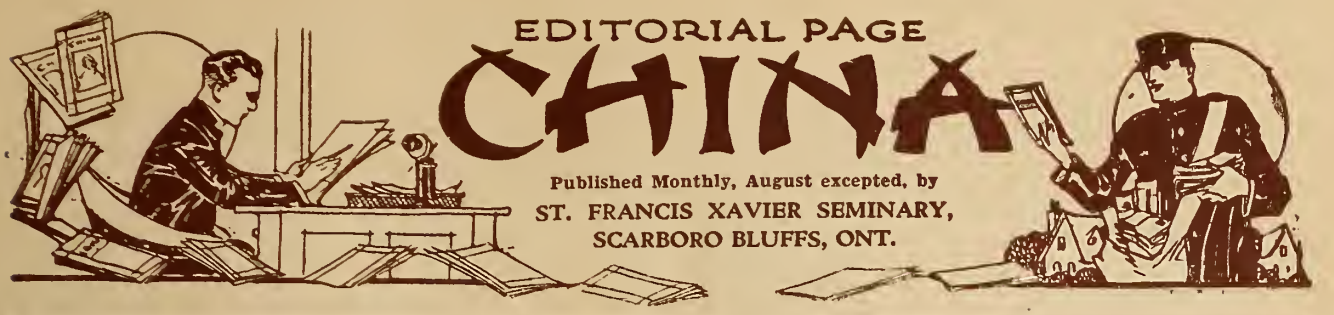
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EDITORIALS

WHAT OF NEXT YEAR?

Next year four of our priests will "move out" for China. When they do, there will be room for four more students to "move in." It has come to that. If in the meantime we are unable to build, we cannot accept the applications that are being made to us for next year.

If we were to "double up" a few more of the present single rooms we might possibly find cramped accommodation for about five or six more, but the dining-room and chapel, the chapel especially, are overcrowded this year. Last Summer our lecture hall was partitioned off into four rooms and the lectures since then have been held in the chapel. In our present position there are only two alternatives. We must build or we cannot accept all the students who are to come next year, many of whom have already made application. And if a new building is to be ready for occupation by September, work should start on it very shortly. What are we to do?

To make a long story short, we need $125,000.00. And so far we have $595.00. If each one who reads this were to send even one dollar we should have enough to make a start and ensure an addition for next year. If any of our readers could afford to send more it would further lighten the burden.

The present is an ideal time to build. Material is cheap. Labor is plentiful and the erection of a new building would provide very welcome work for many who are now unemployed. We ask our readers earnestly to consider our problem and help us to the best of their ability.

* * * * *

WHAT HOPE CHINA?

There are various ways of getting one's name in the newspapers. But the most effective method of keeping out of the clutches of the columnist or the headline artist is to mind one's own business and go quietly about one's daily grind. There is nothing of "news value" in the fact that John Brown goes to work after breakfast and returns home at 5 p.m. Too many other people are doing that very thing. Unless you happen to be Rudy Vallee or the Prince of Wales or the leading scorer in the N.H.L., it is a matter of blissful indifference to the average man what kind of coffee you sip for breakfast or to what you attribute your success in life.

But depart—for one fleeting moment—from the straight and narrow path; steal $5,000.00 from your bank; hold up the corner drug store or play hockey on Sunday in Toronto. At once your name is on every tongue. With one fell swoop you crash the columns of a dozen newspapers hitherto utterly oblivious to even the heroic side of your uneventful existence. If John Brown craves publicity, let him stop chopping wood. He must have recourse to the sensational. His honest struggle to make ends meet does not interest the public. He may be the most faithful husband and most devoted father in the world and yet go down to his grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

It is the same with China. Up till a few years ago how often did we see her name in the papers? Most of her five hundred million people were going quietly about their business. Except when some great flood or other disaster overtook her we heard little and cared less about that great strange country across the Pacific. And now—scarcely a day goes by but the newspapers feature China. It is not within the scope of this brief article to show to what extent contact with Western civilization has been responsible for China's ills. The fact is that in comparatively recent years sufficient opium and Bolshevism and machine guns have been thrust upon a country to whom the "art" of war was unknown to enable her to provide "news" for the Western world. But we must beware of false impressions. There has been constant harping upon the ills of China and not a word about the quiet and long-suffering heroism of her honest merchants and millions of cultured people, to whom banditry and Bolshevism are as repulsive as they are to us. We hear so much about Reds and bandits that some people imagine the whole country is over-run with them; that it is not safe at all to send missionaries to China because they are sure to

be captured or put to death. What is the real situation?

It is very hard to estimate the number of bandits in China. As for the Communists, when they capture a city they have recourse to the delightful practice of torturing or burying alive all those who will not join their ranks. The result is that thousands of people who do not know what the word "Communist" means join them out of sheer terror. As for the ordinary bandits, many of whom have been literally driven to the hills by failure of crops and exorbitant local taxation, even if there were 500,000 of them, which there certainly are not, it would mean only one bandit for every 1,000 people in China. If established law and order were broken down in parts of our own country, as they are in parts of China, we can safely assume that there would be that proportion of "bandits" at home, ready to prey on society if the occasion arose.

At the present time there are in China 3,343 Catholic Priests and over 5,000 Sisters. Of these, four are in captivity. In our Province of Chekiang, not a single Priest or Sister has ever been captured during the whole period of China's civil wars. When one missionary is captured—perhaps by a band of a hundred men—the whole world hears about it in a few hours. Because it is abnormal—it is news.

LONG DISTANCE PLEASE

Some people express great surprise when told that there are motor cars in China. They have not learned that Shanghai, for example, in some respects, is as modern as New York. When sometime ago a news item appeared to the effect that "Christ the King" and "The Ten Commandments" had been banned by the Government many learned for the first time that "there were movie theatres in China."

But we ourselves must confess that we were surprised when Father Morrison informed us that there was actually a means of telephone communication between Chuchow and Sungyang. Not as modern as the dial phone perhaps, or as fast as the service between Hamilton and Toronto. But a phone just the same, even though one might accomplish a man-size day's work while waiting for a call to be put through. "When you wish to put in a long-distance call here," Father Morrison writes, "you must first go to the Yamen and give the particulars to the operator, who passes the call on to the station in question. There the operator must send a messenger to call your party and this will take sometimes two hours. Very often the wrong place is called and this helps speed up the service.

On Christmas day Father Beal and I decided to send Christmas greetings to our brethren in Chuchow. So right after dinner we started for the Yamen, where the telephone is installed and gave the particulars to the operator. We were told that it would take about an hour to put the call through to "our party," who, in this case was Father Amyot.

After an hour's walk in the country we returned in high hopes to the Yamen. Our appearance was the signal for renewed activity on the part of the operator who called, and called, and conversed with somebody or other only to inform us that there were no Foreign Priests in Chuchow.

I told them that there were six priests there and that I had had a letter from them day before. Once more he called and after about ten minutes informed us that it was no use, that there were certainly no Foreign Priests there. We then guessed that he was calling the wrong place so we wrote for him the Chinese characters for our Chuchow and he at once recognized his mistake. The Chuchow he was calling was in the Vicariate of Hangchow, where Father Ouang, formerly of Kinhwa, is now Parish Priest. There is a decided difference in the pronunciation of the two names.

Once more he tried the call only to tell us that the line was broken. So our Chuchow call was all off and we returned to the Mission just in time for prayers and Benediction, after which we sang some hymns and Father Beal played the organ.

In the evening we played some records on Father Stringer's Victrola and thus consoled ourselves with our futile attempt to say "Hello" to the boys at Chuchow.

Grey Sisters Happy In Their Work

Since their arrival in Chuchow, our three Sisters have had a busy time attending to the sick and the afflicted of the district, treating, on some days, as many as a hundred cases. "We love our work," one of the Sisters writes, "but will be glad when we can have some competent help, that is, someone who has a knowledge of medicine." Happily one of them is a trained nurse, but she feels the need of further skilled assistance if they are to be able to attend properly to the crowds that ask their assistance. She tells us:

"We had the opening on the 8th, as planned. The pupils all had a holiday in our honor, and they spent it on our front steps, looking in to see what they could see and to follow us everywhere we went. As the building is still in progress, the gates have to be kept open and the people crowd in by the dozen. We had callers all day Tuesday, the majority having a pain or an ache someplace. I think the priests must have told them we were 'Cure-alls'.

"On Wednesday a man came to say that his daughter was dying. Father Serra asked us to call on her. They were pagans, but the poor man said all had given her up and if they, the Sisters, could or would do anything, he knew she would get better. We diagnosed the case as typhoid and treated her accordingly, left some medicine and now, thank God, she is improving. Father Serra accompanied us. From this call we visited an old lady who was also dying. Oh! such a hovel for any sick person to live in! Dark, no light save that of a tiny lamp burning low. That same evening a man was brought in on a stretcher, dying. We gave him conditional Baptism and I hope he is in Heaven by now. Since Saturday we have treated about fifty daily.

"Our consolations are numerous, but it is heart-rending to hear those poor people appealing for help. They are so grateful for the smallest service or least act of kindness."

CONGRATULATIONS!



RT. REV. J. A. O'SULLIVAN
Bishop-elect of Charlottetown, P. E. I.



Our Sisters Reach Chuchow

By REV. WM. K. AMYOT

Yes, Bishop Defebvre must have reached Shanghai on Nov. 28th, returning from his shortened visit to Europe and America. Had he received our letter? Would he grant the necessary permission for our Sisters to come to the new home and plant, being prepared for them, that was fast nearing completion? Such questions and many others passed to and fro between us with more pressing anxiety as the ever-moving time slipped by, shortening with each successive day the possibilities of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, being able to reach Chuchow in time to celebrate, and open their Convent, on their Greatest of Feasts, The Immaculate Conception.

November passed. Still no word. Hope was dwindling fast, for someone would have to go to Wenchow to act as escort and arrange for boats, transportation of baggage, etc., all of which would take time. Time, those precious hours that still remained. Yes! Hours, and in a country where time means little to the majority of men. Could we still make it? Had the dead line already been reached? Monday came and was gone. No, not quite. For as the shadows began to lengthen and the dusk to draw nigh, the looked-for, longed-for, missive came. Permission had been granted. God bless our Bishop said we all. Then things began to hum. The workmen were spurred on to do their utmost, they could have no leisure now, for everybody must get busy and help. The glad news was relayed on to the waiting Sisters, a boat was ordered for the morrow, final instructions given, things were packed and at last we had entered the final lap, starting on the last leg of that long-delayed journey that was to bring the Canadian Sisters to Chuchow.

On the eve of our departure, the weather-prophets had forecast snow during the night and snow indeed we saw next day, on the peaks of several mountains, as we slipped down stream, a decided breach of weather etiquette in these parts for this time of year. The trip was the usual. The countryside tinted with reds and gold, was donning its new mantle. Autumn was fast giving way to winter, and flocks of migrating cormorants and duck added action to the quiet scene. There was little of an exciting nature except perhaps, if one might call it such, for a certain incident of which mention will be made later. Anyway, in due time, after two days, we arrived safely in Wenchow on the evening of December 3rd. The Feast of St. Francis Xavier.

The Sisters were all in high spirits, most of the packing had been done, their temporary home had been stripped of its conveniences, which had found their way into baskets or cases, and now they were using borrowed utensils, supplied by their hosts of the last long year, the Good Sisters of Charity. It would have done your heart good if you could have seen their happy faces when I arrived and told them I had come to fulfil the office I had begun last December. That I had come to take them on their way, to complete the journey to their new home in Chuchow, to their own Home, their Order's First House in the Far East. Also how we could certainly get there for the Great Feast if the weather turned not against us.

Early the next day, Dec. 4th, the boats were hired, and though it was raining, all non-perishable baggage was sent off. Surely the rain would stop in the afternoon, we thought, and then the rest could be safely transported and stowed aboard, so that we could leave bright and early next morning. But here was the rub! then it was that trouble began. Man proposes, but God disposes. The powers of darkness and storm seemed angered at the prospect of the honour to be given God on the coming Feast of His Blessed Mother, far up among the hills of this pagan land. The showers became a storm, the wind, with increasing velocity, howled around the corners, driving the torrents of rain in every direction, and whipped the waters of the harbour to fury. As time, precious time, dragged on, the storm grew worse and worse, so that the remaining baggage could not be moved. We could just sit and wait and hope. In the meantime, like little "Pollyannas", nearly everybody kept telling us we could not go, it was foolishness to try it, the storm will keep up

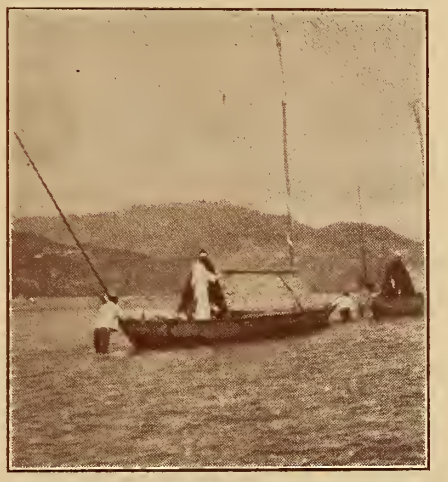
for days like this, stay here for the Feast and be sure of making it a good one, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you can celebrate the Octave Day in Chuchow, we want you here, why even the weather favours what we say. All seemed pitted against us, and tears were almost in Our Poor Sisters' eyes for they had so longed to be in Chuchow for that Great Day. Please don't say no: go, they said, we don't fear the weather. But little they knew how fear or no fear, when the weather is truly against them, the Chinese boatmen refuse to budge. Darkness fell, hope was going fast. Still, if the boats would go, we could leave in the morning; that untransported baggage could take its chance and follow later. The uncertainty was heart-rending, but we could do no more, so, like Boy Scouts, we tried to stick to their motto, "Be Prepared."

During the night the storm broke, it cleared, the wind died down. Hope returned but not for long, for by 3.30 a.m. the storm had picked up again. My boy went down to the quay about four to find out if the boats were leaving, but alas, it was of no use. As Mass ended he returned with his negative report: "We could not leave that day."

'Twas disappointing to say the least, our plans were now upset. It would require almost a miracle to bring us to Chuchow in time for Mass on the Big Day, but we could still get there for a part of the Feast, the weather being propitious. Oh well! now that "the milk was spilt" the only thing to do was to make the best of it. The wind would not prevent us loading the boats and more shopping could be done. So in true Chinese style we settled down patiently to wait and see what the Lord would bring on the morrow.

Ting-a-ling-ling 3.30 a.m. said the alarm clock. All too soon it seemed—and it was Saturday, the sixth. The full December moon had not yet gone to rest, the sky was clear, the wind had weakened. Let's go, the time has come. Again, as yesterday, through the kindness of the Mother Superior, Sister Helen, I said the Community Mass at 4.30 a.m. in the Sisters' Chapel, which, through a special privilege, enjoyed by the Sisters of Charity, on Saturdays, was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our journey was to begin and to end too with a direct blessing from Our Loving Lord Himself, Who commands the waves, the wind and all creation; so how could things go wrong?

Although the day had not yet dawned, when the rickshas drew up at the door, it was quite bright for the moon still shed her light and softly looked down upon that little group of Missionaries, the Sisters of CHARITY—large always must that word be written —with their blue habits and white coronets in sharp contrast to the Canadian Sisters, in their quiet grey and black. The silence was



It's slow work going upstream.

noticeable, for once again were dear friends parting. Simple words were spoken, but that anguish of heart was there, which God seems to ask so fervently and even require as a personal sacrifice to be made for Him, from each of His chosen ones, as step by step they leave those and that which they have known and loved in this world, to come nearer and closer to Him, their Eternal Spouse. Like Arabs, we had folded our tents in the night and were silently stealing away. Good-bye! Bon voyage! and the parting had been made.

The rickshas rolled and bumped along the mile or more of narrow cobbled streets to the boats. Little was said for silence then was golden and the stillness was only broken by the sound of the runners' bells. All went well. We reached the low stone jetty in good time, the tide was rushing in, the boats were still resting high up upon the muddy banks, and the "Lao Dahs" (or boatmen) were already cooking their morning meal. It was fast growing light now, and the day promised fine. The boats had to be slid over the oozy mud, like toboggans over snow, and down "ker-swish" into the swirling eddying waters. Then it was we embarked and said good-bye to Sister Mary, who had come all the way down to the docks at that hour to see her three charges off, a mother, yes, a real mother to them to the very last.

Soon the whistle of the tug blew and of course there followed quite a commotion. More boats had to be tied on in line and all had to be reshuffled as usual several times, not without much shouting and arguing either till all were fastened. Then with more tooting we slowly got under way and Wenchow was a thing of the past. Quite a strong headwind was blowing but the day was bright and sunny. Spite of the cold and cramped quarters the Sisters took to "River Life" like ducks to water. Merrily we bobbed along . . . and about noon reached the town of Wenchee, some thirty miles up stream, where the tide stops and the motor tugs cast off their tow to pick up others waiting and then immediately head back for Wenchow.

Here it was, just as with Joseph and Mary at Jerusalem, that my charges got away from me. I had settled down to read my Breviary, thinking the while, yes, in fact I was sure of it, that the Sisters' boat was one of those following right behind. But too lightly had I judged. Too little did I realize how these rivercraft do resemble one another just so much as do the peas within a pod. (I was mistaken, it was not so, theirs was not a coming.) Besides my boy, tried and true gold, was with them and he would see that the "Lao dahs" kept doing their best. Ahead at Tsing Tien City we must of necessity pass the Customs, who, of late, had been getting very officious. My sailors were poling along steadily into the teeth of a good strong wind. Leave good enough alone,

I thought. Why stop them now for they might not easily get going again! Later I looked out. Yes! Boats were still coming along. I thought I could still pick out theirs, so there was nothing to worry about at all. The river here was wide, and all seemed quite safe. We might as well keep going, I thought, for I could easily go back those few hundred yards separating us, after passing the Customs, and see that they too came through all right. So, putting aside all cause of fear, I continued with my Office.

Tsing Tien at last! The baggage boat and mine passed with flying colours and drew up at the City gate. Then I started back to pick up the other boat. But alas! It was not there. It was not even in sight. Boatmen that passed kept saying they were coming, but darkness was too, and as minutes slipped by without sign or sight of them, I began to grow really anxious. Had I lost them here at the start? It was all my fault. I should have known better, have taken nothing for granted. Mary! Joseph! help me. You who know pray, pray they may be safe. Back, back, on I went over the rocks, through the sand and around curve after curve. Boats passed going both ways, but not that precious one. It was now quite dusk. A cold fear kept gripping at my heart. Are they gone? Are they gone? There's another boat. Yes, a single boat. I hailed it. No answer. Perhaps they didn't hear. Again I hailed. Still no sound, but what's that? Did I see something or were my eyes deceiving me? Something white, a handkerchief, a little handkerchief indeed it was, waving from beneath the close-fitting bamboo roof. Oh, what a relief! Thank God 'tis they, and all are safe. The boat pulled in to the shore, I jumped aboard expecting them to go right on but no such luck. No, having stopped, right here they'd eat their evening meal, whether we liked it or no. Patience, patience. Yes, "Patience is a virtue, possess it if you can." Still there was nought else to do but sit there and wait. Sometime later we'd reach the City. Having finished their rice and vegetables, on up the rapids we went, and reached the Customs O.K. But here they stalled again. We had to almost drive them, because for some unknown reason, they were unwilling to go on those last few remaining rods to the upper City gate that night.

Port at last. All hands on deck. We'll not stay here, we are going to the Mission Compound to sleep. Carriers were called. Then stiffly we trudged through the dark winding streets, the half mile or so to the Chapel. Here all was in order, poor but a place we could call our own, God's house amid the pagan idols. The Catechist had obeyed orders, and pasted paper over the paneless window frames, straw too, had been spread over boards on tres-



"The pattering rain only added to the wild natural beauty of the place."

tles and this was to be their quarters for the night. Once more the bountiful lunch prepared by the Ever Good Sisters of Charity, did its duty nobly and filled the breach. To bed! upstairs, ascend, rest ye weary ones. and thus did they pass their first night in the District of Chuchow.

Ding-ding-ding-ding. 'Tis four a.m. Arise! We'll have Mass to begin our day, then breakfast and away.

It was well past six and just getting light when we pushed off from the foot of those high grey walls and continued on our venturous way. All day we slid along. The wind had dropped, the sky was overcast, and rain fell almost continuously throughout those long, drawn-out hours, as towing, poleing, rowing along the beaches, up rapids, around curves and bends we went. Only now all three boats had to keep close together for there was to be none of yesterday's doings to-day.

About three-thirty p.m. we reached the famous "Shih Meng Dong," that cave and wonderland. Showers or no showers, we could not resist the lure to visit it. The pattering rain could not diminish but only added to the wild natural beauty of the place. "Oh if only Sister Mary could see this, how happy she would be." Yes. The whisp of falling water, the cave, the little stream, the very beauty of this enchanting spot had gripped our Sisters too. The visit over, we travelled on and at nightfall pulled up, or rather staked-in on the stony beach opposite Hai-Keu, still twenty-eight miles from our goal, with to-morrow the Feast itself. Yet, hope springs eternal in the human breast, it was still possible to arrive before the Feast be over.

Snugly we fitted into our little quarters, but not till a lengthy word battle had been fought out and won on the beach. For, according to previous promises, the Sisters' boat was to have no men in it during the night, but was to be securely tied and sandwiched in between our other two boats; the owner, however, got angry when the time came for him to fulfill his end of the contract, and objected vociferously, saying: "It was too dangerous as there were many, many bandits around." It looked quite serious for a while, but all the other boatmen supported us, and pouncing upon the dissenter, they compelled him to give in, who then found floor space elsewhere. When the hub-hub had subsided, and one by one the weary fell asleep, silence enshrouded the scene, which was only broken by the soft pattering of the rain on the roof and the occasional barking of a wandering village dog. Peacefully, tiredly did our Sisters sleep, but not their poor servant, Lucia, who could not sleep a wink, for, being Chinese, she had understood too well the conversation of the evening's row. She

knew that right here we were sleeping in the very vicinity that was headquarters of the bandits in these parts, and that an hour after the disturbance just mentioned, the loaded ferry came over to our side, who, by their conversation, showed that everybody in Hai-Keu, across the way, knew we were there and all about us. What hopes of secrecy in China! But even she did not know all. How, but a quarter of a mile from here, while coming down to get them, I had passed at high noon, within fifty yards of thirty bandits, rifles and all, who were piling into a ferry to cross over to the very side of the river on which we were even now securely moored. It was here, too, Fr. Serra and Fr. Stringer previously, on different occasions, had seen the bandits. Admittedly danger there was, but not more so than during our journeyings throughout the whole of the past year. We were absolutely in the hands of God. He would look after us, bandits or no bandits. And as for the Sisters, I thought it far better in their present position to observe the old proverb, "What you don't know won't hurt you." The others slept so we slept too.

About midnight I awoke with a start, my heart pounding within me. What was that? There, there a few feet away, tampering with the rope of the Sisters' boat. My first thought was bandits. Had they come? "Jeh-neng?" (or Who's that). No answer. Then our boat trembled, some one was out there in the darkness for sure. I jumped up with a shout and was just in time to see the marauder hurriedly depart and hear it go bounding over the roofs of the nearby boats. What relief! For it was only a weasel, whose sensitive nose had detected fish in the "Lao Dahs'" larder.

At dawn our boatmen bestirred themselves. 'Twas cold and raining still. Mary's Feast, Our Sisters' Feast, The Immaculate Conception. Happy Feast!

A Holy Feast to All! Strange words they seemed and Oh, so out of tune with these surroundings. "But walls do not a prison make nor iron-bars a cage." It was the Feast, Their Feast, be externals what they may, and only God Himself knew what we'd passed safely through. Without even delaying for breakfast we started off, they could cook and eat it along the way, for we MUST reach Chuchow this day.

"Poo-kays" (or sleeping bags) were bundled up and rolled aside. The altar was prepared. And then, down into our very midst in that little crowded skiff, as it gently glided along came He, Whose delight is to be among the children of men. O Jesus, through Mary Thy Immaculate Mother, we adore Thee. We thank Thee, and still beg of Thee protection, that we may do always Thy Ever Holy Will.

After our Thanksgiving we further celebrated by doing justice to the cold roast chicken and sandwiches supplied from that copious lunch basket—as mentioned above—and thought and talked of the Present and of Home.

All day we travelled steadily on, passing boats at every rapid that were not so anxious to proceed as we in such disagreeable, rainy weather. Nearer ever nearer, step by step, we rose higher and higher from the sea, and traversed the short reaches between each rapid, coming closer, ever closer, to Chuchow and Home. Would that tower below the City never appear. O! There it is! there it is! See Sisters, we are almost there now. On, on, we go "past the old temple nestled among tall trees," past "Yoh-woo" and the Customs' boat. Joyously in welcome did they hail us. Things were livening up a bit. A little further on the school boys came running down the bank anxious to get a first look at the Foreign Sisters. The rain, which perhaps had been one of the factors that had kept the bandits away, still pattered down a little, but it could not dampen the ardour of the huge crowd of welcomers assembled far ahead at the landing stage. Just as the boats drew up, however, the last drop fell, umbrellas were put away and flags began to wave. There was Fr. Serra. Yes, and all the other priests,



Parishioners assemble to bid farewell to Fr. Ouang, of Kinhwa, our "neighbour" in China, who was recently placed in charged of the important district of Chuchowfu.

too, the Catechists, school children and Christians all were there, with many pagans thrown in for luck to swell that happy throng.

Out stepped the Sisters. A few words of greeting alone could be heard, so great was the noise of the festive firecrackers and the babble of enthusiastic voices on every side. Then with bows and smiling faces the poor Sisters faced the music and ran the gauntlet through the pressing, laughing crowds that lined either side and followed in behind along the route of passing.

Straight to the Church first thing they went to the very feet of our Divine Master, Who was waiting there so lovingly to impart His Benediction, just as He had already done, three days previously, in Wenchow before our departure. It was still the Feast. Our prayers had been heard and our wishes granted; for the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception had reached Chuchow safely in time to open their First House in the Far East on the Greatest of their Feasts, the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8th, 1930). O Mary Immaculate to them and us be ever and always, Mother.

Yours in Christ,

WM. K. AMYOT.

SHE PAYS THE PRICE.

Canada is justly proud of the fact that in the abolition of slavery she led the world; and although in this act of justice and humanity, other countries followed her lead, not so China, where slavery still remains in its primitive cruelty and degradation.

Ta-ming is an honest, thrifty, and industrious Chinese farmer, but now he faces starvation and ruin. His small patch of land has failed him this year. Disease and drought have ruined his crops. Then too, sickness, followed by death, has visited his little home. Costly things these in a Chinese family. To Ta-ming three alternatives are left: he must either beg, borrow or starve. He shrinks from begging, and as for starving—well he has his wife to consider, and also little Lo-ti, the darling, and sunbeam of his home. Ta-ming then will borrow from Li-sing, the rich money-lender, enough to tide him over his present calamities. True, the sum he will borrow will be almost doubled by the exorbitant interest exacted by Li-sing, but next year, perhaps, the gods will be propitious, the crops good, and by the practice of a grinding economy, Ta-ming may be able to meet at least part of his debt, and thus keep the roof over his head.

Li-sing, the money-lender, knows his business. He does not lend rashly. True, Ta-ming is wretchedly poor, but if he be unable to meet his debt at the expiration of the given time, Li-sing will not be the loser. In fact such a turn of events may even suit Li-sing's plans better. In Ta-ming's humble home there is an excellent substitute for Li-sing's cash. He has seen and appraised, in slave value, bright, chubby, winning little Lo-ti. Willingly then does this Chinese Shylock lend his money to poor Ta-ming. The "pound of flesh" at least will not escape his covetous clutches. The day for payment arrives, and Ta-ming's hands are empty. Relentless and implacable, Li-sing names the substitute, and in dumb misery, Ta-ming is forced to submit.

The next day the mother of little Lo-ti attires the child in her poor little best. Lo-ti is told that she is going on a trip to the city with her father, and so great is her joy at this unusual privilege that she fails to notice her mother's red-rimmed eyes, the dry, choking sobs that occasionally escape her tortured breast, and the convulsive clutch of her farewell embrace. Heavy-hearted and with laggard steps Ta-ming starts down the long road, with Lo-ti, like a gay little butterfly flitting along beside him.

At last the city is reached, and they pause by the beautiful home of the money-lender. They enter, and Lo-ti gazes round in childish delight and awe. Never before has she beheld such luxury and magnificence. Poor little Lo-ti! She will soon realize that she is only a wounded captive bird in this gilded cage. Ta-ming tells her that he must leave her here a while, but that he will return soon. He cannot trust himself to bid the little one good-bye, but hurries away without even a backward glance. Left to herself, Lo-ti wanders innocently around, admiring everything she sees with wide-open, childish eyes. Then she realizes that her father is gone a long time, and in vague uneasiness, she gazes wistfully out of the window. Then she sits down very, very quiet, and very, very still. The gay little butterfly has ceased its flitting. Its wings are broken. Its days of freedom are at an end.

Never again shall little Lo-ti see father, mother, home, for she is now a life-long slave of a hard and cruel master, and a relentlessly-exacting mistress. She shall be beaten, starved, broken, to suit the whims of her pagan owners.

O you who enjoy the noble blessings which Christianity alone brought into the world, will you not, by your prayers, your alms, your encouragement, aid the missionaries who would bring to darkened China the faith from which all good things spring, "the freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free!"

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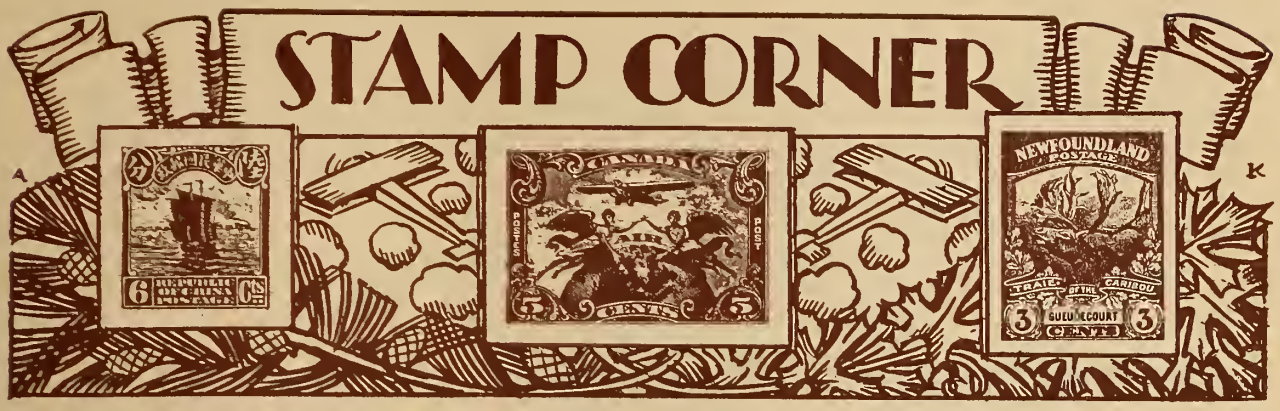
For particulars write

REV. J. E. McRAE, Rector

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs

Ontario



GRAND STAMP PUZZLE CONTEST
TEN PRIZES FOR BEST SOLUTIONS



How Many Stamps Do You Recognize?

Can you tell the country to which the above 29 stamps belong? If so, you can qualify to win one of the ten prizes offered for the first ten correct solutions to reach us. We give here the color of the stamp and the denomination (1, 2 or 3, etc.), where such does not show in the illustration.

No. 1. Gray Black with red overprint. 2. Purple and Brown; 3. Green; 4. Red, (20ct.); 5. Grey Brown, (1 ct.); 6. Brown; 7. Yellow (1 ct); 8. Green; 9. Blue; 10. Lilac Gray, (10 ct.); 11. Red; 12, Blue; 13. Purple and Gray (3 ct.); 14. Black; 15. Olive Green; 16. Red; 17. Green; 18. Green; 19, Red; 20. Black (2 ct.); 21. Black and Red; 22. Black; 23. Red and Blue, (2 ct.); 24. Red and Green; 25. Brown; 26. Lilac (10 ct.); 27. Red, (3 ct.); 28. Green; 29. Brown.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

This contest is open to every reader of the Stamp Corner. Simply write down the numbers on a sheet of paper (1 to 29) and after each number put the country to which you think that stamp belongs.

There are two sets of prizes, the first set being open to those who purchase $1.00 worth of stamps from the list of packets and sets on page 46 of this issue of China or from our complete Honor Bilt price list which many members now have or which will be mailed you if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The second set of prizes are for those who do not wish to purchase any stamps, but, of course, they are not as valuable.

Prizes will be awarded for the best ten solutions.

LIST OF PRIZES

List No. 1. (For those who purchase stamps to the value of $1.00 from list on page 46 or from Honor Bilt packet list).

First Prize. Complete Nfld. Publicity set, mint, 15 values, retail price $5.00. Second, Third and Fourth Prizes: Triumph Stamp Album, 204 pages, with space for 14,000 stamps, and 1,000 different stamps to go with it. Fifth to Tenth Prizes, all equal, your choice of any $2.00 worth of stamps you wish to select from list on page 46 of CHINA or from Honor Bilt Packet list (If you have not this list it will be mailed you on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope).

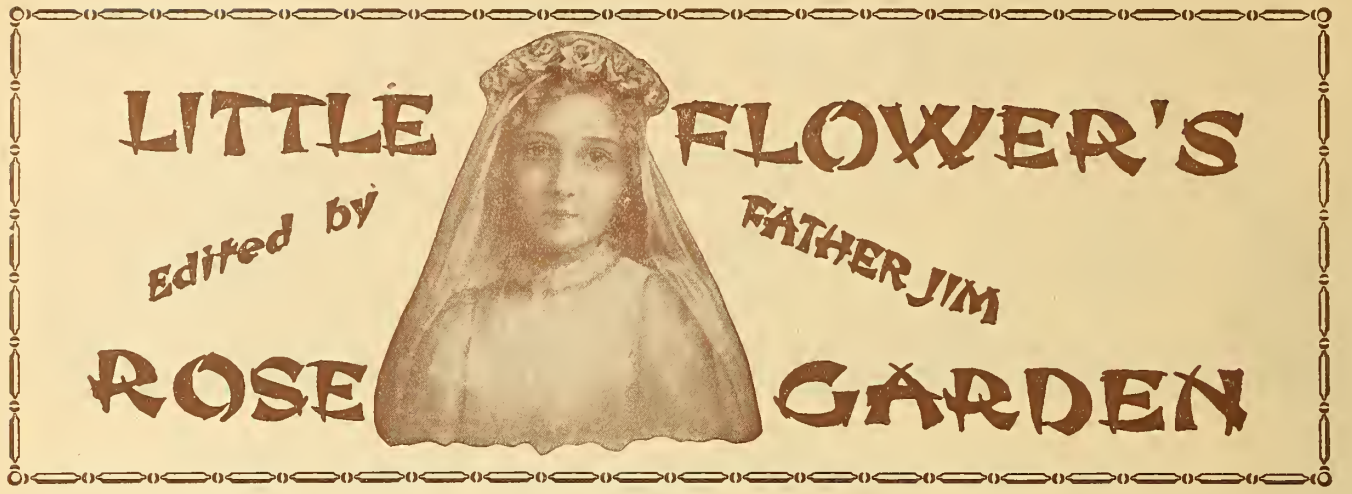
List No. 2. For Those Who Do Not Wish to Purchase Any Stamps.

First Prize. Beginner's Outfit valued at $1.00; Other nine prizes, any stamps you wish to select as above. to the value of 50 cents.

What To Do.

If you wish to qualify for the prizes in list No. 1, send us your answer and your order for stamps to the value of $1.00. If for list No. 2, just send us your answer alone. Answers must be **mailed** before last of March.

FOR LIST OF MINT STAMPS IN SETS SEE PAGE 46.



Dear Buds,—

Many of the newcomers want to know if there are "any rules to our Club." For their benefit we re-state the conditions of membership, namely, that each Bud go to Holy Communion once a month for the intention of missionary vocations and say every day the Prayer for the conversion of China.

There is another intention which we should like to bring to the attention of the Buds this month. You know how delighted we all were when we heard of the release of Fathers Laffan and Linehan in China just after the members of the Garden had all been praying for their safety. We are now going to pray for Father Tierney and the other three captive missionaries in China, for there are only four now captive out of all the missionaries over there. And when you join with the Priest in saying the prayers after Mass from now on remember that the Holy Father wishes these prayers to be said for the Church in Russia. You know we have so much faith in the power of the united prayers of our little army of faithful Buds that there are many things we would like to recommend to them. Father Jim is even selfish enough to ask for one for himself once in a while.

Well, the Buds have something to say this month so I must leave space for their letters and pictures.

Affectionately,
FATHER JIM.

Knows Father Jim.

Gertrude Noonan, of St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, and all her schoolmates evidently have settled the Fr. Jim question to their satisfaction. "Our teacher showed us your picture to-day," she writes, "so I am not guessing any more." Say, wouldn't it be a terrible thing if that picture ever found its way into CHINA, provided, of course, it is really a picture of Father Jim.

And speaking of St. Gregory's School, this month we welcome twelve new Buds from among the pupils there. We trust they have all received their certificates and pins by now.

They are anxious to hear from Buds in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island so we must give the names of our new friends from the motor city of Canada. Here they are: Gordon Murphy; John Pudky (hope we got your name right, John); Constance Almond; Bernadetta Meagher; Billie Bawks; Yvette Sawyer; Irene Delong; Bernard Buckley; Mildred Habberfield; Gertrude Noonan; Norman Hannan; Betty Brockman.

We trust their appeal for Eastern correspondents will meet with a response from our Maritime Buds and those in the "Garden of the Gulf".

R. I. P.

A short time ago, from far-away Victoria, there came a letter from Ruth Graves, a sick little Bud, one who had been delicate for years. It was just one letter among hundreds, yet so sweetly did it tell of love of God and of the Little Flower and of the Missions that we could not but be impressed. Here was a rare young soul, one whom suffering cheerfully borne had endeared to God and to the Heavenly Patroness of our Little Garden.

"Oh, how lovely" she wrote, "if we could have all the Buds give even just one thing to the Little Flower every day. She offers our gift to God and He gives her a grace or favor, some rose-petal to send down to earth, to convert a sinner, to help a missionary."

She offers our gift to God! How prophetic the words and how beautiful! For that child is now in Heaven. The Little Flower has visited her little Rose Garden and picked one Rose Bud more beautiful than the rest. And she has offered our gift to God, the greatest gift, an innocent child-soul. The Rose Garden is the poorer for the loss.

In her first letter she asked for some pen-pals. No doubt the fact that she was sick prompted the generous response from members of the Rose Garden for in a letter Fr. Jim received from her a few weeks ago she told how happy she was to receive so many letters but that she was so weak she could only write one or two in return.

Ruth Graves is dead. But she has left with us a message and an inspiration. From Heaven, we know, she will pray for her little friends of the Rose Garden and help them to be more worthy of their Heavenly patroness.

Wouldn't it be nice if the Buds were to write her Father and Mother, at 2925 Prior St., Victoria, B.C., and enclose a spiritual bouquet! I am sure they would appreciate it and it would console them greatly in their bereavement.

The Word Building Contest sure was a success if we are to judge by the number of Buds who sent in solutions. Too bad there are not prizes enough for everybody. I know you are all anxious to know who were the lucky winners, so here they are. First Prize, Rose McLarnon, 2071 Cuvillier St., Montreal. Rose had a total of 306 correct words and stands well in the lead. Second, Madeline Howarth, 49 Beaufort Rd., Toronto, 257 words. Third, Francis Mooney, Apt. 27, 257 Slater St., Ottawa, 241. Fourth, Mary Kelly, Box 212, Eganville, Ont., with 238. Fifth, Angeline Sansone, 89 Oxford St., Hamilton, 235. Sixth, Teresa O'Reilly, Box 116, Eganville, Ont., 220. Seventh, Mary Mulloy, Bay Bulls, Nfld., 218. Eighth, Mary Dora McCarthy, 161 Pearson Ave., Toronto, 214. Ninth, Mary Culnan, 445 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, 213. Tenth, Donald Benninghaus, 5339 Burlingame Ave., Detroit, Mich., 204.

Honorable mention must also be made of Olga Dennis, Port Arthur, and A. B. Monbourquette, Soldier's Cove, Nfld., who had 195 and 193 correct, respectively. In most cases there were very many more words submitted than appear above but many were incorrect, some were repetitions, and some plurals.

Father Jim certainly adjusted his "specs" when two lists appeared one day from Buds in Halifax, from St. Joseph's School. One had 1114 and the other 1360 words but they must have thought we were looking for words in Polish or Russian or Esperanto. In each list there were about 180 correct words.

Here's a cheery little letter from Margaret Reynolds (Lily Fair), Hawthorne St., Antigonish, N.S. Margaret is lucky because, as she herself tells us, she has a teacher who is "a very nice teacher, and not a bit cross. Every time she tries to get cross she always laughs in the middle of it."

"When everybody has read the CHINA I take the pictures out of it and paste them on a piece of cardboard and hang it in my room."

After a while Margaret will have a picture of nearly all the Buds in the Garden, that is if they all send us their pictures. Some are a bit shy about it. I think it is a nice idea, Margaret. I hope you never give your teacher any reason to be cross, especially as she is so good to you all.

Miss Rose of Lima d'Entremont, L. E. Pubnico, N.S., thinks it would be a nice thing to have a Garden for older boys and girls, and wishes CHINA had such a thing. What do the Buds think of this suggestion?

Geneive Paquet promises to send us a picture of herself and also of the kind of snowbanks they have around Souris, P.E.I. Don't forget, Geneive, especially the picture of yourself. As for snowbanks we don't see any more up this way for the past few years.

A Valuable Suggestion.

And here's another letter about the idea of a Club for older members. It is from Miss Hilda Brotherhood, Summerside, P.E.I., who certainly has our interests very much at heart.

"I was thinking that it would be nice to form a 'Mid Summer Rose Garden' for the Buds in our town from 15 to 20 years of age. We could make it into a club and then elect president, vice-president and financial secretary. Also we could make card parties, concerts and other things like fellow clubs are doing and the proceeds could go in to the CHINA to help educate priests."



Our little friends of separate school, Greenock, Ont., who sent us $5.00, which they saved for China.

We are certainly grateful for this suggestion. As a matter of fact there are several such clubs already in existence and one of them, in Toronto, is educating one of the students in our Seminary.

For the best results I think a Club of this kind should be left to the organizers to handle themselves. We should be willing to co-operate in every way possible. It would really be a little Mission Circle, organized by friends of the Missions, and the amount of good it could do is incalculable. If some such little circles were really organized in various parts of the country, it would be a wonderful thing for us and our priests in China.

Miss Kathleen Cain, Spaniard's Bay, Nfld., would like to hear from Buds in Fairville, N.B., also from Claire and Ruth MacDonald. Kathleen sent us a very interesting account of how she spent her Christmas.

Margaret MacNeill (Peg o' My Heart) Summerside, P.E.I., has "worked her brain nearly upside down trying to think of words for the contest." Here's wishing you the best of luck, Margaret.

Francis Walshe (Bluebird), Cape Broyle, Nfld., sends a snapshot which is, we regret, too dark for reproduction. Francis says that he did not yet get any letters from the Buds so we hope somebody will drop him a line.

Bertha Richards, Summerside, P.E.I., is very anxious for correspondents and mentions it three times in her letter "to make sure I do not forget" to let the Buds know.

Naomi Smith (Shamrock) tells us she had the pleasure of hearing Fr. Fraser speak at St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, and that the Crusade Unit of their school presented him with a cheque for $100.00. What a wonderful present that was! We are deeply grateful, Naomi, to our generous young friends at St. Joseph's.

Teresa O'Reilly, of Eganville, Ont., "thinks the Rose Garden is a wonderful thing, and is always talking about it." That's what her sisters say, and as a result of her interest we have the



BUDS FROM EVERYWHERE

Top, left to right—Rita McNamara, Glace Bay; Dorothy and Evelyn Nearing, New Waterford; Gerald Lynch, Peterboro; Naomi Smith, Toronto (knows a good magazine when she sees one); Grace Podger, Toronto.
Bottom row—Betty Fair, Oshawa; Constance Almond, Oshawa; Julia H. Nicholas, Beiseker, Alta.; Marie and Mary Campbell (twins), Glace Bay; Lenore Stone, Peterboro.

pleasure of welcoming them both as members this month, Rita ("Live for Ever") and Katie ("Live Wire").

Mary E. Donovan, a new Bud from New Aberdeen, N.S., would like to correspond with girls about 16 or 18 years of age.

"It was the three Sisters from our Convent who left Pembroke about a year ago to aid in the great mission work" writes Anita Martin (Jolly) "and for that I'm doubly interested". All the Buds can read this month of the work of our Sisters in China.

A letter written by Tessie Metcalfe (Georgenia Rose) Bell Island, Nfld., on Nov. 16th, has just come back to us from Shanghai. It was addressed, Scarboro Bluffs, China, and, of course, went to China. It bears four postmarks, Bell Island, St. John's, Shanghai and Scarboro Bluffs, and we are sending the envelope back to Tessie as an interesting souvenir of her much travelled letter.

NEW BUDS

Stanislaus Rossiter, (Moonbeam), 150 Patrick St., St. John's, Nfld.
Margaret Madden, (Peggy), Maddox Cove, St. John's, Nfld.
Rita McNamara, (Dahlia), 27 Victoria St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Mary Kelly, (Dewy-Bright), Box 212, Eganville, Que.
Catherine Hayes, (Black-Eyed Susan), 27 Argyle St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Veronica Hayes (Snow-Drop), 27 Argyle St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Margaret Campbell, (Cowslip), 25 Union St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Margaret McNeil, (Sun), 15 Maple St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Olive Bernard, (Marigold), St. Louis, P.E.I.
Emily Bernard, (Hawthorn Bud), St. Louis, P.E.I.
Eleanor Waite, (Ruby), 245 Westervelt Ave., New Brighton, Staten Island, N.Y.
Roddie MacDonald, (Sunny Joe), Dunvegan, N.S.
Mary Catherine McNeil, 770 Mechanic Row, Glace Bay, N.S.
Marie Poirier, 21 Argyle St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Mary McPherson, (June), 5 McPherson St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Ruth Y. Johnson, (Yvonne), Lakefield, Ont.
Helen Gaul (Forget-Me-Not), 24 North St., Glace Bay, N.S.
Paul Slipper, (Silver Fox), 2931 Wolfe St., Calgary, Alta.
Marjorie Driscoll, (Black-Eyed Susan), Arthur, Ont.
Jim and John Kelly, Bay Roberts, Nfld.

MINT STAMPS IN SETS

Keep This For Reference

Spain, Pope and King, 10 varieties, 25c.; Spain, Columbus set, 10 vars., 35c.; Nyassa, 9 mint triangles, 25c.; Nyassa, Zebra and Giraffe, 10 vars., 30c.; Persia, 1915, 9 vars., 15c.; Persia, 1911-1914, 21 vars., 40c.; Wallis and Futura Islands (native deer), 4 vars., 5c.; Cameroons, 4 vars., 5c.; Niger Territory, 1926, 5 vars., 5c.; Mozambique, 1918-1923, 10 varieties, 10c.; Montenegro, 1921, 18 vars., 15c.; Salvador, 1896, 9 vars., 20c.; Bosnia, 1917, 13 vars., 30c.; Togo, 1924, 5 vars., 5c.; Guadeloupe, 1928, 5 vars, 5c.; Nfld. 1918, Caribou (used), 5 vars., 5c.; Nfld., 1923, (used) 5 vars., 5c.; Nfld. (used) 1928-1929, 5 vars., 5c.

List of Packets

A complete list of our Honor Bilt packets, (too large to publish here) will be mailed to anyone who sends us a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Accessories.

Stamp Hinges, 10c. per 1,000; Beginner's outfit (Tweezers, Approval sheets, Watermark detector, Perforation gauge, Hinges, etc.), $1.00.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received Jan. 15th to Feb. 16th.

Over $10.00.

Friend, Hamilton, $13.00; St. Francis de Sales Church, Smith's Falls, $106.10; St. Bridgid's Church, Ottawa, $227.73; Friend, Arnprior, $28.00; Alex. Vice, Arnprior, $25.00; St. Francis Xavier Church, Renfrew, $194.05; St. John Chrysostom Church, Arnprior, $128.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, $117.00; St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal, per Fr. Fraser, $107.12; J. M. Dooley, Guelph, $15.00; A Rev. Friend, St. John's, Nfld., $20.00; Catholic Church, Prescott, Collection, $100.00; Loyola College, Montreal, $25.00; Collection, St. James Church, Eganville, Ont., $100.00; Rev. Henry Brunet, $50.00; St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax, $25.15; Estate, Michael McNeil, $25.00; collection, St. Anthony's Church, Montreal, $211.15.

$10.00.

E.B., in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians; Jas. Drohan, Toronto; Rev. M. O'Brien, St. Andrew's, N.B.; St. Paul's School, Toronto; St. Michael's College, Toronto; J. J. Carolan; Rt. Rev. A. A. McRae; High School Mission Unit, Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish; John F. Farming, Lakefield, Ont.; Mrs. L. H. Timmins, Westmount, P.Q.; Third Order of St. Francis, St. Francis Church, Toronto; Mrs. Mary Buckley; Miss Bureau, Grand Sem., Montreal; M. B., St. Gabriel's School, real; Mont Notre Dame, Sherbrooke.

$5.00 and Over.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Brocklehurst, Montreal, $5.00; Rev. Fr. Wilson, Trepassey, Nfld., $5.00; Miss Vera Gordon, Mountain Sanitorium, Mt. Hamilton, Ont., $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, St. Catharines, Ont., $5.00; Friend, $5.00; Rev. A. J. Dee, Placentia, Nfld., $5.00; Miss Ella May McIntosh, St. Andrew's West, $5.00; Very Rev. Cannon Brady, $5.00; Friend, Arnprior, $5.00; Greenock School, Greenock, Ont., $5.00; A. J. MacDonald, Sydney, N.S., $5.00; Rev. S. A. Corrigan, Picton, Ont., $9.00; Sisters of the Holy Cross, St. Gabriel's Academy, Montreal, $5.00; Norah Murray, Toronto, $6.00; Agnes Donley, Toronto, $5.00; Sem of Philosophy, Montreal, $5.00; Sacred Heart Miss. Unit Sem. of Philosophy, Montreal, $6.00; Friend, Renfrew, $5.00; Priest Friend, Calgary, Alta., $5.00; Friends, Montreal, $6.00; Academy Bourget, $5.00.

Over $1.00.

Miss Frances Scott, Ottawa, $4.00; Friend, Barrie, $2.00; Mrs. Jos. Langenburg, Sask., $4.50; R. J. Kelly, Amos, P.Q., $2.00; Mrs. D. Feehley, Tottenham, Ont., $2.25; Miss Claire Smith, Bolton, $2.75; The Breen Children, Cobden, Ont., $3.00; Miss Margaret Webster, St. Catharine's, $1.37; Miss Kat Sharron, Calgary, Alta., $2.00; Miss Margaret McAdam, Reserve Mines, N.S., $2.00; Nellie James, North River, Nfld., $2.00; Kathleen Bird, Toronto, $2.00; Agnes Dawzy, Toronto, $2.00; The Misses Pender, Toronto, $2.50; Dougald MacDonald, $4.50; Mary Callaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $1.50.

$1.00.

R. Salibury, Montreal; M. Salibury, Montreal; Josephine D.; M. Meagher, Toronto; Miss Irene Robson, North Bay; Primary Dept., St. Peter's Convent, Port Hood, N.S.; Mrs. B. Walsh, Corbyville, Ont.; Mrs. R. J. Rae, North Bay; Greenfield, Ont.; Margaret Hanley, Windsor, Ont.; Margaret Dohahue, Inverness, N.S.; Barney and Minnie Hart, St. John's, Nfld.; John Devine, Renfrew; Annie E. Shea, Ottawa, Ont.; Dorothy R. Akerman, Fulford Har., B.C.; Mrs. J. B. De Ferran, Maple, Ont.; Kathleen Duggan, Montreal: Irene Robson, North Bay; N. Krokanskas, Hamilton; Mrs. Michael Fitzpatrick.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations to Burses:

Per Rev. D. MacPherson, Port Hood, N.S., MacPherson Burse, $242.00; Nellie Cavanagh, St. Andrew's W., Queen of Apostles Burse, $1.00; Friend, Barrie, Ont., St. Anthony's Burse, $5.00; Minnie Byrne, Little Paradise, Nfld., Little Flower's Burse, $3.00.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations for the building fund:

Rev. E. Monaghan, Seven Mile Bay, P.E.I., $5.00; Miss Blanch McMahon, Ottawa, $5.00; Mrs. R. Davis, Compton, Cal., U.S.A., $5.00; Mrs. G. H. Goodwin, Toronto, $5.00; Jas. McCrae, Renfrew, $5.00; Friend, Toronto, $2.00; Rev. E. Bambrick, Fitzroy Har., Ont., $8.50: Mrs. Richard Buckley, St. John's, Nfld., $20.00; Margaret A. MacDonald, Montreal, $2.50; L. J. Molloy, Montreal, $1.00; Austin F. Hall, Toronto, $15.00; B. Blonde, Chatham, Ont., $4.50; Patricia M. Finn, Bay Roberts, Nfld., $1.00; T. J. Morrison, Collingwood, $1.00; C. Duggan, Toronto, $1.00.

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MAIN STREET.

Main Street, Chuchow, is the big Broadway of the town and the business section of the city. It is not any wider than the main corridor in China Mission Seminary, and it is paved with stones.

On both sides of the narrow street are shops of all kinds. A few only are built of stone and can boast of glass windows. Most of them are wooden and open in front, like stalls at a market. Most things in the stores are hand-made, except for a few foreign goods.

Here is a kind of grocery store, with fish, rice, vegetables and meat for sale. Beside it is a store where firecrackers are made, destined for use on the pagan feast days. Then there is the tobacco shop, where Chinese tobacco is weighed and sold in bulk. Of course there are cigarettes, too, but the other priests can tell you more about them. I still belong to the non-smokers' club. Many shops where superstitious articles are made, may be seen on every hand. The farmers, in town to sell their vegetables, buy a supply of paper money, joss sticks, etc., at these stores and then start back home.

Just around the corner here is the blacksmith shop, where shovels, nails, pans, cleavers, etc., are all made by hand and sold for a pittance. On a hot summer day, when the blacksmith and his apprentice make the anvil ring, another helper has the job of fanning them. Over the blacksmith's head is a piece of canvas or something, which is pulled back and forth by a string, thus creating a breeze.

At one end of the street is the Big Water Gate, which leads to the nearby river. At the other end is what one might call Market Square. beyond which is the official residence of the Mandarin.

The traffic problem on Main Street is quite a pertinent question. Dogs, cats, geese, ducks, hens, pigs, and babies, not to speak of carriers with all kinds of loads make the narrow way look for all the world like an Irish stew. On market days, one has to push his way through the crowds and one sees many of the aborigines, a virile race, who hate the Chinese, and only mix with them for reasons of trade. I will write about them some other time.

So this is Main Street, colorful and strange. Often I have walked along it, until now I know many faces and many know me. Many of the kiddies now greet me with —"haw fuh haw"—how are you.

Head Work.

Joe—Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?

Josephine—Why, I guess to keep his wigwam.—Digester.

Bright.

A financier says the future is bright for those who work hard, while we say few would consider that a bright future.—Life.

Eye and Ear.

A golfer advocates "Listen" (for the impact of the club-head) as a better precept than "Keep your eye on the ball." Our preference is for "Keep your ear on the ball."—Punch.

Nae Sae Bad.

Young Angus had been out for the evening with his best girl. When he arrived home he found his father sitting up. The old man looked up and shook his head.

"Hae ye been oot wi' yon lassie again?" he asked.

"Aye, dad," replied younger Angus. "Why do ye look sae worried?"

"I was just wonderin' how much the evening cost."

"No more than half a croon, dad."

"Aye? That was no sae much."

"It was a' she had." said Angus.

PUBLIC OPINION

is the best evidence of our standing in the community. STEADY PROGRESS has been shown since our incorporation.

Total Savings

1918	$ 448,335.12
1920	779,351.81
1922	1,282,328.37
1924	1,557,872.75
1926	2,708,654.73
1928	4,134,649.54
1929	4,711,058.95
1930	5,146,249.41

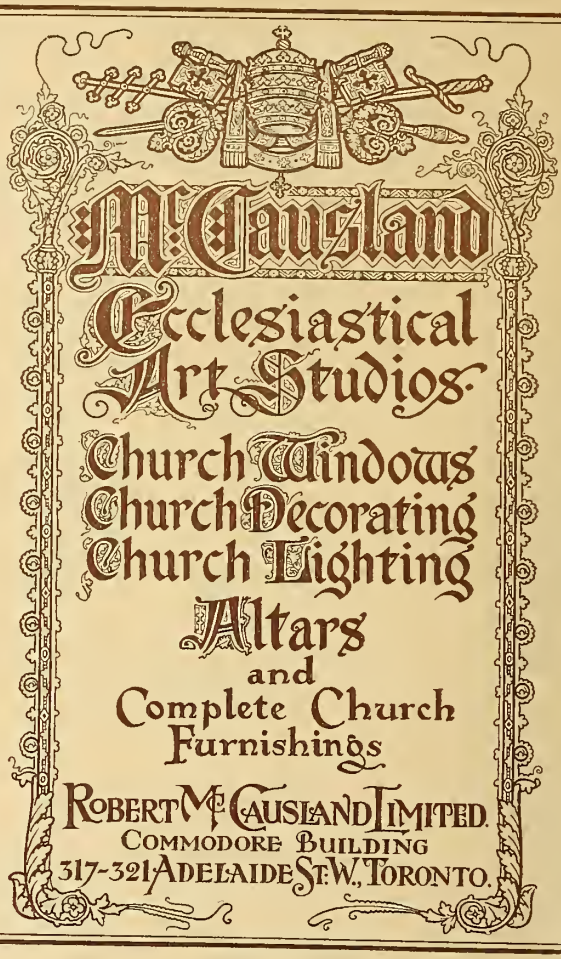
4% ON DEMAND SAVINGS
Interest at 4% added every three months. Subject to cheque. Entire amount may be withdrawn at any time.

5% ON GUARANTEED INVESTMENT CERTIFICATES
Money deposited for term of one to five years. Interest paid by cheque on June 1st, and December 1st, in each year on any sum of $100.00 or more.

Write for further particulars.

Capital Trust Corporation

Mr. W. L. GRAY, Manager
100 Adelaide St. West - TORONTO
Ottawa Montreal



HAPPYLAND

Last night while in my dreams, I played
Beside a winsome fairy maid,
Who gently took me by the hand
And led me off to Happyland.

In Happyland on Healthy Street,
The houses all are clean and neat,
And fairy children, never ill,
Dance in the sunshine, roam at will.

"Our health charm you must surely know,"
My fairy maiden whispered low,
"Just drink a lot of pure, rich milk,
It keeps you healthy,—fine as silk."

So boys and girls, I had to tell
The secret charm of keeping well,
So we can be like that gay band
On Healthy Street in Happyland.

City Dairy

TORONTO TRinity 2040

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED.

TORONTO

PRODUCERS OF

TRADE ELASTICA MARK.

Varnishes

Paints, Lacqueret and Kwickwork Auto Enamels

Special Seat Finish for Church Pews

Our Decorative Department is at your service at all times and enquiries promptly replied to.

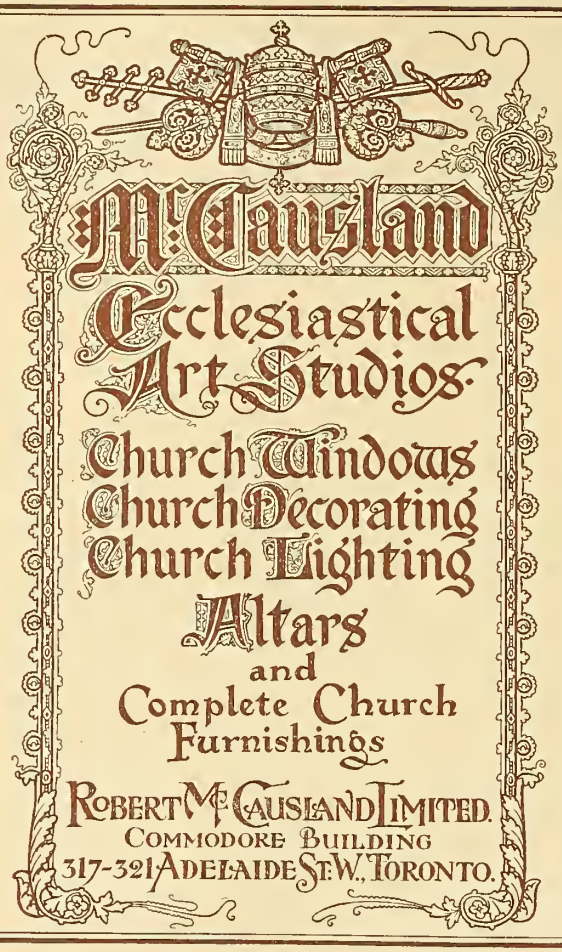
Carlaw Ave. - Phone: HArgrave 2178

CHINA

Vol. XII. No. 4 *Scarboro Bluffs, APRIL, 1931*



THE OLD CHINA—RED BUTTON MANDARIN AND SON



M. Causland

Ecclesiastical Art Studios

Church Windows
Church Decorating
Church Lighting
Altars
and
Complete Church Furnishings

ROBERT McCAUSLAND LIMITED
COMMODORE BUILDING
317-321 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO.

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Money deposited for terms of one to five years. Interest paid by cheque on June 1st and December 1st in each year on any sum of $100.00 or more.

Capital Trust Corporation
Limited

100 Adelaide St. West
TORONTO 2

Ottawa Montreal

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

TORONTO

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Special Seat Finish for Church Pews

Our Decorative Department is at your service at all times and enquiries promptly replied to.

Carlaw Ave. - Phone: HArgrave 2178

Mother Health's Magic Colour

There's a funny old person
Who is called Mother Health;
She's keen and correct as can be,
Knows just how to live
And can see why we fail,
By her magic she reads us, you see.

She loves little children,
And tries very hard
To keep them all happy and well;
Her paint brush she dips
In the dew of the rose;
Her colour the fairies can tell.

Sallow cheeks, heavy eyes
Make her sad and despair,
No longer her brush she will wield;
She's discovered some children
Who do not drink milk,
Her very own chosen health shield.

She's alarmed by the millions
Of death-dealing germs,
That are watching to seize on their prey;
Protection she'll give you,
If you'll be advised,
Drink a quart of pure milk every day.

City Dairy

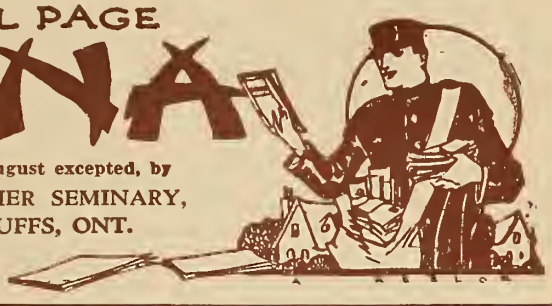
KIngsdale 6151 TORONTO



EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



AN URGENT APPEAL

Dear Readers:—

For some time past we have been concerned over the fact that we have no room for the students who have applied already for admission next year. Contributions towards our building fund have been trickling in very slowly, on account of hard times and universal depression.

Now—while there is still time to build, and have a new wing ready for September—we are launching a very special and urgent appeal, praying that our kind friends will lend their support in this drive for a much-needed home for future missionaries to China.

When we began to build our present Seminary we had a fund of $35,000, due to the sale of our former property at Scarboro. At present our building fund is approximately **ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.**

We hesitate to make a start with that small amount on hand, even though we could borrow the whole amount needed, but if we receive a fair response to this appeal we shall be enabled to start work at once.

Plans have already been prepared for a building which will give us what our present seminary never possessed—adequate chapel, lecture hall and dining room accommodation, as well as rooms for fifty students or more.

The present is an ideal time to build. Materials are very cheap; labor is very plentiful. The erection of a new wing would provide work for many who have long been unemployed. We earnestly request your help.

A contribution of five dollars from each of our readers would pay for the building we have in mind. Some cannot afford this amount. Others can spare very much more. God will reward any generous sacrifice you are prepared to make for a work which means so much for souls.

"And whosoever shall give to drink to one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen I say to you he shall not lose his reward." Matt. x 42.

Send What You Can Spare — TODAY

Harvesting *for* Christ

By

FATHER SHARKEY

It was the harvest-time, when I set out last year with Father Serra, on my first mission trip. The men in the fields were gathering in their crops of vegetables, rice and grain; Autumn too, the grim reaper, was mowing down the flowers, gathering in the verdure of the hills, and the wind in the tall grasses seemed like the swish of his scythe; while we, we were going out to gather in a greater harvest, the harvest of souls.

So early one morning, we rolled up our blankets, saw that our mass kits had all the necessary requirements, got together a few other things and were off. Besides Father Serra, there were in the party, two carriers, a catechist, a boy servant and myself.

The first part of the trip we made by boat, going quite a few miles down river. It was a beautiful, Fall morning—the birds were singing, the sun shining, and overhead, the great blue ceiling of God's world, unclouded and serene. Many boats passed us by, skimming along over the water, by means of oar and sail and pike-pole.

A low, rumbling noise, now and again, would tell us that we were nearing one of the many rapids and soon we would go swirling down the current. Not far below the city, we passed a rocky headland, on which stands an old pagoda. This tower is a favorite landmark of ours, when we are travelling up the river, for when we see it, we know we are almost home. Here and there we passed a little village, hugged close to the hillside and in a grove nearby, the ubiquitous temple could be seen—a grim challenge to our zeal for souls.

After a couple of hours, we left the boat and started up through the mountains, on our way to Shan Liaow, about fifteen or more miles away. The sun was hot and the stone steps up the mountains at some places, threatened to be a Jacob's ladder, but the scenery amply repaid one for all his labor. One looked down on beautiful, green valleys and well cultivated fields, variegated squares of green and brown and gold—Mother Nature's checkered apron.

After climbing for some time, we stopped to rest at a pagan temple but the only refreshment we could procure, was a cup of boiled water, which Father Serra and I shared. It sure slaked my thirst though and I realized as only a traveller in the East can, the fuller import of those words of our Lord, concerning the reward that shall be theirs, who give even a cup of cold water in His name. All around us were hideous idols and about the temple itself was that sense of vacancy, morbidness and darkness, that is the atmosphere of a world without Christ. I felt immense relief, when we at last quit it and started on again.

We stopped for dinner at a little village, whose name I no longer remember. As we passed along the main street, the schoolboys were having one of their many recesses and it was amusing to watch the changing looks on their faces, when they spied us. At first they were surprised and afraid, then they were amused, (I had my beard then, so you know why), and before we left, we had made friends with them. While we sat on a bench out on the street, waiting for dinner, they examined our clothes and shoes and like all kids, had lots of questions to ask. Our dinner consisted of rice and eggs, washed down with tea, and quite an audience gathered to see how we handled the chop-sticks. We have become quite experts with them now.

It was about two in the afternoon, when we started on once more and the scenery all along the route was very pretty. We crossed many streams, by the aid of stepping stones, laid from bank to bank. In the rainy season such streams must be impassable, for the stones were then hardly above water. Now and then we would pass a pagan temple, standing in a grove of sacred camphor trees and at one point we saw workmen building a new one, contrary though it is to the laws of Nanking. But after all, I would rather see this people faithful to some gods, than believing in none.

The woods were turning to gold and crimson and down over the

cliffs a silver cascade of water would come tumbling. Down in the valley, a young lad lay dozing under a tree, his wide straw hat keeping off the sun, while his milk-white herd of goats cropped the grass nearby. Other lads stood knee-deep in the streams, fishing, and here and there, a farmer worked in his field. They were scenes such as the pastoral poet Virgil would have loved and many of his beautiful lines came back to me, as I walked along.

We reached Shan Liaow at about five-thirty in the evening and it was a relief to get sitting down. We had outdistanced our carriers, who arrived some hours later. Soon after we were seated, the inevitable cup of tea was offered us — a Chinese custom, which the traveller certainly appreciates. We were asked too, if we would care to have a foot bath, another bit of Oriental etiquette, that is alluded to in the gospel, when Our Lord washed the feet of the disciples.

Shan Liaow is a little mountain village, the most recent mission in all our district and one that gives great hopes for the future. Away up in the mountains of Tsingtien, the blight of Communism and atheism has not reached it and it is still a part of old China —the old China that has so many admirable qualities. The most influential family of the village is Christian and if they remain faithful to the Church, there can be little doubt but that in time, the whole population will embrace Our Holy Faith.

For the time being, this Christian family has given the free use of the upper storey of their house, for a Chapel. It is not much of a home for the King of Kings when He comes, but God grant that the warmth of their love, may make this stable of Bethlehem, a wee bit more comfortable for Christ.

Supper was served soon after our arrival and we did full justice to it. We ate in the Chinese fashion, all food being in common dishes, in the centre of the table. Our host would raise his Chopsticks over one of the bowls of food and that was the invitation to eat. Now and again hot wine would be passed around, the wine-cups used being about the size of a thimble. The meal, which was more like a banquet, consisted of: fried potatoes, bean curd, fish, pork, beans, eggs, beef, some kind of a meat crisp, rice, etc. I enjoyed it very much, for everything was well cooked and clean.

After the meal, all sat around, smoking and talking, with more of the inevitable tea. Across from me, sat the old grandfather of the family—a kindly-faced, white-haired old patriarch of somewhat over seventy years. He had a long pipe, which was beautifully carved and measured about three feet, and his high hat and singular shoes were those of a day long gone by. He is indeed of Old China, and although his country is on the threshold of a great change, he will never see it and perhaps it is better so. The modern, pleasure-mad, mechanical world, has little of value to offer him in place of his simple faith and childlike innocence. He has now, all that his heart desires —for he has Jesus. Looking at him, sitting there so complacently, I could not help but recall the words of Simeon—"Now let Thy servant go in peace O Lord, according to Thy word, because my eyes have seen Thy salvation." Only baptized about a year ago, he has indeed come at the eleventh hour, but he shall receive perhaps, as much as we.

Around eight o'clock, I heard the peal of a horn. It rang out across the hills and the cliffs caught the echo and sent it back again. I was at a loss to know what it was, but I found out that it was used to call the Christians to night prayers. It was a long, tin horn, of about four feet in length and every night the head Christian would step outside his door and call the people to evening prayer. It made me think of the priests, with their silver trumpets, high up on the turrets of the Temple at Jerusalem, calling the Jews to the hour of sacrifice.

To-night, as the sound of the horn died away, I saw little lights, here and there, moving up the hillside. Pieces of bamboo are lighted and used as torches—and the flickering lights which I saw, were the different Christian families, coming to prayer.

Stone steps lead from the house below, up to the chapel and remind one of the catacombs. The chapel itself, is nothing more than an attic, open to any wind that blows and partly in use as a storeroom, for farm implements and the like. He gave us the whole



The six holding pictures were baptized by Father Sharkey during his mission trip to Shan Liaow. The little boy in the foreground has only rags to cover his body, but how spotless is the white baptismal robe of his soul.

world to live in and we will not even give Him a place in His own world, on which to rest His head.

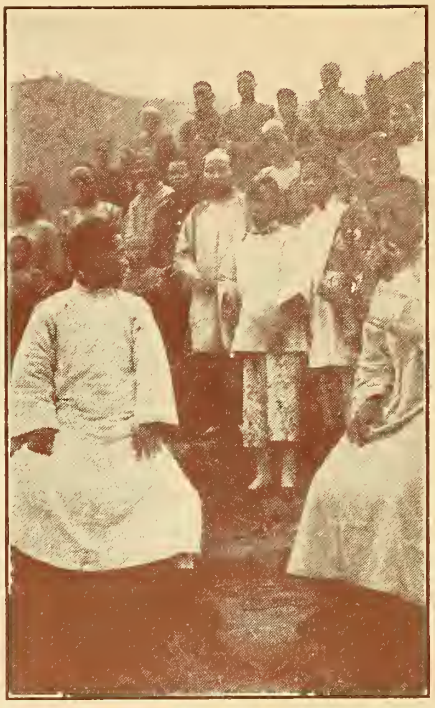
After prayers, the Catechist gave a little sermon on Baptism and I understood quite a bit of it. He told them that if they had a dirty dress, they would immediately search out a pool of clean water and wash out all the stains and that in a spiritual sense, Baptism was just that. After the sermon, we all went downstairs and sat down and talked for a while. They asked many questions about Canada and opened their eyes in wonder at the tales of skyscrapers, trains, automobiles and aeroplanes. After a while all left for home and Father Serra and I after finishing our office, went to bed, for a much needed rest.

The next morning we arose early and said mass. Many Christians came and received Holy Communion. As to Bethany of old, Jesus came to this home that morning, and forgetting about their household cares, many came like Mary, to sit at His feet and listen to Him. I thought of many a gorgeous cathedral, of the pomp and splendor of their liturgy and the beauty of their singing, but somehow against this sordid background, the glory of the mass shone out more brilliantly and calvary in all its nakedness and stark reality, brought us closer to Our Lord.

We were invited out to dinner by another Christian and all the best and choicest dishes were set before us. To our objections to such lavishness and expense, the only answer was a smile. They told us that we came so seldom and that they were so honored by the visit of a priest, that it ill-befitted them to give us anything but the best. Poor people—God bless them. In the evening we had prayers and a sermon on confession.

The next day was Sunday. I said the first mass and during it, Father Serra explained the vestments and the ceremonies used at the Holy Sacrifice. Many who had gone to confession the night previous, received Holy Communion.

In the afternoon, after the holy rosary, I had the wonderful consolation of baptizing six — two boys, two girls, an elderly man and a woman. Afterwards I gave



Some of the Christians who welcomed Fr. Sharkey to Shan Liaow.

them each a holy picture and a medal. They were my first baptisms since my ordination and they indeed brought me great happiness. Pray for them, they are the first fruits of my ministry. That night the harvest moon came up, a ball of gold, and shone down on the roofs of the village, shone down on six more golden sheaves, that had been harvested and gathered into the granary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The next day, our last day in Shan Liaow, the house was all decorated with paper ornaments of beautiful colors and a big banquet was given us, by the Master of the house. It is the custom in China, that the one who is the host at a banquet, either absents himself or takes the lowest place at the table. Our host did the former and left a friend of his to do the honors. There must have been about thirty different courses — watermelon seeds, persimmons, tangarines, chicken, pork, beef, potatoes, greens, bean curd, peanuts, vegetables of several varieties, eggs that had been preserved for years, meat crisp, fish, cake and cakes, wine, etc. Some of the dishes I enjoyed, but some—well, I have not yet become inured to them.

After dinner, we went to visit all the Christians, stopping at each home a few moments. At all we were treated to tea and cigarettes. In many houses, they are both pagan and Christians and it was not unusual to see on one side of the guest room a picture of Our Blessed Lord or Our Lady and on the other, pictures of some pagan god and incense bowls. Some of the homes were mere shacks and I cannot understand how they can live in them during the cold, winter months. In one house, the old man who lived there had made a figure for his wooden cross out of tinsel, found in the cigarette packages. It was a strange figure of Christ indeed, but one could not doubt the faith that had fashioned it. Please God, when I go back there again (if I ever do), I will take him a real crucifix.

A feast in China would not be a feast without noise, so in the evening a Chinese orchestra was called in, to render some popular selections. One who has never heard Chinese music can not sympathize with us but as I said to Father Serra at the time: "I can put up with anything once." It sounded like a bunch of kids beating tin pans, a dog fight and a cat chorus, all rolled in one, but the poor Christians enjoyed it, so we suffered patiently. And then one by one the party left for home and peace reigned, blessed peace.

The next moring we got up early and said mass. Afterwards we had breakfast and prepared to leave. After our baggage was packed up, we bid all good-bye and started out. All the Christians followed us to the outskirts of the village. The youngsters carried paper flags, two men went before us with trumpets and all along the way numerous firecrackers were set off.

Even after we had bid our little flock a last good-bye, they stood there on the narrow path, watching us till we were lost to view and waving a farewell, when their voice could no longer reach us.

Thus ended my first missionary journey, one that I shall always remember, one full of great joy and consolation. How I would love to go back to them again some day, to have them for my own little flock. God keep them faithful to Holy Mother Church and may each passing year see the harvest moon shine down on many golden sheaves garnered for God.

—FATHER SHARKEY.

STAMP CORNER

Last Month's Contest.

A great many interesting entries have been received for last month's Stamp Puzzle. No. 4 seems to be the stumbling block and most of the lists have this stamp wrong. It is one of the new Italian stamps, not listed in any catalogue as yet, and that, of course, makes the puzzle harder.

Here is a complete list of last month's stamps. Check up and see how many you had right. The competition did not close until the last of March so we shall have the prize winners announced in next month's "China".

Last Month's List.

1, Bulgaria; 2, Somali Coast; 3, Canada; 4, Italy; 5, Spain; 6, Canada; 7, Canada; 8, Upper Volta (This was also a "sticker" to many). 9, Nfld.; 10, Bulgaria; 11, Nyassa; 12, Liechtenstein; 13, Spain; 14, Nfld.; 15, Nfld.; 16, Canada; 17, Italy; 18, Poland; 19, Nfld.; 20, Egypt; 21, South Africa; 22, Canada; 23, Canada; 24, Nfld.; 25, Martinique; 26, Nyassa; 27, Nyassa; 28, Malay; 29, Liechtenstein.

Prizes will be forwarded to the lucky winners in a few days.

Prizes for April Stamp Contest.

We are offering ten prizes for the contest so that more of the Members of the Corner may have a chance to win one. Here they are:

1, 2,000 different stamps, $3.50; 2, New Canadian set, complete mint, value $2.50; New Nfld. air mail set, $2.25; 4, Stamp Album with space for 14,000 different stamps, $1.50; 5, Beginner's Outfit, $1.00; 6, Nfld. re-engraved 1929 set, mint, $1.00; 7, Choice of any ten 10-cent sets from Honor Bilt Packet list; 8, 1,000 different stamps, 95 cents; 9 and 10, Your choice of any stamps from Honor Bilt list to the value of 75 cents.

Values mentioned are retail sale price. When ordering from Honor Bilt list mention alternate packets as some may be out of stock. Just state a few packets extra so that we may have a chance to fill your order in case we find ourselves short of certain items listed. This contest is open to all and there are no special "conditions".

Winners of the higher value prizes may select stamps from Honor Bilt list to the value of their prize if they prefer the packets instead.

Address STAMP CONTEST, CHINA, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Answers must be mailed before last of April.

Those who would like to trade stamps are requested to write to Alex. Nicholls, Creighton Mine, Ont. Alex. tells us he has nearly 4,000 different stamps and a large asortment for trading.



Many collectors go in for blocks of four but this is a little ambitious for the Junior.

Above is the Nfld. 12c of the 1928 issue which became obsolete very shortly after set was issued. It also offers a hint for a stamp in this month's contest.

All are free to enter the April contest. No stamps need be purchased.

Paul Brennan: The stamp you enclose to have valued is the 3-ct. of the 1868 issue, Canadian which has become oxidized and turned brown. It catalogues at 50 cents. Your 8-ct. is a later issue cataloguing 40 cts.

APRIL STAMP PUZZLE CONTEST



To what Countries do the above stamps belong? Mail us your answer before last of April.

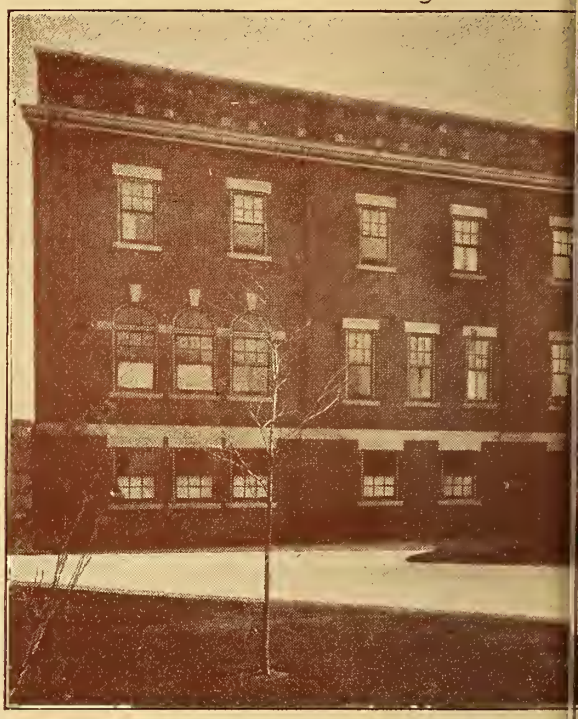
ONE BY ONE — WE HAV

AND NOW, WITH YOUR HELP, —

We are Growing

With eleven priests in China and thirty-six priests and students altogether in Seminary and College at home we have reached the stage where an addition to our present building has become imperative.

Students will come, and priests will leave for China in increasing numbers year by year. We must provide for them a place of training where they may be enabled to realize their life's ambition, to be A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.



OUR PRESENT SI
Completed in 1924 at a cos



The first College at Almonte, closed in 1923 when students were transferred to Scarboro.

A GOOD

Work on our new Seminary wing come through a very anxious winte cheaper than for many years past

WILL YOU

HE GIVES TWIC
(Cut
MY OFFERING TOWARD

Enclosed please find $.....
Missionaries to China.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

OUTGROWN THEM ALL

EW SEMINARY FOR SEPTEMBER?



ARBORO BLUFFS
and completely free of debt.

O BUILD

an employment for many who have
por abundant and building materials
nt is an ideal time to build.

US—NOW?

GIVES QUICKLY
-day)
W SEMINARY BUILDING.

lp provide a home for our future

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We Must Enlarge

September is only five months away. By that time we must either have accommodation for the new students who are applying for admission, or refer them elsewhere.

You, dear reader, will help decide which course we must adopt. We earnestly appeal for your immediate help if we are to be able to accept those who are giving all they have to give—themselves—to work for souls in China.

A contribution of five dollars from each of our readers would build our new Seminary wing. Many have not that much to give. Some can afford much more.



Our first house at Scarboro, September, 1921, to October, 1923. This property was sold to help build our present Seminary.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



Dear Buds:

Were you ever seated at night by your cheery, glowing, happy little fireside, listening to the howl of the wind and the patter of the sleet and the mighty roar of the storm outside? How safe and comfortable and cosy everything seemed indoors! The very fury of the storm seemed to make you appreciate more than ever the safety of your little home, and as mother "tucked you in" for the night, with a parting kiss, she asked you to say a little prayer for those exposed to the fury and danger of the storm. Newfoundland Buds, who have often heard the great Atlantic's roar on just such a night, and who have known the pangs of anxiety and dread for the safety of daddy or big brother perhaps hundreds of miles out to sea, will know just what we mean.

My dear Buds, when we think of you all, and then of all the little children of China, drifting, groping in the dark night of paganism, growing up without any knowledge of God or His Blessed Mother or the Saints, without ever being able to come to Him in confession or receive Him into their hearts—as we can—in Holy Communion—we feel that our little Rose Garden is like the cosy, cheery little home, and that we are the ones safe and happy while the storm and the danger have engulfed so many outside.

But there are some who have left the heat and warmth and glow of the family fireside, who have bid goodbye to home and father and mother, knowing in their heart of hearts that they would meet no more on earth. They are the missionaries who have torn themselves away from the happiness and security and love of their homes the world over and are, even now, battling through the night and through the storm-tossed sea of paganism to rescue those precious souls for whom our dear Lord has died.

Dear Buds, one and all, if Father Jim could speak but one message to you, could tell you something that he wished you to remember more than all else on earth, he would say that only in Heaven, where pagan souls are daily being borne to the loving and eternal embrace of God, and in Hell, where devils tremble at their power, only there is it fully known what great things for eternity you can accomplish by your prayers.

"During our captivity," writes Father Laffan, recently released by bandits in China, "we could feel the power of your prayers, like great waves passing over us," as he sends a message of gratitude to the children. You will recall that our Buds, together with the children in Ireland and America were all offering special prayers for his release.

Dear children, will you remember this, that from all parts of the missionary world to-day and especially from China where so many missionaries are going through such suffering and anxiety, appeals are coming for your prayers, your prayers which are more powerful than gold and silver and eloquence and ability and any and all human gifts. The conditions of membership of our Little Garden are simply that you say daily the prayer for the conversion of China and go to Holy Communion once each month for the intention of missionary vocations.

Next time you hear the storm outside and you thank God for the safety of your little home, and for daddy and mammy and the little brothers and sisters you love, think of those who have left all those behind, and aid them with your fervent prayers against the powers of evil which would snatch from the loving Heart of our Father in Heaven all those little children with whom we hope one day to be happy forever. God bless you all and keep you in His love.

Affectionately,
FATHER JIM.

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

Welcome to new Buds from St. Agnes School, New Waterford, all in the market for genial "corries" from everywhere. They tell us that Johnnie Mite-Box was given a place of honor in the school and during Lent many a penny saved as a result of doing without candy went to help our Missions in China. Buds, one and all we want you to meet and welcome to the Garden:

Patricia MacNeil (Mayflower); Mary McIsaac (Lily); Mary Josephine Gillis (Mayflower); Catherine McEachern (Pansy); Elizabeth Grant (Lily); Catherine Jessie Beaton; Jessie Rich (Rose); Eileen Walsh (Pansy); Helen Podgurski (Mary); Annie Carrigan (Violet); Mary MacNeil (Lily); Laura May McNeill (Lilac); Yolika Bece; Annie McLellan (Teresa); Frances Sullivan (Pansy); Elizabeth McPherson (Catherine); Effie May Gillis (Mayflower); Margaret O'Connor (Daisy); Lilliana Cavalini (Pink Rose); Eileen Roach (Daisy).

And now, Buds, we have a little task for you. We have just received a beautiful but yet a sad letter from one who timidly ventures "as far as the gate" of the Rose Garden, so that the sight of our cheery and happy Buds would brighten her path. She prefers to remain anonymous, to be, as she herself expresses it, "a silent spectator", because she feels that she is too old to enter the Garden. But we all know that nobody who wishes to join our merry band is too old. Are we not all "little children" in spirit, and is anything dearer to our Heavenly Patroness than that we should try ever to be what she was, just a "little child", being led by the Hand of God.

We must give you more of this letter because we want you to bring some of the sunshine of our Garden into the life of one who signs herself, "A Withered Rose". This poor girl has been incurably ill for years.

"I am keenly interested," she writes, "in the brave, noble souls who have left for the Mission fields and say the 'Prayer for Priests' for them every day. I have been sick ten years and although I have been to the best hospitals and specialists in the States and Canada they are not able to help me. I am gradually getting weaker and more helpless.

I am unable to go to Mass but I'd give anything on earth to be able to

go and hear a good sermon. I miss them so much. When I left the convent I had planned great things, like so many others, but now, if it is not God's Holy Will that I recover I would be content with just some relief. I am willing to be deprived of what others have, the blessing of health."

Now, dear Buds, we want some of you to write this sick sufferer, and let her know that you would like to cheer and help her. Doctors cannot help. So be it. Let us all join in a petition to the Little Flower in her behalf. I shall offer Holy Mass for her on Sunday, April 19th, and I want as many Buds as possible to offer their Holy Communions on that day to the Little Flower and pray that she drop one of her Roses into the life of this poor little sufferer. We do not know what may be God's Will, but pray that she may be cured, always with resignation, as God knows best. But if it be not His Will to restore her health rest assured that our prayers will bring some gifts from Heaven to this "Withered Rose". Send your letters care of Father Jim. And remember the day, Sunday, April 19th.

Maud Lane (Bubbles) 25 Prince's St., St. John's, Nfld., is afraid Father Jim is forgetting her as none of her letters have ever appeared in "China", and she has not yet received any letters from the Buds. Well, Maud, I must make amends now and trust you will have all the corries you desire. Many thanks for the stamps you so kindly sent us.

Sally Fraser (Rambler Rose), Main St., Antigonish, remembers seeing Father John J. MacDonald play hockey for St. F. X. University and she also sees Bishop MacDonald almost every day when he is in Antigonish. Father MacDonald, as our Buds know, was ordained a short time ago and will probably be one of our mission band for China this year. And we might tell you, Sally, that Father MacDonald still has plenty of his old hockey tricks left, as many of the Senior Seminary team will vouch for.

Jessie Glover (Daisy Dimple) 572 Charlotte St., Peterboro, Ont., would like to hear from all other Buds who have the same name. She is eleven years old. Her birthday is December 18th, and she would like to know if she has a "twin" among the Buds.



How do you like Father Boudreau's Chinese hair cut? Both he and Father Gignac (left) are carrying their sun helmets these days.

A letter from Mrs. W. E. Graves, 2925 Prior St., Victoria, B.C., will be of interest to the many Buds who so kindly sent letters to Ruth during her last illness. Mrs. Graves writes: "She was so pleased to hear from the pen-pals and was sorry she could not answer them all but I am going to send them each a little note for her, as it was her wish. I am enclosing this little poem which she wrote recently. She was ill so much that she could not study so you will overlook any flaws in it." The poem is a very beautiful one and we feel sure Buds will be anxious to read it.

Christmas Eve.

By the late Ruth Graves (Daisy Bell).

Hush, oh hark, a tinkle of a bell,
Is calling my footsteps on,
A star gleam lights my wayward steps
Into the far beyond.

Do I hear the angels singing?
Soft, sweet music fills the air;
And out of the starry darkness
A sight so sweet and fair!

A stable door is opened,
And there, in a crib of straw,
A baby smiles a welcoming,
'Twas my Infant King I saw!

With eyes of such loving tenderness
That flood my weary soul
And I feel a perfect happiness,
That I have reached my goal.

Ah! hark! It is a mother's voice,
"Come kneel here and adore."
I haste in lowly love to bend
My sorrow is no more.

Then a soft, wee hand extended
Touches my lowly head;
With unbroken benediction
And my vision sweet has fled.

We have a very interesting letter from Norma Mills, 628 Parliament St., Toronto, and we feel sure that any corries who write her will be well repaid. Norma would be glad to exchange photos with some of the Buds later in the summer. Father Jim had the pleasure of speaking to Norma over the phone, as her home is in Toronto, a few miles from the Seminary.

Mary McAskill, Mt. Stewart, P.E.I., thinks that the Little Flower must certainly be pleased with the Rose Garden. She wishes the "China" would come every day. She wishes us to remind Viola Cottreau, Meteghan, N.S., that she is still expecting an answer to her letter.



Left to right: Nora Murray (Daffodil), 71 Boston Ave., Toronto; Albena Schmaltz (Rain), Berserker, Alta.; Veronica Hayes (Snowdrop), 27 Argyle St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Frances McIntyre (Nancy), Pitt St., Caledonia Mines, N.S.; Teresa Murray (Daisy), 71 Boston Ave., Toronto; Catherine Hayes (Black-eyed Susan), 27 Argyle St., Glace Bay, N.S.

Contributions for MacPherson Burse

Mrs. Sarah MacPherson MacInnis, in memory of her late husband, Neil MacInnis, Columbia Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.	$ 50.00
Mrs. Duncan J. Gillies, Port Hood, in memory of her late father, John Gillies	100.00
The late Duncan MacIsaac, Lower Hillsdale, Judique	2.00
Mrs. Hugh MacInnes, Creignish Rear, N.S.	2.00
Alex. M. MacDonald, West Mabou Hr., N.S.	3.00
Mrs. John MacPherson MacDougall, St. Ninian, N.S.	3.00
D. B. MacDonald, West Bay Road, N.S.	1.00
	$161.00

TOTAL OF BURSE TO DATE—$874.70.

Father MacPherson asks, who will make this Burse $1,000.00 before the two years set are up.



The Postmaster and his wife, Chuchow, who have always been very courteous and obliging.

Mary Grant, 2317 Blanchard St., Victoria, B.C., would like a pen-name. Although it is only about four months since she started to take "China" she feels that she has known our Garden for years.

Well, Mary, when one of our priests was in Victoria, there were three impressions uppermost in his mind, hospitality, sunshine and sleep. Father Evans and Father Gaudette certainly could make a stranger from the Far East feel very much at home; "I never saw so much sunshine in my life," he says, "for the first week I could not keep awake, due to your invigorating air out there." I might suggest "Welcome" or "Sunshine" or "Sleepy Hollow" as pen-names. Possibly sunshine fits best into our Little Garden.

"Last week," writes Roma Britten, from Arichat, N.S., "my little brothers and sisters and myself had a concert for the China Mission. The proceeds were $7.10. Kindly pray for our family, especially for my mamma and papa as it was thanks to them that we were able to have it. We also sold fudge and had a "mystery line".

You and your little brothers and sisters are just wonderful, Roma. We do appreciate your thoughtful kindness that prompted you do do so much for us and we are deeply grateful to your father and mother. I think the concert was a grand idea and you certainly did well. God bless you for your charity.

Dear Father Jim,

I am writing to say that I had a letter from Mrs. Graves (Ruth's mother) yesterday and she said that Ruth had received my letter and was glad to get it. Gee, I was proud to get a letter from her. She said she was sending me a missionary magazine and to-day I received the book which Ruth was going to send me if she had lived.

I would like some Newfoundland Buds to write me, also the Prince Edward Island Buds.

Yours affectionaely,

Christina McIntyre (Rosebud)
Pitt St., Caledonia Mines, N.S.

Well, Rosebud, we just opened a letter from Mary Margaret Hammond, Lance Cove, Bell Island, Nfld., and she says that she will tell the Buds who write her all about the Iro. Isle. How about dropping her a line.

Oh! Oh!

Dear Father Jim,

This is Black-eyed Susan writing to you. Now, I have a Very Important letter to write you. I gave up guessing altogether. Here is the point. I know your name. I have found it out at long last. It is Rev. Father———. It is very important because I will not tell who told me. It was some priest. I will tell you that much. It took Black-eyed Susan, a new Bud, to find out.

Your loving Bud,

Catherine Hayes, 27 Argyle St.,
Glace Bay, N.S.

Well, that's one on Father Jim. But we know Catherine can keep a secret, that is, if her guess is right.

Jack Wendell Richards Jr. (Guiding Star), 88 Duke St., sends what he terms an S.O.S. call for the prayers of the Buds for an important intention.

Contributions.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions, received up to March 18th:

Friend. Victoria, $100.00; Collection, St. Anthony's Church. Montreal, $211.05; Alex. J. McNeil, $20.00; Crusade Unit. Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish, $15.00; Mrs. Daisy Buckley, $25.00; Grade V. Notre Dame Convent, Sydney, Mines, $12.50; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, $13.25; Irene Schwartz. $30.00: St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Montreal, $125.00· St. Aloysius Church, Montreal. $164.00: Ville Marie Convent, $20.00; Marguerite Bourgeois College, $15.00; Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal, $20.00; St. Clare's Church, Toronto, $70.23; Cong. de Notre Dame, Montreal, $20.00; St. Anthony's B.V.M. Sodality, Montreal, $15.00; Mr. James Drohan, Toronto, $20.00; Mount Notre Dame, Sherbrooke, $10.00; Mr. W. L. Scott, $10.00: Mr. T. W. Britt. $10.00; Mr. A. M. Langlais, $10.00; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Lyons, $10.00: John Heydon, $10.00; Holy Name Convent, Montreal, $10.00; Rev. E. G. Polan, $10.00; Miss M. E. Irvin, $10.00; J. J. Carolan, $10.00; D. Smith, $11.00.

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Miss Roma Britten, $7.10; Friend, Montreal, $6.00; Friend, Calvert, $6.00.

$5.00 Each.

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Miscellaneous.

Separate School, Glen Robertson, $4.00; Miss M. Sullivan, $4.50; Crusade Unit, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Toronto, $3.00; Marguerite Brownrigg, $3.00; St. Willibrod Academy. Verdun, $4.00; Friend, Kentville, $3.00.

$2.00 Each.

A. J. MacDonald; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reedy; Jacob Winder; Sisters of St. Joseph, Sudbury; Jack and Aileen Kervin; Miss K. Sharron; Miss K. Madden; A. J. McNabb; Mrs. J. W. Fay; K. B. S., St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Friend, Ogdensburg.

Miscellaneous.

Mite-Box, St. Joseph's Academy, Amherstburg, $1.70; Agnes Firth. $1.90; Mrs. John Broderick, $1.50.

$1.00 Each.

M. A. N., Montreal; Irene Robson; J. J. Burns; Mrs. Louis Landry; Vera Gardiner; Mrs. E. Harris; Hannah Stretton; Sylvain DeRoche; Miss Sadie F. McDonald; Thos. Whelan; Mrs. J. McCallum; Mrs. J. C. Kervin; Mrs. W. D. Selby; Pages of B.S., St. Patrick's, Ottawa; Mrs. A. V. Tuthill; Donalda Crawford; Marguerite O'Reilly; Mark Gaudet; A. B. McIsaac. Others gave smaller amounts. Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to: Rev. J. E. McRae, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Blood of Martyrs — Seed of Church

Shiuchow, Nov. 9, 1930.

Your Eminence:

Being assembled here at Shiuchow on the happy occasion of the consecration of the Right Reverend Mons. Canazei, we five bishops find our minds turning in a particular way to him who has the solicitude of all the Churches and to them who more directly and more intimately, in positions of direction, aid our Supreme Leader, and to them from the depth of our hearts we express our feelings and love and devotion.

In the house from which we write, everyone and everything reminds us of our dearly beloved brother, His Excellency, Bishop Versiglia, in honor of whom we came together here at the beginning of this year when we recalled his holy death. Since it has so come about that the cruel crime has turned to the glory of the Church, we open our minds entirely to the joy of the supernatural with all human sadness far removed. We experience in this instance the truth of the words of St. Paul: "Now, Brethren, I desire you should know, that the things which have happened to me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel: So that my bonds are manifest in Christ, in all the court, and in all other places;" (Phillipp. 1:12-13).

"They Know Not What They Do"

Therefore, because of the abominable crime of certain ones of whom it may be repeated "they know not what they do," we do not wish to diminish the love and the fidelity which we have vowed to this most praiseworthy Chinese people.

The Magistrates who preside over this province of Kwangtung are pained at the remembrance of the massacre perpetrated in the month of February. They are seeking means to redeem the injury done by hunting down the culprits and, from our point of view even more important, by giving to the Catholic Church greater evidence of their good wish.

When His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, arrived at Canton on his way to Shiuchow for to-day's consecration, the Provincial Commissary for Foreign Affairs sent his officers to the station to receive him with honor; put an automobile at his disposition, fitted and decorated with special care because it was for the Delegate, the bishops and missionaries on the trip from Canton to Shiuchow; made certain the protection of the Delegate by sending an escort of seventy soldiers to accompany him; and, finally, he has already invited him, together with the bishops present here, to a supper at the Government Palace next Tuesday when we return to Canton.

Historic Letter to the Cardinal of Propaganda from Five Bishops of China.

Five Vicars Apostolic assembled at Shiuchow on the occasion of the episcopal consecration of the new Salesian Bishop, Mons. Canazei, Vicar Apostolic of Shiuchow and successor to the late Mons. Versiglia, killed by bandits in February, 1930, sent to His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, the following letter, important not only for the occasion which it commemorates, but also because of the deep sentiments expressed therein.

It is interesting to note that it is signed by two Italian Bishops, one French, one Chinese, and one American.

To Gladden Your Heart.

These things, Your Eminence, we write to you to gladden your heart, moved as we are by that Christian charity which makes the light to shine in darkness, which is the foundation of the Apostolate and without which all our labours would be in vain. The Chinese themselves, indeed, are well able to distinguish between those who love the Chinese and those who despise them.

In this Republic a completely new order of things is in the process of establishment: we believe it our absolute duty to destroy the prejudices and the suspicions against the Missions and to cooperate with the authorities in order that the new order may establish itself firmly on sound Christian principles.

The Prefect of the city of Shiucow, who was present at the consecration of Mons. Canazei, in a splendid discourse spoke the praises of the Catholic Church as the Church which directs minds to both private and public good. It is of the utmost importance that the Chinese know our upright and friendly intentions whence they may judge rightly the Christian principles and welcome us with a kindly attitude.

Kissing the Sacred Purple and presenting to Your Eminence an expression of our perfect devotion, we remain,

Your most humble servants
in Christ,

(Signed)

Anthony P. G. Fourquet,
V.A. of Canton.
Henry Valtorta,
V.A. of Hongkong.
James E. Walsh,
V.A. of Kongmoon.
Simon Tsu,
V.A. of Haimen.
Mons. Canazei,
V.A. of Shiuchow.

A TREAT FOR CHUCHOW

Chuchow has seen its first airplane. A letter from Father Gignac confirms the newspaper report we saw a short time ago to the effect that a Government plane en route from Shanghai to Canton had been obliged, because of engine trouble, to make a forced landing at that city. It landed on the bank of the river only a few hundred yards from the Church, and the aviator, a young American Catholic named Brophy, was the guest of our priests during his stay.

* * *

And thereby hangs a story. The airplane arrived just at a time when the local mandarin was making things pretty hot for us regarding the school. A proclamation had been published a short time previously, forbidding all children under 16 to attend the mission school, and there were ugly rumors abroad that we were in danger of losing our whole mission property. A short time ago we asked the prayers of our readers in this emergency. Well, the arrival of the airplane was the means of the removal of the mandarin who had been so severe in enforcing the school regulations.

* * *

When Mr. Brophy had effected necessary repairs to his plane and attempted to resume his flight, the mandarin refused to let him go. He replied that he was on Government business and that he could not be detained, but to no avail. The mandarin demanded passports, and when he could not produce them, kept the flier a virtual prisoner in the city.

* * *

Then the wires began to burn. Nanking was notified. A message was received to the effect that Mr. Brophy was to proceed immediately on his way and the same message recalled the mandarin from Chuchow. We are hopeful that his successor will be better disposed towards our missionaries, and meanwhile we cannot but feel that it was something more than chance that sent this messenger of the skies at a time when things were looking so serious at Chuchow.

CHINA

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MRS. OR MISS

Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

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DOES THIS MEAN ME?



"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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—if I have a desire to serve God and gain eternal reward by working to save souls,
—if I have been living a good Catholic life,
—and if I have average mental ability.

You can join our Priests in their missionary work. There is a place for you among those preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion.

Do Not Postpone Taking the Step
Delay May Mean Losing Your Vocation

Write to REV. J. E. McRAE, Rector,
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY—SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

CHINA

Vol. XII. No. 5. *Scarboro Bluffs, MAY, 1931*



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CHINA
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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
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UNABLE TO BUILD THIS YEAR

On page 69 this month you will see a picture of the proposed new building, designed to provide chapel, dining-room, lecture hall, library and rooms for fifty students or more. As we mentioned last month, we have long been handicapped for space in our present building. At present a classroom serves as a chapel and lecture hall; the library is confined to the limits of a student's room; two students have been obliged to stow themselves away somewhere in several of the small single rooms never intended to provide accommodation for more than one.

All this we state, not by way of complaint at all, but simply as a matter of fact and to let our readers know that we have been considering an extension only because of our present overcrowded condition. But missionaries will cheerfully put up with the little inconveniences occasioned by such overcrowding and rather than have new students refused admission next year any one of our present band would cheerfully sleep in the corridor or on the floor. They welcome a little discomfort as one of the very best preparations for future life on the mission field.



Well, dear readers, it may come to that. We certainly cannot do any building this year, and it may be many years before any such building can be completed. As you see it in the centre page, the new wing would cost something over $150,000. In spite of the help of many kind friends, the amount received to date for the building fund is not sufficient to warrant our making a start and running the risk of loading ourselves down with an annual interest payment of eight or nine thousand dollars. Up till now our experience has been that it takes every cent we can get to run our present Seminary and we should be obliged to reckon not merely with the erection of the proposed Seminary but with its upkeep as well. We feel that you will agree with us that prudence dictates that we should wait a while. Meanwhile our building fund will grow, even though slowly, and we trust that by next year we shall be able to erect at least part of the new wing.

As for this coming September, you will naturally wonder what provision can be made for those who wish to enter the Seminary. There will probably be four priests leaving for China. That will mean accommodation for eight new students if we allot two to each room. Should it happen that we receive more applications for admission than we can handle here we shall make provision to have some of the new men make their philosophy at one of the Catholic Colleges. For the past two years we have had students in classics at St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, and until such time as we can arrange to accommodate all here we could, as a temporary expedient at least, limit our present Seminary to students of theology. One thing is sure—some provision will be made for all the students who wish to join us even though we may not be able to build for years.

* * * * *

FATHER FRASER'S CAMPAIGN

In spite of the hard times everywhere, the results of Father Fraser's campaign have been fairly good and have helped in no small way during those past few months to keep the wolf from the door. It is "tough going" these days and the mail bag is never very heavily laden as in the good old days of yore. Donations have dropped to almost half of the amount received a few years ago and from time to time we are obliged to carry an overdraft to keep things going. Nobody but Father Fraser could secure such encouraging results as have attended his campaign work throughout Ontario and in Montreal. He hopes to have the pleasure of visiting many of his old friends in the Maritimes sometime this Summer.

* * *

OUR NEW EDITOR

We'd better let you see this month just what our new Editor looks like. Beginning with the June issue, Father Chafe will direct the destinies of CHINA, and from then on—except when groups are taken and there is no possibility of escape—his picture will be harder to find than hundred dollar donations to our building fund. We had to steal this one and he doesn't even want his name mentioned in this number.

Father Chafe wouldn't be on this editorial job if he consulted his own wishes, not that he loves "CHINA" less, but the other China more. He had hoped to be one of this year's departing band. Here's a wish for every possible success in his new work and the hope that some day his ambitions in regard to the real China will be realised.

Marauder "Visits" Fr. Beal

Pyx and Chalice Stolen by Sneak Thief.

Father Beal writes us from Suichang to the effect that his mission journey was rudely interrupted by the visit of a nocturnal prowler who deprived him of his Mass box, containing his chalice. The gentleman in question was not a Communist, just a plain sneak thief.

"I arrived here Tuesday," Fr. Beal writes, "and was making fine progress until 2.30 this morning. The wall of the kitchen was broken in and somebody, presumably a small boy, crawled in and opened the door. The robber had a supply of lighted joshsticks to show the way around the house, as after he had departed we found one on every second step of the stairs.

"He took my Mass box containing a gold pyx and oil-stock which was an ordination present, which I prized very highly. The chalice was an old one and not very expensive, but unfortunately I could do nothing for the Christians who came to Mass this morning. When he had disposed of the box he returned for the travelling bag. The squeaking of the floor woke me up and I asked 'Who's there?' thinking somebody downstairs was sick. There was no reply. Thinking it was just a rat I paid little attention to it, but soon another board began to creak and I decided it was time to investigate. I hunted for matches but they had been stolen, so I began to grope my way to the stairway. The thief heard me coming and I shouted to the catechist below to try and catch him. He, however, had been locked in his room and had to break a window to get out, but by this time the robber had escaped in the darkness.

"I lost no money but a good deal in Mass equipment and I hurried to the telephone to call Father Morrison, who will send another outfit for to-morrow.

"I then asked the Catechist to call a policeman, but I was told this was impossible as the 'police force' were asleep and nothing could be done about it until 6 or 6.30. As I write they are engaged in hunting down the culprit, but my guess is that the box is in some mountain cave. On the way to Yanchinuen the eating houses are not very well stocked, so no doubt they will be glad to avail of the luxury of my two tins of Libby's Irish stew.

"Well, this is the life, after all! This morning people have been coming in continually offering words of consolation and invariably asking: 'How much money did you lose?' They seem to have the idea that the priests are loaded down with money and can hardly find time to dispose of it all.

"I am feeling fine and will leave for up country Tuesday.

"Sincerely yours,

"J. L. BEAL."

FRONTISPIECE PICTURE

The lad in the picture is a Chinese farmer boy all dressed up for rainy weather. He is wearing a hat, not carrying an umbrella and a waterproof rain-coat made from the bark of palm trees. This boy was recently baptised in our own District of Chuchow.

De Profundis

'Twas in November and a cold, drizzly, mean day. All Nature's blooms were bowing their heads to rise no more. The sky was grey with black patches here and there. and the whole seemed to blend with the tile-roofed huts that meant home to some. Lifeless and cheerless was the picture.

It was no easy task to thread one's way through the miniature lakes that were scattered around, hiding the cobblestones, and making them treacherously slippy. Once in a while the low-lying smoke from someone's hearth would make wreaths around our heads. A choke and a cough and we passed on. Turning to the right, then to the left; then almost making a circle we arrived at the house.

If you stand on the street you can watch the proceedings. You won't have to peek through a window—there are none. Neither will you peer through the door—there is'nt any. Yes, that is just why, because there is no front to the house. At night a few boards are placed in grooves and the world is shut out. Drab, oh! so drab!

Can you hear that wailing? Sounds like a lost soul, so forlorn and despairing! It sends a shudder through you, does it? Over in the corner there is a rude couch. If you could see beneath the covering you would find this couch a board on two trestles. And on this lies the corpse. He is just dead a few hours. They have clothed him in a purple gown—his hands together, his fingers interlaced, holding a handkerchief. A few slate tiles prop up his head. His ashen face is covered by a cloth. Just to the side is his coffin, a rude thing, but well fitted for its purpose.

Just look around the space or room. It tells you he was a tinsmith. Hanging to the beams just

(Continued on page 78)

That His Excellency Bishop Scollard is intensely interested in the Work of St. Francis Xavier Seminary is shown by the generous sum of $1,269.97 just contributed by the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, and accompanied by a substantial personal donation.

We are deeply grateful to Bishop Scollard for this truly apostolic interest in our work for China, and to the good priests and people of the Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie. Such a splendid sum, especially at such a time as this, represents a spirit of generosity and of sacrifice on their part which is to us of great encouragement and consolation. And it places on record their attitude towards this Seminary as a functioning unit in the missionary machinery of the Church.



The low building to the left is our present Seminary; in foreground is design of our future new wing. Work on this building was to have started this spring but has been called off because of lack of funds. We hope to be able to erect at least part of it next year. The sidewalk shown parallels the Kingston Road. The estimated cost of completed building was $150,000.

Some Spring *and* Winter VISITORS AT CHUCHOW

By Rev. Wm. K. Amyot

Interesting? Well, I'll say it is!

Perhaps this is a little out of the ordinary, but it will give some information on what is to be seen and done here.

Some think the poor Missionary in China puts in a terrible and even dreary existence. Can it be so? Impossible! For, over and above his work, there are innumerable things to fascinate him and hold his interest if he will but turn their way. Many of the customs are strange, but one soon takes these as a matter of course and hardly notices them; you are one with them in this respect. But the things of Nature, the wonderful works of God are forever with us and always changing. The scenery, the weather, the rocks, the trees with their fruits in the various seasons, shrubs, vines and plants (many different, some few the same as those we know at home). The times for leaves, for flowers, for seeds and everything, with insects, large and small, beautiful and weird, and the ever-present birds thrown in for good measure. All are of interest!

Yet of the birds, the last but not the least, I will try to write to-night. Birds, the feathered friends of man. Birds who will cheer him when he's sad, who encourage him when he is tired or ready to give up trying, who help him when he needs it most. Truly they are wonderful creatures, the gift of our Bountiful and Loving God.

Boys and girls, have you ever watched them closely, studied them a little? If you have you will know something of what I mean. If you have not, you have been missing one of the great things in life.

Have you ever seen a wild bird idle? Asleep, you say. Hah! but was it not alert, could you catch it with your hand? Have you seen them build their nests, feed their young, or teach them how to fly? Yes they can teach us, too, if we will but only learn.

"For who more clean or neat than they?
Or who more happy all the day?"

But that is drifting away from the point. I wish to describe a few of our winter and spring visitors at Chuchow. How many of these do YOU know? (I have not a bird guide or might name them properly.)

The largest first. The Kites, huge brown hawks with wings three to four feet from tip to tip. They are live aeroplanes, forever wheeling, wheeling in the sky, sometimes close to the ground, then far from it, till they become mere specks, and all this without flapping their wings: they simply soar. One could watch them for hours as they ride on the wind, opening and closing the heavy feathers on the tips of their wings, turning their tails like rudders or as elevating planes, darting at another from above if it happens to circle too close, emitting at the same time its war cry, a kind of screech like the seagulls make when they chase each other. The would-be victim, himself a master of the air, loops-the-loop, side slips, rolls or even seems to back up as well as "zooming" if it feels like it. They seldom light where one can study them closely.

Crows. Most of them are not just like our crows, but are still decidedly crows. They are slightly larger and have a white band covering the greater part of their neck and shoulders, the head and body being black. Their "caw" is similar but much more guttural than of those at home.

Ducks. Yes, we have ducks, but cannot shoot them because we have no guns. Although most of them are fish-ducks one does see good-sized mallards occasionally. The commonest species have grey backs with black covering a part of their wings and are all white underneath. They have quite a pretty, dark reddish-brown crested head, and long, sharp saw-toothed bill with a hooked tip. Then there are the smaller down ducks, a long-necked variety that seldom fly unless they are forced to do so. They dive instead.

Sometimes, too, one sees a cormorant flying low over the water with its long yellow beak sticking straight out in front. This is the type of bird the Chinese capture and make to catch fish for them. It looks odd at times to see a man standing on a bamboo raft polling away, with coal-black birds, the size of geese, perched at either end like a lot of sullen vultures watching their prey. (The owners treat them "rough" when putting the rings on their necks to

prevent them from swallowing their catch or when taking it off.) They just catch Mr. Cormorant by the neck to do it and toss him very unceremoniously up to the other end of the raft. He flutters and ruffles a bit, then is resigned to his bitter lot.

The next are magpies. Strange to say, in spite of their "gabbing" reputation, the only sound one hears them utter in these parts is a sharp squawking cry, to which they give vent but seldom. They are black-and-white birds, almost as large as crows. All-white bodies, black heads, wings half black, being white from the tip to the first joint; tail black, very long and pointed, something the style of the blackbird's tail, only longer, and their long legs give them a bobbing appearance as they walk or hop.

Another common bird is the Dove or wild Pigeon. It is a brown-grey or heather mixture in color. Has a very prim and shiny coat with a fairly long and slightly hook-tipped bill to top things off. They are timid and start off like bullets at the least sound, or upon the approach of man, making a peculiar clicking noise with their wings as a warning, just after taking to the air. Still they nest right around our dwellings. Their only song seems a gurgling "coo" in the throat, repeated very quickly, that sounds like "It's a cow," "It's a cow," or the longer call, "It's a dandy cow," repeated in like manner many times, and often quicker each time as if it was getting frightened at the sound of its own voice.

Then comes one of our finest songsters, an all-black bird, without any metallic lustre, even to its feet, having a yellow beak as its only dash of color. From its size and actions, the habit of lowering its head as it runs along the ground, its food, how it moves quickly for a short distance, then sits up, stops, looks and listens, it resembles almost perfectly our good old Canadian Robin. At time even its song is very close to that of a robin, but it has many other variations in its repertoire of songs, sometimes even rivalling the canary with its trills. A BLACK ROBIN I daresay one could safely call it.

Besides this we have another black bird. It is not a graceful looking creature, resembling in size and general appearance our starlings. It has short but deep wings that are sharply pointed, and a broad, stubby tail. Its neck is not long, and it has a peculiar tuft of black feathers almost like a comb that has slipped forward out onto the top of its fairly long and very light yellow or white beak. The only other color on this black bird are the large white splotches covering the centre half of each wing and its real yellow legs. They have been here in flocks all winter, with quite a few still remaining. They are proud-looking birds (though they have nothing to be proud about), yet when on the ground they never run, just hopping or slowly strutting from place to place. They seem only to have one cry, a garrulous squawk, something like "QUEEK' shrilly whistled.



Fr. Boudreau with a sergeant of the Nationalist army. Photo taken at Lung Chuan.

Yes, we have some **Sparrows**, exactly the same as our own in Canada. They are so common in these parts that they have even crept into an old proverb, which reads: "Three things that are found **everywhere, Bean Curd, Sparrows and Shaohing Men**" (a certain city).

Just one more black-and-white bird; in size it is about that of a Baltimore Oriole, with its long narrow tail, pointing upward like a wren's. Its head and back are black, beak brown, body white, wings white except for a black fringe along the front edge, tail white with the edge feathers only black. This bird is primarily a grub eater. It has several sweet songs, one goes something like this: "Cheh ee, cheh ee, cheh wee, cheh wih" in a piping but low voice as if it was afraid of disturbing the older birds. One of these little songsters came, oh so often, when I was trying to play the organ, and perched on the roof nearby to accompany me with his lovely songs, keeping it up till I stopped. I guess he wanted to drown my terrible noises with some real music.

Several times also I have seen little red-breasted birds that resemble in appearance and habits the tiny English robins.

There is also a small slate-blue bird, a grub eater, that runs along the ground. It is very quick in all its movements and really pretty, but seems to have no song at all. "Alas! 'tis beautiful but dumb."

I have seen several woodpeckers, and some small seed-eating birds that look exactly like our snowbirds at home. They move in small flocks, too.

Well, that is quite a few of our winter birds, but not by any means all, just the most striking ones come readily to mind.

Here are some of our spring visitors.

The sandmartins, as at home. The great kingfisher, with crest and all, but no brown on its throat. A large species of ringed plover, with a very **shiny** grey coat, that is about twice the size of our "Kill-deer" in Canada. (Note: the large white plover come in summer.) Then there are birds almost like our "chick-a-dees," only not so chubby. Also the little Jenny Wren drops in for a visit now and then.

Along the river, too, one sees many little light blue-grey and white birds. Grey heads and backs, neck white as well as the under side of the body, with white wings delicately trimmed with grey, and the two outside feathers of its long narrow white tail the same light-grey. It hovers several feet above the water, moving its wings very quickly

(as if it were not a natural posture or thing to do), and then darts down towards the surface to snatch up a passing fly. They are very plentiful and are not shy.

Several birds of the Wren type, a grey-green, have also appeared with the early insects, along with some larger ones that are khaki colored, on top, have a slightly crested head, white cheeks, grey body and a fairly long bill. They are warblers and have very sweet sounding yet short songs.

It would not do to conclude this without mentioning the tiny kingfisher. A late spring visitor, but a beauty.

It is the very "spit" of the great kingfisher, in fact it might even be the model as far as shape and habits are concerned, but it differs in color. It is a dazzling, shiny, metallic blue-green that just glistens as it darts from place to place or flutters suspended three or four feet above the water before it dives. For some time I thought they were humming birds, they are so tiny, being only two and a half or three inches long.

Still there are many others that I have not mentioned, but they will have to wait till the next instalment. These few will show you that we have a great many little feathered friends in Chuchow.

Birds, birds, birds, they always make me think of St. Francis of Assisi and how he loved them, spoke to them, these perfect little creatures, loved them because they so happily carried out the will of God, their Creator.

Do we serve Him as they do? Are we doing or aiming at doing what He wishes us to do?

Perhaps He wants you, dear reader, to become a Missionary. To become a Missionary to help convert these poor Chinese, who, though men, the noblest of God's creatures, are not serving Him, but through ignorance the Prince of Darkness. The birds bring cheer to them in this life; you can cheer them for all Eternity. Come, then, be a **Missionary!**

WM. K. AMYOT.

WOULD-BE SUICIDE FOILED BY ODD FISH.

China Boy Recites Tale of Mid-Sea Experience That is Found 'Fishy.'

Shanghai.—Ching Chi-Kong is a China boy, who went down to the sea in ships and came back with a tall, tall tale.

He told it first to the captain of the Anchor line steamer, Circassia, which found him, bobbing like a buoy, in the middle of the Red Sea. He told it to the chief of police at Bombay, and the chief of police shipped him home without comment.

The China boy had left his father's farm near Ningpo at the age of 21 with an overwhelming urge to sail the seven seas. One of the seven, it now appears, proved plenty.

Starts at Bottom.

He shipped from Shanghai on the Dardanus of the Blue Funnel line last August. He started at the bottom—which in this case was at the top, scrubbing deck. He rose to the top—which in this case was the bottom, a fireman.

The Dardanus was ploughing through the Red Sea, 300 miles out of Bombay, when Ching decided to commit suicide. He had had some unpleasant words with the boss fireman, and in the ensuing fisticuffs had been badly bashed. For Ching Chi-Kong, with swollen jowls, blackened eyes and battered body, the sea had lost its lure and life its promise.

One morning at sunup young Mr. Ching jumped overboard. None saw him jump, but the circumstances were rather conclusive because (1) he was missing from the ship, and (2) he later was found in the sea.

Story is Fishy.

From that point on Ching's story is fishy. He discovered he couldn't drown. He floated along like a log, buoyant of body, if not of soul.

After an hour of this, he later told the captain of the Circassia, he realized the folly of self-destruction and determined to live, if such were indeed possible.

About this time a fish appeared. It glided first at a respectable distance in Ching's wake and then, bolder, came alongside. Ching eyed it with misgivings. When asked about it later, the China boy was unable to say what kind of fish it was, but he indicated that its size, if not Gargantuan, was by no means Lilliputian.

Body Strengthened.

Ching must have looked appetizing, for the fish began nibbling at him. This was something Ching Chi-Kong would not stand for. He lashed out with his hands and dispatched the fish in a thrice. Then he ate it, and the raw meat gave his body strength and his soul courage to withstand the rigors of the sea until rescued.

That is the story of Ching Chi-Kong, the China boy, as he told it two hours later to the amazed captain of the Circassia when that steamer picked him up, and it is the story he told later to the chief



Chinese soldiers guard Mr. Brophy's plane during his enforced stay in Chuchow. He made a forced landing because of engine trouble.

of police of Bombay when the Circassia put him ashore there.

They shipped him back to Shanghai on the steamer Morea. Now he has gone back to his father's farm near Ningpo, to the tedious toil of raising rice; and this, in the scoffing opinion of many members of the foreign colony here, is quite a comedown for a China boy who has wrestled, conquered and consumed a fish in the middle of the sea.

WILL FIND ROOM

In spite of the fact that our building program has been called off for this year we shall be able to accept all students who apply for admission this September.

The departure of four of our priests for China this Fall will enable us to accommodate eight more students, if necessary, and should it happen that we cannot possibly find room IN THE SEMINARY for next year's full contingent some of the philosophers, for the time being at least, can be sent to one of our Catholic Colleges.

LOOK AT THE EXPIRY DATE.

On the label of your CHINA you will see the date your subscription expires. If it is past due, may we remind you to send in your renewal.

"A PERPLEXED PASTOR."

(By a Contributing Editor, a Priest of National Reputation as a Builder and Orator.)

I am an average priest, a pastor, a much misunderstood individual. People suspect me of being a little more than human, but continue to invite me to eat their dinners and drink their wine. If I partake of the latter, they call me a "dear" and a "good fellow." If I refuse, they claim to be edified.

They expect me to have no faults, but keep on searching for them, and having discovered a few—Oh, Boy!

When I have not prepared my sermon and my mind is cloudy and my ideas chaotic, they say I am too deep; but when I have labored zealously and memorized my sermon, I am superficial.

When through "Money Talks" I meet all parish obligations, I am a "grafter"; but when I do not plead for money and the parish goes into debt, I am a "poor business man."

When my liver is out of order and I am physically ill and mentally tired. they say I look pious and saintly. When I am well and bubbling over with zeal, I am frivolous.

They think that I should love every one in the parish, and when I make a fairly good bluff at doing so, they call me a hypocrite, but when I admit that there are some that I am not crazy about, they call me a snob.

My wealthy parishioners find fault with me if I do not call upon them. The poor ones, if I do.

Some people, in my presence, pretend to be kindly interested in all things pertaining to religion. They minimize my intelligence and exaggerate their own histrionic ability.

The stingy souls who contribute a very, very small proportion of their income to the support of the Church, pity me because I have such a hard time raising funds. Those who contribute generously think I have a very nice job.

Some wonder what I do with all my time; others pity me because I have so much to do.

They want me to be more of a layman and to represent them in civic and public activities; but are forever praising Father "So and So," who is "so quiet and retiring." "He is such a holy man."

If I use forceful and catchy phrases in my sermons, they say I am sensational. If I don't, they will not come to hear me.

My salary is $50 a month, and I receive even as much as $5 for a Baptism or a wedding (sometimes), and they wonder what I do with all my money.

All stock-brokers think I am a millionaire; book-agents think I am easy; tramps know I am.

"Red-caps," Pullman car porters and dining-car waiters think I am generous, but the conductors know I'm a cheap sport.

Now, I want to tell the world:

That my Roman collar changes not my human nature. I am quite the same as other men.

That I enjoy a good time just as they do, but I prefer to choose my own kind of sport.

That a long, long time ago I got sick of applesauce and soft soap.

That I have grown immune to knocks and criticism.

That I appreciate honest praise and want no man's pity.

That I am giving the best that is in me to my work and believe that God will reward me.

That I ask no favors and seek only the opportunity to prove that I am a real man, and to try to be a real priest.

Now, there are some who, if they knew who wrote this, would say: "I'll bet he got the idea from some one else." Well, I did. —Denver Catholic Register.



Fr. Stringer beside the first aeroplane that ever landed in Chuchow. The aviator, a young American Catholic, was the guest of our mission for a few days. The plane has been missing since its flight over the Pacific on the way to Manila.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Buds:

How are you all? You like the nice fine weather? Of course you do! Spring is here, and you know what that means where a Garden is concerned. It means getting things in order for the expected harvest of summer, cleaning out the weeds, and trimming things up in fine shape. Well now, suppose we set our Garden in order. If you have been forgetting the daily prayer for the conversion of China, or neglecting your monthly Communion for the increase of missionary vocations, you have been allowing weeds to disfigure our little Garden, so now is the time to set things right and make sure that our harvest of souls will be big when the Summer time comes. If any of you have not received your certificates and pins, please let me know so that there will be nothing to prevent us from going forward at full strength.

I want to thank the many buds who so kindly sent me a greeting for Easter. It was nice of you to remember me during that glad season.

A glance at the names in this month's column will show how widely scattered are the members of our Club, and it should make us all realize that we have gathered together a real little army of happy and zealous boys and girls all anxious to do their share to help the cause of the Missions. I am very proud of you all and I appreciate all you have done and are doing, and now I want you all to unite in saying a prayer for a very special intention, one that will mean much more for the success of our future work in Chuchow. You will not fail to pray for this intention, will you?

I have often reminded you that I would be glad to have your help in making our Rose Garden more interesting. For this purpose I am going to invite everybody to take part in another contest. I want you to tell me what you would do for our Garden if you were in Father Jim's place. The title of the contest is "If I were Father Jim". Now I feel sure that many of you will be glad of this chance to tell me what you would like to see in our Garden (not forgetting, of course, to tell me how you would settle the question of Father Jim's picture). In this contest you may, if you wish, make use of the suggestions of the older members of your family, because I know that many grown-up people are very much interested in our Rose Garden. Prizes will be awarded as is usual in all our contests.

May Our Lady, Queen of May, obtain many blessings for all our buds.

Yours as ever,

FATHER JIM.

A nice long letter came from Mary Bray (Rosebud), of Moose Creek, Ont. Mary lives on a farm and she says, "there is always lots of work to be done". She prays much for the Chinese Missions, and recently she read a whole book about the "Little Flower" and found it very interesting. I am sure, Mary, that the buds will pray that you may some day fulfil that "ardent desire" of which you told me.

"I can hardly wait till the 'China' comes in," writes Hattie Boudreau (Blue-eyed Beauty) from New Waterford, C.B. Well, Hattie, I'm certainly pleased to know you are so interested in our Club. I can assure you that many of the buds eagerly await each month's "China".

So many of the buds ask for "Father Jim's picture" that I'm beginning to feel bad about "holding out" on them. "I wish I could go to your Seminary and then I could take a picture of you," says Mollie Kierans, 3979 St. Antoine, Montreal. Come right along, Mollie, but be careful of your camera.

An old friend, Michael McDonald (Arnie) writes from 119 Dominion No. 4. His best pal, Arnold Chant (Mick) also wrote me. I thank both of you for the jokes you sent along.

Hazel Needham would be delighted to get acquainted with many of the buds. She comes to our Garden as another "Pansy", from 196 Albert St., Pembroke, Ont.

"Any boys or girls who would like to know about Nfld. or the 'Viking' disaster, in which many Nfldrs. were lost, we would gladly tell them the whole story". Following that invitation, I'm inclined to think that many letters will be written to 43 Monkstown Rd., St. John's, Nfld., the home of Billy (Lilac) and Ralph (Mapleleaf) Harris. They go to school at St. Bonaventure's College with other members of our Club.

One of the pictures this month shows Catherine Williams of Eglinton St., Lindsay, Ont. She tells me something "very important", namely, that she was a pen-pal of Ruth Graves. "I received one lovely letter from her, and I am going to keep it." (Ruth was our little friend who was taken from our Garden a short time ago to join the "Little Flower" in Heaven). I feel sure that Ruth Graves will obtain from Saint Therese many "roses" for the members of our Club whom she loved so much.

This comes from Glace Bay: "Father, would you please send me one of your pictures if you can." I fear I cannot, "Daisy". All the Glace Bay buds would be after me then.

Mary E. McDonald, of St. Agnes' School, New Waterford, N.S., thinks Father Jim is not selfish in asking for "just one little prayer". Well, Mary, even "one little prayer" when said by each of our members means a great deal, and I hope nobody is forgetting the daily prayer for the conversion of China.

M. A. McAvoy, Campbellford, Ont., has our thanks for the stamps sent in.

If Irish names appeal to you, meet Kathleen O'Connell and her sister Mary from New Aberdeen, C.B. Girls from 16 to 18 years of age are invited to write to Kathleen, and Mary asks for pen-pals among girls from 11 to 13.

A real live campaigner is Marie Belliveau. She has secured 12 new members from Belliveau's Cove, Digby County, N.S. Here they are: Rose A. Thierault, Ella Belliveau, Cecile Comeau, Cuita Doucet, Regina Comeau, Elizabeth Thiuault, Alphonsine LeBlanc, Therese Dugas, Andre Blinn, Alphonse Belliveau, and Clarence Comeau. Marie, how about sending

me a snap of you all taken together for next month's "China"?

A new bud comes to us from St. Lawrence, Nfld. Madeline Aylward takes "Rio Rita" as her pen-name, and wishes to hear from Ningie, Bluebell and Cherry Blossom. Madeline is 14, can play music, and has a sister a nun. Welcome to our Garden!

A hearty welcome amongst us as buds is given this month to four boys from Brooklyn, New York. Meet some more American friends: Joseph Upton and his brother Francis, who live at 436A Marion St., William Ormsby, 477 Chouncey St., and Joseph Columbus Basha, 1495 St. Mark's Ave. The last named tells me he was very interested in Fr. Gignac's mission tour, and thinks Fr. Sharkey's poem entitled "Fishin'" was very good. He wants some Nfld. buds to write him.

"Father Jim, do you think you are a bit fair letting all the buds send in their pictures to you, and you not sending us your picture, or at least putting it in 'China' I am going to drop in on you one of these fine days and see for myself what you are like. I hope to have my camera that day so that I can snap you when you don't know it. You had better look out if you don't want that to happen. I would like some of the buds to write to me, especially those who won the Contest." This is part of a letter received from Madeline Howorth (Hiede), 49 Beaufort Rd., Toronto. Now, Madeline, you are welcome to call on me, but keep your camera out of sight, because when I see a camera I get scared and make tracks for hidden places. I am glad that the booklet I sent you proved helpful.

I hope Anna Malone (Box 71, Souris East, P.E.I.) sends along those pictures she promised.

Jim Kielly (Amos) from Bay Roberts, Nfld., is interested in our Stamp Department. I hope "Beaver" found you worthy of a prize, Jim. "Are you still as mysterious as ever, Father Jim? Some day we may find out who you are, and what a surprise you will give us." You know, Jim, I am known by many as the "mysterious Father Jim", but there's not so much "mystery" about me, for a great number of buds tell me for certain that they know who I am. They even address their letters to Father Jim———(here they put some surname).

Some of the buds from Nova Scotia are very patriotic, and they never lose an opportunity to boost their Province or their home town. I hope I'm not giving myself away when I say that I have been in Nova Scotia very often, and I have even spoken to buds down there, but they didn't recognize me. Cecilia Turner, 205 Caledonia Mines, calls Glace Bay "this wonderful town." One of our senior students here will be happy to know that somebody supports him in thinking Glace Bay is quite a place. Cecilia is 14 years old, her pen-name is "Daffodil," and she promises to answer all letters received.

"We had a Novena here to St. Joseph. Our Pastor told us to make it for any intention we wished and the first thing I thought of was the conversion of China, so I made it for that." That's what I call being a friend of the Missions, and I congratulate Mary (Connie) McCormack of New Aberdeen, C.B. for being such a mission-minded bud.

A bud who writes me often is Ellen Cain (Pansy), Spaniard's Bay, Nfld. She expressed her sympathy on the loss of one of our dear little members, Ruth Graves. I hope you will keep your promise to write to Ruth's mother, Ellen. "Pansy" wants to hear from Bertha Richards and Naomi Smith, and some buds from Fairville, N.B. I shall always be glad to get a line from you.

Beatrice McCormick, whose picture appears this month, wants Nfld. buds to write to her. How about dropping a few lines to the bud from Nfld. mentioned above, Beatrice? I will send you another pin. I'm glad to learn you like the pin so much.

I had a real big long newsy letter from Margaret Campbell (Cowslip), who lives at 25 Union St., Glace Bay, N.S. Here are some of the things she wrote: "I was thinking to myself how lucky the boys and girls are in Toronto, because they can see you every day. (Now, Margaret, don't make me blush!) "I wish you would put your picture in "China." I have found out your name from a priest. I know you are from Newfoundland. I feel like telling you who told me your name only the priest told me not to tell, for if I told you he said there might be war." Well, there surely would be war—that is, provided he told you the right name. Did he tell you I came from Newfoundland? I admit I have heard a great deal about that country, from buds and others, but not even Sherlock Holmes could draw any certain conclusions from that. I don't mind telling you that a priest from Newfoundland also told me that the buds down there are hot on Father Jim's trail. I was delighted to learn of the interest your teacher has in our club, and I am proud of the buds from Saint Anne's School. Thank you, Margaret, for your spiritual helps to me. And lest I forget, this Glace Bay bud asked me to put an "ad" in our column asking for correspondents from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. I will be looking forward to another letter from you when you have time.

I am sorry to have overlooked the matter of sending certificate and pin to Teresa Perdue, 226 McDonnel St., Peterboro, Ont. You will receive it soon, Teresa. I like your pen-name "Maple-leaf". Buds age 11 or 12 are asked to write to this new member from Peterboro.

"Mayflower" is the name that appealed to 13 year old Gertrude MacMillan from Lingan, C.B. She writes: "I began last week to cut out all the pictures of the buds and paste them in a book so that I will have them all the time. I have your picture, but no face." Perhaps it is better my face is missing from those pictures, Gertrude, it might spoil an otherwise fine picture. But never mind, some day I will allow you to complete the picture. I think it is a nice idea to keep pictures of all your fellow members of the Rose Garden. I keep them also, and I hope many more will send

MORE MEMBERS OF OUR ENTHUSIASTIC BUD ARMY



Left to right: Beatrice McCormick (Sunbonnet Sue), 91 Mill St., Fairville, N.B.; Mary Petrie (Daffodil), 1 McDonald's Lane, Glace Bay, N.S.; Mary Molloy (Sweet Pea), 11 Water St., Glace Bay; Helen Elizabeth MacDonnell (Scotch Heather), 617 Prince St., Sydney, N.S., (Helen didn't introduce her young friend beside her in the picture); Jeanne O'Malley (Ningie), Montreal Road, Eastview, Ottawa, Ont., and Catherine Williams (Chickadee), Eglinton St., Lindsay, Ont.

along their snaps. See that your brother, Thomas, sends along that snap he promised. Thomas is known as "Maple".

From far-away Victoria comes Patricia Howard with a pen-name "Pacific Rose-Bud". This is the introduction to her letter: "I said to mamma yesterday that I was going to become a rosebud. She told me jokingly that I would make a beautiful spray. Well, even if I don't make a spray I hope I will make a good bud. I ought to, anyway, because I have red hair." We have a few red-haired members with us already, and you are a welcome addition to the number. Patricia tells me she remembers having seen Ruth Graves at Church in Victoria. She comes now, as it were, to keep the Victoria ranks at full strength since we lost Ruth.

Meet some more new members from Ontario:

Ylorese Marcoux (French Rose), 14 Wilmot Ave., Toronto.

Jessie Glover, 512 Charlotte St., Peterboro.

Carmel Littlejohn (Belle), Stone St., Gananoque.

And those from way down East:

Josephine Earle (Daffodil), 29 Field St., St. John's, Nfld.

Dorothy Hefferman (Mayflower), 193 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S.

Gertrude Badore, (Mayflower), Bridgeport, C.B.

Our Garden is made the richer by the addition of those buds from St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, N.S.

Bridget Terry (Golden Rod); Mary Lawrence (Starlight); Mary Steele (Bluebell); Mary Petrie (Daffodil); Helen A. Coleman (Tulip); Cathleen Jessome (Buttercup); and Lucia McIsaac.

I am happy to give a hearty welcome to those boys from New Waterford, C.B. All of them go to Mount Carmel School there, and I think it would be nice if they were to send me a group picture for our next month's column. Make yourselves happy in our "Garden." boys. and I will be expecting big things from you later on as loyal buds of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. Meet the boys: here they are:

John Prior (Mayflower): Alexander Hines (Willow Tree): Philip Coady (Juniper Tree): Patrick Muise (Plum Tree); David Chiasson (Daisy): Louis Chiasson (Lilac): Edward Poirier (Mayflower); Louie Chiasson (Bluebell).

And now let me introduce and welcome a fine lot of new girl buds, also from New Waterford. C.B. These (or most of them) come from St. Agnes' School. From them I should like to receive a group picture also.

Hattie Boudreau (Blue-eyed Beauty): Mary Morrison (Rose); Mary MacNeil: Catherine MacEachern; Helen MacNeil: Evelyn Muise (Cherry-tree): Mary Dwyer (Violet); Roddena Flurtur: Rita May Flurtur: Mary L. Chiasson (Mt. Carmel School).

I want to acknowledge a very nice letter received from one of the Sisters at St. Agnes' School, New Waterford, N.S., which tells me of the joy of the pupils when they received their certificates and pins making them members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I trust that their interest in the Chinese Missions will continue to increase with the years. Those buds are doing their bit to help our missionaries by their prayers and by their pennies given to Johnnie Mite-box. and to the enthusiastic Sisters I send a hearty greeting, and I assure them and their pupils that I will often remember them when offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



Fr. Gignac (left) and Fr. Beal after their return from a mission trip. On his latest trip Fr. Beal had his mass box stolen.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

The following poem was not written by a missionary but, presumably, by some homesick adventurer. But it will give our readers an idea of the human side of the discomforts which the missionary cheerfully endures and their contrast with what he has left behind—at home.

I'm sick of the Chink and the Tartar
I'm sick of the Jap and Malay;
And far away spots on the chart are,
No place for your's truly to stay.

I've had enough undersized chicken,
And milk that comes out of a can;
The East is no region to stick in
For this one, particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice all
Commingled with highly spiced dope,
I'm weary of bathing with Lysol
And washing with Carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch skin diseases,
Mosquitoes and vermin and flies;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle,
An atmosphere zestful and keen,
Oh, Lord, once again just to mingle
With crowds that are white folks and clean.

To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net,
And throw away all my collection
Of iodine, quinine, et cet.

To know all the noise and the glamour
The hurry and fret of the West,
I'd trade all the Orient glamour
That damned, lying poets suggest.

They sing of the East as "enthralling,"
And that's why I started to roam;
But I hear the Occident calling—
Oh, Lord
but
I
want
to
go
HOME.

Our friend "Ningie", Jeanne O'Malley says she hasn't heard from anybody for months. Her address is now 249 Montreal Road, Eastview, Ottawa and you will find her picture in CHINA this month. Hope you have plenty of "Corries" now, Ningie.

Rita Gillson is anxious to have her name enrolled on our membership list. "Pansy" is her pen-name, and her address is 327 Talbot St., Port Arthur, Ont. Another "Pansy" also reports from Port Arthur, 410 Merrill St. Olga Dennis is her name, and she should be much interested in her new Club because she goes to the "Little Flower" School.

Here, boys, meet a future missionary, 13 years old Charlie Ferguson from 34 Harvey St., Perth, Ont. Glad to introduce you as "March Hare" to the hundreds of other boys in our Garden, and I hope some of them will answer your request for a letter.

"I have no brothers or sisters, and would certainly like to hear from some buds. I am ten years old, and attend St. Patrick's School, in Senior Third now. Interested in your Stamp Corner as well as Your Rose Garden." So writes Frank Mooney, Apt. 27, Federal Apts., 257 Slater St., Ottawa. No doubt Frank would like to meet some of the brothers and sisters who write such nice letters to Father Jim, and I hope he will not be disappointed. The imposing pen-name is "Big Chief Two Feathers."

Miss C. Rowan, R.R. 2, Renfrew, Ont., wrote a short but nice letter to me recently, and says she is faithful to the saying of her prayer for China.

Anna L. Rossetti attends St. Theresa's School. and lives at C.N.R. Tower, Grenville Ave., Current River, Ont.

Stamp Puzzle Contest.

Following are the prize winners in our Stamp Puzzle in the March CHINA. The winners in the April contest will be announced next month.

Group One (Larger Prizes).

(1) Rev. Paul Kuehne, O.S.B., St. Peter's College, Muenster, Sask.; (2) Jim Kielley, Bay Roberts, Nfld.; (3) W. W. Page, 64 Jubilee Rd., Halifax; (4) Andrew S. Hillcoat, Sun Life Assurance Co., Dominion Square, Montreal; (5) Pearl Lagroix, Maxville, Ont.; (6) Miss Fehner, Confederation Life, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; (7) Rev. Bro. Olier, Sacred Heart College, St.

(Continued on page 78)

Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

WHAT SHE DOES

Friend—What does she do to the gallon?

Owner of Second-Hand Car—Just lets it leak out.

BECALMED AT EVENTIDE

The retired Admiral was expostulating with his daughter about the lateness of her hours.

"I won't have it," he asserted, "going out with that landlubber in his car and not getting home till past midnight."

"But, Daddy," replied the sailor's daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died right down in two of the tires."

YEP.

Bachelor Uncle—Baby six weeks old, you say. Talk yet?

Proud Father—Oh, no; not yet.

Bachelor Uncle—Boy, eh? — The Pathfinder.

JUST A MINUTE

Diner (sniffing suspiciously—Waiter, just forget about that order of mine. I can't eat where there is a smell of paint.

Waiter—If you wait just a minute, sir, these two young ladies will be going.

"How dare you swear before my wife?" said the indignant husband.

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the other, 'I was unaware that your wife wished to swear first."

REAL DIPLOMAT

Little Betty had been allowed to stay up to dinner one night on the strict understanding that she should behave very well and not ask for anything on the table.

When dessert came all the guests were attended to, but she was overlooked.

She sat despondently for a time, and then was struck by a bright idea. She exclaimed in a loud voice: "Who wants a clean plate?"

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: "He's getting on so well at school: he learns French and Algebra. Now, Ronnie, say 'How d'ye do' to the lady in Algebra."

NO SNAP TO HIM

Mrs. Windy was greatly excited when a neighbor came in to call on her one morning.

"Just think," said she, walking over to the other end of the room, "that fellow entered in broad daylight and actually stole the clock off the mantel."

"And you say your dog was in the very same room?"

"Yes, but he couldn't do a thing," returned Mrs. Windy, loftily. "Fido is only a watch-dog."

SEE AMERICA FIRST

The inspector was looking around the class, when the teacher called his attention to a rather grubby youngster.

"This boy," she said, has an excellent knowledge of geography."

The inspector regarded the boy's nails for a moment and then remarked: "I see that. At least, he has a good deal of his own country at his finger's ends."

THE DEVIL

A boy entered a busy draper's shop and asked for "Half a yard of devil."

He persisted in request, explaining that it was to match his granny's dress.

Still he was not understood. Then he said, suddenly, "That man over there is serving what granny wants."

"Oh, it's black sateen you want," said the shopkeeper.

"Yes, sir, it's black satan," replied the boy "I knew the chap had two names, but I didn't happen to remember the one the stuff is called after."

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

The school teacher was talking to a class on science.

"Now, then, Willie Smith," she said, "name a poisonous substance."

Willie Smith, who was not gifted with an over-supply of intelligence, thought deeply.

"Aviation," he replied after a while.

The class tittered with amusement, and the teacher looked sternly at the boy.

"Explain yourself, Smith," she demanded.

"One drop will kill, ma'am," responded Willie.

QUITE TRUE

The cheap-jack auctioneer was trying hard to sell his stock of cigars.

"You can't get better, gents," he bellowed; "twenty-five in a box! You can't get better. I don't care how much you spend!"

Suddenly a voice put in from back of the crowd:

"He's right, folk," it said. "I had one last week, and I'm not better yet." —Weekly Scotsman.

Mrs. Sharp: "Oh, don't worry about the boy's small nose, Mrs. Shott. When I was born they thought I wasn't going to have a nose at tall!"

Mrs. Shott: "Oh, but it turned up later all right, didn't it?"

SPINELESS COMEBACK

Husband (feeling a twinge in his back as he tunes on the radio): "I believe I am getting lumbago."

Wife: "What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."

WHY I NEVER FLEW THE ATLANTIC

The ocean is too big.

The ocean is too deep.

I have no plane.

I have no pilot's license.

My wife wouldn't let me if I wanted to.

I don't want to.—Chicago Daily News.

DISRESPECT

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer.

"I'd rather not," said the witness, timidly; "they were hardly words to tell a gentleman."

"Ah," said the attorney, "then whisper them to the judge."—Montreal Star.

PLAYING SAFE

Young Hubby: "Dearest, what did you do with that rubber plant Aunt Agatha gave us?"

Young Wife: "I put it upstairs, honey. Why do you ask?"

Young Hubby: "Oh, for no particular reason. I was just wondering what kind of salad this is."

STAMP PUZZLE CONTEST.

(Continued from page 76)

Hyacinthe, P.Q.; (8) Campbell Fiset, 5945 Hutchinson St., Montreal; (9) no name; (10) The two listed are tied for tenth place, (a) T. W. Verity, 137 Waverly Rd., Toronto and (b) Douglas Darcy, 70 Bond St., St. John's, Nfld.

The first six above had every stamp correct. Letters were dated in the order received and on this basis we are awarding the prizes to the first six winners. First prize is a complete mint Nfld. Publicity set; 2nd, 3rd and 4th prizes, a Triumph Stamp Album with 1,000 different stamps; 5th to 10th prizes choice of any $2.00 worth of stamps from our Honor Bilt Packet list (mailed to those who request it).

Group Two (Smaller Prizes).

(1) Ivan F. D. Groves, Marieville, Edith Ave., East Saint John, N.B.; (2) Edward Manning, 14 Moore St., St. John's, Nfld.; (3) John Lang, 16 Battenberg Ave., Toronto; (4) Alice McCarthy, 93 Hayden St., Toronto; (5) Bill Byrne, 19 Glebeholme Blvd., Toronto; (6) Don Desaulniers, 141 Gough Ave., Toronto; (7) Bernard Rosenbach, 85 Victoria Park Ave., Toronto; (8) Norman Dann, 463 Wiseman Ave., Montreal; (9) Melville Feheley, 754 Windermere Ave., Toronto; (10) Joe Schretlin, 3415 West 31st Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

The Prizes in Group two are (1) Beginners Outfit, value $1.00; Other nine prizes any stamps to the value of 50c. selected from our Honor Bilt List.

Note. When ordering packets, etc., from this list be sure and add a num- of alternate packets in case those ordered are out of stock. Please let us know at once what stamps you desire as prizes.

Note 2. Will the party who listed No. 1 stamp as "Roumania under Bulgarian occupation" please send name at once. This is the unknown No. 9 prize winner in Group One. No other contestant listed No. 1 stamp this way.

DE PROFUNDIS.

(Continued from page 68)

overhead there are rows of small shovels, oil cans, pots and pans, some rusty and some rustier. Where that young fellow is sitting is a bellows and an anvil—but to-day they are not used. Look towards the "doorway" and see the mob that has collected. They must see how these "Holy Fathers" take care of the dead. The next house is a store, and some are standing on the counter and watching. If they all could only understand the soothing power of the words we are saying, "Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord!" and the rest of the beautiful prayers of the ritual for occasions like this. How near and yet how far!

Now they are putting him into the coffin. Is it lined? Yes, with straw. A little cotton is fixed around his head. There is a fresh outburst of moaning and sobbing. The top is placed on. And we withdraw. Another soul has gone its way. The evening shadows gather—night falls, and the rising wind carries to our ears the monotonous tolling of a bell in the Pagan monastery just over the way, calling the monks to sacrifice.

FR. STRINGER.

NOTE OF THANKS.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Geo. Jefferies, of 100 Pacific Avenue, Toronto, who has just sent us for our museum an interesting collection of Chinese curios and works of art which he himself selected when in China. Mr. Jefferies, formerly Freight Claims Agent for the C.P.R. in Toronto, has been promoted to a higher position in Montreal, and our best wishes go with him for his continued success.

Contributions.

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations, received up to April 20th:

Miss Brophy, $75.00; Friends, Hamilton, $75.00; Miss O'Connor $45.00; C.C.S.M.C., St. Aloysius School, Sudbury $40.00; Loretto Academy, Hamilton, $25.00; Lecture by Fr. Fraser, St. Mary's Lyceum, Hamilton, $23.00; Pupils of St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's Nfld., $25.00; Mrs. J. Menary, $25.00; Crusade Unit, Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, $15.10; Oxford School, Halifax, $12.00; St. Lawrence School, Hamilton, $11.48; Grade 3 and 4, Lourdes Convent, N.S. $11.50; Pupils, St. Patrick's Hall, St. John's, $20.00; Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro, $12.00; St. John Chysostom School, Arnprior, $20.00; Holy Angels' School, St. Thomas, $10.17; Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, $15.50; St. Vincent's School, Toronto, $15.00; Pupils, St. Joseph's School, Hoylestown, Nfld., $12.10.

$10.00 Each.

C.C.S.M.C., Guardian Angel School, Orillia; Mrs. G. Weir; St. Jomes School, Toronto; Mr. J. J. Carolan; Rev. D. D. McMillan; Rev. Chas. D. McRae; St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.

$5.00 Each.

Senior Fourth Class, St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls; Miss S. McGowan; St. John's Academy, New Glasgow; Catholic Women's League, Peterboro; Mrs. Mary Buckley; Our Lady of Good Counsel Students' Crusade, Hamilton; Harry Joanette; Miss Katherine Owens; Moses A. Venadam; Mr. and Mrs. Julian A. Hogan; Room 5, Holy Name School, Toronto; Michael and Mary Bennett; Kathleen H. Heafey; H. M. Erickson; Timothy J. Toomey; Mr. Emile Pinel; Rev. D. F. McDonald; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; Rev. Friend, St. John's; Mrs. D. Caskanette and Mary Fritz; Friend, Danforth; G.K.L., Toronto; Boys and Girls of St. Brigid's School, Hamilton; M.A.M., Toronto, in Honor of St. Joseph.

Miscellaneous.

Girl's Sunday School Class, Port Colborne, $3.69; Sisters of Notre Dame, Owen Sound, $4.00; Pupils of St. John's School, Toronto, $6.00; St. Mary's School, Kingston, $2.35; Sisters of Notre Dame, Formosa, $2.75; Primary Room, St. Catherine's Sep. School, $2.60; De La Salle Junior School, Toronto, $5.85; Senior 1st and 2nd classes, St. Joseph's School, Hamilton, $7.00; Primary Class, St. Francis School, Smith's Falls, $2.95; St. Mary's School, St. Catherine's, $2.50; Boy's Department, Sep. School, Brockville, $4.68:

$2.00 Each.

Kathleen Bird; Mrs. K. Jablowski; K. Sharron; Mrs. R. Huot; Mrs. Coffey; Mrs. Michael Leroux, in Thanksgiving to St. Teresa; R. J. Kelly; Miss Mabel Farrelly; Notre Dame School, Kitchener; Friend, Eganville.

Miscellaneous.

St. Patrick's School, Toronto, $1.50; Friend, $1.32; Francis A. McKinnon, $1.50; Misses Ryan, $1.50.

$1.00 Each.

Edward Coqueel; Mrs. W. J. Heenan; Friend; Mrs. Elizabeth Eastman; J. Connelly; Junior Room, Sacred Heart School, Kenilworth; Margaret Gallagher; Mrs. B. Walsh; Miss K. Masterson; Jas. McLean; Dan. T. Campbell; Miss A. E. Redmond; Friend, Hamilton; Mrs. W. Browne; Friend, Hamilton; Mrs. Lucy MacNeil; Madame Crosse; Mrs. Irene Robson.

Building Fund.

Proceeds of special collection, Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. $1,269.97; Rt. Rev. D. J. Scollard, D.D., $50.00; Rev. A. J. Leyes, Hamilton, Ont., $20.00; M. J. S., $1.00; F. G. L., $5.00; Mrs. P. Mallen, $2.00; "China" Reader, $1.00; St. Joseph's Boarding School, Fort William, $2.50; Genevieve Hearn, $1.00; Dan. D. Beaton, $1.00; Mrs. Axel, $1.00; Miss Elizabeth Neville, $5.00; Gordon M. Wall, $4.50; L. M. S. $1.50; Mrs. C. McEachren, $1.00; P. C. O'Connor, $5.00; Anonymous, $5.00; Mrs. T. A. O'Neill, $1.00; Mr. John Moore, $2.00; Mrs. J. W. Fraser, $10.00; Mrs. Mabel Hennessey, $2.00; John B. Rahal, $1.00; Mrs. E. J. Gough, $1.00; In Mem. Mrs. A. Brophy, $5.00; Mrs. M. Zettler, $1.00; J. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Rev. A. L. McIntyre, $5.00; Annie Sullivan, $3.00; Friend, $10.00; Emily McDonnell, $2.00 Stella A. Coutu, $1.50; Mary J. Bonness, $1.00; Friend, 50c.; Jacob Schmeitzer, $4.25; G. Hobson, $2.00; Mrs. Thos. Fagan, $5.00; J. Leo Condon, $1.80; Mrs. P. J. Cassidy, $5.00; A. Turcotte, $1.00; Friends, Toronto, $5.00; Mrs Nichol, $5.00; Mrs. Alex. Campbell, $2.00; A. J. Molloy, $3.00; A Friend, Simcoe, $25.00; Mrs. Mary McC. Fitzgibbon, $5.00; Mrs. J. L. Langmuir, $5.00; Mrs. Margaret Ryan, $5.00; Mrs. Hitchen, $1.00; J. M. C. $5.00; Mrs. R. H. Brooks, $5.00; Pontiac, $5.00; Mr. and Mrs. Akney, $1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Fullerton, $5.00; Rev. L. P. Theriault, $5.00; Arthur Robinson, $5.00; Friend, Kingston, $2.00; Francis Collins, $5.00; Rev P. J. McGuire, $5.00.

Contributions to Burses.

A Humble Friend, Halifax, Queen of Apostles, $2.30; Junior Room, Sacred Heart School, Kenilworth, St. Joseph, $11.20; Mrs. P. Kelly, St. Theresa, $3.75; Friend, Barrie, Little Flower, $2.00.

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Evenings by Appointment

All the World is Joyous

Trees and shrubs are budding,
Tiny spring flowers bloom,
All the world is joyous
As birds sing their merry tune.

Little children gambol
In sunshine every day—
Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
They DO enjoy their play.

Happy, healthy children,
Have not a single care,
Everything provided,
At meals, most wholesome fare.

Milk from City Dairy
Builds muscle, flesh and bone,
Making perfect little bodies,
Gives their system proper tone.

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DOES THIS MEAN ME?



"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I Have a Vocation to be a Missionary Priest

—if I have a desire to serve God and gain eternal reward by working to save souls,
—if I have been living a good Catholic life,
—and if I have average mental ability.

You can join our Priests in their missionary work. There is a place for you among those preparing to devote their lives to the work of China's conversion.

Do Not Postpone Taking the Step
Delay May Mean Losing Your Vocation

Write to REV. J. E. McRAE, Rector,
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY—SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

There are More Pagans in China than there are Catholics in the World

CHINA

Vol. XII. No. 6. *Scarboro Bluffs, JUNE, 1931*



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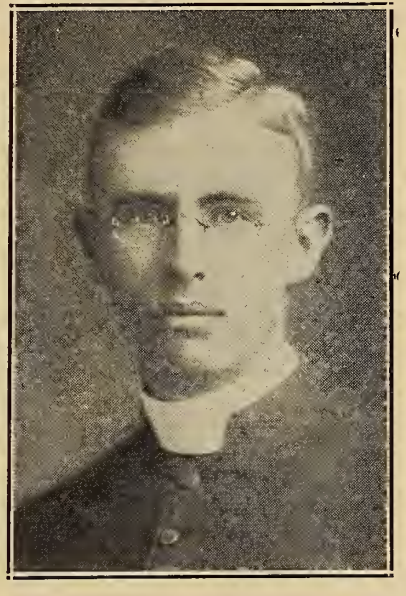
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FATHER McGRATH

This month Father McGrath is going home to Saint John's for a vacation and to do some campaign work, and in October he will leave for Chuchow.

Father McGrath has done a great deal for the cause of the Foreign Missions in Canada. For the past nine years he has been intimately associated with the work begun by Father Fraser. Ordained for the Archdiocese of St. John's, Newfoundland, he for some time worked in the Cathedral parish there, but the call to the Foreign Missions opened wider to him the door of life and revealed to his eager perception a wide field of service where the volunteers were few and the labour prodigious. Unfalteringly, he embraced the opportunity others might seek to evade, and in 1922 he became the right hand man of Father Fraser in his efforts to have Canada do its share in bringing the message of the Gospel to the poor neglected heathen in China. At that time when the work of Foreign Missions was not so well known in Canada and when the work was decidedly uphill Father McGrath's assistance at the house in Scarboro was invaluable to Father Fraser. He became Editor of CHINA in 1924, and up to last month he has continued very successfully this important feature of our missionary activity. Under his capable guidance the circulation of CHINA increased from eight thousand to the rank of second among Canadian Catholic publications in point of circulation. Through the pages of this little Mission magazine he has kept thousands in touch with the work of the Missions, and has instilled into them something of his own enthusiasm and zeal for souls.



In addition to his work as Editor, Father McGrath has continued to fulfil the responsible duties of Vice-Rector since our present Seminary was opened in 1924, and he has been a member of the Seminary Board of Control since its formation seven years ago. Besides the performance of those duties, he found time to make known the needs of the Missions in many campaign tours, and from coast to coast in Canada, and in Newfoundland as well, Father McGrath has been heard pleading for support for the work that is so dear to him, the work of the education of priests for the Chinese Missions.

It was his desire to get off to the Mission Field as soon as possible, but his superiors decided that the work to be done here at the Seminary was as important for the welfare of our mission as actual service in Fields Afar, and so for nine years Father McGrath has been denied the fulfilment of his desires to experience missionary life in China. Those nine years have meant much to St. Francis Xavier's Seminary, and those who know Father McGrath can realize how much he has influenced and inspired the students in their various activities. His propensity for work is so well known to us that oftentimes he gave us reason to fear he would work himself to death. Whether it was in the lecture room, at manual labour, or in sport there was always manifested that enthusiasm which we have learned to associate naturally with "Father Bill." When he leaves for Chuchow we are going to miss him here, not alone because of his long connection with the life of the Seminary, but more especially because it will be a long time till we meet his like again—one possessed of such richness of character and such sterling human qualities.

Newfoundland may well feel proud of its first native son to devote himself to the Catholic Foreign Missions.

The Foreign Missions — and You

Any of you who have ever been present at the death-bed of a dearly-beloved parent, or who have attended the last moments of some esteemed friend, must carry the memory of that event forever in your hearts. There is something especially forceful in the last wishes of one about to leave this world, and those charged with the fulfilment of such wishes regard it as a duty most sacred; and the nearer and dearer the person is to them, so much the more urgent is their obligation.

God Himself came down from Heaven for your sake. He lived, He suffered, and He died for you. Before He returned to the bosom of His Eternal Father He committed to you a grave responsibility. It was His last day on earth, and His Apostles were gathered around Him on the mountain of His Ascension. What might the friends of Our Lord expect from Him that day as He spoke to them for the last time? Eagerly and anxiously they awaited the farewell message from their Master. Now, indeed, would they learn from the lips of their Divine Leader what He wished to leave them as a legacy; now, indeed, would they know with certainty the deepest interests of His Sacred Heart; now, indeed, would He give them the most important message for the future. Nor were they disappointed; Christ did give them a last farewell message, and it concerns each and every Christian even as it concerned the Apostles. The Divine lips opened and in solemn tones the words came forth: "GO YE INTO THE WHOLE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE."

Jesus Christ had spoken—He had given His last will and testament to the world—and in one short sentence He had entrusted His followers, every individual Christian, with the work of the Foreign Missions. Christ's last consuming care was for the propagation and spread of that Gospel which He came on earth to make known to men. He had faithfully done His share, and now He leaves to His Apostles and to all Christians the duty of sharing their Faith with others. "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." There is no danger of mistaking the extent of the work; Christ does not restrict the labourers of His followers to any particular place or to any particular nationality. "GO!" Go out into the whole wide world—go from place to place, from nation to nation—cross the seas and penetrate the wilderness—go to the very ends of the earth—and preach the Gospel to every creature. Leave no one out —go and bring the joyful tidings of salvation to the races and peoples of the North, the South, the East and the West—the soul of the Chinese, the African, or the Indian is as dear to me as the soul of the White man—I have come on earth to do the will of My Father, and it is His Will that ALL men should be saved and should be brought to the knowledge of the Gospel. This is My last request—nay, it is more—it is My Divine COMMAND—that you continue to teach all nations whatsoever I have taught you.

All down through the centuries the Church of Christ has realized the mission that her Founder entrusted to it, and she has never ceased to regard mission work as her essential duty. As it belongs to the nature of light to illumine, and to the nature of the plant to develop, so it is essential to the Church to be active in Missions. As long as the Catholic Church claims to be animated by the spirit of God; as long as she claims to be the exemplification of God's plan upon earth; as long as she will obey her Divine Founder and remain faithful to her ancient traditional customs; as long as she is the one Church outside of which there is no salvation, so long, too, must she devote herself to the Missions.

The twenty-ninth of this month will mark the first anniversary of the canonization of our Canadian Martyrs, and it is an opportune time for all of us to ask what we have done for the cause of Foreign Missions.

It is well to remind ourselves that we are the spiritual children of Martyrs. Foreign Missionaries came out here to our country from France, they came to the very territory of this Archdiocese where the only Foreign Mission Seminary of English-speaking Canada is situated, and they gave their life's blood—their last full measure of devotion—in order that Canada might be brought to a knowledge of the Gospel of Love, and if today we are enjoying the luxuries of the Catholic Faith and are proud of being Catholics, we must not forget the debt we owe to those who answered the call to the Canadian Foreign Missions three hundred years ago. We owe to the sainted Canadian Martyrs A DEBT OF GRATITUDE that can be discharged only by a lively interest in the foreign mission work of the Church. We value our Faith, it was brought to us at great sacrifice, and are we going to remain content in the enjoyment of that Faith without trying to share it with others? Whatever we have a right to be proud of, or are compelled to be proud of, also demands our absolute and lively interest. It is clear, then, that as Catholics of Canada, as enthusiastic, happy children of our Holy Church, we are obliged to be interested in her holy missions among the heathens.

There was a time, and it is not so very long past, when Canada was itself a missionary country in the strict sense of the word, but today the Canadian Church occupies a place in keeping with the prominent and honoured position of Canada among the nations of the earth. The Church in Canada is established in its normal state; that is to say, it has is own hierarchy, its religious congregations of men and women, its seminaries, its schools, its universities, its hospitals, in a word, it has all the evidences of a firmly established Church. We are proud of that, and we thank God for it, but we must come face to face with a great truth, a truth that was well expressed by Cardinal Manning when he wrote that "THE APOSTOLIC SPIRIT IS THE CONDITION OF OUR PROGRESS, IT IS THE PROOF AND MEASURE OF OUR CATHOLICITY." The time has come for Canada to show its appreciation for the Catholic Faith by its endeavours to bring that same Faith to others who "still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." God has blessed the work that has already been done. In the Province of Quebec there is a Seminary to take care of the vocations to the Missions from that Province, and in our own humble way we are carrying on the same noble work for English-speaking Canada. Saint Francis Xavier's Seminary represents the mission-spirit of English-Canada and Newfoundland. To Father John Fraser, under God, belongs the credit of having stirred the national conscience to a realization of its duties to the foreign missions. He returned to Canada in 1918, after spending years in China as the only English-

speaking foreign missionary from the whole of North America, and he founded St. Francis Xavier Seminary for the education of priests for the Chinese Missions. Under the guidance of the Bishops of Ontario who compose the Seminary Board of Control, the work has progressed, and today there are 12 priests in our District of Chuchow, and 30 priests and students at the Seminary. It is the Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland who have helped us to build our Seminary and educate our students, and it is on those same Catholic people that we must depend to keep Canadian representatives among the missionary army that is striving so valiantly for the establishment of God's kingdom on earth.

The realization of the immense number of people who as yet know nothing of the Gospel of Christ, should arouse our people to action. Two-thirds of the human race, after 1900 years of Christianity, still know nothing of the God who created and redeemed them. Every day in China alone there are thirty-three thousand who die and appear in judgment before a God whom they have not known and have not loved. What a huge responsibility is ours—a responsibility to God and Church, to the past and to the future, a responsibility which should rouse even the most indifferent and thrill them with the flame of holy enthusiasm for the missions.

In our efforts to provide priests for work in China we have need of help, and we feel that our good Catholic people need only be reminded of the debt they owe to foreign missioners in order to enlist their support for our own young men who are preparing to leave all they hold dear to them here at home in order to share the gift of their Faith with others. If some are ready and anxious to give their lives to the great cause of propagating the Faith, surely there are others who will give of their abundance to help them.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

"CHINA" extends heartiest congratulations to His Excellency Right Reverend Joseph A. O'Sullivan on the happy occasion of his consecration as Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I. As President of St. Augustine's Seminary, His Excellency showed a deep and practical interest in the work of our Seminary, and we are indebted to him for many acts of kindness to us. We could not have succeeded so well in our work without the magnificent help that St. Augustine's Seminary has given us through the years, and we rejoice in the signal honor that has been shown that Institution in the selection of its distinguished President as Canada's newest Bishop. It is our fervent prayer that God will bless abundantly his work as Chief Pastor in Prince Edward Island. It is worthy of note that the three priests ordained at our Seminary last November were the first students to be ordained after completing their full Seminary course under Bishop O'Sullivan at St. Augustine's.

SPECIAL DEVOTIONS.

On Friday, May 15th, the Devotion of the Forty Hours began in our little chapel, and on each of the three evenings during the Exposition a "Holy Hour" was given. On Friday night the sermon was preached by Rev. Father Curtis from Newfoundland, who was spending a few days with us; on Saturday night Father Chafe preached, and on Sunday night the Exposition was concluded with the Holy Hour given by Rev. Father Carroll, Vice-President of St. Augustine's Seminary.

The Annual Novena of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament concluded on the Feast of Pentecost. This Novena is made by our students for the intentions of all our benefactors, who share also in the prayers and good works of our Seminarians and priests throughout the year.

THE SACRED HEART AND CHINA.

Very dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are the souls of men which He came on earth to save. No human heart can ever fully realize the real value of one single immortal soul; only Christ Himself, the God-Man, can appreciate what it means to have souls lost forever, and if we would appreciate to what lengths God would go in order to save even one single soul then we must learn the lesson of the Incarnation, and the life, sufferings, bitter passion and death of Our Lord. What a pang of sorrow did the Sacred Heart endure when He looked down on the city of Jerusalem and thought of the people therein who were throwing away their chances of knowing Eternal Truth, and what must be the feelings of that Sacred Heart as He looks out over the great wide world today and sees so many hundreds of millions of souls who are strangers to the saving Truths of the Gospel. Who can doubt that it is the wish of the Sacred Heart that those teeming millions of souls in pagan China should be given an opportunity to know and love Him? And to whom do you think the Sacred Heart appeals for help in this mission of love and mercy if not to those who already are enjoying the knowledge and benefits of the Gospel. It is to His friends that the Sacred Heart of Jesus says: "Behold the Heart that has loved men so much and is loved so little in return," and it is to the friends of the Sacred Heart that we make a special appeal this month that they help us by their prayers in the great work of saving souls in China.

Think of our young missionaries in far-off Chuchow; is there not something very like unto the work of their Divine Master in their journeyings and experiences among the Chinese? Like Him they travel the highways and byways in search of precious souls; like Him they endure hardships and dangers; like Him they sometimes suffer disappointments in their efforts to make known to those poor pagans the higher life that Christianity can bring to them. Surely they are deserving of the help of our prayers during this Month of the Sacred Heart; ask Him to give our missionaries strength of soul and body; ask Him to shed His Grace on those people amongst whom they labour that they may be ready and anxious to listen to their words and that they may profit by them unto eternal life. If you would show your love for Christ's Most Sacred Heart what more fitting way can you do it than by praying for those souls He loves so much. Whilst all can pay Him the tribute of a prayer, perhaps there are others who could do a little more, who could make some little sacrifice to send an offering towards the completion of the Sacred Heart Burse for the education of priests for the Canadian Mission to China, priests who are sorely needed in the Mission fields.

Just a Sunday Trip *to Pi-wu-ka*

By Rev. Wm. K. Amyot

Bang, bang, bang, on the compound gate. Knocks, thumps, and shouts. "Hold on! Hold on! Don't break the door down," says the old patriarch who keeps the night watches, "I'm coming!" Dogs begin to bark, and muffled voices come from various quarters. "What's the row? Bandits? 'No,' only the TAH-GIAW-NENG (carry-chair men)", one could fancy them saying as they rolled over again to get a last forty winks before the bell should go. "It's only five o'clock. 'Wer Kung' is going to Pi-wu-ka this morning, that's all."

Although they were ahead of time it was not long before I was up and ready. Away we went over the now well-known route, the still and frosty air putting new life in one. Few were stirring at that chill hour except the restaurant keepers who were just lighting their fires and getting the first batch of dough-nuts (?) and buns ready for the early comers. As we proceeded, the first panels were being removed from other stores and sleepy heads were appearing. Yes, 'twas dawn.

The ferry was waiting to bear us across the river which was now greatly shrunken because of the prolonged drought. Having reached the path the freight climbed in. The chair is raised to the shoulders of two stalwarts, and with a couple of half-steps by the back carrier to even the steps, off we go at a good lively clip. Pat-pat-pat-pat go the straw-sandalled feet on the cobbled pathway, the only accompaniment in the stillness to the breathing of the labouring faded-blue-coated carriers. "Li" after "li" (i.e. Chinese miles) is covered before the hills are reached.

It was just then that the sun rose majestically in a splendour rivalling that of the evening with its magnificent tints of red and gold.

Now the countryside opened out before us in its Fall mantle of many colours. Dark green bean plants replace the rice of the previous season of which but a few scattered yellowing plots are left to show how the rest has ripened.



Father Stringer took this picture of two little schoolboys in Chuchow.

No wonder they grow rice, since each stalk divides at the top into several sprays like headed oats with close seeds, some eight to ten inches up each side of the sprigs. The lighter green of the sweet potato vines, as they creep in a tangled mass over the closely hilled plots, gives some contrast. Then there are the popular "BAH-TSE," or white vegetable, a large species of white radish, along with small patches of peanuts here and there and a dwarf variety of purple egg fruit. Of the higher plants hemp and cotton are seen occasionally, and water-lily patches are very common. There are three distinct varieties of the latter, two of which (that are grown in semi-watered fields) are cultivated for their bulbous edible roots that have a decidedly moreish taste—having neither the taste of potatoes, tapioca, nor barley distinctly, but something of each all in one. Their large leaves are pointed or round on fairly thick stiff stalks. The third variety grows right in the ponds, has large round light-green leaves and big flowers that die and leave a seed pod like that of a very large poppy. The seeds from these pods are the fruit, and they fetch high prices as a delicacy for special banquets. Sugar cane, the old standby for young and old, is seen in small patches closely fenced in (fences are an exception in these parts) near every tiny hamlet, some high, some low, depending on the supply of water.

Flowers are not lacking, pinks and mauves being the colours of

the season. The large waterlilies mentioned above are either white or they have a pinkish tint. Small daisies, some of them pink and some almost gray, are sprinkled along the way. Blue flowers are still to be seen in the ponds and streams, and a kind of sweet-smelling, wild bean-flower, garnet in the centre, rich pink over the rest, which much resembles the sweet-pea in shape and perfume, are plentiful in places. Pink, blue, and white morning-glories are common, too. Then there is a large type of flowering hedge bush with flowers like single holly-hocks, some mauve with red centre and yellow stamen, and others white with yellow centre. Here and there are tall types (five to six feet high) of grass plants, with fluffy yellowish heads like a scared cat's tail, but partly arched, and they just nicely set off the scenery. In several places I saw persimmons growing. Strange to say, the fruit of these large trees does not ripen till all the leaves have fallen off. Persimmons are a juicy fruit like good average-sized tomatoes, with slippery interior and big flat seeds. About the closest resemblance to their taste that I know of would be sweet Haws that have been frozen.

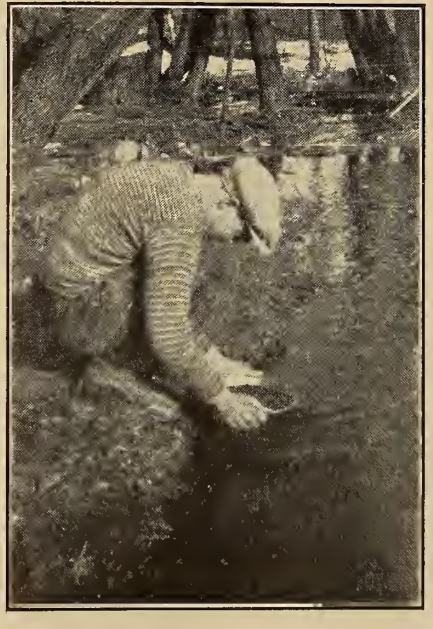
It is a mid-season for the farmers, many of who, taking advantage of the lull, were busily engaged fishing at most of the small streams and ponds. Every kind of contrivance is used to catch the fish, from human hands to fine meshed scoops and drag nets. The people in this locality certainly treat the fish rough when they go after them; few people use rods.

After three hours and fifty minutes walking (not bad time for a 13-mile jaunt) we turned in at the mission gate to be welcomed by the steady drone of the prayers being chanted in unison. Some few came down to meet me, but the chant, the business of the hour, continued unabated. All eyes were ready to give me the once-over as I appeared in the chapel with my mass-box in my hand. There came a pause in the chanting of the prayers, and the old bell clanked out its warning of the coming Sacrifice, the altar was made ready, and the catechist rose to give his half-hour weekly instruction. Again the old bell shook, shivered, and clanked out its final call. Then Mass was begun for those fifty faithful souls who attended. A wee baby ran amuck about the time of the Gospel (just a little inquisitive, you know), but he was promptly retrieved by a loving parent and there were no more distractions.

Afterwards, quite a crowd pressed around, all chattering away at once as usual. Gradually it sunk in; yes, there were a couple of letters to take to Chuchow, some business about catechisms, and three school boys. Big excitement for all, and I was to have lively company on my way back to Chuchow by boat in the afternoon. Little by little the flock dispersed and peace reigned again in the chapel compound. The fruit on the "yu" tree at the door was beginning to ripen, the wall around the property was looking its best after being just recently repaired, and even the ducks were contentedly guzzling in the muddy puddle, called a pond, hardby.

About noon we set sail, baskets "poo-kay's" (i.e., sleeping bags), Mass-kit, umbrellas and all. The trip was the usual, but there were many excellent opportunities to see the regular fishermen plying their trade. Every available man, woman and child seemed at it. Whole families were manoeuvering boats in the more shallow reaches (2 to 4 feet of water) with "papa" standing on the platform in the prow, like the harpooner of old, wielding a circular net weighted on the edges; when close enough to his prey he cast this net with a spinning motion like the throwing of a lasso. After the net is cast everybody peers into the water. "Did you catch any? Did they get away?" one can almost hear the family asking. "I can't see from here. Hurry, quick, pole closer! Yes, there's one, there's one!" and immediately he jumps into the water up to his waist, reaches down and captures the fish from beneath the meshes, then he triumphantly climbs aboard again, slowly hauling in and preparing the net for the next throw. That's one method. Here's another. In the deeper places, the net is useless. This is where the cormorants have to get busy. They are swimming about like a lot of large black sea-gulls while their attendant rafts drift aimlessly around, it seems, waiting for results. Bob! Duck! Down goes one, two, no three! One scored, and up he comes with the fish squirming in his bill. With much fuss and flapping it heads for its raft and is promptly relieved of its catch and then unceremoniously flopped back into the water to repeat the trick if it can. Large drag-nets are used in some places.

These are just a few of the sights when one is travelling the "shu lu" (water road) as they call the river. With such things, the scenery, and the chattering of the school boys the time passed quickly, and almost before we knew it we were stepping along the streets of Chuchow, just as the same restaurant-keepers of early dawn were busily preparing for the "wee-nee-han", or evening meal.



Realizing the need for a new building, one of our students goes "panning for gold" in the creek that runs by our rink.

CHINA'S POPULATION.

The total population of China, according to a report of the Ministry of the Interior, amounts to 474,281,000. Szechwan Province, which contains about the same square mileage as the State of Texas, leads in population with a grand total of 47,993,000. Hupeh Province, of which Wuchang is the Capital city, comes eighth in the last, with 26,699,000 people.

PAROCHIAL MINDED.

Referring to the consecration of Bishop Liou, eleventh Chinese Bishop recently consecrated in Peking, the Ave Maria of Notre Dame, Indiana, observes. Those of us who are imaginative will fashion our picture of the scene in that remote Catholic cathedral in China. We will have in the picture the vestments we recognize everywhere. The altars and the ceremonies and the Latin prayers will not be any different from what we see and hear at home. The great white-faced, somewhat peaceful appearing congregation will be different. Different in race; in color somewhat different; in dress, too, and social outlook. But that congregation, whose race is very ancient, has a bond of union with us which should bring them closer to us than any levelling process evolved out of a socialist's dream. They have with us a kinship of spiritual brotherhood in Christ's Kingdom here. One in faith, in baptism, in sacraments. Souls like ours to be saved through the merits of the Redeemer. One heaven to reach where faith vanishes in seeing, where hope comes into the fruition of possession. Those of us, clerical, and lay, who are parochially minded and think we have done all things well when we have finished the decoration of our stone church, should suffer ourselves to be lost in some such thought as this betimes. It will stimulate us to realize that there is a horizon beyond our immediate horizon. And many such. And the widest horizon is very wide indeed. And we belong within it.

Crusade Convention, Toronto, October First to the Fourth

First Four Days of October — Great Inspirational Event Scheduled for the Last Evening — Notable Speakers to Attend

At last the good news can be announced. For the past two months your executive have been discussing dates, weighing some, choosing others, only to find they were not suited. Finally it depended on the date of a great inspirational event, and when the actual time of this became known, the dates were chosen and permission granted to make them public.

October first to fourth are the dates of the First General Convention of Canadian Catholic students—incidentally the only convention of Catholic students ever held in Canada.

The first day, Thursday, will be allotted for registration purposes, with a Crusade ritual ceremony in the evening. Friday will be devoted to the Home Missions, Saturday to the Crusade, and Sunday to the missions afar.

Sunday evening will see the close of the Convention—a closing which promises to be the most inspiring event in the annals of student endeavor. The Crusade will be in charge of the departure ceremony of three or four priests of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

Undoubtedly the occasion of seeing four young priests bidding au revoir to mothers and fathers, friends and relatives—going to answer God's call to win souls in far away China will print an impression in our memories that time will never efface.

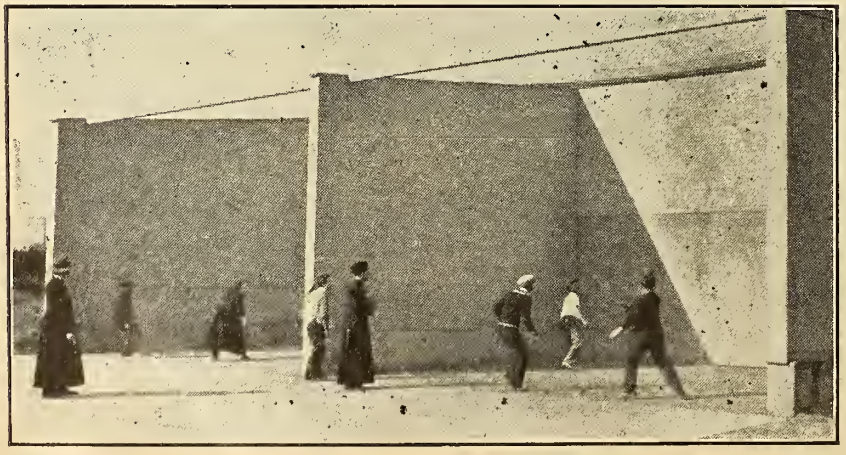
Now is the time for your Unit to choose a delegate. Plan to pay his or her expenses and notify Crusade Headquarters at once that your school will be represented at the Convention to be held in Toronto on Thursday, Oct. 1 to Sunday, Oct. 4th.

In order that this first Convention of Catholic students may be a huge success, it has been decided by the Crusade Executive to curtail every item of expense.

Due to the efficiency of Rev. M. J. McGrath, Chairman of the Visitors' Committee, there will be no charge for accommodation or meals during the delegates' visit to Toronto.

Practically the only item of expense will be the railway fare of visiting students.

—From "The Crusader."



"Still the game must go on"—and the handball alleys are popular with the students during recreation periods.

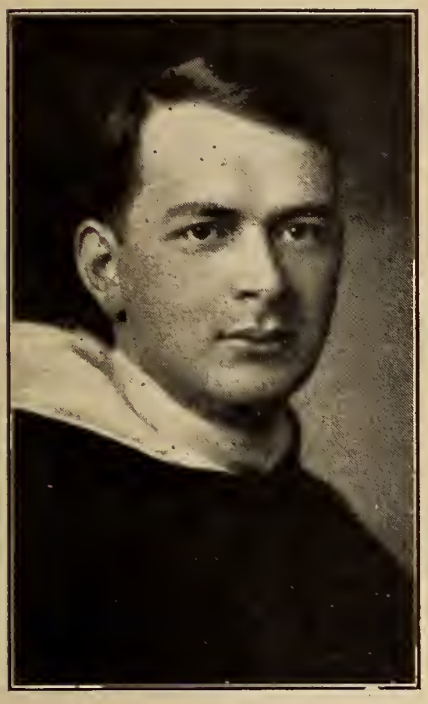
CHURCH NEED NOT FEAR, SAYS PAPAL DELEGATE

Rome.—The Catholic Church need have no fear of the new nationalism in China, declared His Excellency Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, in an address to the Missionary Union of the Clergy, here. When the Chinese Government really understands the Church, noted His Excellency, it cannot help but adopt a friendly attitude.

"Truth makes way, little by little," said the speaker. "Time works for, and not against the Church. We shall continue our work full of confidence, knowing that it is the work of God. The Catholic Church is in no way incompatible with the genius of the Chinese people. It offers them no affront, but on the contrary, it offers them the best and most fruitful elements for a true rebirth, just as it did in the past to the Western world."

In the discourse, which lasted an hour and a half, His Excellency was at times visibly moved in recalling the bravery and suffering of the missionaries who had been captured by the brigands.

Archbishop Costantini, as Apostolic Delegate, represents the Holy Father in China.



REV. A. M. BIRON, O.P.

HALIFAX CRUSADERS HOLD SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

On Sunday, May 10th, we held our seventh Annual Convention at St. Patrick's Boys' High School. The hall was beautifully decorated with the Papal colours and St. Patrick's Boys' Band was in attendance.

The meeting opened with the singing of "God Wills It" by three hundred representatives from Mount Saint Vincent, Sacred Heart Convent, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, St. Patrick's Boys' High School, and Saint Mary's College. Rev. Dr. Curran then addressed the meeting, reminding the Crusaders of their resolutions and duties.

The Treasurers of the various units then read the yearly report, which was followed by the reading of papers by the various presidents. The papers were as follows:

"Catholic Action," Mount St. Vincent; "Theophane Venard and the Foreign Mission Seminary of Paris," Sacred Heart Convent; "The Ukranians," St. Patrick's Girls' High; "A Study of the Eastern Churches in Union with the Holy See," St. Mary's College; "The Original Crusaders," St. Patrick's Boys' High.

Resolutions were then read by Mount St. Vincent, Sacred Heart Convent, and St. Mary's College. The guests were then called upon to speak and Rev. Dean McManus, Rev. Bro. Stirling, Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Fr. Granville, Mr. F. Phalen, and Mr. G. Flavin answered with stirring addresses on Missionary Work, and all concluded by congratulating St. Pat's Boys for the splendid way in which the Convention had been run.

The Rev. Director then closed the meeting with a few well-chosen remarks, and all went outside for the taking of a group picture. The afternoon was concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in St. Patrick's Church.

Wishing you the best of luck in your missionary enterprises,

Your Crusader,
JOHN E. LYNCH,
General Secretary Halifax Unit.

We were glad to receive the above report from the Secretary of the Halifax Unit of the C.C.S.M.C., and we congratulate the enthusiastic Crusaders of Halifax on their very successful Convention. The Mission spirit has certainly taken hold of the young men and women of Halifax, and on many occasions our Seminary has received tangible proof of their interest in the Missions.

FOR THE JAPANESE MISSIONS.

Last month we said goodbye to Father Biron and Father Laporte, the two priests from the Dominican Monastery at Ottawa who had been with us since last September. Those two sons of Saint Dominic had stayed with us in order to improve their knowledge of the English language preparatory to taking up their missionary work in Japan the coming Fall. We found much to admire in those brother-missionaries of ours, and we miss their companionship. May that cheerfulness and enthusiasm which they manifested whilst amongst us remain with them throughout the years as they labour for the salvation of souls in the Flowery Kingdom. In wishing them God-speed and every success, we are hopeful that it may be our good fortune to meet our Dominican friends again when we visit Japan en route to Chuchow.



REV. P. M. LAPPORTE, O.P.

Fathers Surprenant and Leduc, the two Dominicans who were with us last year, have been working hard in their mission in Japan, during the past nine months, and we know they are anxiously looking forward to the arrival of the new missionaries, who will have all the news for them from us. We commend their missionary work to the prayers of our readers.



Crusaders from St. Paul's School, Toronto, who paid us a visit and enjoyed seeing the Chinese curios in our little museum.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Little Missionaries:

A short time after you get this issue of "China" you will be all enjoying a vacation, let us hope a well-earned one after a year of hard work in school. During those days in school I know you have thought often of the Missionaries and have prayed much for them. I want you to keep them in mind also during those happy days of holidays; remember there are young Canadian priests over in China who are doing very splendid work trying to help poor pagan Chinese to get to Heaven; those priests have made up their minds to spend their whole life doing work for God in China, and even though the fine hot weather comes, and vacation time comes for you, those priests will not have any vacation; they are going to keep right on working, and surely you will not wish to leave all the work to them during those summer months that are coming. Aren't you glad to know that you can help them? And you will, too, won't you? "But," you ask, "how can I help them? They are away over in China and I am here in Canada." Oh, if our boys and girls knew how much their prayers and Holy Communions mean to those priests in China they would never let a day pass without asking God to bless their work.

This month brings the first anniversary of the canonization of the Canadian Martyrs. Just think of it! Three hundred years ago young French priests came here to Canada to do the same thing for the people then in Canada that our Canadian priests are now doing for the people of China. Ask the Sacred Heart to bless the labours of our Canadian Missionaries even as He blessed the labours of the French Missionaries who are now Saints in Heaven.

I know it will interest our buds to know that Father Tierney, the missionary who died while a prisoner among Chinese bandits, had a great devotion to the Little Flower, and he believed it was she who saved him so long from trouble in his mission; and now the Little Flower has obtained for Father Tierney the great grace of sacrificing his life for God and immortal souls.

LITTLE FLOWER OF JESUS

Little flower of Jesus
On bended knees I pray
To drop one tiny petal
That will reach this earth one day.

While softly floating downward
To Heaven my eyes shall turn,
Forgetting the world around me,
And all its pleasures spurn.

Ever watching, ever waiting
'Till I hear the trumpet blast;
Then may I see my petal coming
As my Soul shall breathe its last.

May it fall upon my lips,
Child of Jesus hear my plea,
That my last words will be like thine:
"My Jesus I Love Thee."

Written for the Rose Garden by "A Withered Rose."

I have forwarded all letters sent me for the "Withered Rose." Well, I don't want to take up too much space so I'll sign off right here. I wish you all the very best of success in your Examinations. Be loyal buds during the holidays!

Yours,
FATHER JIM.

Here's a letter that pleased Father Jim very much.

Dear Father Jim and Buds:

"Please accept my sincere thanks and appreciation for all your prayers and Holy Communions, and Father Jim's Holy Mass, all offered for me on April 19th. It is my ardent wish that Almighty God will reward you with richest blessings, and I return to each and every one of you the happiness you have brought to me in my darkest days of illness.

God bless you all and keep you and I shall ever pray for you all."

"The Withered Rose."

The response to the request for letters for this beautiful soul was beyond my fondest expectations. I thank all the buds who wrote, and I feel sure that our little Patroness will answer our prayers. I cannot help but make mention of the letter which Teresa O'Rielly of Eganville, Ont., sent to "The Withered Rose." She asked me to read it, and I am very glad she did. I thought it was excellent, and something like a letter which the "Little Flower" herself might write.

From Mount Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S. I received many letters telling me of the interest of the pupils there in our work. One of the letters said that "Sister told us that prayers are always answered in some way." Yes, and we are hopeful that the many prayers of our buds are going to secure many blessings on our work for souls in China.

"We get the 'China' every month, and I always turn to the Little Flower's Rose Garden first. I love to read all the letters." Mary Margaret McDonald knows a good thing when she sees it, and she would like to have lots of letters from buds addressed to her home, 659 David St., Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

"I would especially like to hear from girls in Alberta or any other Prairie Province. I'm choosing "Blondie" as my pen-name because I'm a blond. Greater and greater success to the Garden." I thank Catherine Casey, Box 156A, New Aberdeen, N.S., for her good wishes.

Belliveau's Cove, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

"We would like to enter your Rose Garden. We are five little girls: Elizabeth Blinn, Annette Theriault, Nemerise Theriault, Evangeline Belliveau,

and Yvonne Theriault. We would also like to have letters from other buds." This is the second group of new members from Belliveau's Cove, and we welcome them amongst us.

"I am a little girl ten years old. I am sending you a subscription for 'China' in this letter. I think you would be glad to have a soft west wind in your Garden, so I shall take 'Zephyr' for my pen-name. I would like to hear from Doris Gignac (Tiny) and Mary Chafe (Little Red Riding Hood). I hope they will write me. Best wishes for the missions." Catherine Maynard, Thorburn Rd., St. John's, Nfld., wrote that letter. Thank you for the subscription, Catherine; we are glad to have you with us, and I hope you will not have to wait too long for those letters.

I am a little late in showing you Catherine Chiasson's picture which she sent in February. Catherine's address is 43 Brookside St., Glace Bay, N.S., and she asks "Daisy Belle" to write to her.

Rose McNeil (Rose) and Annie McNeil (Garden-Flower) tell me that that they are doing their bit in school to help the little boys and girls of China by their spiritual and material offerings. They are two of our happy buds from Iona, C.B.

13-year-old Josephine Reynolds of 31 Beulah Ave., Hamilton, Ont., was delighted with the poem that Ruth Graves wrote for our Garden. "Could you get some of the buds from Nfld. to write to me?" she says. She has chosen a Chinese flower for her pen-name, "Lotus."

"You told us how much our prayers helped the missions in China, and if you send me a mite-box I will save up my spending money for the missions. This is the second time I have asked for a mite-box, but you didn't send me one." Barbara Hickey is the enthusiastic bud who sent this. I wrote her in answer to a very nice letter in which she told me that she had sent a spiritual bouquet to Ruth Grave's mother, and had heard from her. Barbara lives at 625 Gilmour Street, Peterboro, Ont.

One of the buds who writes me often is Evangeline Pierce (Laura), Box 116, Bridgeport, C.B. She is a member of the children's choir. She has framed the picture of the Little Flower I sent her. Buds who write her will not be disappointed.

Agnes Botell (Little Pal) of 7 Marjorie Ave., Toronto, has my thanks for the letter she sent, and especially for the excellent Spiritual Offering. She felt like "a lost sheep returning to the fold" after a long absence, but now she is in the field for at least six pen-pals. Agnes has a sister in our Club who is known as "Maple-Leaf."

Father Jim Got Caught That Time.

"Black-Eyed Susan" says she knows your name. She's not the only one. The last time I was out at the Seminary, the priest who answered the door said he'd get Fr. Jim for us, and we knew your name as soon as you came." From Honora Kennedy (Killarney Rose). We're not telling you her address for fear she would be deluged with letters. All we want to know is who was that priest who "gave me away." "Mum's the word", Honora.

From a letter received recently: "I guess I am too old to be a bud, but buds must open sometime and become roses. May I be a rose in your Garden, or will I have to remain merely looking over the fence? I am making a Novena for a very special favour, and I write to ask the prayers of your dear little buds. I promise to pray for them all. I am living away from home amongst non-Catholics, and your Garden will be a link with my Faith. If I get my request I will let you know." I'm sure our buds will be only too glad to say a "Hail Mary" for this nameless friend of ours, won't you?

Andrew Morris (Bumble Bee) of Renfrew, Ont., was one of those who wrote to "the Withered Rose." Andrew himself had been sick last year and appreciated the letters the buds then sent him, so he knew from experience how much his letter would mean. He is busy now trying to make up for lost time at school last year, but is ready to answer any letters that you send him.

"We must not be satisfied with merely fulfilling the conditions of membership in the Rose Garden, but we should try to make the Garden fragrant by good little deeds such as offering prayers for the Missions and for the sick and needy members of our Club. All can give their mite, be it ever so small, to make the spirit of our heavenly Patroness better known." These fine sentiments are expressed in a letter from Jack W. Richards, 88 Duke St. W., St. John, N.B.

Angela Haley thinks we have forgotten her because we never published her name. There have been many who joined who did not see their name listed, because to mention every member is impossible in the space allotted to us each month. Angela comes from Owen Sound, Ont., and her address is 387 15th St. E.

The Sisters at St. John's School, Arthur, Ont., have interested their pupils in the work of the Chinese Missions, and since many months ago this interest has been expressed in beautiful letters from some of the students. St. John's School is one whence almost entire classes have become buds to pledge daily prayer and monthly Communion for the two intentions expressed in our membership certificate. Acting on the principle that 'tis better late than not at all, let me introduce some buds who joined us a good while ago: Jean Dunn, Box 241; Mary Anderson (Teddy); Helen Farrell (Rose), Box 231; Rose Fitzpatrick (Sunshine); Nora Dunn (Sunbeam); Mary Farrell (Merry Sunshine), Box 100; Clara McGivney (Canadian Lassie); Marcella Doyle; Camilla Heffernan (Sunbeam); Alice McGivney (Blue-eyes), R.R. No. 1; Agatha Callaghan (Mary Lou); and Jack Anderson (Jake), whose picture appeared before.

In addition to writing to "the Withered Rose," Teresa O'Rielly wrote Father Jim a fine letter also, in which she says that if she wanted to know who Father Jim was "very very badly" she could easily find out from a relative of hers who "knows" Fr. Jim. Well, I'm not issuing any challenge to

INTRODUCING SOME MORE OF OUR MEMBERS



Left to right: Evlolia Currie (Fox-glove), 712 Sterling St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Catherine Chaisson (Dandelion), 43 Brookside St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Cameron O'Rielly (Dew-worm), 185 King St. W., Oshawa, Ont.; Rita Donahoe, Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; James Yetman (Pal-o'-mine), Murphy's Sq., St. John's, Nfld.; Patrick F. O'Halligan, 8 Murphy's Sq., St. John's, Nfld.

you, Teresa, but I'd be willing to bet all my old razor blades that you couldn't find out for sure. We will be very sorry to lose you when you leave our Garden. God bless you, and may you succeed in your plans for the future.

Francis Mooney (Big-Chief-Two-Feathers—how's that for a pen-name?) finds the book about the "Little Flower's Mother" by Father Dolan very interesting. He says he likes to see the pictures of our buds in "China." How about sending your own picture that you promised, Francis?

From 10 Bayfield St., Charlottetown, comes an appeal for pen-pals from Helen Costello (Primrose); two sisters, Agnes and Mollie Maynard, are already corresponding with her, and she is delighted with them.

A new bud from Gananoque, Ont., is 12-year-old Loretta Latimer of 170 Stone St., N.

Margaret Reynolds and Claire McDonald are "very smart pen-pals" in the opinion of Marie Campbell of 55 Victoria St., Glace Bay, N.S. Marie is "Twin B," and her sister, Mary is "Twin A." I wonder how many twins we have among our members.

I'm passing this letter on to our buds in the hope that they will enjoy it as much as I did. It comes from Hamilton. "This is just a line to say that I've been in your Garden again, and it gives me much pleasure to read the letters from the buds. When I saw your appeal for letters to 'A Withered Rose' I thought I should write her as I've seen six years of sickness myself, and I felt rather ashamed of my imposture on reading of this girl. I, too, have often thought I would like to join your Garden, but Father for all my sickness I'm rather wild and wooly. Do you know any flower that might suit a person such as that? I've belonged to the Society of the Little Flower for two years now and she has been a wonderful little Saint to me. Honest, Father, I think this has saved me from being an old hen of the old hens. As there has been quite a lot of talk about those Hearth Stone corners the secular papers run, I was pretty pretty near writing in to them, but I see they are taking to writing of their operations, and I haven't had any yet so I'm out of luck there. Anyhow, I honestly hate their page as they are always "poor dearing" someone and I'd rather be called a poor fish than a poor dear. Wishing long life to the Rose Garden. Sincerely,——."

I know the sympathy of the buds will go out to Patrick O'Halligan of 8 Murphy's Square, St. John's, Nfld., who is now in the hospital suffering from meningitis. He asks for prayers for himself and his mother. I had a very newsy letter from Patrick, and I will certainly pray for him that things of which he told me will turn out all right. He sent along his picture and one of his chum, Jimmy Yetman, also of Murphy's Square, St. John's. Thanks for the stamps and for the pictures, Patrick, may you soon get well and be able to enjoy the fine summer days that are coming.

WORKS THAT ENDURE FOR ETERNITY.

Rosaries	81
Masses attended	37
Prayers for China	190
Stations of the Cross	73
Prayers to Guardian Angel	93
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	27
Ejaculations	910
Prayers to Little Flower	33
Holy Communions	11
Prayers to Patron Saint	28
Act of Mortification	1

Miss Irene MacNeil, teacher at Iona Low School, sent in this Spiritual Bouquet from her class. They are very interested in our work and are trying by their prayers to help the good cause. We are very grateful to those young missionaries.

Many of us who are continually writing day in and day out will be glad to know about the new Portable Underwood Typewriter and how it can be bought on special terms for the month of June. This new machine is quiet, fast, and above all, easy to operate.

See their ad on inside front page.

The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

Pembroke, Ont.

are prepared to receive in their Novitiate young women who wish to labour for God as

NUNS IN CHINA

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Reverend Mother General,

Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,

Pembroke, Ont.

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Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Glad to Meter.

"Dear," said the poet, "I think we'd make a good couple."

"Well," sighed the girl, "dont think I'm averse."

Business Efficiency.

Employer (to applicant for job): "Do you tell lies?"

Applicant: "No, sir, but I can learn."

Safe, Anyway.

They were riding along a beautiful stretch of country highway. She was driving, and suddenly espied repair men climbing the telegraph poles.

"Why, Harry, just look at those men," she exclaimed. "Do they think I never drove a car before?"

Peak of Publicity.

First Urchin: "My father's 'ad 'is photograph taken."

Second Urchin: "That's nothing. My father's 'ad 'is fingerprints took."

An insurance company wrote out a $1,000 life policy in the name of one Samuel Johnson. Premiums were paid promptly for a few years, but suddenly stopped. After sending a few delinquent notices, the company received this reply: "Dear Sirs:—Please excuse us as we can't pay any more premiums on Sam. He died last May. Yours truly, Mrs. S. Johnson."

Teacher: "Who is the smartest man living?

Pupil: "Thomas A. Edison. He invented the phonograph and the radio so people would stay up all night, and use his electric globes."

The hotel clerk was astonished to see a guest parading through the foyer in a pair of pajamas.

"Here, what are you doing?"

The guest snapped out of it and apologized:

"Beg pardon, I'm a somnambulist."

"Well," sneered the clerk, "you can't walk around here like that, no matter what your religion is.'

The Uncertainty of It.

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Jones to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the most patient, gentlest, best-natured man that ever lived, an' sometimes I think it's just laziness!" —Montreal Star.

Funny.

Johnny: "Say, Dad, remember the story you told me about the time you were expelled from school?"

Dad: "Yes."

Johnny: "Well, isn't it funny how history repeats itself?"

I rose and gave to her my seat;
I could not let her stand—
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

What's in a Name?

Village Policeman: "This won't do. We've had too many 'Smiths' about here. Give me your real name and be quick about it, too."

Speeder: "Well, if I must, it's W. Shakespeare."

Policeman: "That's better. You can't bluff a man like me with that 'Smith' stuff."—Kitchener Record.

The Other Way 'Round.

"Were you one of the many fooling with the stock market?"

"Not me, I was serious; the market did the fooling."—From the Red Guidon.

A Sound Film.

"A film is to be made of a baby's first year," says a news item. It should be a scream.

Excited Woman: "I've lost my canary!"

Officer: "Would you mind notifying the Flying Squad?"

One good thing about the horse is that when he loses a shoe, you don't have to jack him up beside the road and nail another one on him.

Employer: "Are you a married man?"

Sambo (applicant for job): "Naw, suh—Ah makes mah own livin'."

Common Complaint.

"I believe William thinks I'm nothing but a charwoman."

"Oh, don't mind, dear. My husband complains about his toast, too."

Unarmed!

"Darling, would this be a good time to ask your father for your hand?"

"Yes, dear, he's sitting in the kitchen now in his stocking feet."—Capper's Weekly.

"You ought to typewrite your poetry, you know."

"My goodness! If I were clever enough to do typewriting, do you think I would be wasting my time on poetry?"

"I wish the boys wouldn't call me Big Bill."

"Why?"

"Because college names stick. And I'm studying to be a doctor."

Thinking Before Speaking.

The master, to impress on his pupils the need of thinking before speaking, told them to count fifty before saying anything important, and one hundred if it was very important.

Next day he was speaking, standing with his back to the fire, when he noticed several lips moving rapidly.

Suddenly the whole class shouted: "Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hundred. Your coat is on fire, sir!"

Double.

The Golfer: "What do you think I went around in?"

His wife: "Double."

The Golfer: "What do you mean?"

Wife: "Double what you're going to tell me."

Oh, My!

"That was greedy of you Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of pie."

"You told me, mother, I was always to take her part," replied Tommy.

Optimism.

An optimist is a man who marries the captain of a girl's debating team.

Exit.

Inspector: "Got away, has he? Did you guard all the entrances?"

Constable: "Yes; but we think he must have left by one of the exits."

"Ah done hear yo' stayed in de haunted house last night. What happened?"

" 'Bout two o'clock Ah woke up, an' a ghose come frew de side wall es if de wall wasn't dere.'

"Boy, Ah went frew de other side wall de same way."

Fond Parent: 'Yes, teacher, we seldom have to use capital punishment on Johnny."

The Bust.

A maid in great bluster
Was using a duster,
And dusting a bust in the hall,
And when she had dusted
The bust it was busted,
The bust now is dust, that is all.

STAMP CORNER.

Prizewinners in Stamp Contest.

Following are the prizewinners in our latest Stamp Contest: (1st) A. S. Hillcoat, Sun Life Building, Dominion Square, Montreal; (2nd) Brother Olier, s.c., Sacred Heart College, St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.; (3rd) Rev. Paul Kuehne, O.S.B., St Peter's College Muenster, Sask.; (4th) Ralph Parkinson, 102 Berkshire Ave., Toronto; (5th) Brother Celsus, 451 Ridout St., London, Ont.; (6th) Brian O'Connor, Verdun, P.Q.; (7th) Gerald Fitzgerald, 106 Elliott Row, Saint John, N.B.; (8th) J. J. Raiche, 207 Notre Dame St., Sudbury, Ont.; (9th) Irene Webb, 805 Avenue A, North, Saskatoon, Sask.; (10th) H. B. Smith, Box 5157 E, St. John's Nfld.

The Prizes.

1, 2,000 different stamps, $3.50; 2, New Canadian set, complete mint, value $2.50; 3, New Nfld. air mail set, $2.25; 4, Stamp Album with space for 14,000 different stamps, $1.50; 5, Beginner's Outfit, $1.00; 6, Nfld. re-engraved 1929 set, mint, $1.00; 7, Choice of any ten 10-cent sets from Honor Bilt Packet list; 8, 1,000 different stamps, 95 cents; 9 and 10, Your choice of any stamps from Honor Bilt list to the value of 75 cents.

Values mentioned are retail sale price. When ordering from Honor Bilt list mention alternate packets as some may be out of stock. Just state a few packets extra so that we may have a chance to fill your order in case we find ourselves short of certain items listed. This contest is open to all and there are no special "conditions".

Winners of the higher value prizes may select stamps from Honor Bilt list to the value of their prize if they prefer the packets instead.

Address STAMP CONTEST, CHINA, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Comments.

J. J. Raich would have been higher up in the contest if he had not "fallen down" on easy No. 33, which he allocated to Spain. It is the 60 Nfld. Cabot stamp, bearing picture of Henry VII, which looks for all the world like that of Christopher Columbus on the new Spanish sets.

Very few had No. 37 correct, the stamp with the crescent and star and Hebraic looking inscription. It is BRUNEI, or North Borneo. The British North Borneo Co. administered Labuan from 1890 to 1906 so we allowed LABUAN as correct also.

Brother Olier would have had first place in the contest if only he knew the 9 ct. Publicity issue of Nfld., really an easy stamp to find. He put it as from Greece. Many who won no prize at all had this correct and also the 60 ct Cabot. Strange how those who know stamps so well had tough luck on easy ones.

The Stamp Corner will be discontinued during the summer and whether it will be resumed or not in the fall will depend upon the wishes of our readers in general. While the actual members of the corner are most enthusiastic about it we doubt if it is of any interest at all to more than 5% of our readers and this being the case we question the advisability of giving a page to it each month. Let us have your opinion.

Meanwhile congratulations to the winners and best wishes for a very happy vacation to all members of the corner.

Sincerely
BEAVER.

HOW SOME PEOPLE GIVE.

SOME FOLKS GIVE THEIR MITE.
OTHERS GIVE WITH THEIR MIGHT.
AND SOME DON'T GIVE WHO MIGHT.

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received up to May 16th, 1931.

Mrs. Joanna Menary, $25.00; Pupils Oxford School, Halifax, N.S., $13.00; East Windsor and Walkerville Schools, $14.75; Mrs. J. Menary, $25.00; Primary Class, St. Thomas' School, Sudbury, $12.00; Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, $15.00; Mrs. Harcourt, Ladies' Unit, $25.00; Friend, Ottawa, $25.00; A Friend of the Little Flower, Owen Sound, $25.00; Holy Angel's School, Sault Ste. Marie, $30.00; St. Bonaventure College, St. John's, Nfld., $15.00; St. Anthony's School Dominion No. 4, $10.80; Seminarians Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, N.S., $21.50; St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, N.S., $50.00; St. Margaret's Convent School, Peterboro, $15.00; St. Paul's School, Toronto, $11.00; St. Patrick's Girls Academy, Montreal, $25.00; St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, $300.00; Notre Dame Convent, Brockville, $12.00; St. Raphael's Church, Montreal, $84.64; St. Columban's Church, Cornwall, $208.13; Mrs. Isabel S. Macdonell, $25.00; St. Francis Xavier Church, Brockville, $186.42.

$10.00 Each.

J. Drohan; Mary Shaw, Montreal; J. J. Carolan; St. Mary's College, Halifax.

$5.00 And Over.

Edward Fitzgerald, $5.00; Christina Gouyeau, $5.00; St. Thomas School, Sudbury, $8.00; St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I., $9.00; St. Peter's School, Fort William, $8.70; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Mary A. Power, $5.00; St. Joseph's School, Reserve Mines, $8.50; St. Mary's of Assumption Sunday School, St. Catharines, $5.00; Rev. J. J. O'Gorman, Ottawa, $5.00; Friend, Alexandria, $5.00; Monastery of Precious Blood, Alexandria, $5.00; Sister M. Pitre Tracadie, N.B., $5.00; St. Mary's School, Barrie, $6.00; Jno. Devine, $5.00.

$1.00 And Over.

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"And Jesus looking on him loved him, and said to him: One thing is wanting unto thee: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me—who being struck sad at that saying went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions."—Mark 10, 21:22.)

"Alas, alas for those who die without fulfilling their mission, who were called to worship Christ and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world, who were called to fight and remained idle. Alas for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used, or misused or abused them.

"The world goes on from age to age, but the holy Angels and blessed Saints are always crying alas, alas and woe, woe over the LOSS OF VOCATIONS and the disappointment of hopes and the scorn of God's Love and the ruin of souls."

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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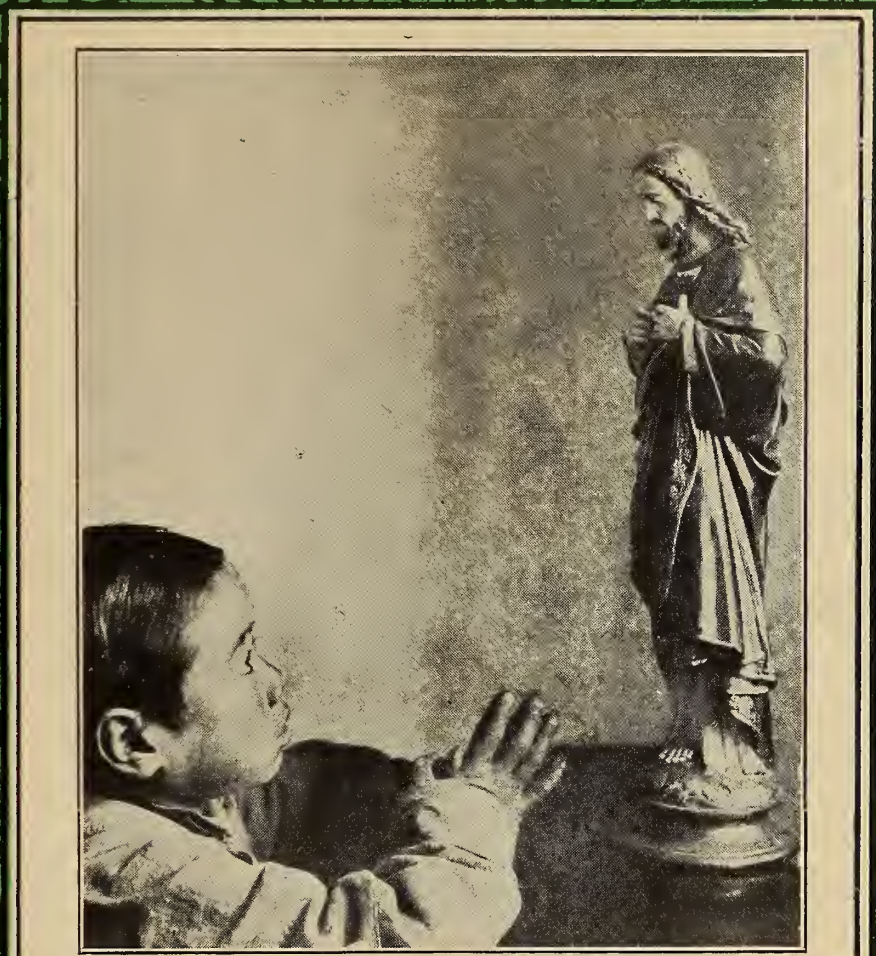
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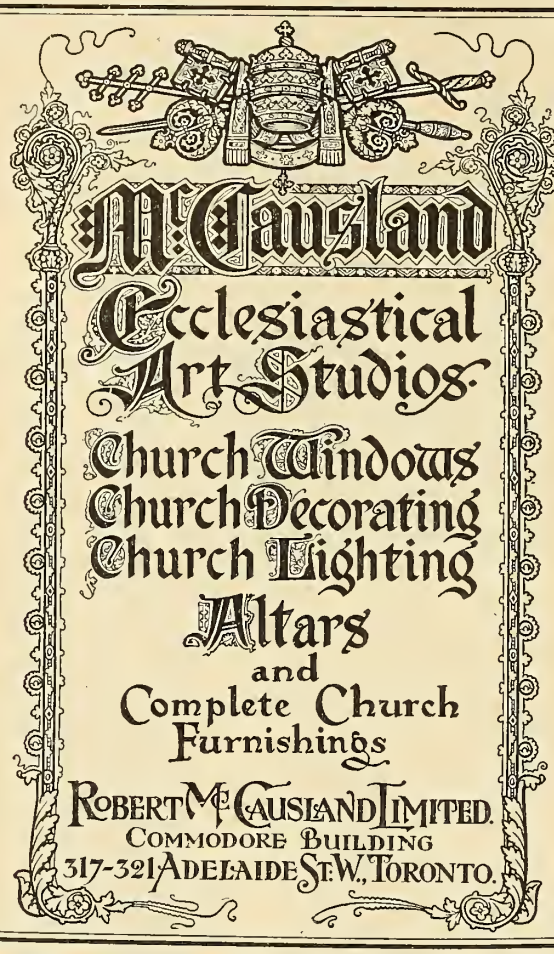
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CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
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THE MISSIONARY PRIESTHOOD

A short time ago thousands of Catholic young men from Coast to Coast stowed away their school books and began to enjoy the "freedom" of a long Summer vacation. For eight or nine months they had been subject to the discipline, more or less rigorous, that was necessarily a part of their training as students. Now the surveillance of teachers is relaxed, and the responsibilities of parents are proportionately increased. Soon, for many of those young men, a decision will have to be made as to their future. Certainly for a great number of them there will be no question of returning to school; they have formed other plans, made other decisions. They will try to secure some position or other, and with that ambition, which is a privilege of youth, they will aim high to make a mark for themselves in some field of endeavour, commercial or professional. Even as we write these words we know that there will be some (even though a few) who will still be undecided as to what their future course is to be, and their indecision is due to the fact that they are feeling a call to some higher life and are uncertain as to whether or not they should heed that call. They are hesitating about heeding a vocation to the Priesthood. The remarks that follow are written in the hope of preventing their decision from placing another tombstone in the already over-crowded "graveyard of Lost Vocations", and are addressed particularly to those young men who feel called to serve God in His army of Missionary Priests.

We are painfully aware of the fact that there are many splendid young fellows who have no obstacle whatsoever to prevent them from becoming priests, and yet they never will be priests. They hear the Call of our Divine Lord, "Come, follow Me", but they fear to make a start; they are loathe to turn their gaze from the bright prospects that a career in some worldly pursuit seems to offer them, and to unselfishly consider the tremendous benefits for themselves and others that a priestly life can give them.

If you feel that you should be a priest, you are being offered a chance to embrace the highest career open to human beings, a chance to have a high place in the service of One Who is at once your Saviour, your Friend, and your King. Yours can be the inestimable privilege of living every day of your life in the closest possible union with God—you will begin each day at the altar offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; you will spend your time doing good to others; teaching and instructing them that they may be able to save their immortal souls, and you will be working for those people whom Our Divine Lord loved so much, His poor and neglected. The Missionary vocation is a call to a life and service that is as nearly as possible the life and service of Christ Himself, and to any Catholic young man who wishes to make a success of his life what greater field of endeavour is open to him than that of the Missionary Priesthood?

What may the missionary hope for? He may joyfully hope for the privilege of sharing in the great work of the redemption and sanctification of souls. Today there are more than one billion people in pagan lands who know nothing of the blessings of Redemption, and their souls are in need of the help that only a Catholic missionary can bring to them. It is the will of God that those souls should be saved, but God deigns to leave to His creatures the choice of helping in this all-important work. Those poor pagan people depend for their salvation on the response that generous young hearts make to the pleadings of Christ's most Sacred Heart; and those who answer that Divine pleading are going to do something very much worthwhile with the talents and gifts they have received from God; they are going to do something which will have God's approval, and after all that is the only real genuine test of success. It matters little whether the world will regard them as foolish, or whether some of their "well-wishers" advise them that they are going to make a mistake. To the world and the worldly-wise it has not been given to understand the beauty and the richness of a soul, nor does the world appreciate the greatness of Sacrifice when the sacrifice is not directed to it.

There was a time when even good Catholic people looked with disfavour and suspicion on anyone who spoke of devoting his life to the Foreign Missions, but thank God such days are rapidly passing, and our Catholic mothers and fathers have a better appreciation of what Foreign Missions mean. They are getting more accustomed to hearing of it. Priests preach it in the churches. Teachers speak of it in the schools, and the work of the Student Mission Crusaders has made the Foreign Missions known for what they really are. People are beginning to understand that if they wish to be Catholic in spirit they must have an interest in the spread of their Faith, and they are now only too happy to know that one of their own flesh and blood is going to be an Apostle of Jesus Christ.

What Catholic parent could conscientiously object to a child becoming a missionary when they reflect on the appalling need for priests in mission lands?—a need that lends emphasis to the words of Our Lord, "the harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers into his vineyard." Are our Catholic people fully alive to the need of the Missions, and do our Catholic youths realize the golden opportunity for Service of God that lies in an answer to a vocation to the Foreign Missions? Should God call you to the Missionary Priesthood, then may He strengthen your will to declare and carry out your intentions. Be worthy of the Saviour who asks you to serve Him—make your life successful in God's sight, the only place where real success is judged.

The NO-SHI-KAN Mission Trail

By REV. J. L. BEAL



Beginning the five-mile climb over the famous Ku Lu Ling Mountain.

This year the sun did not enter the constellation Aquarius until Feb. 17, which marks the advent of the Chinese New Year. Aquarius and Aqua being synonymous we had a long seige of rainy weather; so much so the spring visitation of the parish before Easter was getting inconveniently short. However, March came in like the proverbial lamb and gave all assurance of clear weather. By March 3rd was ready for the road.

There was something about the weather too good to last—the following four days were rain-rain-and more rain. Two bridges were washed away in the flood which cut off communication with the north side of the chapel. The fifth day I ventured out to my later sorrow. After walking seven miles to visit an old christian family I learned they had moved to another village and before I returned a washout occurred on the road. The very elements seemed opposed to my visit. Of all places in need of spiritual restoration Chu-Z-Ca holds first place. So far my exhortations have borne little fruit.

After one week of seeming fruitless endeavor I left for the next chapel where results were more gratifying but the standard is not what it should be. Many are making an honest effort and I am sure our Divine Lord will give His plenteous reward to the faithful followers.

At this chapel on Friday, March 13, perhaps a rather unlucky day, at least in my case—my mass kit was stolen during the small hours of the morning. The foundation was undermined near the back door and by the use of lighted josh-sticks he or they marched through the house. The catechist who slept downstairs was carefully locked in his room by means of a chopstick. Many of these people erroneously believe that Americans carry thousands of dollars about with them for distribution. He felt most unworthy to call in person for alms so decided to relieve me of this obligation. The new inter-urban telephone lately installed came in handy. Early Saturday morning I called Father Morrison to despatch another mass-kit so I could say Mass for Sunday. This incident brought about relations with the local constabulary. After taking tea I informed the Chief Magistrate about the theft. He expressed his regret at my loss and assured me it would be recovered and the culprit apprehended. At this writing there is no trace of the box or its contents. Conversation drifted to the building of a hospital to be governed by The Grey Sisters. But under the present regime real estate law makes it prohibitive for foreigners to buy with security. Before leaving, one of the junior officers arrived quite nonchalantly and reported the killing of three bandits, he was given a free afternoon to visit his home.

Before leaving this town I was called to administer the Last Sacraments to old Philip Wong, a staunch pillar of the church. In the absence of the catechist Philip always led in prayers and was always very charitable to the poor. He was stricken with paralysis in the left side. Immediately all the famous quacks were summoned—each wrote out a different diagnosis and prescribed different remedies. Philip is in his 69th year so a cure is hardly to be expected. After Extreme Unction he was resigned to prepare his soul for the next world and offer his present suffering to atone for past faults. The next morning I brought him Holy Communion which he received very devoutly.

Bright and early St. Patrick's Day we started for No-Shi-Kan, 160 li. The first day was rather uneventful—the scenery is about the same as other places and road quite level. Evening found us in a small pagan village with only one hotel. All available rooms were taken by the Opera Players. There was no room for us at the inn. After scouting around for a lodging place we were shown hospitality by an old man who vacated his room and slept with a neighbor. The next morning he returned early to prepare the hot

water for his guests and cook the rice. At 7.30 baggage was packed and ready for the road again. This day I had looked forward to in anticipation because of the famous mountain, Ku-Lu-Ling, "Sorrowful Road Mountain," which we would climb later in the day. At 11.15 we were taking tea at a restaurant when the carrier arrived saying he couldn't go another li without having his dinner. I wished to move on to another town five li farther but to accommodate the carrier we stopped for dinner—in the meantime I finished the day's Breviary.

Two hours walking brought us in view of the mountain. "Sorrowful Road" is certainly not a misnomer. After one hour and a half of stiff climbing we reached a level landing place. Deo gratias we are at the top. Oh, no! said the boy, this is just a resting place —in other words an air station, there are two more such places before we are on top. We had outdistanced the carrier and evening was fast approaching. I noticed a small hut perched on the side of the mountain, so sent the boy over to find an auxilliary man to help the carrier along. After much talking one came along for twenty cents. Another thousand feet and we see Chuchowfu. As we were passing a narrow ledge the boy asked if I was frightened. I answered in the negative. Well, a few weeks ago two men were stabbed right here and pushed down this gorge. That sounds like adding insult to injury. I was carrying a third leg resembling an Irish thorn, so I took the lead, but nothing happened. At nightfall the other side of the mountain was fading from view and a small town covered with a blanket of smoke appeared in the distance. Here we would be welcomed by a pagan family really Catholic at heart.

A hot supper was soon prepared in true Chinese style. As I was shown to my room a bucket of hot water was brought in to wash my feet—a very old Oriental custom. My ankle was swollen quite badly so decided to tape it before retiring. Some one saw the iodine and tape — that was enough. He came in telling me his ailments. This brought a score of others ranging from toothache to chapped hands. Iodine had to stand the test for all; no one would be refused. By the time all were treated to their satisfaction it was near eleven o'clock. May God bless these good simple people and may they soon have the gift of Faith to know you are the only True God where they can find cure for their souls also.

Early next morning before the household were roused from slumber I celebrated Mass. Little did they think on that morning the King of Kings had visited their humble home. Before leaving the old man asked that a catechist be sent to them to instruct his family about our religion. There is still thirty-five li to walk and the road in many places is just a path over loose stones. The spring flood had washed away many of the little bridges, several times we sat down removed our shoes and waded across the streams rather than walk around several li dry shod. At noon we were within five li of our destination. The Catechist had come out to welcome us and to be the first to carry the glad news to the Christians. As we were passing a pagan home, the master saw us and asked the Catechist to invite the priest in for dinner, we will be very honored if he eats here. The request could not be refused.

The Catechist left before dinner was officially over, that is, the drinking of tea and eating watermelon seeds, to inform the Christians about our arrival. At two o'clock we reached the chapel where many of the Christians were waiting. They had not seen a priest since last March due to bandit activities. Above Suichang the road was not safe during the fall visitation. The Rosary and Litany was recited in thanksgiving for the safe journey.

This little community is separated so to speak from the evil influences of large cities; pagans there are but so different from others. There is a small temple but it is gradually falling into ruins. With the help of God and His Holy Grace this village will soon be Christian. A school will soon be opened for both Christian and pagan children; the doctrine will be taught daily.

After the instruction at night there were many confessions, and each morning the chapel was filled for Mass. It was a wonderful consolation to see the devotion and piety of these people—many were daily communionists. Although the road presents many difficulties it is well worth the little sacrifice to visit this chapel.

Saturday morning I was invited to a Christian family in the country where Catherine Chang was made a child of the Church. The road out there is over a steep mountain—a sister to Ku-Lu-Ling. The ceremony was followed by a banquet and the usual fireworks. Sunday morning before Mass three more were baptized in the chapel.

Sermons and Catechetical instructions were the order of the day during the mission. Monday I made arrangements for carriers to return. When this news reached the Christians a protest was raised that it would be unsafe to leave now. The following Sunday I promised to spend in our first chapel where many had not gone to the Sacraments due to the rain at the beginning of my

(Turn to page 108)



Some of the Christians who gave Father Beal a hearty welcome to No-Shi-Kan.

TORONTO CRUSADERS GIVE GENEROUS GIFT TO CHINA.

Early in June the C.C.S.M.C. unit of Loretta Abbey College, Brunswick Ave., Toronto, held a very successful end-of-term meeting at which Father Fraser was present. At the close of the meeting Fr. Fraser was handed a cheque for fifty dollars for the Chinese Missions. Such generosity on the part of the Loretta Crusaders is deeply appreciated; on many occasions they have given evidence of their active interest in our work, and we congratulate them on their spirit of enthusiasm for the Missions.

THREE ORDAINED SUBDEACONS FOR CHINA MISSION.

On June 12th at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, three of our students were ordained Subdeacons by His Excellency, Bishop Murray, of Victoria. The young men ordained were: Rev. Gerald Doyle, Toronto; Rev. Wm. McNabb, St. Thomas, Ont.; and Rev. James McGillivry, Glace Bay, N. S. Mr. Roland Roberts, of Victoria, B. C., received the first two minor orders.

The ceremony which will mark the departure of four of our Priests for China is scheduled for Sunday, October 4th. This Departure Ceremony will be the grand climax of the C.C.S.M.C. National Convention, to be held in Toronto, beginning October 2nd.

A BOAT-LOAD OF MISSIONARIES.

Passengers on board the German steamer S.S. Trier on a voyage from Europe to the East had a rare opportunity of witnessing the Catholicity of the Church as well as her universal missionary effort. The vessel carried 57 missionaries of various nations and tongues bound for scattered ports, which is believed to constitute a record group for a single ship. An "Academia" was presented by the missionaries on board ship at which nine languages were used in entertaining the passengers, many of them non-Catholics.

The list of missionaries included two Benedictine Fathers of St. Ottilien bound for Korea; a Spanish Benedictine priest and lay brother on commission to decorate the Benedictine Church at Manilla, Philippine Islands; two Benedictine scholastics from Buckfast Abbey bound for Beda College at Manilla; seven Carmelite nuns for the world-famed land of Borneo; two Salesian Fathers for China and Japan respectively; 10 Salesian scholastics; nine Salesian novices for Siam; eight nuns for Siam, Japan and Hongkong; two priests and one deacon of the Society of the Divine Word for Kansu, China; three Scheut Fathers for the Philippines; two priests and three lay-brothers of the Pious Society of Missionaries for Australia; a Spanish Augustinian for the Philippines, and one Irish Jesuit priest with two scholastics for Hongkong.

—Fides

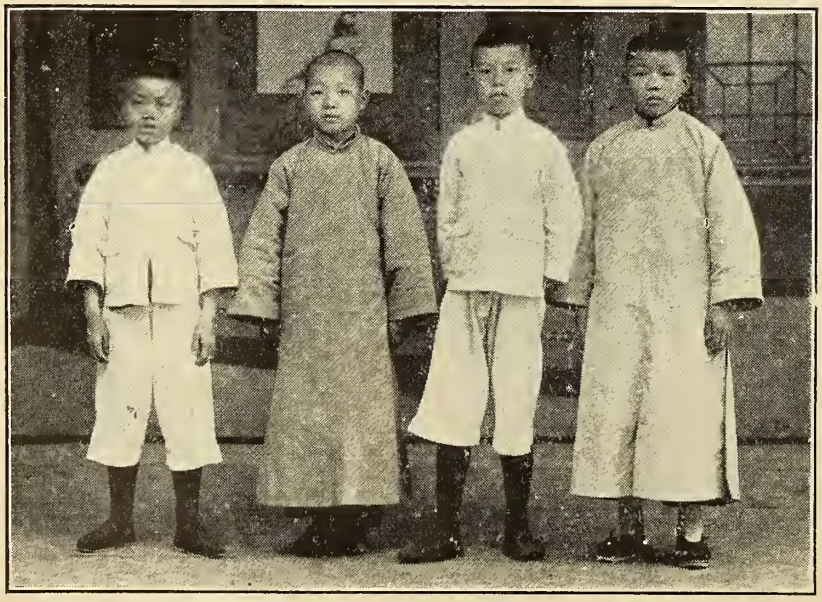
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A lady in Port Credit, Ont., wishes to acknowledge a favour received through the intercession of Rev. Fr. Tierney, an Irish Missionary recently martyred in China.



Four boys from the District of Kinhwa. Father Wong (of Chuchow West, Kinhwa), sent those boys to the Minor Seminary in Hanchow, where they will make their preparatory studies, Latin, etc., for the Priesthood. Our Seminary supplied them with money to buy clothing, books and other articles necessary for their journey and studies. The boys come from families that are very poor. Pray that God may bless their youthful hearts and help them to become Priests.



REV. F. J. McGOEY

A REAL FRIEND OF THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

Rev. Father Frank McGoey, whilst yet a student at St. Augustine's Seminary, gave excellent proof of his desire to help our work, and for the past two summers he organized and conducted a campaign all over Canada for subscriptions to "CHINA." These campaigns have been a wonderful help to us and have greatly increased our circulation. The work was such as to give Father McGoey large scope for the splendid organizing ability that he possesses, and which he has used successfully in several other important works in connection with the Seminary. This summer he again organized a subscription campaign for us, but owing to his ordination to the Priesthood he has not been able to take his usual active part "in the field."

We wish to make use of this opportunity to thank Father McGoey, and to ask all our readers to pray for him that his priestly labours may be blessed with rich results. Father McGoey has been appointed Curate at St. Clair's Church, Toronto.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Shortly before our students began their vacation, our Seminary was honoured by a visit from His Excellency, Most Rev. A. Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland. To the assembled students His Excellency spoke words of encouragement and kindly advice, and before leaving he gave us all his blessing.

NEW FIELD OF LABOUR.

Through the kindness of Bishop Faveau of Hanchow, our institute has been asked to extend its field of labour in China to the District of Kinhwa adjoining our own District of Chuchow. Kinhwa embraces a large and populous section of the Province of Chekiang and is at present under the control of the Bishop of Hanchow. It is likely that in the near future a few of our priests will begin their work in this new territory.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.

Peking, May 28.—Statistics released by the Apostolic Delegation at Peking, China, show that, despite the unsettled conditions in parts of China, the Catholic population rose from 2,472,619 in June, 1929, to 2,490,392, in June, 1930, a gain of 17,773. The number of foreign Priests rose from 2,011 to 2,092, a gain of 81, and the Chinese Priests from 1,371 to 1,446, a gain of 75.

The actual converts totalled 50,109, but the number of deaths and emigrations reduced the gain to 17,773. The converts for the same period the year previous (1928-1929) were only 47,637.

Interesting are the figures for the young Chinese studying to become Priests: those in the preparatory seminaries totalling 1,463, (as against 1,462 in 1929); those in the minor seminaries totalling 2,745 (as against 2,465 in 1929) and those in the major seminaries totalling 921 (as against 838 in 1929). The total increase in students for the priesthood is thus 346.

Thirty-Year Gain

Shanghai, May 28.—The Catholic Missions in China, which now have a total of almost two and a half-million members, have registered a gain of 1,800,000 in the last thirty years, against a gain of 350,000 in the preceding thirty, according to figures just released here by the Chinese Bureau of Zi-Ka-Wei, here.

Communism, civil war, famine, military service—the latter often compulsory — have served to reduce the 1930 total of increase to a mark below that of the years immediately preceding and to a fraction of the average maintained from 1905 to 1925, when the annual gain regularly totaled more than 70,000.

One reason for the diminution shown in recent years is to be found in the fact that certain of the missions have felt the need of revising their figures. In spite of real progress, attested by baptism figures, several have not hesitated to report a census total far below that of the preceding year. In this manner, the figures of the Chinese Bureau show some 20,000 names have been erased from the mission lists. The Diocese of Macao, for example, reports a decrease of 6,000. Famine mortality, too, has been high in many districts, notably Shensi and Kansu.

Statistics on religions show that there are now 3,600 Priests and 4,000 Sisters now working in China. The rate of increase in the number of Priests from 1900 to 1910 was twenty annually. From 1910 to 1920, the increase was thirty a year, and from 1920 to 1930, it was 45 yearly. Latest figures show the annual increase to be almost 100. Despite these increases, however, there is but one Priest for every 1,730 Catholics in China, while in 1900 the ratio was one for every 1,540.

Progress Less Regular

Among foreign missioners the progress has been less regular. From 1900 to 1910 the average increase was 45. In the next decade it dropped to five. From 1920 to 1930, however, the figures show an annual average of 75. It is to be noted that more than half the missioners have not yet been ten years in the field, having scarcely left the formation period, their initiation.

In 1900, ten religious congregations had charge of the mission districts in China. In 1920 there were eleven. Today 28 congregations of men send Priests to China, but some of them are just establishing themselves in the field and it would be unjust to expect from them the results that are obtained by the older Orders.

This multiplication of Missionary Institutes has led to a multiplication of mission districts—a recent movement. From 1900 to 1920, only nine new Missions were established. Forty-nine new Missions were established in the following decade, thirty of them in the last five years. These new centers necessitate the creation of administrative machinery, which takes a large number of Priests away from direct apostolic work.

In 1910, there were 730 Sisters in China, of whom about 350 were Chinese, divided among ten foreign and seven native congregations. Today there are 4,235 Sisters, 2,835 of whom are Chinese. They represent 41 Religious Congregations for Women, besides 37 purely Chinese congregations.

Latest statistics further show that the number of secondary and advanced primary schools has increased in the last two years from 342 to 467.

LOVELESS.

Can you imagine a religion without love for its actuating principle? Can you imagine worshipping a deity vindictive, capricious, selfish; a deity who regards you with scorn and antipathy; who will vent his malice upon you in this world, and then plunge you into a sea of horror in the next, and whose fickle good-will may be gained only by fulsome flattery, or by heavy bribery? Such is the religion of China, and such the disposition of its innumerable gods.

With what wonder and delight do these poor people listen to the story of our Saviour's love, portrayed for them by the Christian missionary! A God who **loves** them! The idea seems prepostrous. With what wistful eagerness and new-born hope do the new converts call upon God as "Our Father, Who art in heaven!"



To our boys on vacation this will bring memories of days not long ago when the "ump" had to put up with a lot—and our team had an unbroken winning streak.

YOUNG CHINESE SEMINARIAN ANSWERS EDUCATION DIRECTOR.

Kweiyang, China.—(N.C.W.C.-Fides.—A young Seminarian in St. Paul's Minor Seminary here has proven his mettle as an apologist.

The Director of Education of Kweichow, together with 70 directors of schools from all parts of the province, assembled at Kweiyang, paid an official visit to the minor seminary where a program of addresses was arranged. The Director and one of his subordinates in the course of their talks had the extreme bad taste to make a strong appeal to the students to abandon the idea of becoming helpers to the "running dogs of foreign imperialism," the term they used to designate the missionaries.

The words shocked the missionaries, but their surprise was still greater when a young seminarian immediately arose in his place and made a fearless reply. "Everywhere we hear the cries of 'Down with the foreigner!'" he said. "As a matter of fact, our machines, our new institutions, even our very clothes—everything comes from foreigners. Science is international as the long lists of scholars prove. The Catholic Church being the expression of supernatural truth is also international. True, our seminary here is maintained by foreigners. But if these foreigners should try to inculcate in us a spirit against China, we would all rise up against them. As Catholics, however, we recognize in them our leaders. As Chinese we will defend our fatherland unto death, but if it shall be necessary to defend our faith, we will likewise defend it even with our blood."

To this bold and unexpected declaration there was no reply. During the refreshments offered afterwards to the visitors, the Director of Education leaned over and whispered in the ear of the Seminary director, "I expressed myself badly a few minutes ago."

MAKING CONVERTS IN CHINA.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that conversions are made merely by preaching to crowds on the street corners. Preaching is necessary, and is being constantly done, though rather in chapels or in village homes. The time seems not yet to have come for street-preaching; there is still too much antagonism abroad, ready to break out into active opposition or even persecution.

Just as at home, the preacher must have the example of good Catholic people as a living testimony to the faith he preaches. Indeed, the laity here play a larger part in bringing converts into the Church than they do at home. To the pagan Chinese one omnipotent God is a pretty abstract idea; they see nothing inconsistent in having many gods to whom to appeal, just as we have many saints.

But they see the fruit borne by Catholic preaching in the lives of Catholics and hear much about the Church from Catholic relatives and friends. The personality of the missioner also counts for much. If he is kindly and helpful the Catholics will spread the word around and the pagans do not then hesitate so much about coming in. On the other hand, if a priest does not appeal to them the pagans will be slow to become Catholics. Hence there is a saying "Old Christians honor God; new Christians honor the priest."

There is also the matter of superstitions. Most pagans are convinced that to give up the worship of their gods would bring bad luck. Heretofore almost the only thing that would convince them otherwise was the sight of those who had long been Catholics getting along just as well as or even better than themselves. Today the Chinese government is, without intending to, helping us in this matter, since it is destroying the idols and forbidding superstitions. Once the people see that life goes on much the same even without these they begin to realize that they are all false.

At the same time the soul of man is spiritually inclined and seeks a spiritual outlet. There are many pagans who say long prayers and others who never eat meat, not even eggs or fish. The vast majority of Chinese are peace-loving people, and they have a very good moral tradition, though not all live up to it. Many families are very strict about



The Mission Cause is well served in Halifax. Picture shows 300 enthusiastic Crusaders

the conduct of their children. Hence, in our work of making converts, we seek especially those who are good living and who show good will. We show them where superstition is useless, but do not ridicule them, assuring them that God will take into account the good intentions they have had, that, in fact, His leading them into the Church is a reward for their good will in the past.

Sometimes they are slow to grasp Christian ideas and the pagan notions are deeply ingrained. Hence, we must be patient with them and gradually replace the old ideas with new. The reception of the Sacraments seems also to have a marvelous effect, and it is interesting and consoling to note how much more at home in the faith are those who have been Catholic for ten years than those just baptized, while those who have been Catholics for twenty or thirty years show a proportionately greater depth of faith and love of the Church.

A difficult matter in the conversion of a pagan people is to find an opening. The wish to convert an entire nation is not sufficient. Faith comes by hearing and a missioner cannot force pagans to listen. At times persons determine to inquire into the matters of faith simply because of the kindness of the missioner, but these cases are rare. A most effective method of gaining entrance to the hearts and minds of pagans is through the baptized Christians. That zeal so often found in the convert at home is found also in the convert from Paganism. With little persuasion the newly baptized can be turned into a zealot for the spread of the Faith. When an opening has been found into a village, the task is well begun and half done.

Pray then that the missioner of Christ looking out on the fields "White for the harvest" may find a welcome in the hearts of the Chinese.

Father Meyer, M.M., China.
Boston "Pilot."

THE CHAIR-BEARER.

A characteristic of the Chinese, which his Western brother may well envy, is the calm and even heroic fortitude with which he bears all manner of human suffering. With stoical composure he will endure the sharp incision or lacerating probe of the surgeon's knife, under conditions that would make a Westerner howl in anguish while doctors' attendants hold him down. But not a whimper nor a rebellious jerk from the Chinese. Glorying in his almost superhuman powers of endurance, he bears all with silent dignity, only his drawn features and tightened lips giving mute evidence of his agony.

The staying-powers of a Chinese seem to have no limit. Take for instance the chair-bearers, little human beasts of burden. Like their lower brethren, the horse and the donkey, they plod patiently along till they drop in the traces. In the terrific heat of a tropical day they will carry a man and his baggage for fifty miles without protest or halt. And not over level lanes nor paved roads, but up steep and rugged mountain-paths, across swollen streams, through tangled ravines, they bear their heavy burden, their bodies steaming as they trot doggedly on. While their passenger, who has only to loll, and use his fan, is weak and faint from the unbearable heat, his chair-bearers patter along manfully and uncomplainingly, even exchanging merry pleasantries whenever passing incidents arouse their ever-ready sense of humour.

Ningyuanfu (Szechwan, China) —Six Chinese dollars, 20 quarts of Chinese wine and some pieces of red cloth satisfied the Lolos, an aboriginal tribe dwelling on the borderlands of Tibet, who, deceived by the terms "Europeans" and "Sons of Europeans" generally used in that section to designate Christians, had kidnapped two Chinese boys, charges of Father Marin Ou. When they could find no Europeans from whom they might demand a ransom they put the boys to work in the field but after a few months liberated them and received the remuneration mentioned above.

This is the July - August "China". The next issue will be for September.



n Annual Convention of the Halifax Units at St. Patrick's Boys' School, Halifax, N.S.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Little Rose Garden Friends:

I'm not going to say much to you this month, but I want to say to you once more not to forget during your vacation time that the missionaries in far away China have need of all your prayers and Holy Communions. You know it often happens that when young boys and girls get free from school for the long Summer holidays, many of them think it is all right to take the time "off" from their prayers, too. Now, this is a mistake, because when you are left to yourself you should be more careful than ever to keep up the good practices you have been doing during the year. I think you would enjoy your holidays a whole lot if you got up early in the morning and went to Holy Mass and Holy Communion. Then you can have all kinds of good fun during the day, knowing that you had done something for God the very first thing each morning. I hope every one of our buds will be able to say after holidays are over that God is pleased with the way they spent their time.

I got a whole pile of letters from buds who were anxious to tell me that they Graded in their Examinations, and I was very glad to hear that. Around Exam. time I remembered you all in my Masses.

I may have something to say next month about the answers to the contest "If I were Father Jim". I have received several poems from buds, but as I am not a poet myself I could not fix them up for publication. However, any little articles buds wish to send me for our Garden I will publish them if I think they are good enough.

May Nature's sunshine and the sunshine of God's Grace make you all enjoy a healthful, happy vacation. Sometimes say a little prayer for

FATHER JIM.

If that sick bud from Hamilton, whose long letter appeared last month will send me her name and address, I will forward her a letter from a friend which I feel sure will mean much to her.

One of our "old reliables" is Mary M. Kerr, of 82 Drummond St. E., Perth, Ont. She has enjoyed the many letters received from her 15 pen-pals, and would like Rita Byrne to let her know her address, so she can answer her letter.

THE MEMORARE OF SAINT THERESE THE LITTLE FLOWER.

Remember, O Most Gracious Little Rose Queen, your promise of never leaving any request made to you without an answer, and of coming down to earth to do good. Full of confidence in your power with the Sacred Heart we implore your intercession in our behalf and ask of you to obtain the Rose we so ardently desire. Amen.

HERE I AM!

Knowing that the "buds" and others are very keen to know something about Father Jim, I'm going to let one of the Glace Bay buds tell you all about me. She heard this from "reliable" sources, so here you are: Dear Father Jim: "You are five feet, 8 inches in height. Your hair is straight and the color between blonde and brunette. Your eyes are greenish-grey (not too much green, I hope!). You take size eight shoes (yes, sometimes, when I can't find my own!). You are right-handed. You have freckles, and you wear a Roman collar (the plot thickens!). For breakfast you drink orange-juice; for dinner, tea; (with or without milk?); and for supper, water (not such a good supper, eh?). You are quite healthy all the time (sometimes I suffer from nervous prostration when I read some of the "compliments" that come in my mail). You climb cliffs, play handball, soccer, golf, and tennis (and I like checkers, too!) And YOU ARE MEAN—you will not let anybody take your picture!" The bud who wrote me this says she has eight pen-pals.

While I'm on the subject I might say that a Toronto bud learned (also from a reliable source) that Fr. Jim is "an old stooped man with white whiskers". Now I hope you all know me. But in case you still are troubled about my identity, here are a few more hints—from another Maritime bud: "You wear glasses, but not all the time; you play ping-pong and hockey; you can swim, and you are a good singer; you have false teeth and a delicate appetite." (This last remark just shows you don't KNOW me at all!).

GOD'S LITTLE ONES.

The touching story of how two little captive children brightened the last days of Father Tierney, the Irish St. Columban Father, who died in the hands of Chinese bandits on February 28, is told by a confrere.

"Two little girls one a Catholic 12 years old, the other a pagan nine years old, were kept captive with Father Tierney. They were with him all the time and did everything they could to help him. Unable to make their way home if liberated, they were allowed to romp about as much as they wished. They were free to go over to the little market town, a few miles away, to buy little things or just to have a look. In this they were especially useful to Father Tierney. While his money lasted they would toddle down each morning to the market to buy him some meat and vegetables for his dinner.

"They attended him the whole day long. They washed his clothes and socks and did all his messages as well as they could for their size. They were happy, scarcely able to realize that their lives were in the balance. They must have consoled Father Tierney a lot. When he got seriously ill they became down-hearted and when he died they cried all the time. Even the other day when the messenger was up for the corpse the bandits told him that these two children have been crying for Father Tierney every day. Unfortunately they are still captives with the bandits; there being no one to ransom them out.

"I would give a lot to get both of them out alive for their own sakes and for the sake of Father Tierney. I'm sure it would make him glad to know a kindness had been done those who in a similar plight to his own, were kind to him in his last moments."

From Corner Brook, Nfld., one of our members writes to ask the prayers of the buds for her mother who is seriously ill.

Jack Connors is willing to tell any of the buds about the big "Air Meet" held in Kingston, Ont. Just write to him, c-o Box 53, Kingston. Send that picture, soon, John!

Three Cheers and a "Tiger" For Fairville!

Look at the picture in our Column this month, then read the two letters that follow, and you'll understand why we are cheering the buds of Fairville, N.B.

May, 1931.

Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to let you know of two one-cent fudge sales which were held in Sib Fraser's playhouse. We also had a lottery with both sales, the prize with the first sale was a 25c. script and the prize with the second sale was an embroidered towel. Both prizes were donated by friends of ours. We had a lot of goodies for sale; here is a list of what we were selling: Doughnuts, 1c.; fudge, 1c.; sandwiches, 1c.; cake, 1c.; cookies, 1c. Proceeds were for China Mission Building Fund, and we are sending you TWELVE DOLLARS ($12) from the money we made.

Well, Father, you may think this is very funny, but to us it was real work, and we enjoyed it ever so much. I think it would be a good idea if all the buds in Canada would have a one-cent sale; we could raise quite a sum of money for the Missions, don't you think so?

In closing, Father, I, with all the other buds, send best wishes and hope your Building Fund will be a success.

On behalf of the Buds of Saint Rose's School,

DOROTHY CARTON.

Dear Fr. Jim:

I am enclosing the names of 6 boys and 8 girls who want to become buds in your Rose Garden. They are: Joseph Doyle (Rob Roy); Donald Logue (Red Bird); Leo Bastarache (Sea-Gull); Murray Mullin (Plover); Perley Stevens (Blue Bird); Edmund Ried (Corntassle); Mary Mullin (Betty Lou); Doris O'Neil (Rose Marie); Margaret Doyle (China Pink); Rose Duffy (Wild Irish Rose); Elsie Kelly (Mavoureen); Florence Kelly (Flora Dora); Gertrude Crilley (Candy Tuft); Veronica Crilley (Floretta).

We have 50 on our register, and all of them are buds. I notice in a recent "China" a great number of buds from the West, but I think the buds from Fairville will exceed them all.

Wishing you every success with your excellent Rose Garden, I remain.

F.F.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING FOR MISSIONARIES

Masses	268
Communions	85
Rosaries	514
Visits	413
Litanies	1193
Alms	$2.00

From Pupils of Sen. IV. Class St. Gregory's School - Oshawa

"I believe everybody in New Waterford is interested in your Rose Garden," writes Roddena Flurtur. Well, I know our buds there are very enthusiastic, and our Garden is proud of them all.

"I am very interested in your Club. Please ask someone in Ontario or Nfld. to write to me. I wish you success with your new Building." Henrietta Somers (Daffodils), 20 Spring St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Ten year old Billie Bawks would like to hear from someone in Vancouver. His address is 106 Agnes St., Oshawa, Ont.

Mary Turner, of 205 Caledonia Mines, Glace Bay, wonders if she has a twin pal in the Garden; her birthday is on August 21st, when she will be 11.

"I read 'China' every month, and I like your page best," writes Kitty Galligan, 210 Renfrew St., Pembroke, Ont. Pen-name, "Bleeding-Heart".

Anna Mary Culligan told me of the preparations for the visit of the Papal Delegate to her parish in Douglas, Ont., and about a Mission given there in June. She will be glad to get a line from some girls in Nfld. Don't be afraid to send along that picture, Anna, I'm willing to take a chance on it despite what you said.

I fear at least one Toronto bud wrote me under difficulties, because her letter finishes up with this significant phrase: "I must close now because the teacher is coming to correct my grammar." Here's hoping nothing serious happened!

Margaret McDonald told me about the new Statue of St. Theresa in the church at her parish in Orwell Cove, P.E.I. Margaret is ten years old, golden-haired and blue-eyed, and wants buds of her own age to write to her.

Dorothy Heffernan liked being a bud so much that she was not satisfied till two of her sisters also joined our Club, and so at 193 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S., we have three who look forward each month to the coming of "China". Their names: Dorothy, Margaret (Violet), and Catherine (Buttercup).



The Rose Garden has keen supporters at Saint Rose's School, Fairville, N.B. They are all great little missionaries!

"The Call of the West."
938 Collinson St.,
Victoria, B.C.

"I am 12 years of age, and would like to correspond with girls my age I should like to hear from Mary O'Connell, and also to have pen-pals in Toronto. I am a pupil of St. Anne's, and we had the pleasure of having Fr. McGrath of your Seminary address us on the Missions. The reason I should like to hear from Mary O'Connell is because my name is Irish too.

Yours sincerely,
Noreen O'Neill (Nonie).

"Please tell some buds to write to me. I will not forget to pray for your intentions, and also that your Building Fund may increase to provide you with a new addition."

Patricia Howard,
(Pacific Rose-bud).

"I have not written to you before, because we do not get 'China', but your buds Mary Grant and Noreen O'Neill both gave me their copies after they read them, so I am well supplied. I would like pen-pals from everywhere. My pen-name, "Gloria".

Mary Hood,
1816 Quadra St., Victoria.

"Way Down East—In Newfoundland".

From Corner Brook: "I wrote you some time ago, but did not get an answer to my letter. I am 13 years old, and my teachers are Presentation Sisters. I am sending you in separate package some Nfld. stamps. Ask Nova Scotia buds to write to me."

Mary Foley.

Thanks, Mary, for the stamps. I hope you will get some letters now.

From St. Lawrence: "I'm glad that some of the buds have found out who you are, and I hope they won't keep it secret. I fared well with pen-pals; I have five. I would love to hear from Mary McAskill, P.E.I., and Norma Mills. I certainly do think our little Garden is growing, and I am proud of it."

Ena Farrell.

"I would like to hear from Rose and Blondie" — Florence Etchgary, St. Lawrence, Nfld.

Cape Broyle: "After the family rosary we all say the prayer for the conversion of China. I wish I could get letters from Toronto buds."—Aggie Hartery.

From Spaniard's Bay came a joint letter from Kathleen and Ellen Cain and Rita Hammond. I may have something to say about that letter later on.

From Saint John's: "We are glad to have a new Parish near our home now; we can go to Holy Communion more often, and the name of the Parish is St. Teresa's." — Mollie Maynard, Thorburn Rd.

Two new St. John's buds are: Anita Lawlor, 103 Long's Hill, and Margaret O'Brien, 26 McKay Street.

Mary C. Boudreau has our thanks for her letter and donation.

MURDER OF THREE PRIESTS FOLLOWED BY CAPTURE OF BISHOP OF LAOHOKOW AND FOUR ITALIAN FRANCISCANS.

Rome.—A telegram received May 20, brought news of the communist attack on the Catholic mission of Chayuenkou in the Vicariate Apostolic of Laohokow, Hupeh Province, China, in which three priests were killed and the minor seminary sacked. Bishop Hermenegild Ricci, Vicar Apostolic of Laohokow, was taken prisoner by the communists together with four Italian Franciscans, Father Lazzeri, director of the seminary; Father Santini, econome, and Fathers Geccacci and Maggini.

This news was not entirely unexpected since during the past several months Northern Hupeh has been under a continual menace from the communists. Every letter received lately from that section spoke only of sacking and killing.

SAY A PRAYER EVERY DAY FOR THE MISSIONS

The Mission Trail.

(Continued from page 101)

trip. I explained the reasons for the departure and will leave all in the hands of Providence. The return trip proved quite safe. Tuesday noon we were in view of Ku-Lu-Ling again—it did not look so bad from this side. We went over in true Alpine style in 2.17 flat. My travelling companions were tired out at four o'clock when we reached a small town, which has a reputation for its many opium dives. I persuaded them to go to a far better town fifteen li farther which would be much safer. They consented to my proposition after I had treated them to cakes and sugar cane.

Towards nightfall the town of Wu Shan could be seen from the mountain top. The thought of our day's journey was being completed quickened our step. We stopped at the best hotel and I was given a private room but it did not prove so quiet. During the night one of the little pigs strayed from the nest and could not find its way back. Not until the caretaker arose and put it to bed again did peace reign. This excitement wakened a baby somewhere but it was more difficult to pacify. Finally when quietness did come it was near four a.m., time to say Breviary, meditation, and Mass. We got away to an early start and arrived at Suichang in the evening—80 li. No one needed a bedtime story to induce sleep.

The mission was completed at Chu-Z-Ra on Palm Sunday with a fairly good attendance. Monday morning baggage was packed for the last lap—we reached Sung Yang in time for dinner, covering 160 country miles. Holy Week ceremonies and preparing for Easter took up the week.

In my report of the mission I have written repair work for two Chapels is urgently needed. Our mission budget is taxed now carrying on the ordinary expenses from day to day. A few hundred dollars would put the chapels in fine shape. This means sacrifice now, but what a generous reward in Eternity. By helping the missions you are helping to make our Divine Lord known and spreading His Kingdom on earth to those who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. A noble task indeed, but there is no reward without sacrifice. In the words of St. Paul: "For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation worketh for us above measure an eternal weight of glory."

J. L. BEAL,
Sung Yang, Che.

Note regarding the telephone call. The catechist and I arrived at the yamen about 6.30. The operator was still in bed and refused to perform any public function until 7.30 a.m. His servant was preparing hot water and breakfast and was anxious to have the master respond more graciously to our wishes. I asked him to ask permission to put the call through as it would take at least one hour to have an answer. The operator consented and we waited, the silence was only broken by the operator's snores until the clock clicked off another hour. At 7.45 Sung Yang was answering. There was likewise much confusion around the local yamen—these foreigners are persistent in their demands and breaking the morning silence. The conversation was in English so they were all at a loss to know what it was about. There is one operator for each city and no night service established yet. Charges were 20c for calling, and 10c for receiving.

Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

Bill: "What would you suggest for a bad headache?"
John: "Put your head through a window and the pane will be gone."

Maude: "I'll give Tom credit for one thing; he gave Susie a beautiful engagement ring."
Reggie: "Yes, the jeweler told me that he gave Tom credit for that, too!"

Before and After.

He: "I'll make a little money first, then perhaps we'll get married.'
She: "After that, I suppose I'll have to make a little money last."

Broadcasting Service.

"Are you in favour of women taking part in public affairs?"
"It's all right if you really want the affairs public."—Bennington Banner.

Gentle Reminder.

The novice at golf had an uncanny genius for sending the ball into the rough. Finally his exasperated partner whispered: "You've paid your membership dues at the club, haven't you?"
"Of course," the other replied.
"Well," said the partner, quietly, "I just wanted to let you know that if you've paid, you're entitled to use the fairways."

Bouquet For Wifey.

When it came to the naming of the new mine, the prospector's wife said: "Will you name it after me, dear?"
"Yes, darling, I will," said the prospector. "Yes, I'll name it in your honour."
And from that day to this, gentlemen, one of the richest gold mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota has been known as The Holy Terror.—Chicago Post.

Try a Muzzle.

Little Daughter—"Why is father singing so much to-night?"
Mother—"He is trying to sing the baby to sleep."
Little Daughter—"Well, if I was baby I'd pretend I was asleep."—Purple Parrot.

Padlocked.

The prison vision was going round the cells, and was asking rather fatuous questions. "Was it your love of drink that brought you here?" she asked a prisoner.
"Lor', no miss," replied the man, "you can't get nothin' here!"—Bystander.

He Knew.

Teacher: "Where do bad little children go who do not put any pennies in the collection box?"
Small Boy: "Please, miss, to the movies!"

Right to the Point.

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. A budding journalist was told never to use two words where one would do. He carried out this advice in his report of a fatal accident in the following manner:
"John Jones struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Age sixty-five."

No Flowers.

A very modern employer has ordered the following notice to be posted in his business premises:
"Any workman desiring to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the foreman before 10 a.m., on the day of the game."

Sergeant (spotting recruit's button undone): "'Ere, you! What's this? None of your sun-bathing tricks 'ere, m'lad."—Pearson's.

Righto!

"There's lot of juice in this grape fruit."
"Yes, more than meets the eye."—Associated Magazine.

His Money's Worth.

"It's scandalous to think they're going to charge you all that money for towing three or four miles."
"Never mind, I've got the brakes on."—Boston Young Men's News.

"Four 'bawls' and I walk," remarked the tired father as the baby began to yell.

Not Worth It!

A man went into a small town store.
"Give me a nickel's worth of asafetida." he said.
The clerk made it up and handed it to him.
"Charge it," requested the customer.
"What's the name, please?"
"Honeyfunkel."
"Take it," said the clerk. "I'm not goin' to write asafetida and Honeyfunkel for five cents."

No Detraction.

The Agent—I forgot to mention that in this country house you're buying there are two very old stained-glass windows.
Mr. Newgilt—That won't matter. If they're stained too bad to be cleaned, I can put in some new ones.—Standard.

The Big Stick.

"My wife," said Steve the drug clerk, "doesn't have all her own way, not by a jugful. Of course she assumes charge of our household and its expenses, gives me an allowance, looks after the children, the servants, the cat, the dog and the canary, but you bet I can say pretty much what I like to the gold fish."

The Ocala (Fla.) Star says there is a Negro family living on the edge of that town consisting of six children, three pairs of twins. The oldest pair are named Pete and Repete, the second are Kate and Duplicate, while the babies are Max and Climax.

Professor's Wife — "Why, dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet!"
Professor—"Why, Mary, they're the only feet I've got."

Aspiring Youth (to prospective employer): "You'll pay me what I'm worth?"
Works Manager: "I'll do better than that—I'll give you a small salary to start with."

Arithmetic Bugs.

Major: "What are you scratching your head for, Rastus?"
Colored Private: "Aw, sah, I got 'rithmetic bugs in my haid, sah."
Major: "What are arithmetic bugs?"
Colored Private: "Dat's cooties."
Major: "Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?"
Colored Private: "Because dey add to my misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, dey divide my attention, and dey multiply like de dickens."

Knew His Parsing.

Teacher: "Parse the sentence: 'Tom married Jane.'"
Small Boy: 'Tom's a noun because he's the name of something. Married's a conjunction because it joins Tom and Jane. Jane's a verb because she governs the noun."

Domestic Fractions.

A grade school teacher was instructing a beginner's class in fractions. After cutting an apple and an orange into quarters and eighths, she asked a little girl who had not been attentive in the class what the divisions of fruit were called.
"Fruit salad," was the answer.

Willing to Please.

Cranky Customer: "Here, waiter! Take this roast beef back to the chef. It isn't fit for a jackass to eat."
Willing Waiter: "All right, Sir! I'll see that you get another helping that is."

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(TOBIAS IV, 9, 10.)

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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Vol. XII. ...CHINA... No. 8

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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The New Prefecture of Chuchow

In 1918 Father John Fraser returned from the Mission Field in China to establish in Canada a Seminary for the education of young men for the Priesthood. God so blessed the work that it was found necessary to build our present Seminary in order to accommodate those who devoted their lives to the service of the Foreign Missions. A district was assigned to the new Canadian Seminary for evangelization, and now word has come from Rome that this district of Chuchow has been erected into a Prefecture-Apostolic. The decree of erection is dated June 23, 1931.

* * *

Our friends everywhere will rejoice with us at this new testimony of approval coming from the Holy See. The raising of Chuchow to the status of a Prefecture is a tribute from the Holy Father, the Pope of the Missions, to the progress of our work in China and an expression of confidence in the future of Canada's contribution to Mission work. The jurisdiction of the Church of God extends to the entire world, and the whole world is divided into well-defined sections or districts ruled over by some ecclesiastical superior appointed by the Pope. The gigantic task of regulating the activities of the Church in mission lands is centered in the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide at Rome, whose head is His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum. It has been the policy of the Holy See to confide each district in a mission country to some definitely organized group of missionaries who assume responsibility for the spread of the Faith in the area under their care. For the past six years our district of Chuchow formed part of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Ningpo, under the guidance of His Excellency Bishop Andre Defebvre of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary. Now, by the gracious act of the Holy See, our own St. Francis Xavier Mission Institute assumes the sole responsibility and direction of Chuchow district, and has complete care of souls in this distinct and independent mission. Chuchow is separated from Ningpo and its government put in our hands under the Prefect Apostolic whom the Holy Father will name and appoint. This new Prefect Apostolic will not have episcopal consecration, but he will have the full jurisdiction of a bishop over his territory, subject only to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.

We feel it will interest our readers to learn a few facts (aided by the map and pictures in this issue) concerning the territory in China over which we now have control. Chuchow is the largest civil prefecture of the Province of Chekiang, and contains approximately ten thousand square miles of territory, divided up into ten cities, seven large towns, and numerous villages. It is situated south of the famous old city of Shanghai, and ninety miles from the ocean port of Wenchow. The district is one of rare natural beauty, and the climate is temperate.

The City of Chuchow is the centre of missionary activity in the district. This city has a population of about forty thousand, of whom only a few hundred are Catholics. There at "Headquarters" there is a fine church, a priest's residence, a boys' school, and, since last year, a substantial new Convent in charge of three Sisters of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario. It is at Chuchow that our priests spend their first year in China in order to become familiar with the language and customs before being sent off to various places for mission work, usually in pairs. The Mission property in the city of Chuchow is lighted by electricity. In addition to the church at Chuchow, there are also splendid new brick churches at Lungchuan and Sungyang, and scattered throughout the district are many oratories or chapels, for the most part very small and ill-suited to house the King of Kings when the missionary celebrates Holy Mass during a visit. At present, eleven priests are carrying on the heroic work for souls in our Prefecture, pioneers who are blazing the trail for future accomplishments that will win this section of poor pagan China for Christ. The task ahead is a mighty one; of a population of 1,500,000, only 3,000 are Catholics. As mentioned in our last issue, our Institute has been invited by Bishop Faveau of Hangchow, to take up work in Kinwha, a district adjoining the Prefecture of Chuchow, and we will soon begin our mission in Kinwha.

* * *

Whilst rejoicing in the honor done us by the Holy See, it would not be right if we failed to give expression to our sentiments of gratitude towards the good Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland, to whose generous co-operation and unselfish sacrifices is due,

under God, the success that has thus far attended our missionary efforts. Without the aid and assistance of our many kind benefactors we could not have carried on our work for souls, and the establishment of the new Prefecture has become a reality because of their whole-hearted enthusiastic support. To them, as to us, the news from Rome should bring encouragement, and with all the earnestness of which we are capable we assure the friends of St. Francis Xavier Seminary that we are deeply thankful for all they have done for us. We face the future confidently, strong in the hope that our new responsibilities with their consequent burdens will be appreciated by the people to whom we must continue to look for support. As so well stated by the *Catholic Record*, we believe "the erection of a Prefecture under the immediate direction of our own Canadian Seminary will bring about an increased interest in China on the part of Canadian Catholics. Hitherto our people, while doing commendable work for the Seminary, have been inclined to think only in general terms of that vast pagan country. Now our attention will be drawn necessarily to a definite area in China, and we will see to it that the confidence reposed by the Holy See in St. Francis Xavier Seminary will be justified. Now that we have our own district, we shall be piously jealous of the work entrusted to us and do all in our power to make this the best mission in China . . . . the directors of the Seminary depending upon the spiritual and temporal support they have every right to expect from the people of Canada."

More Missionaries Going to China

Sunday, October 4th, will mark another red-letter date in the history of China Mission Seminary, for four more priests are taking their departure for China with an official Church Ceremony in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on that evening. A special sermon will be preached for the occasion. The priests who are going to Chuchow this year are: Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, of Saint John's, Newfoundland; Rev. Arthur Venadam, Pomquet, N.S.; Rev. Joseph King, Newburg, Ontario; and Rev. John J. MacDonald, Windsor, N.S. Two Sisters of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ont., will also leave this year to join the three Sisters now working in Chuchow.

* * *

When the Press of Canada records the fact that four priests are leaving for China this year from our Seminary, we wonder what the news will mean to those who read. Going to China! Just another news item, and for a great many not so very interesting at that. Will it interest YOU? Perhaps it will, if you try to realize the significance of the thing. Here are young priests, three of them but recently ordained, leaving all that they hold dear to them, country, home, and friends, to face a long, tiresome journey to a country where they will be among a new people, and face the difficulties of adapting themselves to strange customs and a strange language. Why are they doing it? They have heard the command of Jesus Christ, "Go, teach all nations," and they are anxious to do their share to help bring to Christ the souls for whom He yearns. Their mission is an answer to a call, it is a mission of love, a mission of sacrifice, and they care not if there be some who doubt their wisdom, for they have learned to estimate at its proper value the opinion of worldly-minded people. You who are seated in comfort in your own home, surrounded by things that please you, have every right to sympathize with those young generous-hearted priests, if you feel that way about it; but wouldn't it be more in keeping with the spirit of your Catholic Faith if you felt thrilled and proud to know that again Catholic Canada was giving proof of its love for God and its obedience to the wishes of Christ's Vicar on earth by the sending forth of those ardent young missionaries? Yes, "More Priests going to China" should have that effect on you; it should arouse in you a real burning desire to share in the work that those departing missionaries are going to do for souls; they are going over to China, and they are going as your representatives; they are returning thanks to God in a most practical way for the gift of their Faith and of your Faith, and surely you will not forget all about them and leave them all alone in their work after casually reading about their departure; surely you will want to do what you can to share in the merits of their work for God, and you will want to help them. Yes, you can help them; you can make their going easier, you can lift worry from their shoulders, you can cheer them up and fill them with confidence by being generous with your prayers for their success, and generous with your financial assistance to pay for their passage and provide the means to those they leave behind at the Seminary to continue the work that will assure them followers and helpers year after year. But there's one thing you can't give them! You cannot give them enthusiasm. They are satiated with enthusiasm right now, that enthusiasm that comes from the prospect of long years of waiting being over at last, life's ambition about to be realized, and near at hand gleaming conquests of priceless souls for Him Who gave His life for us all. Show those departing priests that YOU are going to play your part too.

CONGRATULATIONS!

"CHINA" takes this opportunity of heartily congratulating Rev. Francis P. Carroll on his appointment as President of St. Augustine's Seminary, and Rev. Dr. Davis on his promotion to the Vice-Presidency. St. Augustine's is fortunate in the choice of such experienced and scholarly priests, who are so well qualified by their reputation and by their long association with the Seminary, to guide its destinies and maintain its enviable record among Canadian ecclesiastical institutions. We pray that God may bless abundantly the tremendously important work confided to Father Carroll and Dr. Davis. Ad multos annos!

THANKS.

We wish to thank Hon. Justice Kelly for the gift of some volumes for our library; Dr. Cummer, late of Toronto University Dental College, for some useful articles of furniture; Miss Amour, of Toronto, for altar linens, etc., and Rev. Fr. McCardle, Goderich, Ont., for a Chalice. The kindness of those benefactors is greatly appreciated.

KWAN-YIN.

China is an idolatrous nation, and not only is idol-worship confined to the illiterate and the poor. but the wise scholars, the grave intellectual thinkers, the men of wealth and high social standing are all firm believers in its utterly foolish and childish fairy-lore. That the otherwise shrewd, intelligent and practical Chinese are totally blind to the follies of idol-worship, and ancestor-worship, and are implicit believers in all their palpable absurdities, is a problem which baffles and mystifies Western minds.

The most popular, and perhaps the only beloved idol in China is Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. Her title explains her popularity, for the ordinary Chinese gods know nothing of the quality of mercy. They are not even interested enough in their worshippers to care whether these do right or wrong. They are simply **powers** who hold the good or evil fate of mortals in their hands, and are totally indifferent as to their conduct. The gods of China neither "reward the good nor punish the wicked." They simply play havoc with their victims, regardless of their virtue or vice. Even the Goddess of Mercy is indifferent to the moral well-being of her subjects. Although she is conspicuously enshrined in the home, and is a silent witness of all that goes on in the family, she continues to smile benignly on all, whether they be good and honest and peaceable, or whether they be base and cruel and unjust.

Here is the legend of Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy: she was an Indian maiden of royal birth, and she was possessed of a characteristic most unusual in the land and the times in which she lived. Kwan-Yin loved the poor and the oppressed with so passionate a love that she sacrificed her life to their betterment. Especially did her heart go out to the down-trodden women of her race, and she made a solemn vow never to marry, but to spend her life in labouring for the alleviation of their wretched and most pitiable condition. Faithfully did Kwan-Yin fulfil her courageous vow, and her fame went far and wide, so that after her death she was accorded pagan canonization, and raised to a place among the gods.

Beyond the confines of India, and away into the heart of China, her beautiful story travelled, captivating all hearts on its way, until the worship of the Goddess of Mercy became the most widely-followed cult in the Middle Kingdom. So revered is Kwan-Yin in China to-day that no desecrating hand is ever allowed to rest upon her august image. Let the dust and cobwebs gather as they will upon her venerated head, no one would dare the familiarity of brushing them away.

This is the fable of Kwan-Yin, the Chinese Goddess of Mercy. From an alien land she came to China and found there an abiding home. "Goddess of Mercy!" To Catholic hearts what a familiar ring to this title! Yes, there is another Queen of Mercy, who seeks admittance to China, and she too, comes from an alien land. She is no myth, no soulless image of clay, no idol of stone insensible to the spiritual and temporal welfare of her children. Let us petition her divine Son that she gain entrance there. To this true Mother of Mercy does the womanhood of the Western world owe its uplift. If she would obtain a like grace for the wretched grovelling womanhood of China, how easily in that land of Satanic darkness would the cause of her divine Son triumph!

SOUTH CHINA'S PROGRESS IN FIVE YEARS ASTOUNDING DECLARES MARYKNOLL GENERAL.

Hongkong. — The Very Rev. James A. Walsh, M.Ap., Superior General of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Maryknoll, while on a visitation of the society's mission in South China, declared in an interview with Father Joy, S.J., Fides Correspondent at Hongkong, that he has been pleasantly surprised in the astounding changes in South China since his last visit five years ago.

"I had been prepared for changes in South China but have been astounded at the development even since my last visit five years ago.

"I have just finished my visitation of the Kongmoon Vicariate and of the Independent Mission of Wuchow. In the Kongmoon Vicariate I travelled about 1,000 miles, visited all the missions except one.

"These 1,000 miles were covered in a little over two weeks with stop-overs of from one to two days. This record time was possible because rice dykes have been widened, roads constructed, and automobile service inaugurated. The roads are yet poor, and after heavy rains almost impassable. The autobuses are much the worse for wear and overloaded. The bridges are often shaky and unprotected and very narrow. Schedules are uncertain, but improvements are coming rapidly.

"The larger cities, Oisan, Sim Oui, Yeungkong, Kongmoon, like Shiushing in the Portuguese section, and Wuchow in the other Maryknoll mission, gave me a very pleasant surprise. Houses and shops have been transformed as the principal streets were widened, and in some instances the streets were paved with concrete. Attractive buildings, two and three storeys high, lined these streets. Sun Yat Sen memorials and new Middle Schools buildings set in generous acreage planted with trees and flowers, beautify these cities.

"The widest streets seem to be very popular as if the people were glad to be rising out of their alleys and darkened homes.

"The schools are filled and youths are anxious to learn. A European educator with whom I spoke at length on developments in South China, believes that changes are coming with a rush that will astound the world. Of course, much depends upon the continuance of peaceful conditions, but in South China, at least, a marked material development has been made even while the country was harassed and fearful.

"Primitive habits of living and means of transportation are yet common but, as a rule, the people, in increasing numbers, welcome the changes and take naturally to them.

"Soldiers who ten years ago were classed as bandits, shabbily dressed and unkempt, are winning respect. They drill smartly in the public thoroughfares and help to inspire confidence that peace has come to stay. Is this so? It is hard to tell. There are murmurs and criticisms, but certainly from what we see in South China there is a strong hope that a better day has arrived for the hard-working, long-suffering, and simple folk in this vast country."—*Fides.*



"About two in the afternoon along came another steamer."

GOING UP TO NINGPO

By

FATHER STRINGER

A tire that's flat can be mended;
If you run out of gas you can walk,
But a ship, when it throws its propeller,
Makes you sit down and swe,—
I mean, talk.

But who under the pale moon of Chekiang ever thought that such a thing would happen? Certainly none of our band did, else we wouldn't have gone and risked our baggage to pirates, and ourselves to become fish-food. Possibly we should have known something was in the offing. We were told the boat would leave at eight o'clock, and we arrived at the wharf about nine, and the boat left about one that afternoon. Patience, did you say? A Westerner needs lots of patience over here.

If any attempt was made to describe the baggage or cargo the ship carried, such a description would tear the eyes of my readers from their sockets, and then the subscriptions to "China" would fall off,—a woe-begone state of affairs for us over here.

The first day and night were passed in good order. We said Mass in Hai-Men. The captain, or one of them, gave us to understand we would leave about nine a.m. Yet you can't fool an old fool all the time, so we sauntered down to the boat at eight p.m., and it left an hour later. Now I wouldn't want anyone to infer from this that the Chinese in our parts are not punctual; they are very much so; the difficulty for us is to know when "punctual" has arrived. As soon as they are ready to go, they go. How does one tell when they are ready? When they go! This might sound very baffling to the tyro, but really it is very simple, and none of us have missed a boat yet, although one or two did break a record jumping from the wharf into a moving steamer.

As we sailed away from Hai Men I soon heard we had some new passengers on board. As all the rooms were taken, these latecomers were compelled to lie on deck,—the part of the deck that wasn't cluttered about with chairs, tables, wood, sugar-cane and other cargo for which there was no room in the hold. And to make sure these newcomers wouldn't walk around too much and maybe slip into the sea, the deck-hands tied their feet. Against the law, you say? But I forgot to mention these new arrivals were big, black, shiny pigs, and if you ever read "Pigs is Pigs," you will know what I mean.

Sunday morning I was awakened by the sound of the anchor chains rattling over the iron guards. Now, what in thunder were we stopped for, I wondered. There was no storm, although the boat was rolling so badly as to cause all things untied to go careening around like so many Knights of the Bar after a good tournament. We were quickly told that the propeller was gone, and there was nothing to do but hang around until some other ship came along. If the sea had been calm, it would have been much more pleasant and saved some of the Fathers that ever-present mal-de-mer. But it was the Pacific we were in, and Pacific to me now means "anything with a tendency to jump, buck, roll, etc." As I lay in my bunk, sliding now a foot down, then a foot back, I wondered just how long we would be marooned. We were, —for twenty-six hours!

Our boat carried no radio nor wireless. She just blew her old fog horn or any old kind of a horn you want to call it. It sounded like a bunch of bawling calves at mealtime. About two in the afternoon along came another steamer. They hove to and started yelling. Right then I understood some of the difficulties of the language. You see, there are tones in Chinese. High tones, low tones and a few others. On account of the ships bobbing up and down, I am afraid the high tones became low tones and vice versa,—anyway the ship sailed away and we stayed where we were.

That night about seven o'clock I decided to run over to the cabin where the other priests were staying. I was afraid that the ravages of the sea had somewhat demolished them. It was quite dark in the passageways, and I had to thread my way through cargo of all sorts and shapes. The rolling sea had amalgamated everything,—and if that isn't the right word, it expresses the right idea. The flooring was greasy and slippery, and several times I nearly took the count. In one very dark passage I saw two big containers of rice. I veered aside to pass them, and then I went sprawling in a very undignified manner. But the screeches and screams that I occasioned, the hot breath in my face, and a not-so-hot smell in my nostrils! I had fallen over several pigs that I couldn't see because they blended so well with the darkness. I hastily scrambled to my feet minus one slipper. A Chinese sailor came along and grasped a pig or two by the ears and hauled them away till I recovered my shoe. But the squealing and screaming,—it was worse than Poe's "Murders in Rue Morgue." When finally I got to the room I found the priests not so well, yet not so bad.

About nine p.m. along came another boat, and it looked right picturesque with its coloured

lights. But it was too dark to do anything, and it sailed away with a promise to return in the morning. We all settled down to another night of rolls, and I found myself wishing they were another kind of rolls, for, not being sick, I had a ravenous appetite, but "old Mother Hubbard's cupboard was bare."

About day-break the steamer came up again, and the process of helping us began. There had been the odd few pirates during the night, but our two soldiers scared them off,—there was no Drake among them! The first attempt to get alongside us by our rescuer proved a failure. A guard-log was crushed, and that was sufficient to scare the masters. Then they decided to tow us; they did, but not very far. Then it was decided to transfer us. The other ship anchored about fifty feet farther away from us than was necessary, but they were taking no chances of bumping together again. A small junk came along and started plying between the two boats. A life-boat from the other ship was also swung into service, but from the way it was handled I was sincerely glad that ours was not a sinking ship. One thing I noticed almost immediately was the fact that the women did not receive the chivalrous treatment that would be tendered them by "foreign devils." They were about the last to be taken off. True, there was no slightest danger, yet I couldn't help wondering a little. Soon all were transferred, and away we sped to Chusan, where a warm and hearty welcome awaited us by the good French fathers in charge. That ended the excitement of our second trip to Ningpo and Retreat. What next?

Canadian Catholic Students to Rally in Toronto

A history-making event will occur in Toronto on October 2nd, 3rd and 4th, when, for the first time, an all-Canada Convention of Catholic Students will be held. Delegates are expected from Catholic High Schools, Academies, Convents, Colleges and Seminaries in all parts of Canada, while elementary schools will be represented by teachers.

This Congress is being promoted by the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade with a view to intensifying interest in Mission conditions and problems, both at home and afar, amongst the youth of our country, and with a view to consolidating student missionary endeavor under the Crusade organization.

Friday, Oct. 1st, will be devoted to Home Missions; Saturday, "Crusade Day," will be featured by a demonstration at St. Augustine's Seminary, where the Crusade movement had origin; Sunday, Foreign Missions Day, will culminate in the Departure Ceremony of four missionary priests for China. Features of the Convention will be: Pontifical Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral; enactment of the Crusade Ritual; addresses by several of Canada's most celebrated speakers; an inspection of St. F. X. China Mission Seminary; missionary exhibits; participation in the functions by the famous De la Salle Cadet Band.

At the business meetings questions of policy will be discussed, along with methods of promoting the spread of the Crusade Movement throughout the whole of Canada.

Excellent free accommodation is being arranged for out-of-town delegates by the Accommodation Committee under Rev. M. J. McGrath.



His Excellency Bishop Evarist Chang, Bishop of Tsining, North China.

MASS CONVERSIONS IN CHINA. (Shansi, China).—Scenes resembling those recorded in the Acts of the Apostles were witnessed when His Excellency, Bishop Evarist Chang, Vicar Apostolic of Tsining in Northern China explained the doctrines of the Catholic Church to a group of 5,000 pagans of the town of Tchangkiaol. The town, which has a population of 7,000 had requested, through its leaders, to be received as a unit into the Church. To instruct the vast group of converts for catechism schools have been inaugurated under one priest and seven lay brothers.—Fides.

NEW DIRECTOR FOR C.C.S.M.C.

His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, has appointed Rev. Wm. Kennedy of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Director of the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade. Father Kennedy succeeds Rev. Martin M. Johnson who has been named Bursar of St. Augustne's Seminary, Toronto.

The new Director of Crusade activities in Canada will have complete charge of the Convention to be held in Toronto Oct. 2-4. It is expected that students from every Educational Institution in Canada will be present.

Father Kennedy is well known in Ontario and many sections in Canada because of his weekly sermons broadcast from St. Michael's Cathedral, over CKGW.

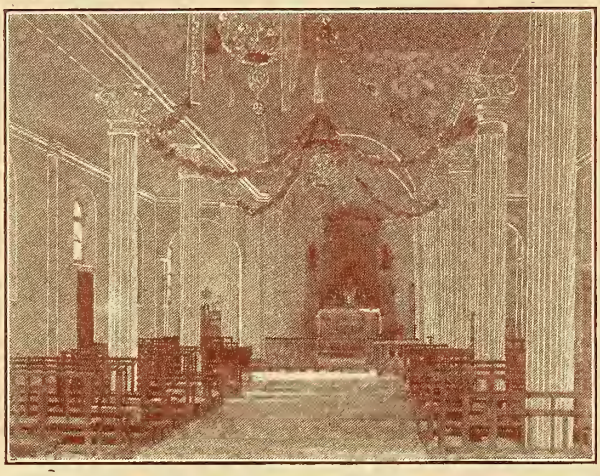
In congratulating Father Kennedy, "China" bespeaks for him the hearty co-operation of all Mission Units in Canada in maintaining the Mission Crusade's wonderful success as a powerful agency in educating the youth of Canada to a realization of the needs of Catholic Foreign Missions.



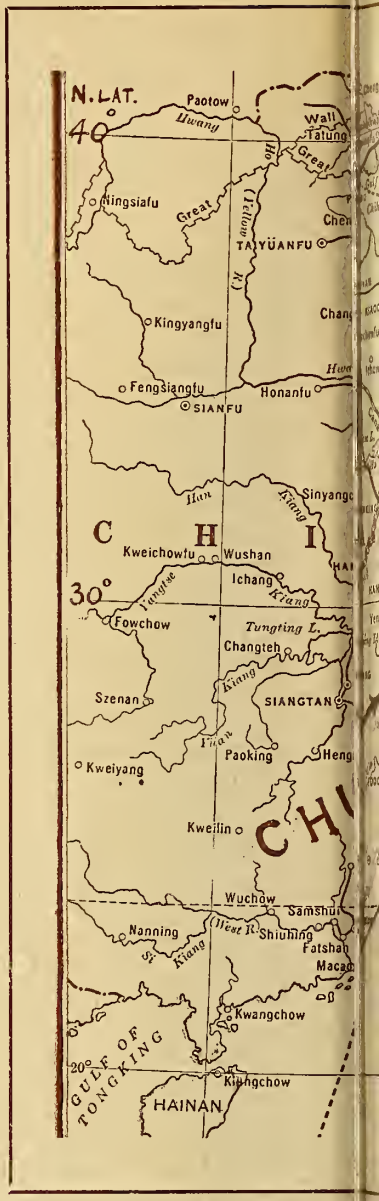
Father Desmond Stringer's first spiritual children. He baptized this group last Easter Sunday.



Our Chapel in Tsingtien City.
(See picture, page 123)



Interior of St. John's Church, Sungyang.



Map of China, showing location of our
and a half pagans in this area we de
Catholics o



Panoramic view of our Mission Headquarters, Chuchow, showing our Church of th



w. For the conversion of the million piritual and financial support of the undland.



Priests' Residence at Chuchow.



View of entrance to new Convent, Chuchow, where three Sisters are now living.



On the right is the Wenchow River which connects with Wenchow and the sea.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Buds:

It's really too bad we couldn't have more space for our letters, etc., this month, but we will do better next time, and we are going to have some pictures, too, that are long overdue. I am very thankful to all the buds who wrote me during vacation, and I welcome to our "Garden" the many who became buds since schools closed. I wish you all every blessing and success throughout this school year and I know you are all going to be ardent little missionaries. I want the buds in every school to be real "boosters" for the Foreign Missions and take a lively interest in the work of Canada's priests in Chuchow. And please do not forget to pray for the success of the Mission Crusade Convention which is going to mean so much to us all. Is your school sending a representative to Toronto in October? Let's hope so.

Best wishes to you all.

FATHER JIM.

We have another list of new members from Saint Agnes' School, New Waterford, N.S. I got many letters from buds there who told me how much they value their certificates and pins, and they told me of their good work for the Missions and their prayers for the priests in China. I hope those to whom I gave pen-names will like them.

Roddena Flutur (Rose Bud); Mary McIsaac (Green Eyes); Cecilia McIsaac (Estelle); Nina McNeil (Rosalind); Mary White (Anna Maria); Ursula Timmons (Marie); Mary McDonald (Mary Margaret); Alice Haley (Pansy); Agnes Hutchinson (Teresa); Catherine Dewan (Portia); Florence Oliver (Silvia); Adella McDonald (Prospero); Josephine Deveaux (Mary); Catherine Muir (Lily).

Anxious to hear from their pals of the Rose Garden are the following:

Muriel Wrice (Bud), Box 104A, New Aberdeen, N.S.

William Hunter (Sunshine), 614 Mary St., Oshawa, Ont.

Cameron O'Rielly (Dew Worm), 185 King St. W., Oshawa, Ont.

Marguerite Keys, Georgiana Street, Gananoque, Ont.

Sadie Garrah, (Tulip), Birch Street, Gananoque, Ont.

Agnes McDonald (Rose), 259 Plummer Ave., New Waterford, N.S.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

She tells of the delight she found in becoming the spiritual sister of a foreign missionary priest.

One of her spiritual brothers was a missionary in China. Her autobiography does not tell his name. He was Father Roulland, of the Paris Foreign Missions, and he is still living. He is Superior of one of his society's houses in France, and some months ago celebrated the Mass at the consecration of a church under the patronage of St. Therese.

Not only did St. Therese pray for the missions and adopt missionaries as her spiritual brothers, but she volunteered to go on the missions herself. A Carmel in Indo-China was founded from Lisieux, and she offered herself as a member of the new community.

Pope Benedict XV, assured us that all the faithful, without exception, are called to enter on the Little Way of spiritual childhood of which St. Therese is so winning an advocate. It is significant that for her the Little Way reached as far as the Missions.

To shun the missions is to lose the Way.

Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown.

"Was it you who stole the new Editor's picture? It would be only fair that he would steal yours, and put it in the very first page of China next month. Oh, Boys, wouldn't all the buds be charmed. We are all so anxious to see what you really look like. 'Tis a wonder some of the Scarboro buds can't get a picture of you sometime. I am sending you some stamps.—Yours, Rita Donahue." Well, Rita, I'm pleading "Not Guilty"—and I must try to keep on good terms with the new Editor. I just don't know how he feels towards our Garden yet, and I want to have him on our side. Thanks for the stamps you sent. It might be interesting to you to know that more than once I have handed copies of "China" to some of the Scarboro Buds who could not wait for China to be mailed, but came to the door for it. And I certainly enjoyed watching their hurried and eager search for Fr. Jim's page.

"I would love to be one of your buds, and I am going to try to save more than one soul by my prayers. My brother Hubert joined your Garden a few years ago. There are seven children in our family." These are just a few sentences from a lively little letter from Mary Brennan, 182 Oshawa Blvd., Oshawa.

"I wish the 'China' would come every day, I like it so much. I have begun to save the pictures of the buds. Please ask Maud Lane and Jessie Glover to write to me." Clare Fraser, Main St., Antigonish, N.S.

"It is quite a long time since I wrote you, but now I come to ask for corries between the ages of 15 and 17 who are interested in Stamps. Stamp collecting is my hobby. I shall be eagerly waiting a response to this appeal. I would like to hear from Grace Podger. Had I known her address I would have written to her before. Please, Grace, write soon. I suppose it is about time to end this letter, as I'm positive I can hear somebody sighing wishing I would shut up. Best wishes to all the buds." —Sincerely, Mary Le Blanc, 1171 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S.

WHO CAN ANSWER THESE?

Where can a man buy a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are set?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he, when shingling the roof of his mouth, use the nails of his toes?

What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?

Who plays on the drums of his ears?

And who can tell the cut and style of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?

And how does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

Can he raise a cow from the calf of his leg?

Could he feed the corn on his toe?

Can he hit a ball with the bat of his eye?

How many inches does he have in his feet?

If you can answer all these, you have me beat.

"FILL THE SHIPS!"

Eminent Prelate Speaks of the Missionary Evolution of Asia.

There are revolutions throughout Asia, but they speak of a re-birth, not a crumbling, an evolution which is changing the lives of half the people of the globe. Thus Archbishop De Guebriant, Superior-General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society and head of some 1,300 Missionaries labouring in the Far East, characterizes the foment which shakes the Orient.

"Asia needs consecrated men and women," said his Excellency, "Do not let us lose time talking about so-called perils to Christianity in the East. True, there have been attacks, there will still be many tribulations, but let us go to the root immediately—the problem for the Church is to fill the ships to Asia with priests, brothers, and sisters.

"The missions of Asia already have Churches, the need is now at all cost for auxiliary workers to come to the rescue and build on the foundations laid by the missionaries. At present the missionary does everything. Let us seek to end this situation and furnish him with aids for which the Pope has so often appealed. Let us have teachers to teach, medical workers for works of medicine, contemplatives to erect houses of contemplation, all labouring in harmony, under the authority of the Hierarchy. Every religious community which has gone to Asia within the last thirty years has been convinced that planting a house in the East is putting good seed in the ground, seed which blossoms in native vocations, in works of God which bring strength and vigour to the mother societies.

"Asia is in evolution and in this profound movement of thought it is natural that there should be excesses by extremists and the wrongly led; it is only to be expected that this evolution should break forth in revolution in some instances."—Fides.

We are sending reinforcements to our priests in Chuchow. Will you help us pay for their passage and share in their work for souls.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S STIRRING WORDS.

"No one who has received the true Faith of Christ can rest inactive in the mere possession of it, for true Faith is always accompanied by ardent charity, and charity, by its very nature, seeks to extend itself. He who is indifferent to the propagation of the Faith in reality has lost it or never really had it, at least as a living possession. . . .

"Our answer to the missionary appeal must be that of true children of the Faith. We must, and with God's help we shall, pray, work and give freely all that we can, that our Faith which is our greatest and richest possession, may be carried onward and ever onward. Let us never forget this—to keep the Faith we must propagate it."

Three Passionist Missionaries from Cardinal O'Connell's Archdiocese sailed for China on May 23rd, to take up work in the Province of Hunan, one of the most dangerous mission sections in China.

THE MISSIONARY LIFE.

Let us pray for those who follow
In His footsteps, leaving all—
Land and home and friends and kindred—
Going gladly to His call.
Far amongst the Pagan Peoples
Where His name is yet unknown—
Far amongst the quaint pagodas
And the futile gods of stone.

In the Master's distant vineyard
There is work for all to do
Where the harvest fields are Whitest
And the labourers are few;
We who cannot make the journey
In their noble work may share—
Think of them before the Altar,
Help them with an earnest prayer.

Children from our own dear country,
Willing exiles of the Lord,
Far across the earth are scattered
Making known His sacred word,
Toiling, saving souls for Jesus,
Ministering by day and night;
Let our earnest prayer be with them—
Help them spread the Gospel light.

PLEA MADE FOR BETTER WRITE-UPS FOR BRIDEGROOM.

The poor, down-trodden male members of society who have been implicated in what the English dictionary pleases to term a wedding, and who have vainly read the newspaper reports of said festive occasion for any special mention of themselves or their sartorial splendour, have at last found a sympathizer, a champion.

This champion, who is, by the way, a lady of infinite charm and rare beauty, suggests the following as the way in which a wedding should be reported:—

Mr. S. M. C. de Benture became the bridegroom yesterday of Miss Madge Estic at one of the biggest social gatherings in Shanghai history. The groom was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit consisting of coat, pants and vest. His coat of some dark material was tastefully gathered under the arms and draped over the shoulders. It was whispered that it was the same coat that had been worn by his father and by his grandfather on their wedding days.

The vest was sleeveless and met in front. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets in front and held by a strap and buckle in the back. The groom's pants were of dark worsted and were suspended from the waist, falling in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantalette which was caught up about four inches by a Boston Brighton worn underneath, revealing brown Holeproof above boots of pigskin, laced with strings of the same colour. The effect was inexpressibly chic. His neck was encircled by an Arrow, characterized by a delicate saw-edge, and around the collar a cravat was loosely knotted so that it rode up towards his left ear. Mr. de Benture wore no hat during the ceremonies.

Miss Madge Estic wore the conventional bride's costume and carried a bouquet.—Shanghai.

Our Seminary is overcrowded this year. We are doing our best to take care of the students who have come to us, but WE NEED FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE.



TSINGTIEN

A city of about 6,000 inhabitants. Situated on the Wenchow River (seen in the picture) between Chuchow and Wenchow, it would be a very desirable location for some future missionary from China Mission Seminary. All our missionaries will pass through Tsingtien on their way to our Mission Headquarters.

FATHER SHARKEY WRITES FROM CHUCHOW.

Chuchow, July 19th.

"We are all well here—both our priests and our sisters. Sister Oswald has been sick for the past few days, but is feeling a lot better now. May God bless you all and keep you so! You are all ever remembered in our Masses and our prayers.

"We are all anxiously awaiting the arrival of our new missionary priests and sisters. What a wonderful reunion we will have! We priests, who came over in the fall of 1929, will soon be changed to some of the other parishes in our district. Fathers Gignac, Stringer and Boudreau have progressed wonderfully in the language and have been preaching quite often.

"The weather here now is very hot, but once in a while we get a cool spell. The heat is not affecting any of us very much—at least so far. It is so hot that at Mass the candles droop like flowers. We do not do much these days. No travelling is done unless it is absolutely necessary. Everyone uses a fan, and that helps to keep one cool.

"Thanks for the lovely badges. They will give great joy to some of our poor Christians.

"Father Stringer and I visited one of the temples this morning. It is on a hill, not far from here. The place was crowded with women, who were down on their knees, adoring the idols, superstitiously burning paper, offering up imitation money and burning incense. They all chant their pagan prayers together, accompanying the chant by beating little, wooden drums. Poor people, if they only knew the good God, and would cease adoring the devil! It turns one's stomach almost, to watch this worship of Satan. During the last few days there have been pilgrimages to all the big temples, for it is some pagan feast.

"Our school is now closed for the holidays, and most of the boys have gone home, but a few are staying here, and we often go off on picnics together.. Not long ago we went to a very pretty spot. It is situated a few miles down the river, so we went by boat. The place is a lovely island, on which there is a pagan monastery, a temple and a pagoda. We left here in the morning and took our lunch with us, remaining there all day and coming home in the cool of the evening. It is a nice, cool place, and I enjoyed the outing. The monks supplied us with tea, and that helped a bit.

"I had the great joy, not long ago, of baptizing four new Christians—two boys and two girls. Our little flock is growing, slowly but surely. Pray for us and especially for our converts, that God may keep them true to our Holy Faith.

"Things are very peaceful hereabouts, thank God! The bandits have not bothered us. There seems danger of another civil war, but we are hoping the clouds will blow over."

We gratefully acknowledge the following donations received from July 1st to August 14th, 1931:

Over $10.00.

St. Augustine's Parish, Montreal, $110.00; Pupils, St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, Ont., $14.00; Pupils, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, Ont., $12.80; St. Mary's Church, Grafton, Ont., $30.00; Anonymous, $10.82; Pupils, Tignish Convent, Tignish, P.E.I., $12.50; Wm. Curry, Glace Bay, $100.00; Miss McGarry, Toronto, $50.00; Mrs. J. Menary, Toronto, $25.00; St. Francis Church, Toronto, $105.00; Rev. Wm. A. McCann, $50.00; St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, Ont., $35.63; St. Catharines Church, St. Catharines, Ont., $293.00; Holy Family Church, Toronto, $163.25; St. Paul's Church. Toronto, $158.96; M. E., Toronto, $25.00.

Over $5.00.

Girls' School, Holy Redeemer Convent, Sydney, N.S., $5.15; J. J. Carolan, Winnipeg, $10.00; Junior Children of Mary, Dartmouth, N.S., $10.00; Friend, Halifax, In Honor St. Joseph, $10.00; Sunday School Classes, Srs. of Charity, West Bathurst, N.B., $9.00; Anonymous, Mite Box, $8.80; Pupils, St. Patrick's School, Port Colborne, $10.00; J. Drohan, $10.00; Holy Name School, Toronto, $6.00; Pupils, St. Patrick's School, Port castle, N.B., $10.00; Miss T. Spielmacher, $7.00; Mrs. Marion Kehoe, $5.00; Mrs. L. J. McNally, $5.00; M. J. Green, $5.00; W. F. Dobell, $5.00; Wm. MacDonald, $10.00; Rev. Father Comte, S.J., $6.00; J. J. Carolan, $10.00; Mrs. Cain, $5.00; Girls, Room 3, St. Catharines, $9.00; Srs. of St. Joseph, St. Catharines, $10.00; Rev. Felix Smythe, $10.00; Mount Carmel, St. Catharines, $7.00; A Sister of St. Joseph, $5.00; J. W. Whelan, $5.00; St. Patrick's Boys' School, Gr. 1 Jr., Halifax, $5.00; Mrs. W. T. Hourigan, $5.00; Pupils, St. Martin's School, Toronto, $5.00; Mrs. Mae Fasken, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; St. Ann's School, Brantford, Ont., $5.00; Charles Curley, $5.00; St. Peter's School, Toronto, $5.00; Miss Beatrice Faughan, $5.00; Anonymous, $5.00.

Burses.

Mary A. MacDonald, Reserve Mines, Little Flower Burse, $1.00; Sr. M. Xavier Mercy Convent, St. John's, Nfld., St. F. X., $1.00; C.C.S.M.C., Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Burse, $50.00.

NATIONAL
CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE
TO
EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
DUBLIN, IRELAND
1932

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Typical scene in the flood-devastated area in China.

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Vol. XIII ...CHINA... No. 9

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, Rector, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Vice-Rector.

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For Christ They are Ambassadors

There were many people in Palestine who did not know of the sending forth of the Apostles to preach the Gospel of Christ. There were many who knew but paid scant attention to the event. That was almost two thousand years ago.

* * * *

On Sunday night, October 4th, the Cathedral church of one of Canada's great cities, will resound with the solemn "Farewell" that will mark the sending forth of other Apostles of Christ. Canadian priests from Canada's Foreign Mission Seminary will be sent forth with a blessing to bring the message of the Gospel to far-off China. There will be many Catholic people in Canada who will not know of it. There will be many who know but who will pay scant attention to the event. But it is important enough to be remembered, for it teaches a lesson worth knowing.

* * * *

Surrounded as we are with the magnificent spiritual luxuries of christianity, we are apt to forget or to ignore the fact that they came to us at the cost of great sacrifice, and the Departure Ceremony this month brings to our notice that we have valiant priests who are willing, at great personal sacrifice, to make a long journey in order to bring to needy fellow creatures some of those abundant treasures of our Holy Faith. This is the splendid thing to be proclaimed, that in these modern days when so much attention is paid to small, petty, trivial things of worldly interest, there are found some who willingly sacrifice all that is dear to them in order to bring to the ignorant, the unfortunate, and the outcast, the things of supreme importance—the things that matter most.

* * * *

Even before they leave their homes and their friends, missionaries have no illusions about the nature of the work that lies ahead of them. They have no foolish hopes of converting by their lone efforts whole pagan districts or communities. They realize that they must work even to the sweating of blood before they can make any notable number of conversions; but the love of Christ is deep-rooted in their hearts and they follow the command of the Saviour blindly and unafraid, happy to do their share that the fruits of man's redemption may not be in vain for so many, and content at sowing the seed that must in due time mean a plentiful harvest-gathering. In that is their reward, and in going they have joy.

* * * *

There are some people who do not believe in foreign missions. There are even some otherwise good, honest, earnest souls who almost think it a shame that young priestly lives should be devoted to the (to them) futile task of making christians of the Chinese. But such people do not understand the motives of a missionary's sacrifice. Look at a Crucifix and think of what it means—learn the lesson of the reason for the Cross of Calvary—and you know something of the motivating force of Catholic foreign missions. Going to foreign pagan lands is one way the missionary has of showing gratitude and appreciation for the Crucifix and all it implies, and it is the Grace of God only that urges one to devote his life to this form of appreciation.

* * * *

But all cannot go to the missions. Yet all have benefited by the Redemption. It remains then for Catholics at home to be interested in those who do go to the missions. In their apostolate you are expected to serve. You cannot be indifferent to the success of their work without admitting that your Faith is weak. Many Catholics shut themselves off from the work of the missions as if it did not concern them the least bit. Think of what it means to our priests as they labour in Chuchow to know that their friends at home are solidly behind them in their efforts to save souls, and that they can count on their generous spiritual and material support. We take pride in the church's army of missionaries, we speak in enthralling periods of the far-flung line of fighters who hold their posts in every land and in every clime, and although we may not be in a position to offer ourselves for service in Fields Afar, yet we are consoled to know that we can do our bit. Did it ever strike you that when our Lord pointed out "the countries white already to harvest", His next action was to counsel prayer: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers into His harvest". Young priests have said "goodbye" to their loved ones, and now they are going out to foreign soil to fight Christ's battles against the powers of evil and paganism; immortal souls will be their

spoils, and the Cross of the Crucified is their only weapon. They need help, they need encouragement from those at home, and it is within the power of every one of you to help turn the tide of victory; the labours of the missionaries would be all in vain unless supported by the help, the ammunition, of your prayers. During this month of the Holy Rosary ask Mary, Queen of the Missions, to help our priests in their noble work.

* * * *

We will make our own the words of Rev. Father Heneghan, missionary of St. Columban, in a recent issue of the "Far East". He writes:

"If the missionary movement were to do no greater thing than to emphasize the love of Christ, it would be bound of its nature to make the faith glow more vividly at home.

"The missionaries are going for the honour and love of the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholic at home, too, can share in this glorious venture. Though he may not be able to depart to heathen countries, yet every day he can put the force of his prayers and his spiritual life into the work.

"It is so easy to enthuse—and to miss the real meaning of the missions. Looking out on the world today, we see what great need Christ has of friends. Whole countries are deliberately rising up against Him. He is pushed aside and plotted against as if He were an enemy of the people. Surely never as today has He had such need of fearless friends, and never has there been so great an opportunity for all His lovers to rally around His standard. When men are rejecting Him, surely it is for us a high privilege to strive, with all the force of our manhood and the sincerity of our prayers, to plant His Kingdom in the hearts of the millions who have never known His Name. In China they are hungry and starving for the saving grace of God; the darkest tragedy is that they do not even know their need. Who else but Christ can bring consolation to those teeming, suffering millions? Not Buddha, nor Confucius, nor idols made with hands.

"Every morning the missionaries will meet their loved ones in the Mass, and the white peace of Christ will fall upon all their souls as gentle as the dew. Your prayers will surge around them to save them in the hour of temptation, and as they go forward each day to uphold the standard of the Cross, the thought of your loyalty will be a support.

"They are going on their journey, carrying treasures from on high, with hearts aflame, to set the hearts of others on flame with the love of God. To be dull to the living interest of this work, to ignore the mighty part you can play, is to lose a motive of action that could transform drab days and a commonplace life with a fiery glow.

"Parents and friends, out of this sorrow, will have their own secret joy. The sweetest thought that can strengthen the lonely hours for grey heads is this: 'I have reared a son to be a Leader for Christ and an apostle of the Gospel'. And they can have no greater help to meet their dying hour than the prayers of some poor coolie who has heard from the lips of their boy the words of Christ's salvation.

* * * *

"Quick as thought and far-reaching as the lightning-flash is the power of prayer. From the heart of a child to the heart of God a prayer!—and instantly on some lone missionary, on some poor pagan struggling for the light, by the bedside of a man in Bagamoyo or Hanyang, or Chuchow, God's grace comes like a torrent upon the desert places of the soul. A child's Communion, the Stations of the Cross, the hurried aspirations of a working girl or a laborer—who can measure their power? Not you nor I, nor even an angel before the throne.

"These are the gifts that matter, these are the things that count. Oh, kindly people, these gifts we crave, prayers for those who are taking the boat for far lands in the Name of Christ!"

TWO IMPORTANT DATES.

On October 3rd will be celebrated the Feast of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, Patroness of the Missions. Lovers of the "Little Flower" should ask her frequently for a "rose" for those in pagan lands who are toiling to spread God's Kingdom. Not only did St. Therese pray for the Missions and adopt missionaries as her spiritual brothers, but she volunteered to go on the Missions herself. A Carmel in Indo-China was founded from Lisieux, and she offered herself as a member of the new community. Pope Benedict XV assured us that all the faithful, without exception, are called to enter on the Little Way of spiritual childhood of which St. Therese is so winning an advocate. It is significant that for her the Little Way reached as far as the Missions. To shun the Missions is to lose the Way.

The whole Catholic world will observe Sunday, October 18th, as Mission Sunday, a day to be observed by dioceses, parishes, institutions, and individuals. The Church needs your co-operation, the Holy Father urges your participation, the missionaries look for your support, the non-Catholic world calls for your help. Your observance of Mission Sunday will evidence your love of the Divine Master and your desire to establish His Church among all nations.

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND GIVES VERY GENEROUS GIFT.

We desire to express our deepest gratitude to the kind benefactor from Pembroke, Ontario, who sent us a gift of nineteen hundred dollars recently. We do not know the name of this friend of the Missions, as he or she prefers to remain unknown, but we assure such a friend that he or she will be often remembered in the prayers of our students, and we beg God to bless one who has done so much in support of His work.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

The men and women working in the far-off mission fields give us a real opportunity of co-operating in their heroic work when they ask us for an occasional offering. Translated into various material helps and applied by skilful hands, these offerings multiply many times over the work of the missionary. How fruitful that work can be is evident from some recently published figures concerning Catholicism in China. In spite of the various revolutions and persecutions, with their consequent loss of property and workers, the Church in that country has had almost a two million increase in membership within the past thirty years. That increase, we believe, is but the first fair promise of still greater harvests to come if we can only equip our missionaries with material helps somewhat in proportion to the zeal which fires their souls.—Boston "Pilot."

OFF ON "THE GREAT ADVENTURE"



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Newburg, Ont.

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REV. WM. C. McGRATH
St. John's, Newfoundland.

REV. L. ARTHUR VENADAM
Pomquet, N.S.

IN THE LAIR OF THE BANDITS

A letter from Bishop Hou of Haimen, telling of an interesting, if trying, experience of one of his priests early this year.

It was shortly after supper on Thursday evening, about eight-thirty. We had just tendered a warm and hearty bon voyage to Father Luke Wang, who had just completed his studies at Saint Paul's Seminary in Ningpo, and was now on his way to Wenchow. We had no sooner entered the parlour than we heard a loud knock on the front gate, followed by a loud yell: "Father Yu has been attacked by bandits, and is returning." We ran out immediately, asking as we ran, "Where . . . Who?" Through the darkness we could make out the form of our old gatekeeper running to open the gate. The lock was soon unfastened. The heavy gates swung open, and in walked two chair-bearers carrying a drenched chair, for it was raining heavily that night. Huddled in the chair was our own Father Yu whom we thought was already in Ningpo by the bedside of his sick father. Greater still was our surprise when we learned that he had returned on the same boat which took him away a day and a night ago. Now he was returning dressed as a beggar and hungry (for he had not eaten a morsel since he left us), hobbling along still feeling the unwholesome effects of sea-sickness. What had happened, and what sort of an adventure had he experienced? Let us go into the parlour and listen to Father Yu tell us about it.

"Our boat left on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, at one in the afternoon. We had not gone very far when we had to drop anchor and wait for the dense fog, which enveloped us, to lift. The sun reappeared, and we continued. When the purchasing of tickets had been done with, most of the passengers prepared for bed, and as I was not on good terms with the sea I retired also. Suddenly, disturbing noises were heard. It was something like that of hunters downing their prey. Scattered staccatoed revolver shots punctuated the anxious minutes. For a moment I believed it was our guards firing at approaching bandits. It was indeed the very opposite. It was the bandits, who were already on board and overpowering the guards. Twelve brigands had come aboard that day at Haimen carrying baskets of geese with them as luggage, amongst which they had carefully concealed nine revolvers. It had been the first intention of those to disarm the six guards whom they termed 'Watch-dogs,' and once these were out of the way they would be free to deal with the purser. For a long time they searched for him but could not find him; nor were any of the officers willing to reveal his whereabouts. Already he had disguised himself as a cook and was busy preparing food for the passengers. In the midst of this tumult two boys came up to my cabin (which I occupied alone) and advised me to hide whatever I had of value. They were mumbling and repeating in low muffled tones: 'Things are not right.' By this, and by their actions, I understood the position I was in, so I proceeded to hide my money and my fur cap behind a picture which hung on the wall. A minute later a voice rang out just in front of my door, accompanied by a hard knock: 'Open the door.' I jumped out of bed and opened the door. I was greeted with 'Hand over your money!' I slipped back into bed and handed over my pocketbook in which I had intentionally left fifteen dollars. 'You will give this to the purser (the bandit purser I presume they meant), and he will return it to you when we reach port.' So he departed. A second one came in: 'Hand over your skin jacket!' 'You already have one,' I quietly told him. 'Yes, but yours is better than mine. Here, I will exchange.' A third one came in and took the exchanged jacket, leaving his cotton one instead. A fourth one came in. 'Your glasses look good to me. Hand them over.' 'Of what use will they be to you; they are for short-sighted people,' I advised him. 'Yes, yes, just it, I have sore eyes.' And so my glasses went. The last one took whatever pleased him among what was left. He made me get out of bed and give him my trousers. 'I will perish with cold if I give you these,' I told him. 'What! Cold! and you in bed with blankets to cover you!' So he took my pants, slippers, umbrella, and other objects that he had a fancy for. Thus I was gradually despoiled of everything I had. All this time the boat was being tossed up and down on the ever-increasing wild waves. Suddenly the screeching sound of the siren pierced the air. It was a conventional signal for other brigands who were already alongside in small boats to come aboard. These went through the same formalities as their predecessors. Money was their primary object. They searched everywhere for it, even in the shoes of the women. Loaded with spoils they left the boat. I thought for a moment that they had left us altogether, as there was some sort of quiet and calm. The siren sounded again. 'Ah, we are nearing Tchenghai,' I said to myself, 'and soon I will get out of bed and enjoy the calmer water.' But I soon perceived that the waves were even worse than before. It was not Tchenghai we were approaching but another bandit island-lair. The sounding of the siren was just the signal of the brigands aboard to show that they were still masters of the situation. Fortunately this last signal brought no extra visitors. I was beginning to despair of ever reaching my destination. I cannot recall how often the boat was visited and revisited, and the passengers despoiled of the little that remained with them by othe pickpockets, as the victims termed them.

The ship was going round and round all the time, a plaything for the dancing waves and in close proximity to the island-lair. Time and time again the siren would screech, bugles would sound, and guns would be fired. We thought each one was the farewell signal, or the heralding of new arrivals, and so the night passed.

In the morning a cabin-boy came to me and said: 'Do you know me, Father? I am a Christian, and my name is Saingmay. Get up, I beseech you, and dress in those wornout clothes of mine and follow me, for if you stay in your cabin you stand the chance of being taken for ransom.' This good Christian conducted me to the saloon. There I lay down with a ragged covering over me. The boy, himself, sat beside me as a nurse beside a patient. By this time I was incessantly beseeching Our Blessed Lady to help us: 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee.'

Near me were three other passengers, resting. They were revisited by a bandit, who was considerate enough to leave me alone. A second one came in and wanted to take the remaining old clothes, even to the old worn shoes, belonging to one of those passengers. 'Have pity on me,' this poor old fellow cried out. 'What!' exclaimed the brigand, 'you look for mercy from me, a bandit?' And with this he gave the poor old fellow a stroke that sent him sprawling on the floor. Again I was left unmolested. A third bandit came in and cleaned out what was left. He took a sweater from the boy standing beside me, as well as his lined jacket. Reproached by one of his comrades for his act of cruelty, he handed back the lined garment and took away the scarf I was wearing.

Finally, the women came in. One of them was carrying an urchin on her back. These ransacked the culinary department, cooking utensils, bowls, spoons, and everything worth taking. They even took gambling outfits away with them. Not content with this, they ordered one of the passengers to act as guide on the boat, and help them to take away shoes, clothes, and other things overlooked by the men. These, the passengers said afterwards, were the most cruel and merciless despoilers of all. The purser must be captured and held for ransom. Since nobody, even among the passengers, was willing to reveal his whereabouts, they threatened to sink the boat and kill all the officers unless he was brought forth. The second officer volunteered to act as intermediary on condition that they would not kill him or harm him in any way until the thirty-two hundred dollars demanded within the next fifteen days was settled for. These insatiable barbarians were not satisfied with all this, so they brought along twenty of the cabin passengers to be held for ransom. Thanks to God and His Blessed Mother, and the prudence of my cabin boy, that I was not among those taken for ransom.

In all this rumpus there were four killed, two wounded, and twenty-one taken for ransom. And I, by the Grace of God and the special protection of Our Lady, was able to return safely. The Christian cabin-boy, when all the cabin-boys had come to the saloon to exchange condolences, took the opportunity to announce to them the wonderful power of God Who had so graciously protected His priest. 'How then,' he expostulated, 'do you explain the fact that Father Yu remained unmolested while his companions were searched, robbed, and ill-treated three different times, if it was not the protecting hand of the God of the Christians that saved him?' After this episode, Father Yu went up to his cabin, and there behind the picture, intact and just as he had left them, found his money and fur cap. From a conversation overheard in the saloon, these brigands were to attack the 'Shingchowsan' which was to berth at the wharf with hundreds of dollars aboard. Fortunately, because of the dense fog, it was unable to reach the wharf on schedule time, and so for want of better prey they changed their plans and attacked the 'Shingningtchai'." This is the story as told by Father Yu, now so happy and smiling after his fortunate escape from an unpleasant adventure.

It is worthwhile noting the principals of this affair, and the situation of the bandit-lairs to which this ship was brought and pillaged and ransacked, and her passengers despoiled to a man and kept in dreadful anxiety for more than twenty-four hours. They are those islands situated three hours sail from Haimen on the coast of Chekiang and within the confines of Taichowfu and Wenchow. They are named Langkisan and Tadjingsan. Never has the Government been able to control these, especially since the inception of the Republic. And since the last Revolution the famous bandit chief, Vongyuting, originally of Wenling (formerly T'aiping), has organized these bandits and proclaimed himself their ruler in order to avenge himself on the Regulars who disbanded a force he had organized even in the city of Haimen in 1926. Since then the city of Shingho has been threatened several times by him, a host of people have been carried off for ransom, villages have been pillaged and burned, and this after heavy fighting with the Regulars. The famous occupation of the city of Haimen which lasted from the night of February 13th until the following evening was also attributed to this chieftain, and this occupation caused us no little worry and anxiety. The latest act, the attack on Shingningtai, (according to the bandits themselves) was also due to this same bandit-chief, as well as the attack on Siaokouangki last year. Military officials say that Vongyuting has been dead now for more than a year. Whether that is a fact or not remains for us to find out.



One of the first photographs of disastrous floods in China. (Fides Foto).



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

A letter to Father Fraser from Father J. M. Ouang of Kinhwa District, says: "In travelling through the mountains of Tungyang, we found a turtle (of which you see a picture above); this turtle has very long feet and tail; its head is so large that it cannot be withdrawn into the shell. It eats little and does not move very much. It has been the cause of much wonder to people here because even the older people have never seen anything like it. It has a special appearance, distinct from the ordinary turtle."

WHAT CONVERTS!

Letter from a Missionary.

It was a little shack thatched with straw. The walls were made of bamboo plastered with yellow mud. The thatch had fallen down in many places, and what remained of it was weather-beaten and discoloured. Large pieces of the mud plaster had also fallen, and the bamboo saplings lay exposed, like dead bones. The shack stood on an embankment of earth—raised about two feet above the surrounding country—which served to protect it from the inundations so frequent in these parts.

At Home.

As I approached it, one wet, dreary evening in winter, it looked the picture of poverty and desolation that I found it to be. In any other country but China, it would not be considered sufficient shelter for cattle. But it was the home—God help them—of one of my Catholics and his wife and their four little children.

They have five "mow" of land—a little less than an acre. They are good people, and good Catholics. They work hard to raise enough food from their tiny farm to support life. But in spite of all they can do, they are always on the border line of starvation.

A Convert Wife.

The husband is an honest man, and that is the greatest praise I can give him. He has very little to say: his wife, Mary, does most of the talking.

Two years ago she was a pagan, but she was instructed and baptized in a neighbouring catechumenate. Now she is as faithful a Catholic as her husband. Her knowledge of Catholic doctrine is not profound, and she does not know a great many prayers. But every evening she and her husband and their little children kneel down together in their humble shack before a picture of the Sacred Heart and say their night prayers.

The husband, whose family is Catholic for generations, knows his prayers well, and Mary and her children are gradually learning from constantly hearing them recited. I was often amazed at her strong faith, for a woman who was a pagan only two years ago. Faith is a gift of God, and He gives to whom He wills. There are many who have had opportunities of study and Catholic education in our homelands who would be ashamed and confused before the simple, strong faith of my friend Mary.

Another Soul in Heaven.

As I just said, there are four children. Last year, in the winter time, Mary had her fifth little baby. Her husband and the two elder children were away begging; she was alone in her little shack with the two younger ones. In her loneliness and poverty, with no one to turn to but the God who was over her, she gave birth to her child. It lived only a few hours. But before it died, Mary herself baptized it, giving it the name of Joseph.—Irish "Far East."

RESTORING VIRTUES OF CHINA.

Medals to be Awarded as Public Recognition.

Nanking, July 5.

The various time-honoured virtues of the country—such, for example, as loyalty, filial piety, fidelity and benevolence—which have been steadily losing their hold upon the people since the influx of Western civilization, are to be revived.

At the 149th meeting of the Legislative Yuan held yesterday, a new law providing for the public recognition of virtue was adopted.

The new law, which consists of 16 articles in all, provides that tablets or medals of honour shall be conferred upon persons under either of the following two categories:—

1. Those who are distinguished for moral eminence through the practice of the virtues of loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, love, faithfulness, fidelity and peace.

2. Those who either promote and sponsor or make substantial financial contributions to such institutions as public schools, philanthropic societies and other enterprises devoted to the promotion of public welfare.

The district, municipal and provincial authorities shall be responsible for the investigation within their respective jurisdictions of cases calling for public commendation as provided for by this law.

It is understood that the law has been drafted at the instance of President Chiang Kai-shek, who, in his public pronouncements, has time and again called the attention of the nation to the necessity of reviving these time-honoured virtues.—Kuo Min.

GUIDE OF SISTERS IN THOUSAND MILE FLIGHT NOW A NUN.

Shenchow (Hunan, China)—When during the red upheaval in Hunan Province in 1926 it was necessary for five Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, New Jersey, to escape from the interior to the China Coast, a courageous and intelligent young Chinese lady, Mary Twan, acted as their guide and succeeded in bringing them safely to Shanghai. With peace restored, the Sisters of Charity entered again the Prefecture of Chenchow, confided to the American Passionists, Mary Twan accompanying them. Her request to be received as a member of the community has been heeded, and on June 4, 1931, she made her religious profession as Sister Mary Therese.

Sister Therese was born at Peking of a cultured family long in the faith, and received her education in that city. She has been connected with the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station since their arrival in China in 1924. She is the first native Sister of the Prefecture of Shenchow. (Fides.)

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The popular religion of the Chinese is a mixture of ancestor worship, spirit worship, and superstition.

Several times a year, the family makes official offerings of food to the souls of departed ancestors, and keeps their graves on the hillsides in good condition. Wooden tablets inscribed with the names of each ancestor are also kept in the nearby clan temple, usually a dusty place which sometimes also serves as a sort of storehouse.

As for spirits, there are two kinds of them, friendly and unfriendly. Of the former, some have their little shrine in the kitchen, where morning and night incense-sticks are burned in their honor. Others, the tutelary spirits of the neighborhood, have a shrine under a nearby tree.

Unfriendly spirits have either to be won over by offerings or to be driven off by incantations, ritualistic practices, or other methods—including firecrackers.

But by far the most important part of the people's daily religion concerns itself with the paramount question of good and ill luck. Good luck, prosperity, success, wealth, happiness, and so forth, are constantly being invited by artistic inscriptions plastered or hung here and there about the house. Nothing important is done without first consulting the almanac or a fortune teller.

The women particularly are prone to all sorts of superstitious beliefs and practices. — Father Diltz, M.M., in "Boston Pilot."

THE TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.

Getting out "China" is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say that we are silly.

If we don't print them, they say we are too serious.

If we print original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out hustling for news.

If we are hustling for news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print all contributions, we don't show the proper appreciation.

If we do print all contributions, the paper is filled with junk.

If we write in the vernacular, we have no taste.

If we write with literary flourish, we are playing to the high brows.

If we print a lot of foreign news, "who is interested in those places?"

If we don't, "that paper is too parochial."

Like as not some fellow will say we stole this. So we did.

FORMER EDITOR OF "CHINA" LEADS THIS YEAR'S MISSION BAND.

For many years Rev. Wm. C. McGrath anxiously looked forward to news from Chuchow for the pages of CHINA. Now he goes to the mission field as leader of this year's band to become "copy" himself. His going, we feel sure, will serve to increase the mission interest of the people in Newfoundland especially, since Fr. McGrath is the first priest from Newfoundland to go to the Foreign Missions. His successor at the editorial desk will be sure of one "over there" who will appreciate what it means to have news from the "firing line."



REV. GERALD DOYLE ORDAINED FOR CHINESE MISSIONS.

At Peterboro, on Sept. 6th, His Excellency Bishop Denis O'Connor raised to the Holy Priesthood Rev. Gerald Doyle, of Toronto. On the following Sunday, Father Doyle celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in his parish church, Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Assisting him in this solemn function were his two brothers, priests, Rev. Basil Doyle, C.S.P., acting as deacon, and Rev. Bernard Doyle, parish priest of Welland, Ont., as subdeacon. Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, delivered the sermon for the occasion. It was a singular privilege for Father Doyle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Doyle, 73 Huntley St., to witness three of their sons together at the altar. A daughter is a member of the Sisters of Loretto, Toronto.

Father Gerald has been with us for the past five years, but he will be leaving for Rome soon to take a post-graduate course through the kindness of some personal friends. We wish him a pleasant trip and every success during his sojourn in the Eternal City.

SISTERS TO ACCOMPANY PRIESTS.

Two Nuns from the Convent of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., will sail with our priests October 10th from Vancouver on the "Empress of Japan."

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Hello, Everybody!

You can see by the number of letters this month that the holidays did not slow us up any; all those letters were received sometime before schools re-opened in September. Now I'm not going to take up any of our valuable space beyond reprinting a section of a letter received from an adult friend of the buds. I am printing this letter as an answer to any who might be wondering just why "China" devotes so much space to the letters of school children. It is to the growing youth of Canada and Newfoundland that we must look for the future supporters of Missionary works, and for the vocations that will keep the Canadian Mission at full strength in China. We feel that the Rose Garden is one way to interest them in the work of the Missions, and we have been thrilled by the unexpected response of school children everywhere. They are praying for our work, and their prayers are our most valuable asset. They are conscious of the fine part they are playing in helping to spread their Catholic Faith, and I want you buds, all of you, to continue in the future as active and as enthusiastic as you have been for the past few years. God is certainly pleased with your fine efforts. Here is the letter; it came from a city in Ontario: "Dear Father Jim: I feel rather adventuresome, as this is my third letter to an unknown person. I am not a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, but of our dear Lord's own garden that He has transplanted in the shadow of His cross. I have not been able to leave my bed for five years. However, that does not prevent me from enjoying the fragrance of the Little Flower's Garden in the pages of 'China'. I am always delighted with it, and I am sure it is doing much to spread the missionary spirit among children; years alone will witness its marvellously good results. It is the will of God for me to be inactive, but I like to think that my poor prayers help a little. I always dedicate Tuesdays to the Missions and offer everything that day for them."

Next month I hope to have a letter for you written by one of the priests who is going to China this month. Don't forget to pray for these four priests now on their way to China, and say a prayer sometimes for

Your friend,

FATHER JIM.

PRAYER TO MY LITTLE ANGEL.

Dear Guardian, never let me fail
Each night before I go to sleep
To fondly kiss my Crucifix
And place my soul in Jesus' keep.

For I must tell Him that I love Him,
That I trust and thank Him, too;
May He grant me peace and pardon
If this day I've been untrue.

And if before the bright morn wakens
He should call my soul away,
Be thou near me, little Angel,
With my dear ones softly pray.

But if another day be waiting
And I should see the morning bright,
Then my prayer and 'membrance shall be
For some soul that dies tonight.

An Interested Friend!

The verses "To My Little Angel" were sent in by Marguerite S., Toronto, who writes: "Although I am too old to be a rose bud in your Garden, I am, nevertheless, very much interested, and may I just be a Hollyhock outside your garden fence who takes a peep now and then to see how the rose buds are coming along. What a great little club you have, thanks to your wonderful little workers." I certainly appreciate the nice letter from Marguerite S., and I hope she continues to be interested in us. I wish to thank her for the generous donation which accompanied her letter.

I feel sure the buds will wish Teresa O'Reilley, of Eganville, every success in her new life. She has entered the Convent, and thereby has withdrawn from the circle of the club, but will continue to pray for us all and for the intentions that are so dear to all the buds.

From Newfoundland.

We welcome amongst us Rose Boulos, 184 Water St., St. John's, and the many buds whom Patrick O'Halligan encouraged to join the Garden. Also Margaret Earle, of 29 Field St., St. John's, and some new members from St. Lawrence, Nfld. Ena Farrell claims she knows Father Jim "from his handwriting". I'll admit it's pretty bad, but perhaps somebody else can write just as badly, and I'll take care to use a typewriter in future. Aggie Hartery, Cape Broyle, told me of the interest of the buds in Cape Broyle, and how they were eager to read the letter I wrote to her.

Miss Christina Small, of McKinnon's Hr., N.S., sent us a generous spiritual offering, and asks for buds in Glace Bay and Sydney to write to her. Thank you, Christina!

"I have been an interested admirer of your Little Flower's Club for a long time. 'Midnight Sun' will be my pen-name. I want a lot of the buds to be my pen-pals," writes Gerald Keliher, of 2 Cottage St., Glace Bay, N.S.

Yes, I am! No, I'm Not!

"I suppose you think I have dropped out of the Club, but I have not. I would not drop out for anything. I suppose you are very busy attending to your Garden; you have so many 'flowers' that I think you are the busiest gardener I know. At last, I believe I know who you are. You are Father ———. I feel sure you are." This from Agnes Maynard, Thorburn Rd., St. John's.

"I wish the 'China' would come every day instead of only once a month. I have a lot of corries, most of them from Ontario," says Marguerite Dawson, Riverhead, Harbor Grace, Nfld.



CECILIA WALL

A LITTLE SOUL IS SAVED.

Windsor, Ont.

"Seeing many lovely things in 'China' about the Rose Garden, I decided to become a member. With this letter I am sending a gift of five dollars for a little Chinese baby. I would like to have it called Mary, because I have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin." Cecilia Wall, 1020 Ouellette Ave.

George and Fred. Fairhart, of 40 Simcoe St., Oshawa, Ont., are two young lads who are going to try hard to be good little friends of the Missions. Their sister, Linda, (Fairy) is going to keep them reminded of the Rose Garden rules.

Buds to the Fore!

From two Bridgeport, C.B., buds came letters telling me of successes at school. One came first in her class, and another got a prize for the best sewing. I wish the one who is good at sewing were around sometimes after my trousers get badly injured trying to keep up with the "youngsters" in some of the games here.

"I am sending you some stamps for the Chinese Missions. I will continue to save them for you. My aunt, who is a nun, sends us 'China' often." From Gertrude Coffey, Angel's Cove, Placentia, Nfld. I gave you "Bernardette" as a pen-name, Gertrude.

Buds from Bay Roberts, Nfld., Help Our Building Fund.

"Enclosed you will find a money order for three dollars and fifty cents, a little donation to your Building Fund. This was collected by some of my pupils, the buds of your Rose Garden, and they would ask in return only a prayer for their success in school. Wishing you and 'China' every success, I remain, Yours sincerely, Margaret Dawson." This letter came to one of the priests at the Seminary who felt that Father Jim would be glad to publish it, since it concerned his buds. I am very pleased with the members of our Club in Bay Roberts for their generous help, and I certainly will consider it a duty to pray often for them.

A Very Nice Club!

"I do think ours is a very nice club, and I feel sure that Little Flower is very pleased with the devotion shown to the Mission cause by all the members. I am one of those who know who you are. I found out from the same priest as 'Black-Eyed Susan'. In reply to Teresa Keylar, of 3 Hillside Ave., Glace Bay, I say thanks for the compliment to our Club, but you are not "one of those who know" me.

Ottawa Brook, C.B.

Enclosed you will find the spiritual bouquet my pupils made for China Mission.

Holy Communions	50
Masses heard	80
Prayers for China	75
Visits to Bl. Sacrament	79
Ejaculations	156

Sincerely yours,
S. M. McN, Teacher.



We have here (top. left to right)—Rita Wall, 1020 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ont.; Mary C. Boudreau, Box 212, New Waterford, N.S.; Wm. MacDonald, Bayside, Lot 14, P.E.I.; Herbert Jordan, St. Anne's Convent, Renfrew, Ont.; Violet Smith, 150 Aldwytch St., Toronto; Teresa O'Reilly, Box 116. Eganville, Ont.; Marjorie Brennan, 373 Westmoreland Ave., Toronto; Margaret O'Brien, 26 McKay St., St. John's, Nfld.

FR. JIM BEING BLACKMAILED! HELP!

A friend from ——— told us who you were, and what you were like, so here goes! . . . We hope you will not laugh too much when you read this description, but you will be surprised when you receive a snap of yourself some day soon. Father Jim, you are not fair with us; you ask us to send in our pictures and you will not show us yours. But we do not have to wait till you put it in, as we have a snap of you already and we are going to get more developed and send one to each of our pen-pals, and if you don't put it in this month's 'China' we are going to play a trick on you." The letter above is signed by three buds, but I'm not saying where they live. If you are corresponding with them you may be in luck—and you may be out of luck! ———

A "Rose" That Was Granted.

From Victoria, B.C., came a beautiful letter containing the following little story of one of our former buds who is now in Heaven. "Ruth Graves was a great lover of the Little Flower. I will now tell you something which took place between Ruth and myself. It was on Easter Saturday last year. I had had the pleasure of helping to decorate the Little Flower's Shrine, and Ruth was sitting in the church close by; she nearly always went round by the Little Flower's Shrine. Well, when we had finished I went and spoke to Ruth, and the two of us stood there looking at the shrine. I said to her: 'Doesn't the statue look real? One would think the Saint was going to pluck that rose and give it to us'. Ruth looked at me, and holding out her little hand, said: 'Let's ask her, shall we?' Those were the words she said. I wonder if she got what she asked for? She was a dear little girl and very clever. She just loved to cut out little baskets and paint flowers on them and write beautiful prayers inside them and then give them to her friends. I have one she made and gave to me on New Year's Day."

Margaret Byrne, 196 Celina St., Oshawa, "heard many people talking about the Rose Garden" so she wants to become a member. Evidently those people were saying something good about us. Anybody who wants to say anything against us is welcome to write, but we don't anticipate a flood of such letters.



A "Shamrock" right from Ireland! Kathleen Leonard, Lisahally, Londonderry, Ireland.

A LITTLE FRIEND WRITES TO FATHER FRASER.

The readers of "CHINA" and those who assisted at Father Fraser's lecture are familiar with the little boy holding up the Little Flower's picture—the only convert in a large pagan family.

On July 10th he wrote:—"I received your last letter and it gave me great happiness. I am so happy to know that you are well and having success in your holy work. Thanks very much for the lovely badge of St. Teresa, which I certainly appreciate. Have heard that you are travelling through Canada, preaching on the missions, and hope your kind countrymen will help our poor people.

"I am fine and have wonderful news for you. Within a month, I think I will be going to Ningpo, to study for the priesthood. All my people are willing, and at present there seem to be no obstacles in my way. God has been very good, and I feel that I owe much of this great grace to your kind and continual prayers for me. I am very anxious to study for the priesthood, so that I will be able to convert my poor people.

"I am now staying here at the Mission for the holidays, and all the priests are very kind to me, also the masters. I am hoping and praying every day that you may soon return to China. I went to a picnic to Ne Meng San, and I took sick from the heat. A rash covered my whole body and I fainted on the way home. Now, however, I am as well as ever. It is very hot now, and in the evening after sundown, we generally all go down to the river for a swim. The country hereabouts is very peaceful. This will be all for now. Good-bye and God bless you. Pray for me, as I do for you.

"Your spiritual child,
"KWAEH-LING."

(Later, July 18th)

"When I sent you my last letter, I thought that I could go to the seminary, and I was very happy. At first my mother's father, who is my guardian, said that he would have nothing to do with the case, and all the others consented to my going to Ningpo to study for the priesthood. When my mother's father heard of that, he heaped abuse upon them. But even then I thought I could go. Recently, however, I went to see my mother's father, and he refused to let me go.

"Of course I feel very unhappy, for my heart was set on studying for the priesthood. Now, I do not know what I can do. I am now at the Mission, and feel happy here. A few of the others are here too. Two seminarians from Ningpo are here on their vacation. I am studying English now, and like it very much. Perhaps after a short time I will be able to speak a little. For the past few days I have been sick, but it is nothing serious. Please pray for me, for I am at a loss to know what to do. I pray for you always, and want to thank you again for all your kindness to me in the past. Good-bye, dear Father. Once again I ask you for your kind prayers and a remembrance at Mass.

"Your child in Christ,
"KWAEH-LING."

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from August 14th to September 16th, 1931.

$10.00 and Over.

St. Vincent's Girls' S.S., St. John, N.B., $20.00; St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, $14.55; P. J. Maloney, $25.00; J. J. Carolan, $10.00; St. Monica's Church, Toronto, $93.61; St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto, $160.94; Father Hurley, $15.00; Rt. Rev. Mgr. McGlinchey, Boston, $15.00; Father Tally, $10.00; St. Peter's Parish, Tracadie, N.S., $60.00; St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrew's, N.S., $80.20; St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonish, N.S., $134.00; Sacred Heart Parish, Sydney, N.S., $323.60.

$5.00 and Over.

Benjamin Blonde, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Josephine M. Foran, $5.00; Thos. F. Higgins, $5.00; M. and J. Kearns, $8.00; Mr. Andrew Shaw, $5.00; Pupils, Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown, $5.00; Angus Cameron, $5.00; Mrs. D. J. MacDonald, $5.00; Angus Campbell, $5.00; Father Cushing, $5.00; Father Keough, $5.00.

Under $5.00.

J. M. Brown, $2.00; St. Joseph's Hosp., Glace Bay, $1.00; A Friend, $2.00; Irene Robson, $1.00; St. Patrick's Sep. School, Kinkora, $3.80; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Mrs. E. Eastman, $1.00; Annie McEachern, $1.80; St. Mary's School, Kingston, $2.00; St. Andrew's Sep. School, Killaloe, $2.00; Hon. Justice Kelly, $4.00; Jr. 4th Class, Holy Rosary School, Toronto, $2.24; Mrs. MacDonald, $2.00; Hugh McGreevy, $2.00; Primary Class, Holy Rosary School, Toronto, $1.00; A. J. MacDonald, $3.00; Margaret Gallagher, Thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1.00; Mrs. J. Doyle, $1.00; Kay Sharron, $2.00; Bridie Byrne, $1.00; St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, $4.50; Anonymous, $1.00; School Children, Calumet Island, P.Q., $1.25; Boys' Grade 2, A. MacKay School, Halifax, $2.50; Music Pupils, St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, $1.50; Mrs. Jas. Patterson, $1.25; J. C. O'Brien, $2.00; Mrs. Celeste Reahme, $4.00; Carl Hudson, $1.00; Rev. P. F. Beal, Arizona, $3.00; Anonymous, $3.00; M. Scott, $3.00; Mrs. W. A. Smythe, $1.00; St. Hubert School, Searchmount, Ont., $1.40; Mrs. T. Connors, $1.00; Mrs. L. J. McNally, $1.00; Jr. 4th School, Penetang, $1.00; Convent Cheticamp, $4.94; Mrs. Thos. Prince, $1.00; Mrs. Moore, $1.00; Mr. J. C. McCarthy, $1.00; Mrs. J. N. MacDonald, $1.00; Irene Robson, $1.00; Friend, Barrie,, $2.00; Per Craig Strang, $4.00; Marguerit S., $1.00; Mary L. Mahony, $1.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Little Friends, North Sydney, $2.00; Mrs. A. Ryan, $2.00; Mrs. A. Welch, $1.00; Friend, St. Catharines, $3.00; Nann Broche, $1.00; Pupils, Presentation Convent, Carbonnear, Nfld., $3.68.

Evelyn Donegan, $1.00; K. Sharron, $2.00; Annie McEneary, $1.00; Mary E. Tuthill, $2.00; Per Craig Strang, $4.00; Nellie Doyle, $1.00; Sunday School Pupils, Holy Rosary Church, St. Stephen, N.B., $1.25; Mrs. Austin MacLellan, $3.00; A. J. MacDonald, $3.00; Per Jas. Leonard, Toronto, $3.50; Vincent T. Healy, $2.50; Mrs. M. Corkum, $2.00; Mrs. A. J. Manion, $2.00; Pupils, St. Michael's School, Corkery, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. Eliz. Bunce, $1.00; Tompkins Family (Mite Box), $1.50; Rev. S. Caralt, $1.00; Mrs. James, $1.00; Mrs. Rush, $1.40; Mrs. McGilly, $1.00; Mrs. E. Brennan, $1.00; Friend, Port Hood, $1.00; Friend, Port Hood, $2.00; D. A. Campbell, $1.00; Mrs. M. Moses, $1.00; Mrs. J. W. Richards, $1.00; Miss G. Laundrie, $1.50; Mrs. Thos. Garvin, $1.00; Mrs. E. Meale, $1.00; Miss K. Bergman, $2.00.

Building Fund.

E. J. Morris, $3.00; Mrs. R. Walker, $5.00; Mrs. Mary Clarkson, $1.00; Mrs. Van Prague, $1.00; Mrs. Lynch, $1.00; Mrs. Riely, $1.00; Miss Ferry, $2.00; Per J. Leonard, Toronto, $1.00; E. Murphy (Thanksgiving to St. Jude), $1.00; Rev. Ralph Egan, $10.00; P. Deon, $1.50; Helen J. Landrie, $1.00; Mrs. Wm. Benoit, $1.00; Mrs. Taylor, $1.00; Miss K. Sinnott, $3.00; Estate P. S. Frawley, per Msgr. Blair, $50.00; Mrs. A. Weiss, $1.00; F. Cummins, 50c; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, $1.00; Miss Martha O'Connor, $1.00; Elizabeth Berberick, $4.00; Hugh J. McLean, $5.00; Austin F. Hall, $10.00; Mrs. Mabel Hennessey, $3.00; J. Broderick, $1.00.

Mrs. E. Berberick, $2.00; St. John's School, Sydney Mines, $5.10; Mrs. Mary Clarkson, $1.00; A Friend, Aurora, $2.00; Pupils, R.C. School, Bay Roberts, Nfld., $3.50; A Friend, Toronto, Thanksgiving to St. F. X., $5.00; Mary W. Burns, $2.00; Mrs. P. Gilday, $5.00; Mrs. F. C. MacDonald, $1.00; Mary MacAskill, $1.00; Angus MacAskill, $1.00; Katie MacAdam, 50c; Mrs. J. Fitzgibbon, $2.00; M. P. McGuire, $1.00; Anonymous, Midland, $1.00; Margaret Donohue, $1.00; Henry Verran, $5.00; Jack Kramer, $3.00; Wellwisher, Tignish, $10.00; Mrs. Shortell, $1.50; Barbara Hicks, $2.00.

Burses.

Mrs. P. Kelly, Kippawa, P.Q., St. Theresa's Burse, $7.35; Mrs. Chas. C. Boucher, St. Theresa's Burse, $1.00; Mrs. Mannigan, Toronto, St. Francis Xavier Burse, $5.00; Miss K. Fitzpatrick, Marystown, Nfld., St. Anthony's Burse, $1.00; Mrs. E. E., St. John's, Nfld., St. Jude's Burse, $2.50; Mrs. P. Kelly, Kippawa, P.Q., St. Theresa's Burse, $2.50; Mrs. C. Boucher, St. Theresa's Burse, 50c.

Nonsense



REHEARSED.

Caller: "Is the boss in?"

New Office Boy: "Are you a salesman, bill collector, or a friend of his?"

Caller: "I am all three."

New Office Boy: "He is in a business conference. He is out of town. Step in and see him."

SMART SOPHOMORES.

"America was discovered by the Spinach."

"In 1685 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as Pilgrim's Progress."

"A deacon is the lowest kind of a Christian."

"False doctrine is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man."

Barber: "How do you like this soap, sir?"

Customer: "It tastes fine. You must have lunch with me some day, too."

Salesmanager: "What sort of recommendations have you?"

Applicant: "Well, I sold raincoats to farmers last summer all during the drought."

Millionaire (to some of his proteges): "I owe all my success to only one thing. Pluck, just pluck."

Sagacious Questioner: "How do you find the right people to pluck?"

Judge: "Why do you want a new trial?"

Lawyer: "On the grounds of newly discovered evidence."

Judge: "What's the nature of it?"

Lawyer: "My client dug up $400 that I didn't know he had."

Betty: "How did mamma find out you didn't really take a bath?"

Edward: "I forgot to wet the soap."

First Hobo: "I'm like the poet, I long for the wings of a dove."

Second Hobo: "I'd rather have the breast of a chicken right now."

FORTUNATE.

A very small boy with a very large bundle of papers under his arm was trudging along the street.

"Don't all those papers tire you, my boy?" asked a kindly gentleman.

"Naw, I don't read them," replied the boy.

London Post: A gentleman is one who takes butter with the butter knife when he's alone.

SHOULD BE MORE!

"My husband is merely a manufacturer of wastebaskets," sighed the woman with aspirations. "It seems such a prosy occupation."

"On the contrary, there is really much poetry in wastebaskets," replied the unappreciated bard.—Watchman Examiner.

SOUP'S ON.

Finally the order came.

"What do you call this?" demanded the fussy customer as he viewed the soup with suspicion.

The waiter was prompt with an answer: "Mock turtle soup, sir."

"Well, take it back," stormed the indignant diner, "and tell the cook that he may mock a turtle, but he can't get a joke on me."

A Scotchman in Dublin could not find accommodation for the night, and was put up by a friendly Irishman whom he met.

Next morning after breakfast, his host said:

"Well, did you sleep comfortably?"

"Like a top," said the Scotchman.

"Did you like the supper last night?"

"It was grand."

"Did you find your breakfast all right?"

"Yes, splendid."

"Well—er—what about ten shillings?"

"Man," said the Scotchman, beaming, "that would be a godsend."

"Do you always patch things up after a quarrel?" asked the young married man.

"Well, no," replied the old grouch. "Only yesterday my wife broke a vase that nobody will ever be able to mend."

Gloomy Gus—"What makes you think times are getting better?"

Cheerful Charles—"The holes in doughnuts are getting larger."

Teacher: "Order, please."

Absent-minded Student: "Ham and eggs."

TRUE TO ERIN.

Two Irishmen were discussing the grave illness of a friend for whom the doctors had given up hope. Said Mike: "Phwat's the matter wid him, anyway?"

"Gangrene," replied Pat.

"The saints be praised," said Mike, "for letting him die wid the roight color."

DEFINITIONS.

Pedestrian — A man with a wife, daughter, two sons and a car.

The Shortest Distance Between Two Points—A Straight Eight.

Space—It does not exist, according to a recent statement of a famous astronomer. This is confirmed by the city man who tries to park his car somewhere downtown.

An Auto Jack—A useful little iron contrivance that is always back home under the porch steps when you want it out on the road.

FIRST GANGSTER.

"What makes you think Atlas was a bad man?" asked the teacher curiously.

"The book says," replied little Tommy, "that he held up the whole world."

ALLOW FOR WINDAGE.

"I see you have a notice, 'We Aim to Please'," remarked the irritated customer to the chain store manager.

"Yes," replied the manager, "that is our motto."

"Well," said the customer, "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."

"CATTY."

A tourist on a visit to Pekin visited a restaurant, and as he did not understand any Chinese, he ordered his meal by pointing to items on the menu.

One dish pleased him very much, and he took it to be some very tastily prepared duck.

When the waiter came along, the visitor pointed to the plate, and elevating his eyebrows, said: "Quack, quack."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter in very good English, "what you have partaken of is puss-puss."

Dorothy was so homesick at her first party and cried so bitterly that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

Dorothy accepted the idea, but a few minutes later upon answering a timid ring at the door the hostess found Dorothy bathed in tears.

"Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?"

"No'm'm; I forgot to say I h'had such a good time!"

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the Great War."

"Yes, Dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

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CHINA

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Scene in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, during Departure Ceremony for four priests who have left for our mission district of Chuchow, China.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA



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Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Most Rev. Bishop Kidd, London, and Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President.

Very Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Mission Superior in China. Editor, Rev. A. Chafe.

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THE MISSIONS AND OUR SCHOOLS

If the interest of our Catholic Schools in the Mission work of the Church needed any proof, it was strongly emphasized at the National Convention of Catholic Students held last month in Toronto. From points all over Canada came delegates to play their part in the great demonstration of loyalty to the Missions as represented by the C.C.S.M.C. Movement. For three busy days they carried out a programme that gave definite assurance of the mighty part that our Schools are going to play in the future history of Home and Foreign Missions in our country, and by attending their meetings and their various public gatherings we, personally, were greatly inspired by their enthusiasm and their whole-hearted earnestness.

* * * *

The school is the hope of the missions. There can be no doubt about it. If the hearts and minds of the children are practically instructed in the responsibilities and duties of mission-work, the present generation will grow up filled with zeal and love for all that the missions mean, and their interest will bring new life and prosperity to the great important work of the propagation of the faith. Those in school are in the formative period of life, and habits that begin to shape in early years will cling to them throughout the years. If the missionary spirit shall take possession of our entire Catholic people; if it shall become a force and power for the growth of the Church, then the heart of the student boys and girls in our country must be familiarized with it, for if the Home and Foreign Missions are to make any notable progress as the years go on, it will be due in great measure to the attitude of our young people as they grow to responsible adult age.

* * * *

Always, the greatest need of the Church is for ever-increasing numbers of missionaries to continue and enlarge her missionary activities, and if our schools even for one single generation were to fail in their work of fostering vocations, the spread of the faith would be seriously retarded at home and abroad. It is in the Catholic classroom that are planted those seeds of Divine vocation that mature into the heroic lives of our missionary priests and sisters.

* * * *

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of". Catholics everywhere realize this, and certainly the boys and girls in our schools have done wonderful things for the cause of Christ by their spiritual assistance given generously at all times. Our Seminary is greatly indebted to students everywhere for their magnificent help in this regard, and it gives us untold encouragement to know that throughout the length and breadth of Canada and Newfoundland the children in the schools are constantly praying for our work. Above all things else we value their prayers and Holy Communions, and it will not be amiss to pay a tribute to those little missionaries who have become members of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden" conducted in "China" by Father Jim.

* * * *

Read through our donation list any month and you will see how generous many of the schools are with their material offerings. Frankly, we admit that the giving of material gifts is the least important of the school's missionary activities; rendering help, spiritually, and becoming educated to the needs of the Missions take precedence, but it only goes to prove that when the more important features are stressed the lesser important will be taken care of as a result. Certainly, we appreciate the sacrifices that many of our schools are making on behalf of the Missions when they send such generous donations to us and to other mission enterprises, and we know that the giving of such assistance cannot fail to bring a blessing on those who so co-operate in the propagation of the faith.

* * * *

And now let us say a word in appreciation of the efforts of the teachers, the good Sisters and Christian Brothers and lay-teachers. To them primarily belongs the credit for the spread of the mission-spirit amongst their youthful charges. The remarkable development of "mission-mindedness", and especially the whirl-wind progress of the Student Crusade Movement in so many places is largely due to them, and the movement for a more lively participation of the schools in arousing interest in the missions has been warmly welcomed in their circles. Those self-sacrificing teachers know that acquaintance with missionary work stirs the noblest chord and the purest sentiments within the soul of the pupil, and arouses the most powerful motives for love of God and one's neighbour, lifting up the youthful heart to higher purposes and nobler aims. Through our schools, knowledge of, and love for the missions will be carried into our Catholic families, and the school favouring mission work will become an important factor in the service of the noblest work, the salvation of the heathen. May God bless abundantly the work of the C.C.S.M.C., and may its three-fold object of mission education, spiritual assistance to the missions, and almsgiving for the missions make it a most powerful ally in the work at Home and in Fields Afar.

The Catholic Missionary Priest

A Sermon Preached in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, October 4th, 1931, by Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman of Ottawa.

This evening, William McGrath, Joseph King, Arthur Venadam and John Joseph Macdonald, priests of the Catholic Church, have assembled in this Cathedral of St. Michael to ask God to bless their departure for the Prefecture Apostolic of Chuchow, China, where they will work as missionaries. This departure ceremony, held in Toronto's Catholic Cathedral, in the presence of your venerated Archbishop, of representative clergy, of young missionary crusaders and of people from every walk of life, is a public event calculated to arouse comment in the community. Even among Catholics the reaction will not be uniform. Most Catholics, knowing by faith the divine origin and absolute necessity of the priestly office and knowing by experience the manifold benefits and blessings which they and theirs have derived through priestly persons, will eagerly desire that those at the end of the earth may likewise share in the same advantages. Other Catholics, because they are weak in faith or negligent in practice, or because they perhaps have had unhappy personal relations with some individual priest, are this evening lukewarm or critical. Though they believe that Christ died just as much for the Chinese of Chuchow as for the Canadians of Ontario, though they admit that Christ's command to teach and sanctify all creatures cannot be fulfilled unless missionaries are in every part of the world, nevertheless this belief of theirs is notional rather than practical, and they are as interested in foreign missions as Dives was in Lazarus. If this solemn missionary departure thus produces diverse reactions even among Catholics, it is only to be expected that it should react in an even greater diversity of manner on non-Catholics, on those who do not believe in a divinely transmitted priestly power and jurisdiction. Some non-Catholics will say: These four priests are earnest Christians and their ministry, if they exercise it in a faithful manner, cannot but help the Chinese. Others will pay no attention at all to the work begun here this evening. On the other hand, some few will say: Sacerdotalism is an evil institution which retards the progress of humanity; the better the individual missionary happens to be, the worse it is for humanity; for it is the case of a good man lending the whole force of his personality to an evil cause: therefore the public celebration of this departure of missionaries is a challenge to those who hate the priesthood. Persons belonging to these various groups—fervent Catholics, friendly non-Catholics, indifferent non-Catholics and fanatically unfriendly non-Catholics — will pass judgment on this evening's ceremony. Therefore, if one would interpret the significance of this sending forth of priests to China, one must first explain the origin, nature and necessity of the Catholic priesthood. Then when we all sufficiently realize that God established the priesthood to offer Him worthy sacrifice and to give men divine gifts, we shall be in a position to appreciate the purpose and advantage of sending priests to the pagan Chinese of Chuchow.

Our study of the priesthood must, to be satisfying, answer these four questions: Whence is it? What is it? Why is it? Of what use is it? Of these four questions, the one dealing with the origin of the priesthood naturally comes first.

Origin and Need of the Priesthood.

The priesthood is as old as humanity and answers a fundamental need of humanity. This fundamental need may be stated in six words: man needs a mediator with God. For since the criminal revolt of the father of the human race, a revolt intensified by the subsequent personal sins of His children of every generation, man is separated from God by a triple obstacle, ignorance, injustice and spiritual death. Though man by beholding visible things can know with certainty Him who made them, this knowledge is neither errorless, nor direct nor complete. While the will of man can love both his fellow creature and also his God as far as he knows Him, this natural rectitude can neither satisfy for the injustice of the inherited sin of nature, nor withstand permanently the temptations from the world, the flesh and the devil. Wonderful beyond telling as is the human life of an immortal soul and mortal body, by no process within the power of nature can it evolve into that divine life which is the privilege of the sons of God. Ignorance, sin and death are the inseparable companions of our fallen nature. They form the triple cause of our estrangement from God.

The paltry and usually distorted remnant which remained of the primeval revelation granted man by God was sufficient to make men long for reconciliation with the divine Ruler. To answer this need of reconciliation, there arose in every religion a class of men known as priests. A priest, in the broad historical sense of the word, is a man who is, or attempts to be, an intermediary between God and man. His task is to teach men what they should know about God and His holy will, to satisfy divine justice by expiating in sacrifice the injustice of sin, and to communicate to man the god-like life which his sin forfeited. The pagan priesthood, which was itself infested with ignorance, sin and spiritual death, was incapable of bringing to those who sought its ministrations God's light, love and life. The patriarchal and Jewish priesthood, though possessing from God revealed truths, and sacrificial and sacramental rites, was but a preparation for and type of that real priest Who from the treasures of His own knowledge revealed to men all they require to know of God, Who out of His own sinless and infinite goodness by His Passion and Death superabundantly expiated all the injustice of sin, and Who by communicating to men an infusion of His own divine life makes them once again living children of the Eternal Father. It was as a priest that Christ taught, it was as a priest that Christ paid by His Blood the price of our redemption, and it is as a priest that Christ communicates by grace the fruit of that redemption to the souls of men. He it is of whom both the Old Testament and the New contain that sublime declaration: "Thou art a priest forever."



Sister Mary Daniel of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., who has gone to Chuchow.

Christ's Priesthood.

It was in order that he might be our priest that the Son of God took hold of the seed of Abraham and became man. "Wherefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren, that he might become a merciful and faithful high-priest before God, that he might be a propitiation for the sins of the people . . . . Whereas indeed he was the Son of God, he learned obedience by the things which he suffered and, being consummated, he became to all that obey him, the cause of eternal salvation, called by God a high priest according to the order of Melchisedech . . . . For it was fitting that we should have such a high priest, holy, innocent. undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens, who needeth not daily as the (other) priests to offer sacrifices first for his own sins and then for the people's; for this he did once in offering himself . . . . For the (Jewish) law, having a shadow of the good things to come not the very image of the things, by the self-same sacrifices which they offer continually every year, can never make the comers thereunto perfect . . . . For it is impossible that with the blood of oxen and of goats, sin should be taken away . . . . But Christ being come, a high priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is, not of this creation. neither by the blood of oxen or of calves, but by his own blood, entered once into the holies, having obtained eternal redemption. For if the blood of goats and of oxen, and the ashes of a heifer being sprinkled sanctify such as are defiled to the cleansing of

the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered himself unspotted to God, cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God. And therefore he is the mediator of the New Testament."

The whole teaching of this Epistle to the Hebrews from which these words are taken may be summed up in one sentence: Christ, the Son of God, is the mediator and therefore the priest of the new and eternal testament; for priest and mediator are synonymous terms. There is therefore but one priest as there is but one mediator. "God our Saviour will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a redemption for all."

Christ's Priests.

While Christ's priesthood is eternal, for He is, "a priest forever," "always living to make intercession for us," "our advocate with the Father, the propitiation for our sins," He no longer visibly teaches men as He did in Galilee, in the land beyond the Jordan and in the Holy City; He no longer visibly offers up His Body and Blood unto the remission of sins as He did at the Last Supper and upon the Cross. He no longer audibly says to the repentant sinner, as He did to the paralytic, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." For it was part of the eternal economy of the redemption that Christ should choose certain men and give them a share in His priesthood, so that through them all men might receive the fruits of His sacrifice all days even to the consummation of the world. These priests of His are but channels, He is the source; they are but instruments, He is the workman. Yet, nevertheless, He willed that they should be for men necessary channels and indispensable instruments. Without the ministry of the Christian priesthood, men cannot enter heaven. For while the Catholic Church does not despair of the salvation of those who through no fault of their own are outside her visible fold and hence deprived of the direct services of her priesthood, for God grants sufficient grace to all adults for salvation, she nevertheless teaches that these lesser lights and graces which can sanctify those men of good will who are invincibly ignorant of her divine mission are obtained by them indirectly through the ministrations of the Christian priesthood; for all sanctifying grace comes to men from Christ through the sacrifice of the Mass and the sacraments, whether the latter be actually received or only implicitly desired. Only through His priests will Christ exercise on earth the three functions of His priesthood: the prophetical, whereby He dispels ignorance by teaching divine truth; the sacrificial, whereby He atones for sin by offering a divine sacrifice; and the pastoral, whereby He destroys spiritual death by infusing divine life.

The men whom Christ chose to share His priesthood and convey its benefits to mankind were the apostles and their lawful successors. On them He conferred the prophetical office when He said: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going therefore make disciples of all



Sister Mary Genevieve, who begins missionary work in Chuchow this year with Sister Daniel and three Sisters already there.

nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." The living Christ still teaches men but He does so through His priests. On the same apostles, He conferred at the Last Supper the sacrificial office of His priesthood. For to them He said: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you . . . And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke and gave to his disciples and said: "Take ye and eat. This is my body which is given for you. This do for the commemoration of me." And taking the chalice, He gave thanks and gave to them saying: "Drink ye all of this—for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many unto the remission of sins. This do, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of me." By these words Christ gave the apostles, and through them, their successors in the priesthood, the command and the power to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood and to offer Him as a sacrifice for the remission of sins. Thus through them He continues His own eucharistic sacrifice, offering in an unbloody manner what was bloodily immolated on the Cross. To these same apostles, and their successors in the priesthood, Christ gave on Easter Sunday evening that part of the pastoral office which includes the forgiving of sins and the imparting of supernatural life to men. "Peace be to you. As the Father has sent me, I also send you. And when He had said this He breathed on them, and He said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosesoever sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whosesoever (sins) you shall retain, they are retained." These powers in no way interfere with Christ's unique mediatorship; no more than human parenthood interferes with the unique Fatherhood of God. For Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, is the source of divine truth; He is the sacrifice which merited our redemption; He is the life that takes away our death by incorporating us as His living members. He established, once for all, a complete revelation, a perfect sacrifice and an inexhaustible river of living grace; and yet it is His will that this revelation cannot be known by men in its integrity and perfection, that this sacrifice cannot be offered on earth as a clean oblation from the rising to the setting of the sun, and that this divine life of grace cannot normally be transmitted to men, save through the Christian priesthood. Those and those only who have received from the apostles by the laying on of hands in Holy Orders the power of the priesthood are able to teach revealed truths with authority, to offer up Christ's eucharistic sacrifice in expiation of sin, and to administer the sacraments that bring divine life to men.

The Priest a Mediator.

They, therefore, who thus share Christ's priesthood are appointed by Christ mediators between Him and men. A Catholic priest is, therefore, owing to the share Christ has given him in His own priesthood, a secondary mediator between God and men. He is a mediator, because he removes the three obstacles which estrange God and man, ignorance, injustice and death. He removes spiritual ignorance by preaching the whole doctrine of Christ, contained in the divinely inspired Scriptures and in the apostolic traditions; he expiates injustice by the propitiatory value of Christ's eucharistic sacrifice, which he, as Christ's agent, offers in the Mass; he restores spiritual life by forgiving, as Christ's ambassador, the sins of men, and he develops it by distributing as Christ's steward, the Bread of Life. Thus it is that the ministry of reconciliation, which constitutes Christ's priesthood, is shared by all the priests of His Church. In the very same verse in which St. Paul tells the Corinthians that "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself," he adds, "and he hath placed in us the word of reconciliation. For Christ therefore we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us. All things are God's who hath reconciled us to himself by Christ and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation." Priests therefore, as the Holy Ghost teaches us through St. Paul, are ambassadors of Christ; priests, therefore, have a share in Christ's own ministry of reconciliation; priests, therefore, since they share Christ's mediatorship, are mediators between God and man.

The priest, as mediator, fills three functions, the prophetical, the sacrificial and the pastoral; he teaches God's revelation, he offers up Christ's sacrifice in the Mass and he imparts the divine life of grace through the sacraments. The study of each one of these three functions casts a flood of light on the nature and utility of the priesthood.

The Priest as Preacher.

It is evident that the first step of man towards God must be to know who God is and what He wants. This information is contained in the gospel of Christ and hence it is this Gospel which must be taught to men. Christ made His priests spokesmen of God when He said, "Go ye into the whole

(Continued on page 154)

NEW-COMERS and "OLD-TIMERS"

Some observations by Rev. Father Joy, S.J., Hongkong. They have a special interest in view of the arrival of our missionaries in China this month.

This morning and this afternoon a perfect avalanche of missionaries descended upon us. Germans, Spaniards, French, Italian, Hungarian—it was a perfectly Pentecostal gathering from the ends of the earth and from all nations. They had just come off two ships from Europe, and were bound for the northern provinces of China. Hence their stay was short. They were just "passing through," and looked in for a few moment to greet their fellow-labourers in the Southern part of the field.

The Enthusiasm of Youth.

They were all "fresh-run,' as fishermen say of salmon newly arrived in the rivers from the sea. Most of them were young—were, in fact, but a few months ordained, and were to begin their life-work in the missions. It is interesting to meet these men fresh from home in these days. We read in their hurried, enthusiastic speech the effects which the new mission movement has produced in people at home. When we ourselves arrived we had little more than the vaguest ideas about the problems of the missions. But, since then, student groups have been organized and missionary congresses are being held in every country. We feel the effect in the immense increase in numbers of new-comers. Every year nations are throwing men into the fray who a few years ago had no men in the China missions.

These new men are full of health and vigour and enthusiasm. They are the more remarkable for the fact that they arrive in the autumn when the men on the spot are almost at their lowest in energy and vitality—just at the end of a tropical summer.

No End of Ideas.

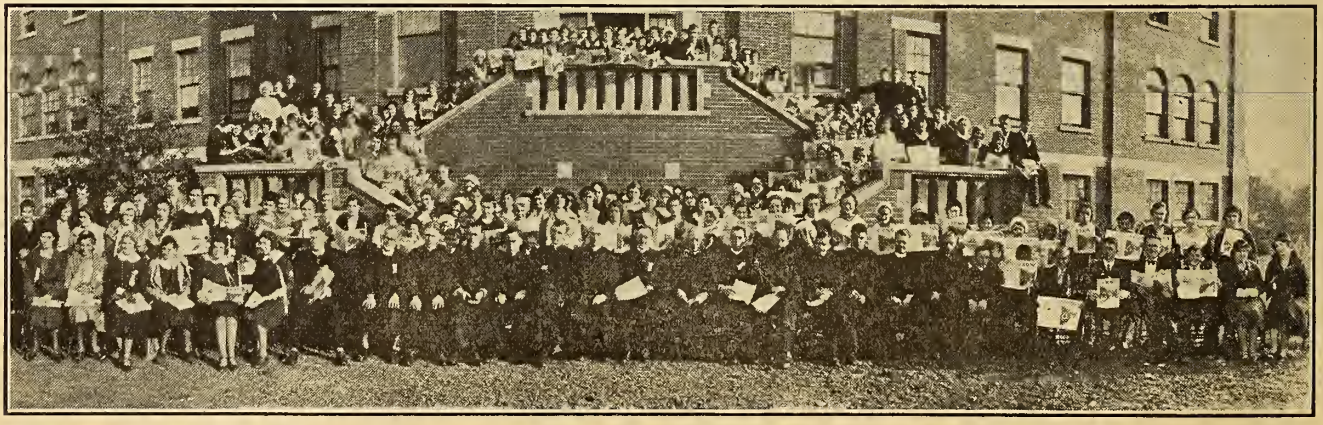
They are full of ideas about the missions and their problems. The men on the spot seem more anxious to let them talk than to take a hand in the discussion themselves. The solution of the class-room and the missionary conference are put forward with a logic and an enthusiasm which makes disagreement impossible. Besides, the older men would not damp that enthusiasm for worlds. It will be an invaluable aid in carrying them over the initial difficulties of mission life.

On to the Firing Line.

In a short time they are gone from us to continue their journey to the North. In our hearts we marvel at God's wonderful generosity. He is certainly helping the China missions as never before. The youth and enthusiasm of every nation seem to be flowing out into the mission fields. Surely He is preparing something big for China. "What shall this one be, think you, for the Hand of the Lord is with him?"

Sad Tales of Returning Soldiers.

Another day others were "passing through" and called. They had given of their best in the provinces that centre on Hankow, to the north of it and to the south. Some had spent twenty, some thirty and forty years in China. They had seen flourishing Christianities grow up where, when they first came, there was just one vast, unbroken mass of paganism. All was going well until the Southerners, under Borodin's instructions, began their conquest of the Centre and the North. In a few years all was changed. Friendliness was turned to sullen tolerance, if not to open hostility. Then the Reds came, and the bandits thrived in a nation of divided counsels. Missions suffered heavily, some being completely destroyed. These old missionaries held on grimly in the hope of better times returning. Finally, they themselves became, on more than one occasion, the objects of hatred to excited mobs. Some of them had been in the hands of the Reds; some in those of the pirates. It mattered little by what name their captors called themselves. The treatment was much the same in all cases. Months of captivity with poor food, long marches in the heat of summer, insufficient clothing and no shelter in the winter months, petty persecutions with daily threats of death if the ransom money did not come (which they knew would never come, and which they did not want to come, lest pity for them should endanger the lives of every other missionary). Finally, release came when nerves were shattered and health impaired, and the bishop ordered them to go back for a few months rest.



On Saturday afternoon, October 3rd, some of the Crusaders attending the National Convention in Toronto, visited our Seminary, where they were welcomed by Rev. Dr. McRae, and heard Father Fraser speak of the need of Catholic missions in China. They all read "China."

No Word of Their Own Trials.

We knew all this part of their story before they came. The moment their names were announced we were able to piece together the little bits of information that had trickled through about them during those months of their captivity. If we had not thus known, we should never have known—for they themselves seemed never to give a thought to Reds or Bandits. They laughed and smoked and chatted as though their lives had been the most humdrum matter-of-fact ones in the world. Even when we tried to get them on to the topic of their captivity, they seemed to be more interested in the comic than in the tragic side of it. They kept us laughing with little incidents about the armour and the "discipline," and the ways and words of Reds and Bandits, so that we did not dare to speak of the more sombre side of things. We spoke of the missions and their problems, of China, of the civil war, of the prospects for the future. They had no solutions to offer; no prophecies to make. To the careless eye it would almost appear as though they had no interest in the hard realities of life.

The Tell-Tale Signs.

But we have seen too many men "passing through' to be put off by these tactics. One's eye gets accustomed to reading and interpreting involuntary signs. The twitching eyebrows, the restless hands, the passing shadow of thoughtfulness and sadness that comes on the countenance for a moment, is replaced by laugh and smile—we have seen these things too often to miss the meaning of them. They tell us more of the months of agony that these men endured than either they want us to know or we want to tell them. The stranger might just think that they were "jolly souls," these missionaries who had been with Reds and Bandits. He might even be disposed to think that they were right when, on rising to leave us, they remark that "it is ridiculous of the Bishop" to be sending them back to Europe for a rest. But when they have passed down the walk, and, with a last wave of the hand and a promise to call on their way back again in a few months, have disappeared from sight, we know that the Bishop has merely picked those who are in most urgent need of rest, though all of them are in sad need of it.

Heroes All.

Heroes! We meet many such "passing through," and we feel ashamed. We, too, dare to hope that we can claim the name of missionary. But we live in peace while the men on the firing lines are fighting this desperate battle for the cause of Christ the King. We feel just a little anxious that we are not the real thing. We are only in the commisariat or the dressing-stations. These men man the trenches in the most glorious struggle that the history of the China missions has witnessed. In our admiration there is just a little envy.

But when we look over these last few years—dreadful but glorious years—in China, and try to analyse the effect produced on us by these men "passing through," we know that we have got much from those who descend on us from the West—the newcomers—but we have got far more from those going back from the missions for rest and recuperation.

Redemption Through Suffering.

These men with shattered nerves and broken health; these jolly souls who smoke and laugh and chat about everything except the serious aspect of the China missions to-day; these men who, unlike the newcomer, have no solution for the missions' problems and no idea of what the future will bring, say to us—yet use no words in saying it—"Why trouble about mission problems? They are insoluble in the China of to-day. Therefore they will be solved. Why discuss the future of the missions? The future seems hopeless. Therefore it is full of hope. Christ the Sleeper is in the boat. It only needs for the storm to become worse and He will awake and there will come a great calm. The God Who sent Gideon forth to battle will teach us, as He taught him, not to trust for victory to mere human forces." They have gone through what they have suffered and come out of it with smiling faces. They have seen the labors of a lifetime shattered to pieces at the hands of Reds and bandits —and they have not lost their peace of soul, for they know that the Captain, Christ, is our Leader in the battle, and in His cause there is no defeat. Sooner or later, they know, every night of terror, every suffering of body and mind, every drop of blood that has flowed from the veins of Christian or missionary will count in bringing nearer the day of China's spiritual deliverance. Christ's mystical body in China, as elsewhere, must, like Christ Himself, climb the Hill of Calvary and lay itself out on the Cross. The sun will be darkened, the earth will quake—but so far from silencing the Voice of the Man of Sorrows, the time will come when He will cry out in a loud voice: "It is consummated." And China shall have been redeemed. (Fides.)



View along waterfront, Shanghai, the first port of call in China for our missionaries.

Impressive Farewell Given Missionaries

The great congregation that crowded Toronto's Cathedral Church of St. Michael on Sunday night, October 4th, will have something to remember as long as they live. The scene that took place within that sacred edifice marked another red-letter event in the history of St. Francis Xavier's China Mission Seminary, and from every angle the spectacle was most inspiring. The quiet dignity of the rich old Gothic interior of St. Michael's lent itself to the occasion as His Excellency Archbishop McNeil officiated at the impressive Ceremony of Departure that marked the official sending forth of Reverend Fathers McGrath, Venadam, King, and MacDonald as missionaries to China.

Every available bit of space in the great Cathedral was occupied when sharply at seven o'clock, Father Ronan's chancel choir boys led the procession from the sacristy. While the chancel choir sang a motet the long procession of Seminarians and priests moved down a side aisle and up the centre to the Sanctuary, where, at the foot of the brilliantly lighted main altar, Archbishop McNeil intoned the "Veni Creator," which was continued by more than two hundred Seminarians from St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier's Seminary, who filled the sanctuary. The entire congregation then joined in the singing of the hymn, "Come Holy Ghost," at the conclusion of which Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Gorman ascended the pulpit and delivered his departure sermon on the priesthood (which is published in full in this issue); through the kindness of Father Kennedy, Crusade Director, the sermon was broadcasted over Station CKGW.

Perhaps the most emotional part of the whole ceremony was the stirring rendition of the Departure Hymn by the Seminarians, as they sang Gounod's famous composition bidding "Farewell, Brothers! Farewell!" At the altar, Archbishop McNeil blessed the Crosses of the missionaries, and each knelt in turn before His Excellency and was invested with the Mission Cross; then all four repeated aloud their



"CHINA" offers congratulations to the C.C.S.M.C. and to its Director, Rev. Wm. A. Kennedy (above) on the splendid convention held last month in Toronto, of which the Departure Ceremony was the closing event.

oath of fidelity to the missions, and as they lay prostrate before the altar His Excellency said the prayer which begins with the words, "Ite, fratres, . . . Go, brethren, to the sheep who are perishing . . .", and then He blessed the four missionaries. The Ceremony proper concluded with the singing of the "Itinerarium" (the official prayer of the Church for those about to undertake a journey) by the Seminarians under the direction of Father Ronan.

The picture on the cover of "CHINA" was taken during the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which was given by His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, assisted by Rev. James McGillivray and Rev. Wm. McNabb of our Seminary as Deacon and Subdeacon respectively. The four missionaries are seen in the picture kneeling at their prie-dieux, without surplices, and left to right they are Fathers King, McGrath, MacDonald, and Venadam. During the Benediction the Cathedral Gallery Choir rendered some special music.

After the Benediction the missionaries advanced to the altar railing and blessed the kneeling congregation with their Crucifixes. The processional return to the sacristy brought to a close the 1931 Departure Ceremony. Our thanks are due to the Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and to all who helped to make it such a grand event.

PRIESTS, OFF FOR CHINA, GLADDENED BY REMEMBRANCES FROM OTHER SEMINARIES.

It was a source of much joy and gratification to Fathers McGrath, Venadam, King and MacDonald, to receive from the students at Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, and the students at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, magnificent Spiritual Bouquets for the success of their journey to, and labours in, the Mission Field. With the Gifts came letters telling of the interest of those future fellow-priests in the Canadian Mission to China. Through "China" the priests wish to publicly thank those Seminarians for their kind and thoughtful acts.

FATHER McGRATH IS APPOINTED SUPERIOR IN CHINA.

At a recent meeting of the Seminary Board of Control, Rev. Wm. C. McGrath was chosen as Superior of our Mission in Chuchow. A leading figure in the work of the Foreign Missions in Canada almost from the very beginning of our efforts, Father McGrath is well qualified for his new duties as Mission Superior. China has been the object of his labours for years, and that zeal and enthusiasm which caused him to do such mighty things for the cause of the Missions in Canada have now a fuller field for expansion

PRIEST TAKEN CAPTIVE.

A despatch from Shanghai, dated August 28th, reports that Father Hugh Sands of St. Columbans Chinese Mission Society has been taken captive and his residence sacked. Father Sands is a missionary in the Prefecture of Hanyang, Hupeh Province, China.

Only six months ago Father Tierney, also a St. Columban Father in the same prefecture, died from ill-treatment in the hands of bandits. December 2nd of last year, Fathers Laffan and Linehan of the same society, after seven months in the hands of the Reds, escaped from captivity which they voluntarily took upon themselves in order to release five sisters who had been taken in the communist raid on the city of Sientaochen.—(Fides).

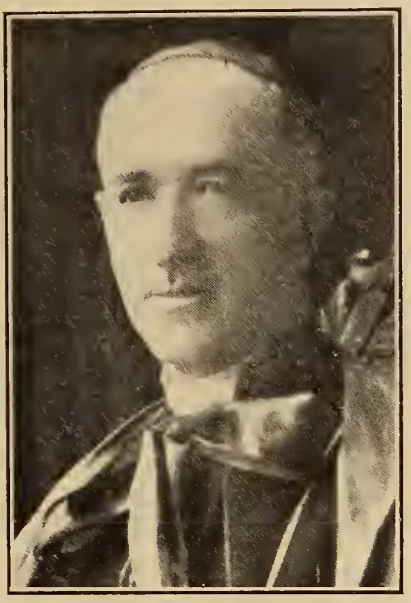
MISSIONARIES ON THEIR WAY.

Immediately following the Departure Ceremony on October 4th, Fathers Venadam and King left for Vancouver, and sailed on the "Empress of Japan" on October 10th, in company with the two Sisters whose picture appears elsewhere in this issue.

Fathers MacDonald and McGrath postponed their sailing date for a few weeks, and left the Seminary on October 18th. They are taking to Vancouver the Mission Motor Van recently blessed by His Excellency Archbishop McNeil for the Sisters of Service. They will deliver this "Church on Wheels" to the Sisters in Vancouver after having "broken it in" by the drive from Toronto to the Coast, and on November 7th they sail on the "Empress of Canada".

Our students made a Triduum to the Little Flower, Patroness of Missionaries, for this year's Mission Band, and the Triduum was brought to a close on the Feast of the Saint by Solemn Benediction given in our Chapel by three of the priests now en route to Chuchow.

It is a touching event when priests leave the Seminary for China. To them the Seminary is a second home, and saying "Farewell" is not easy. Not the least impressive moment of the actual departure is that when, having given the final handclasp to each of the Seminarians, the departing missionaries give their blessing to the boys as they kneel around them.



BISHOP KIDD NEW MEMBER OF SEMINARY BOARD OF CONTROL.

The Bishops of Ontario have chosen His Excellency The Most Reverend John T. Kidd, Bishop of London, Ont., to be their new representative on the Board of Control of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary to succeed the late Bishop Fallon. Archbishop McNeil is the President of the Board, and together with Archbishop O'Brien, of Kingston, and Bishop Kidd, of London, represents the Catholic Hierarchy of Ontario. Dr. McRae, Rector of the Seminary, and Rev. Wm. C. McGrath are the other members.

Bishop Kidd is no stranger to the work of our Seminary; for years, as President of St. Augustine's Seminary, he was intimately associated with us; later, as Bishop of Calgary, a great Home Mission Diocese, he maintained his interest, and henceforth China Mission will benefit by his official connection, for the new Bishop of London is a man of wide experience and his life has been a singularly useful one in Canadian ecclesiastical affairs.

TWO MORE CHINESE BISHOPS.

Pekin.—The Rt. Rev. Boniface Yeung, Auxiliary Bishop of the Vicariate of Canton, was consecrated at Canton July 26th by the Rt. Rev. Simon Tsu, Vicar Apostolic of Haimen, one of the Chinese bishops consecrated at Rome in 1926 by Pope Pius XI. Eight bishops attended the ceremony and about 80 priests, besides a large congregation of Christians and pagans.

The Rt. Rev. Joseph Chow was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Paotingfu on August 2nd by his predecessor, the Rt. Rev. Paul Montaigne, who is now Coadjutor of the Vicar Apostolic of Pekin. The elaborate outdoor celebrations usually supplied according to Chinese custom, had to be omitted on account of the civil war in the immediate vicinity.

In connection with Bishop Chow's consecration it is to be noted that this is the first time in China that foreign missionaries have turned over an entire vicariate with all its institutions to the native clergy and withdrawn to other fields. (Fides).

CHINESE STUDENTS CONVERTED

A group of 42 young men, all between the ages of 15 and 25, were baptised at Hongkong after receiving instruction at St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The same young men were confirmed later at the Cathedral of Hongkong.—(Fides).



Priests and students at St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary at beginning of Scholastic year, 1931-32. Front row (left to right): Rev. J. McGillivray (to be ordained soon); Fr. Doyle (gone to Rome); Fr. King, (gone to China); Fr. A. MacDonald (Bursar); Fr. W. McGrath (Mission Superior in China); Rev. Dr. McRae (Rector); Fr. Fraser (Founder of Seminary); Fr. Chafe (Editor of "China"); Fr. Venadam (gone to China); Fr. J. MacDonald (gone to China); Rev. W. McNabb (to be ordained soon).

The Catholic Missionary.

(Continued from page 149)

world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." The teaching office resides in its highest form in that priest who is the successor of Peter, the infallible teacher of the nations, the Roman Pontiff. It resides essentially also in those priests who are bishops and hence successors of the apostles. As a joint body united to the Pope, the bishops are infallible in teaching God's truth to mankind. Each bishop in his own diocese, though lacking infallibility, is nevertheless God's prophet to his people. In order that the bishops may fulfil their ministry of teaching, God has given them priests as co-operators. Owing to the small number of bishops and the large number of priests, by far the greater part of the preaching in the Church today is done by plain priests. The priest who under his bishop preaches the word of God to the people committed to his care, whether he does this in the pulpit, in the catechism class, in spiritual direction or in the confessional, speaks as the ambassador of Christ. Through him, Christ Himself speaks: "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me." When the priest has preached the gospel, he can say to his congregation, what St. Paul said to one of his: "When your ears received God's message from us, you accepted it, not as the word of men, but as it is indeed, the Word of God."

The preaching of the priest is necessary for the salvation of men. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him, in Whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe Him, of Whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, unless they be sent? This "sending", or mission to preach, resides in the priesthood and in the priesthood alone. The priest, living as he does in a world which despite nineteen centuries of christianity is largely enslaved by ignorance, hears ringing in his ears those words which at ordination he was told to ponder: "I charge thee, before God and Jesus Christ, who shall judge the living and the dead, by his coming and his kingdom, preach the word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, entreat and exhort in all patience and teaching. For there shall be a time when they will not endure the sacred doctrine, but having itching ears, they will heap to themselves teachers after their own lusts; and will indeed turn away their ears from the truth and turn aside unto fables. But be thou vigilant, suffer hardship, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry."

This ministry of preaching the Gospel is fulfilled by two types of priests, the missionary priest and the resident pastor. The missionary precedes. He it is who must go to those who sit in darkness and in the regions of the shadow of death and point out to them the great light which has come into the world. Since he is sent to them by the apostolic See, he is truly an apostle, that is, one sent, a missionary. Since he teaches these pagans the Gospel of Christ, he is truly an evangelist. Once the community becomes Catholic and the parish is formed, the missionary hands over his work to the resident pastoral clergy, who as soon as convenient are of the same race as the parishioners. It is the duty of these resident pastors to give their Catholic people a deeper appreciation and love of the divine mysteries and to help them to transmit the heritage of the faith to their children and their children's children. These two types of teaching priests — the missionary type that are forever on the march and the pastoral type that reside with their flock—these two types are both necessary to the Church. Both were established by Jesus Christ. For, as St. Paul tells us in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "He made some apostles and some prophets and other some evangelists (these are the missionaries) and other some pastors and doctors," (these are the resident bishops and priests).

It is obvious that the priest's teaching office imposes on him a two-fold duty: he must all his life study the sacred sciences and he must practice what he preaches. The world has nothing but contempt for an ignorant or insincere preacher. For the

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OUR WORK FOR SOULS
IN CHINA

St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

priests who are proceeding on their misionary journey this evening, as for all priests, Mother Church prays: "Pour down, O Lord, on these, thy servants, the grace of Thy blessing that by the gravity of their actions and the example of their lives, they may show themselves to be priests formed by the rule which Paul gave to Titus and Timothy; that meditating on thy law day and night, they may believe what they read, teach what they believe and practise what they preach."

The Priest as Sacrificial Agent.

Wondrously important as is the priest's teaching office, resulting as it does "in the fall and the resurrection of many," far more important is the priest's sacrificial office. When Christ preached the doctrine of the Bread of Life in the synagogue at Capharnaum, and told the Jews that the Bread which He would give was His own flesh which they must eat if they would have everlasting life, many of His disciples, hearing it, said "This saying is hard and who can hear it?" . . . And after this many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him."

Likewise when Christ through His Church teaches that in the Mass, Bread and Wine are changed into His real Body and Blood, are offered up in sacrifice and are given in communion as the food of souls, many Christians, since the sixteenth century, have found this a hard saying and have walked no more with His Church. It is indeed the Mass that matters. For the Mass is the very centre of the Christian religion here on earth; it is the unbloody continuation of the sacrifice of Calvary. In the Mass, at the Last Supper and on the Cross, the priest is the same, the victim is the same and the sacrifice is the same. Christ is the priest offering; Christ is the victim offered; the manner of offering alone is different. In the Mass, Christ, the high-priest according to the order of Melchisedech, using the priestly minister as a necessary mouthpiece, changes bread and wine into His Body and Blood; in the Mass, using the priestly minister as a necessary instrument, Christ the priest offers this Body that was pierced and Blood that was shed on Calvary, to adore, thank, propitiate and petition the Blessed Trinity; in the Mass, Christ the priest, using the priestly minister as a necessary steward, gives His Body and Blood as the food of souls. The Christian priest, in all the acts of his sacred ministry, is a mediator, but never so completely a mediator as in the sacrifice of the Mass. The sacrificial office is so essential to the nature of a priest, that one cannot exist without the other. The very definition of a priest is that he is a man who offers sacrifice to God. "For every high-priest, taken from among men, is ordained for man in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins." No man may validly exercise such an office unless he was chosen therefor by God. "Neither doth any man take the honour to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was." God, who chose Aaron through Moses, chooses His priests through the bishops of the Church who ordain them. Once a man has received, through the imposition of episcopal hands, the office of the priesthood, his main task in life is to give God infinite honour and men divine benefits by offering up the eucharistic sacrifice of Christ in the Mass. "The chalice of benediction which we bless is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread which we break is it not a partaking of the Body of the Lord." This blessing and breaking is the sacrificial oblation of Our Lord's Body and Blood on the Christian altar unto the remission of sins and the subsequent distribution of the same as the food of our souls. "We have an altar, whereof they have no power to eat who serve the (Jewish) tabernacle." It is only by being thus eucharistically immolated, offered and administered that the Blood of Christ, shed on Calvary, reaches our conscience to cleanse it from dead works.

The sacrificial office of the priest is therefore necessary for the salvation of men. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." For the Christian who has reached the age of reason, the Body and Blood of Christ is the food his soul needs, if it would live. Without the priests, this divine food would not be available. That Christ's sacrifice should be offered under the new covenant in every place by the priests whom He had sanctified had been foretold by the prophet Malachy: "Presently the Lord

(Continued on page 156)

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Missionary to China Leaves a Message to the Buds

Dear Buds,

Father Jim came into my room the other day. He found me somewhere under a pile of trunks and suitcases—packing up for China. "Before you go," he said, "you must write a word to the Buds." "You bet I will," I said, "and only that you wouldn't publish it I'd give them a clue as to who you are."

Well, dear Buds, by the time you are reading this we shall all be well on our way. From China we shall try to tell you something of what we are doing and how your prayers are helping the poor little pagan children over there.

And remember, if you ever meet us in China you will be assured of a very enthusiastic welcome, especially if you come as a missionary later on.

Meanwhile let us pray for one another, you that God may bless our efforts for souls and we that God may bless and protect you and yours and help you always to do His Holy Will.

In the Seminary we were always interested in your "Rose Garden", and when we get to China we shall be just as eager as ever to read what you have to say to Father Jim. Keep him busy, and may you always be faithful little missionaries.

Your sincere friend,
FATHER McGRATH.



This fine little group shows younger brothers and sisters of Norma Mills (inset) of 628 Parliament St., Toronto. If Norma has her way, they'll all be "buds" later on. She is keenly interested in our club.

FATHER JIM GIVES IN!

Believe it or not, Buds, but right here in Toronto is one of your chums who got all the "dope" about me. How did it happen? Well, somehow like this! You see, I was at the C.C.S.M.C. Convention here a little while ago, and I was so tickled with the enthusiastic crowds I saw that I was a bit off my guard. On Saturday afternoon during the Convention, many Crusaders visited China Mission Seminary. Now I could have escaped by staying away from the Seminary that afternoon, but I just couldn't miss meeting and talking with such friends of the Missions. Walking through the corridor I heard somebody looking for Father Jim. I volunteered to locate him for the enquiring one, but I seemed to know so much about this particular enquirer (for she was one of our best "buds" who wrote me often) that she got wise, and I had to own up, but she promised me to keep it a secret. Her first name begins with the letter—no, I won't even tell you that much, for she might have too much trouble keeping her secret then. Anyhow, her picture has appeared in the Garden, so now it's up to you all to get busy.

On behalf of the missionaries who have left for China, Father McGrath has been kind enough to write a message to you, so I will not say any more to you this time. I'm very sorry I can't publish the names of even half those who have become buds since last month, but you are sure of being mentioned if you send along your picture.

In your prayers this month remember the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and specially the relatives of your fellow-buds.

Best of luck to you all.

FATHER JIM.

P.S. I forgot to say that the bud who really knows me wrote me afterwards and said I was a real sport to tell her who I was. Well, I'm not so sure about that, but I hope she is a real sport herself, and doesn't give me away.

New Buds from Many Places.

Antoinette Chaisson (Marie), County Rd., New Waterford, N.S.

Mary C. MacDonald (June Bud), 659 David St., Glace Bay, and her sister, Mary Margaret.

Evelyn and Gladys Grondin (Double Petunia and Gladiola), Verwood, Sask.

Eunice Graham (Sweet Pea), County Rd., New Waterford, N.S.

Elsie Malone (Daffodil), 96 Grand River Ave., Brantford, Ont.

Sadie Bonaparte (Blossom), MacKinnon's Harbor, N.S.

Margaret McInnis (Atlantic Rose), Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S.

Veronica McInnis (Star Flower), 5 Hillside Ave., Glace Bay, N.S.

Katherine M. Gillis (Tinker-Bluebell), McKinnon's Harbor, N.S.

Katherine L. G. Black (Marybell), Barra Glen, C.B.

Frances L. P. Comstock (Maple Leaf), Stone St., Gananoque, Ont.

Agnes King (Bridie), 90 Richmond St., Sydney, N.S.

Dorothy Chisholm (Dorothy), 96 Richmond St., Sydney, N.S.

Bridie Yard (Agnes), 135 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S.

Teresa MacDonald (Violet), 648 David St., Glace Bay.

Hazel Clarke (Lily of the Valley), 209 Burke Street, Oshawa, Ont.

Margaret Campbell (Marigold), County Rd., New Waterford, N.S.

Marion Gallagher (Roses), 137 Simcoe St. N., Oshawa, Ont.

Christina McNeil (Starlight), 15 Maple St., Glace Bay, N.S.

Rodina McMullon (Dewdrop), and Evelyn McMullon (Mother Rose), Box 32, New Waterford, N.S.

Marie LaBelle (Tulip), 16 Argyle Street, Glace Bay, N.S.

Doreen Whalen (Irish-Heart), and Marie Whalen (Irish-Pat), 34 St. Dunstan's Drive, Toronto.

I thank Margaret Flynn, Brigus, C.B., Nfld., for the stamps she sent to help the missions.

"After we finish reading 'China', mother gives it to a friend who always sends it to a priest in the Old Country" writes a bud from Thorold, Ont. That's a good idea! When you've finished reading this little Mission magazine, pass it on to a friend, and in that simple way you are helping to make known the great work and needs of the Foreign Missions.

A Call from Manitoba to Manitoba.

"Enclosed please find one dollar for subscription to 'China'. I would like to know how many buds hail from Manitoba. Come on, you Manitoba buds, let's hear from you, or the buds from other places will think there are no Catholic boys and girls out here interested in the missions. If they think so they are wrong, because there are lots of good Catholic boys and girls out here. I know who you are, Father Jim, but I will not tell." That's the kind of enthusiast that comes from Manitoba. I think there are quite a few like Eileen Parker who wrote the above. Send along your picture as you promised, Eileen. A letter addressed to 227 Kilbride Ave., West Kildoran, Man., will get you acquainted with Eileen, whose pen-name, by the way, is "Peewee".

I hope Margaret Ladouceur was granted her request. I prayed for you, Margaret, and I shall be glad to hear from you again. Margaret's address is 228 Woburn Ave., Toronto, and her pen-name is "Brownie".

Perhaps He Didn't Know Me!

Marjory Brennan writes from 373 Westmoreland Ave., Toronto: "I have been reading with interest the items in your Rose Garden. A young man was here getting subscriptions for 'China' and I tried to find out from him your name, but I could not get much satisfaction." Marjory is 14 years old and attends Loretta Abbey. Pen-name, "Babe".

We Thank Our Friends

And gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from September 16th to October 16th, 1931.

$10.00 and Over.

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The Catholic Missionary.

(Continued from page 154)

whom you seek, and the angel of the covenant whom you desire, shall come to his temple . . . and he shall purify the sons of Levi and shall refine them as gold and as silver, and they shall offer sacrifices to the Lord in righteousness . . . For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name will be great among the Gentiles, and in every place there will be sacrifice and there will be offered to my name a clean oblation." Without priests, there would be now no sacrifice offered to God on this earth. What this world would be without the sacrifice of the Mass, one trembles to contemplate. The millions of sins that daily outrage the justice of God, sins that "crucify again the Son of God, and make him a mockery," involve such an injustice, that this planet would deserve another deluge, were it not for the fact that every hour of the day throughout the world, Christ offers to God through the hands of the priest, that sacrifice whose propitiatory value exceeds the evil of sin. The honour given to God by a single Mass is infinite, greater than that given by all the virtues of all the saints. The benefits given to men by a single Mass are utterly beyond comprehension. The Mass is beyond all comparison the most divine act occurring in the visible universe. Without priests there would be no Mass. Priests, therefore, are as necessary as is the Mass.

Since according to the will of God as stated by the Prophet Malachy, the eucharistic sacrifice must be offered in every place, from the rising of the sun even until the going down of the same, from the far East to the far West, then priests are needed to offer this eucharistic sacrifice in every place, in the far East as in the far West.

The sacrificial office, while conferring on the priest his greatest dignity, likewise confers on him his greatest obligation to sanctity. Christ's words are quite plain. "If any man minister to me, let him follow me." A priest is a minister of Christ; his life must be a following of Christ. The following of Christ results in that intimate union with the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, in which perfection consists. "They who with all their hearts follow Christ," writes St. Thomas Aquinas, "are perfect." St. Paul as usual carefully applies his Master's teaching. He requires of the priest, whether he be a bishop or not, that he be "blameless," that is, irreproachable and consequently perfect. In thus requiring that "the man of God be perfect", St. Paul sets up no impossible standard. He does not demand of the priest that he possess the final perfection of the creature, which is unattainable in this world. St. Paul himself does not count himself to have laid hold of it already, but he adds: "Yet one thing I do; I forget what is behind me and strain forward to what is before and press on towards the goal to gain the reward of God's heavenly call in Christ Jesus. Let such of us as are perfect be thus minded." Perfection in this world, as St. Bernard remarked one thousand years later, consists in the constant striving after perfection. This constant striving after perfection, involving as it does daily and lifelong prayer, work, study and self-denial, is the most difficult of all the priest's tasks.

The Priest as Pastor.

The sacrificial and prophetical office do not exhaust the mediatorship of the priest. It is not enough to give infinite worship to God, provide an inexhaustible reservoir of graces for men and fill their minds with a knowledge and a desire of these graces. The life of grace must be communicated to each individual. No one actually benefits by the sacrifice of Christ till the fruits of that sacrifice have been brought to him personally. The individual must be born supernaturally; he must grow supernaturally; he must be fed supernaturally; if he contract a spiritual disease, he must be purified supernaturally; if he lose his life of grace, he must be supernaturally resurrected. Now, the means provided by God for men's spiritual birth and growth and food and medicine and resurrection are the sacraments; and the ministers of the sacraments are the priests. "Let a man so account of us," writes that model priest, St. Paul, "as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God."

As the minister of the sacraments, as the dispenser of God's graces to men, the priest fulfils the pastoral office. No two titles give such insight into the nature of the pastoral office as the titles of father and pastor. God gave these titles to His priests to remind men of the greatness of the gifts that they receive through them from Him. What parents are to children in the temporal order that, and much more, are priests in the spiritual order. Truly are priests fathers sharing in a more exalted manner than human parents the power of "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named." With a fatherly power and love, they give souls the life of the children of God, feed them with divine nourishment, guide their growth by religious education, and direct their self-expression into wholesome activities by wise laws and worthy example. To the souls whom he has formed for God, the priest may say with St. Paul: "In Christ Jesus by the gospel I have begotten you." This title of father, applied to all priests in the very text of the Mass, is on the lips of the faithful a perpetual expression of their faith and gratitude. In its ordinary form, pater, father, it is given to all priests; in its still more familiar form, papa, pope, it is now reserved to that priest who is the father of all the faithful, the Holy Father.

After the title of father, the next highest is that of pastor or shepherd. Christ is the Good Shepherd; yet it

Burses.

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pleases Him to share both His office and His name with His priests. He made Peter, and in varying degrees all other apostles and priests, shepherds or pastors of the flock committed to their care. Theirs is to know, guide, feed, love and defend their flock even at the cost of their lives. Not in their own name or by their own power, but as Christ's representatives do they exercise the pastoral office. He, "the great shepherd of the sheep," made priests pastors when He said to Peter, "Feed my lambs . . . be a shepherd to my sheep." This title is applied to all priests by St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians, where we read that Christ made "some apostles and some prophets, and other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Those pastors and doctors are the bishops and priests of the Church. Such is the interpretation of the Catechism of the Council of Trent. St. Peter adds that it is the duty of "the priests that are among you . . . to shepherd the flock of God . . . becoming patterns of the flock."

The pastoral office is not shared equally by all priests. It is possessed in its fulness on earth by the Vicar of Christ, the Roman Pontiff. To him Christ has entrusted His whole flock. It is possessed within the limits of their respective dioceses by the bishops whom "the Holy Ghost has placed . . . to shepherd the Church of God." It is possessed in a subordinate and delegated manner by the plain priest. For the priest at ordination receives the power to forgive sins which is one of the greatest of the pastoral powers. It is, however, the subsequent act of his bishop which gives him people over whom he can exercise this pastoral authority. Yet as he is ordained only for the need or utility of the Church, he is ordained to be an auxiliary pastor. As a matter of fact, as priests are more than fifty times as numerous in this world as bishops, the vast majority of the absolutions from sin in the tribunal of Penance are given by simple priests. The greatest of all pastoral works, to consecrate, offer and administer the Body and Blood of Christ for the living and the dead is performed equally by all priests. While all priests are therefore in a certain sense pastors, he who has been given by the bishop charge of that little flock known as a parish is in a very special sense its pastor and is so styled by the Canon Law of the Church. Nor is the missionary less a pastor because his flock is scattered outside the fold.

The necessity of the pastoral office is clearly taught throughout the Bible. Without spiritual shepherds men are helpless sheep. "And seeing the multitudes he had compassion on them because they were distressed and scattered like sheep that have no shepherd." To save them the Son of God became their shepherd; "Thus saith the Lord God: "Behold I myself will seek my sheep and will visit them. I will feed my sheep . . . I will seek that which was lost; and that which was driven away I will bring again; I will bind up that which was broken, and I will strengthen that which was weak, and that which was fat and strong I will preserve; and I will feed them in judgment." Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for His sheep, entrusted after His resurrection His visible pastoral office to the priesthood in the person of Peter. "Feed my lambs; be a shepherd to my sheep." "And He gave some to be . . . pastors . . . for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ . . . that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried around by every wind of doctrine, through the trickery of men crafty in devising error; but doing the truth in charity we may grow in all things into him who is the head, Christ." It is the duty of pastors to guide and feed and rule the flock and thus lead them to heaven. Eternal salvation depends upon properly availing oneself of the graces offered by Christ through His priests. "Obey your prelates and be subject to them, for they watch as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief." The salvation of souls, that is the object of the pastoral office; the glory of God and the salvation of men, that is the object of the whole priestly office. In fact, combining the office of teacher, father and pastor into one, St. Paul sums up the whole priestly ministry in two acts, to worship God and to save men: "to offer up gifts and sacrifices to God," "to have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err." The multitudes that are ignorant of God's will or that err in trying to do it are found here in this Christian land; but they are found likewise in greater number and in greater need in pagan lands. If the priest must have compassion on his fellow-Catholics who, though within the true fold, are often in spiritual ignorance and sin, surely, like his divine Master, he must likewise have compassion on the multitudes outside the true fold that are "distressed and scattered like sheep that have no shepherd." To lead them to their Divine Shepherd is a truly priestly task.

To attain success in this task of tasks, nothing less than heroic charity is required. For the pastor, and above all, the missionary, must become the slave of those whom he would serve, however disagreeable and unreasonable they may be. It is precisely because this task of leading souls to Christ requires such heroic efforts of the missionary and brings such glory to God and such inestimable benefits to the converts, that the Catholic Church proclaims that the apostolic priestly life is the highest here below. While all priests are intended to be apostles, as the Church reminds us in their funeral service, the foreign missionary is more than most others an apostolic priest. Hence his special title: Missionary Apostolic.

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This Departure Justified.

To the Catholic, therefore, who considers the origin, nature and functions of the priesthood, and realizes how necessary and divinely useful is the role it plays in God's plan for the education of mankind, the significance of this evening's ceremony is apparent and its justification evident. If Jesus Christ wishes to sanctify and save all men, if Jesus Christ entrusts the task of sanctifying and saving men to the Catholic priesthood, if the salvation of men requires priests for preaching the gospel, priests for offering the eucharistic sacrifice and priests for administering the sacraments, then obviously there is as much need for priests in China as in Canada. If priests are the living instruments used by Jesus Christ to offer sacrifice for man to God and to bring down to man a share of God's light, life and love, then surely priests will be as divinely beneficial in Chuchow as in Ontario. If the Bible contains God's command that all the nations of the earth be evangelized and brought to everlasting life, then the surprising thing is not that so many priests go to China but rather so few.

It is true that all are not fit for the missionary life. Only men of good health and heroic charity can hope to succeed in the always difficult and often discouraging missionary life, with its never ending labours and its constantly recurring disappointments and dangers. What then is the motive which has induced these four men, instead of prudently attending to their own salvation in this pleasant Canada of ours, daringly to choose a life in a foreign land, with its privations, its discouragements and its dangers. St. Paul, himself the greatest foreign missionary the world has even seen, answers in words which thrill and burn: Caritas Christi urget nos. It is the charity of Christ which urges them on. Prudence is good, but charity is better. The love of God and the love of one's neighbour for Christ's sake, the two highest motives a man can have, are therefore the compelling motives which induced these four priests of the China Mission Seminary of Scarboro Bluffs, to follow humbly but confidently in the footsteps of those thousands of faithful Catholic missionaries who have laboured and suffered and died in China since the thirteenth century. What matter if the task be difficult? It is the Lord who sends forth these labourers into a country white already to the harvest. It is He who will complete and perfect that which He has inspired and begun.

The Envoi.

Depart then, Christian priests, in the name of God the Father, who from all eternity predestined you for this holy ministry; in the name of the Incarnate Son of God, Jesus Christ, who for this very purpose clothed you with His priesthood; in the name of the Holy Spirit of God,

the Lifegiver, whose graces with your co-operation will fit you to be vehicles of sanctity; in the name of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, whose unfailing intercessions will be as efficacious in Chuchow as it was in Cana; in the name of St. Joseph, patron of the land of your birth, Canada, and also of the land of your adoption, China; in the name of St. Michael the Archangel, invincible ally in the conflict with Satan; in the name of St. Francis of Assisi, whose feast the Church celebrates to-day and whose friars were the first Catholic Chinese missionaries; in the name of St. Francis Xavier, patron of your Seminary and intrepid missionary of the Far East; and in the name of those missionary priests martyred this year in China. Let the peace of Christ come to you this day and dwell in you all the days of your terrestial pilgrimage, till we all, by God's mercy, unite in that true celestial kingdom which is eternal and divine.

Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

A TOUGH RISK.

A negro woman walked into an insurance office and asked whether they dealt in fire insurance.

"We do," a clerk replied. "What do you want insured?"

"Mah husband."

"Then you don't want fire insurance," smiled the clerk as he reached for another application form. "What you want is a life insurance policy."

"No, Ah don't," exclaimed the woman. "A wants fire insurance. Mah husband been fired fo' times in de las' two weeks."

MISINFORMED.

Brown was a very light sleeper, and took a long time getting to sleep.

One night he was obliged to stay at a hotel, and after much tossing about finally succeeded in getting to sleep. Two hours later came a loud knocking on his door.

"What's wanted?" he asked sleepily.

"Package downstairs for you, sir," came the bellboy's voice.

"Well, let it stay there. It can wait until morning, I suppose?"

The boy shuffled down the corridor and after a long time Brown fell asleep again. Then came another knocking at the door.

"Well, what's up now?" Brown queried.

"It ain't for you, that package."

Boarder—Come quick; two rats are fighting in my room.

Landlady—What do you expect for 50 cents, a bull fight?

HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

Lieutenant (roaring at steward)—"Who told you to put those flowers on the table?"

Steward—"The Commander, sir."

Lieutenant—"Pretty, aren't they?"

SALESMAN'S TALK.

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry, sir."

Customer: "I know it. I've had some come back with their sides split."

Rubber, according to scientists, gets tired. So that's why it stretches. —Bystander (London).

THIS IS A RICH ONE.

"When I was a boy," began the millionaire, who was telling his fellow club members some of his troubles in early life, "I walked to Los Angeles; I found a job, and after five years' hard work, I managed to save enough to buy a bicycle.

There was a gasp of astonishment.

"Not long after this," continued the historian, "I got a letter from home. Mother was very ill, so I jumped on the bicycle and rode to Chicago, just in time to hear the doctor say that California air was the only thing that would save her life."

His audience gasped. "You didn't take her to California on the . . . .?" they queried.

"No," interrupted the millionaire, "I carried the old machine into the room, let the air out of the tires, and mother's alive today."

NOT INTERESTED.

Teacher: "What's the interest on a thousand dollars for one year at two per cent.? . . . Ikey, pay attention!

Ikey: "For two per cent., I'm not interested."

Caller—"Who is the responsible man here?"

Office Boy—"If you mean the fellow that always gets the blame, it's me."

Teacher—"When was Rome built?"

Percy—"At night."

Teacher—"Who told you that?"

Percy—"You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

"And what is your brother in college, my good young lady?"

"He is a half back, esteemed Sir."

"No, no, I refer to his studies, my child."

"Ah. He is away back, most venerable gent."

A lady was entertaining the small son of her married friend.

"Are you quite sure you can cut your meat?" she asked after watching him for a moment.

"Oh, yessum," he replied without looking up. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

"Don't you think," airily suggested the new partner, "that you ought to brush up a bit on your correspondence? Use big words; they lend dignity to your letters."

"Perhaps you're right," admitted the other calmly studying the end of his cigar, "but, while eschewing mediocrity of expression through platitudinous phraseology, it behooves one to beware of ponderosity, and to be mindful that pedantry, being indicatory of an inherent megalmania, frustrates its own aspirations and generally results merely in obnubilations."

PROFESSIONAL INTEREST.

Judge (in case of an illicit still, after charging jury)—"Is there any question that anyone would like to ask before considering the evidence?"

Juror—"A couple of us would like to know if the defendant boiled the malt one or two hours, and how does he keep the yeast out?"

POOR PA.

Daughter (having received a new mink coat as a Christmas gift from father)—"What I don't see is how this wonderful fur can come from such a low, sneaking beast."

Father—"I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."

Old gentleman (in street car): "Has anyone here lost a roll of bills with an elastic around them?"

"Yes, I have," cried a dozen riders.

Old gentleman (calmly): "Well, I just found the elastic.

When the census taker was going the rounds he called on the Stupianski family too. One of the questions he said was:

"Your husband's name, please."

"Pete."

"I want his full name."

"Well, sir, when he's full he thinks he's Schmelling, but when I lay hands on him, he's just plain Pete again."

Friend—"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?"

Politician—"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest."



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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



There is no feast of the year which can quite rival the feast of Christmas in its universal observance and in the spirit of love and thoughtfulness for others that seems to be in evidence. As Christmas draws near, there appears to be some wonderful influence at work which tends to lighten the burdens of men's hearts and to direct their thoughts to loved ones wheresoever they may be. Many there are who join in the external festivities of the Christmastide without realizing that it is a time when the love of the Babe of Bethlehem warms the world anew—and friend thinks of friend and sends hearty and sincere greeting because the influence of the Divine child softens the hearts of men even if they do not realize it.

* * * *

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of goodwill". As on that first Christmas morn the joyous song of the angels resounded on the hillside of Bethlehem, so this year, as for centuries past, from Christian lands there will go up a mighty sound of praise, worship and adoration, and of thanksgiving for all that God has done for His creatures. And which of us can fully understand the real meaning of that blessed and holy season! Think of what it has meant for the world and for each of us individually. Nigh two thousand years ago in a hillside cave, God came to earth to be as one of ourselves in all things save sin, and, because of that coming of God to man, we enjoy today the privileges and gifts that are ours as children of God and members of His Holy Church. Think of all that Jesus and Mary and Joseph have meant in our lives, and what our lives would be without them, and we understand then why Christmas is the season of happiness and goodwill. We rejoice and are happy in the thought of our Redemption.

* * * *

But in the midst of our joyous celebration let us give a thought to the millions of our fellow-creatures whom Christ also came on earth to save but who have not yet shared in the fruits of His Coming. During this time of peace on earth, peace that springs from the abiding hope of our own salvation, God grant that we be not unmindful of those unhappy souls, those millions who live and die in pagan lands where there is no Christmas. In China the poor idolaters are still waiting for "the tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people". The two and a half million Catholics in China will observe the Feast, but what of the nearly half a billion Chinese who know not what Christmas means? For them no Christmas bells will ring, no midnight mass nor no Crib will serve to raise their hearts in love to their Creator, no knowledge of their Redemption through the Incarnation will bring them happiness and hope. Everyday affairs will go on as usual for them; before many an idol of stone, men women, and little children will bow down and offer incense in pagan shrines and temples — and yet Christmas was meant for them as for us. Some of our young missionaries will spend their first Christmas in China this month. How sad it will be for them as they look on such sights and see the multitudes pass by. But it will not be all sadness; joy will be theirs when they realize that theirs is the trust and privilege of bringing the Christ-Child into His own in Chuchow, and their self-imposed exile in a heathen land will result in many blessings.

Christmas!

Every creature by Thee made
On Thy birthday homage paid;
Angels lent Thee hymns of praise,
Heaven the star with silver rays,
Wise men incense, myrrh, and gold,
Shepherds wonder manifold,
Beasts the manger, earth the cave,
We the Virgin Mother gave.

* * * *

Such thoughts as those prompt us to remind you, dear reader, that you have a part to play because of the blessings you have received. And your part is a most important and most responsible one. Do you realize that you may be the instrument of saving souls for Christ? If you thought you could, would you not be willing at this Holy Season to make some return to your Infant King for the gifts of Faith He has so freely bestowed on you? You owe that much to Almighty God to at least say a fervent prayer for the poor neglected souls of the heathen. As you see the little Babe of Bethlehem stretch out his arms to you from the Crib, will you not understand that He wants the help of your prayers before He sends His grace to some soul in China who needs it? Surely you will not refuse His appeal. Pray, and pray fervently that God's Kingdom may come in China. Pray, too, that peace may come to unhappy China now ravaged with disease and famine as a result of awful flood calamities and war. Pray that God will continue to bless the work of our Seminary in sending out young priests to spread far and wide throughout that dark pagan land the love of Jesus and Mary; pray that many young men will heed the call of Christ to devote their lives to the glorious work of extending to all men the blessings of the Incarnation and Redemption. As you gather round the home circle at Christmas in all the happiness of Christian union, let your thoughts be with our missionaries for at least a moment, and pray for them and for our students here at the Seminary preparing to follow in their footsteps. And let your prayers be supported by your charity, and with your gifts remember us who are striving to bring Christmas and the love of Christ to the derelict millions of unhappy China.



GOD COMES to GREEN-FIELDS

By Rev. Hugh Sharkey

It was early morning of a day in August, nineteen hundred and thirty-one, and the little city of Green-Fields (Tsingtien) had just awakened to another day of unremitting toil, another uneventful twenty-four hours of life. It lay in the uncertain, mystic light of dawn—a city of tiled roofs, terraced hills and cobble-stoned streets, girt round by high walls and cupped between the towering mountains. Soon, the sun came stealing up behind the hills—the peasant's timepiece; and the cock (the village Big Ben) began to crow lustily from a nearby barnyard. Carriers with all manner of loads began trekking back and forth, boats passed up and down the nearby river—work went on as usual. It was just another day. But, no—if they had only known.

Up a little narrow street, in a little house, there was the silvery tinkle of a bell; the flicker of a little, red lamp; a few, tense, whispered words—and only a few knew that it was not just another day, that something wonderful had happened in that little mountain town—*that God had come to Green-Fields and that He had come to stay.*

Some time ago, a letter came from the Bishop, telling me that I was to go to Tsingtien with Father Wong, a native priest. Tsingtien, at long last, was to have a pastor to look after the spiritual welfare of the Christians in that city and the surrounding district. So, early one morning in August, we left Chuchow and our brother priests, to take over our new duties. For more than a year I had been as it were in training at Chuchow and now I was going up to the front-line trenches. I was to come face to face with the enemy—and I went with all the high purpose and adventurous longing of the new recruit.

Green-Fields is about fifty miles down the river from Chuchow. The city lies in a fertile valley, edged round by mountains that tower into the very clouds, and the nearby river goes swirling under its high walls—not infrequently flooding its gates. The town is indeed a pretty sight. Its terraced hills rise up like the seated inclosure of the Coliseum, from which one can look down, not on gladiatorial combats, but upon the not less interesting and terrific struggle of man, wrestling a livelihood from the soil. The inhabitants of the city are mostly farmers, fishermen, boatmen, etc. —a hardy class; and the city is famous for its soap-stone carvings —truly works of art, exquisitely executed. Although we are only fifty miles from Chuchow, the dialect used here is very different than that which we learnt there.

Our trip down the river was very slow, due not only to adverse winds, but also to our boatman, whom, for obvious reasons, I nicknamed Rip Van Winkle. We failed to reach our destination on the first day, though we rowed on far into the night, and we were obliged to sleep in the gypsy fashion—under the stars. We differed only from the gypsies in that we slept in the bottom of the boat, wrapped up in our blankets.

Next morning we arrived at Tsingtien, and a group of Christians welcomed us to the mission. Many fire-crackers were set off, causing people to come from far and near, anxious to see what was the matter. Being the only foreigner in the city, I was, and still am, quite a curiosity. One young girl, on seeing me come along the street, hastily picked up her baby sister and went through the door into her house in such a hurry that she collided with an old lady who was just coming out. I could not help but smile, and those around laughed heartily. After I got home, I took a peep in the mirror, to see if I really looked so ferocious.

We spent the day of our arrival fixing things up, and especially in preparing our little chapel, for the coming of God. The upper storey of our residence serves as the Master's room. We feel ashamed to have only this Bethlehem to offer Him, but we are the gainers thereby—for what an inestimable privilege it is to live under the same roof with Almighty God; to have Jesus, just upstairs.

We had very little wherewith to decorate our rude altar, but the snow-white altar cloths made it look so beautiful, and then, too, they were so reminiscent of the spotless breast of Our Lady, that altar upon which the "Bread that came down from Heaven" had first lain—She, whose glorious feast of the Assumption we were to celebrate on the morrow.

The feast arrived, and at early mass the "Gloria" of the priest rang out across the hills, the star-like sanctuary lamp flickered above our Bethlehem, and in the manger of the tabernacle lay the little, golden-haired Baby God, wrapped in the white swaddling clothes of the sacred species—He Who had come to Green-Fields, because His delights "are to be with the children of men."

(Continued on page 172)

ORDINATIONS SOON.

Before the next issue of "China" reaches you, our Seminary shall have two more priests. On December 20th, Rev. James McGillivray will be ordained in his parish church at Glace Bay, N.S., by His Excellency Bishop Morrison, of Antigonish; about the same time, Rev. Wm. McNabb is to be ordained in his parish church at St. Thomas, Ont., by His Excellency Bishop Kidd, of London. Both of the Ordinandi expect to celebrate their first Solemn High Masses at midnight, Christmas Eve.

CHINESE CONGREGATION A SUCCESS.

The Chinese Congregation known as the "Disciples of the Lord," founded in 1927 at Swanhwafu, China, by His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China, and the late Bishop Philip Chao, one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated by the Holy Father in 1926, has now ordained two to the priesthood and has over 60 members. This new Chinese Congregation has been guided in its initial development by Spanish Redemptorists. Its special aim is to produce Chinese priests of outstanding intellectual ability, masters of the Chinese language, who will be equipped to evangelize the higher as well as the lower classes.

THE "CRUSADER."

Last month the "Crusader," official organ of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, made its first appearance in its enlarged form, and we offer our congratulations to the Editor, Rev. Wm. Kennedy, on the very excellent make-up of the publication, which is now double its original number of pages. The "Crusader" is doing splendid work in fostering interest in the missions among Catholic students, and we hope the day is not far distant when every single classroom in our Catholic schools from coast to coast will welcome the "Crusader" as an indispensable item of their mission literature.

CHINESE GRATEFUL FOR POPE'S AID FOR VICTIMS OF FLOOD.

Wuhu, China—The Chinese press recently carried front page articles on the Holy Father's contribution of 250,000 lire for the relief of flood refugees.

Many important persons, pagan mostly, presented themselves at the Catholic missions to express their gratitude on learning of the Pope's benevolent regard for their afflicted countrymen.

The frightful conditions wrought by the floods have given further occasions for the Chinese to witness the practical action of Christian charity as exemplified by the priests, brothers and Sisters working among the flood victims.

CHINESE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY RECOGNIZED.

The Catholic University of Peking, under the direction of the American Benedictines, has been officially registered with the Chinese Government. This means that all the rights of a university will be accorded it and its degrees will be recognized by the government.

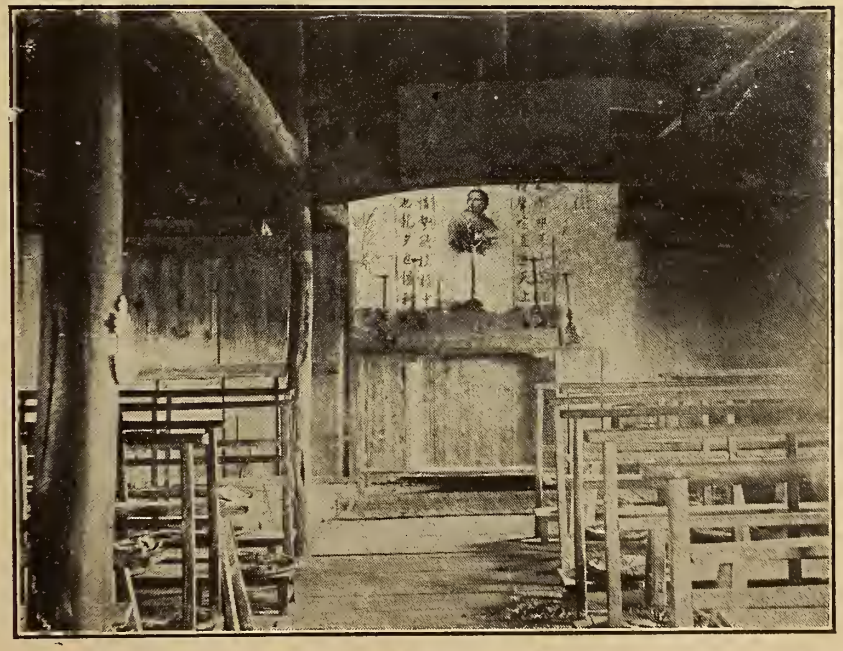
CHANGING CHINA.

From Shantung the Associated Press reports a significant incident. "China's only complete set of Buddhist classics was detroyed here when the local school board took over a temple in which the 30,000 volumes had been stored since the Ming Dynasty days. Finding it difficult to move the books to make room for school desks, they threw two-thirds of them into a bonfire. Buddhist teachings have no value for present-day Chinese, they argued.

380 MISSIONARIES LABOR IN STRIFE-TORN MANCHURIA.

Rome—(N. C. W. C.-Fides)—Manchuria, arena of the present Sino-Japanese dispute, is the field of labor of 380 Catholic priests, Brothers and Sisters, of whom 175 are foreign and 205 are native. The Missionaries of Paris are the pioneers in Manchuria and staff missions in the present focal points of interest, Mukden and Kirin. Catholic bishops reside in these two cities.

If God has blessed you with an abundance of this world's goods you can show your gratitude by aiding His mission work.



Our priests will be glad to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for your intentions if you send your Mass stipends to the Seminary.

"We feel ashamed to have only this Bethlehem to offer Him," writes Father Sharkey in his article on opposite page.



December 3rd is the Feast of our Patron, St. Francis Xavier.

Saint Francis Xavier's Description of China

"Opposite to Japan lies China, an immense empire, enjoying profound peace, and which, as the Portuguese merchants tells us, is superior to all Christian states in the practice of justice and equity. The Chinese whom I have seen in Japan and elsewhere, and whom I got to know, are white in colour, like the Japanese, are acute, and eager to learn. In intellect they are superior even to the Japanese. Their country abounds in plenty of all things, and very many cities of great extent cover its surface. The cities are very populous; the houses ornamented with stone roofings, and very elegant. All reports say that the empire is rich in every sort of produce, but especially in silk. I find, from the Chinese themselves, that amongst them may be found many people of many different nations and religions, and, as far as I could gather from what they said, I suspect that among them are Jews and Mahometans.

"Nothing leads me to suppose that there are Christians there. I hope to go there during this year, 1552, and penetrate even to the Emperor himself. China is that sort of kingdom, that if the seed of the Gospel is once sown, it may be propagated far and wide. And moreover, if the Chinese accept the Christian faith, the Japanese would give up the doctrines which the Chinese have taught them. Japan is separated from Liampou (which is a principal town in China) by a distance of about three hundred miles of sea. I am beginning to have great hopes that God will soon provide free entrance to China, not only to our Society, but to religious of all Orders, that a large field may be laid open to pious and holy men of all sorts, in which there may be great room for devotion and zeal, in recalling men who are now lost to the way of truth and salvation. I again and again beg all who have a zeal for the spreading of the Christian faith to help by their holy sacrifices and prayers these poor efforts of mine, that I may throw open an ample field to their pious labours.

"I place my confidence in the goodness of God and the infinite merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, that I may bring to its accomplishment, as I have designed it, this most irksome voyage to China. My hair has become quite white, but I am as active and robust as I ever was in my life. The labours which are undergone for the conversion of a people so rational, so desirous to know the truth and be saved, result in very sweet fruit to the soul. Even at Amanguchi, when the King allowed us to preach the faith and a vast concourse of people gathered around us, I had an amount of joy and vigour and delight of heart, such as I never experienced in my life before. I saw how by means of our ministry the spirit of the bonzes was broken down by God, and the most glorious victory over most formidable enemies was gained. I delighted also to see the joy of neophytes at the defeat of the bonzes, and their evident zeal to attack the pagans and draw them to baptism, as well as their exultation when the battle was won, as they talked over their victories amongst themselves, when the superstitions of the heathen were put to flight. These things made me so overflow with joy, that I lost all sense of suffering.

"Would to God that these divine consolations, which God so graciously gives us in the midst of our labours, might not only be related by me, but also some experience of them be brought home to our European Universities, to be tasted as well as heard of! Then many of those young men given up to study would turn all their cares and desires to the conversion of infidels, if they could once taste the delight of the heavenly sweetness which comes from such labours."

The above is a quotation from a letter written by the Saint at Cochin, January 29, 1552.

CHINESE SUCCEED IN TORONTO SCHOOLS.

Three Chinese children who came to this country but two years ago have headed their respective classes in the public schools of Toronto, one securing 100 per cent. on every subject in the entrance examination. Since coming to Canada these children have had to learn the English language, in itself a big undertaking. The Oriental mind may be mystifying to the West, but it knows the perseverance that overcomes obstacles.—(Toronto daily paper.)

CHINESE MARTYR.

A Chinese priest, Father Gabriel Hu, was one of four priests recently killed by bandits at Tohe yen Kow, Hupeh Province, China. Father Hu, a professor in the seminary, is called "the finest figure among the martyrs". When insulted and threatened with death he cried out, "Good! Good!" The bandits took him to the seminary cloister, stripped him, put him on his knees and beheaded him.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

We have one object in this life: to save our souls and to help others to save theirs. Nothing else should worry us. If we allow other things to enslave us and to draw us away from the goal of life's Journey we will pay the tremendous price of sacrificing eternity for time, God for mammon.

The world may be kind to us for a time. It may gladden our pathway with attractive pleasure and deceiving glory, but such flowers will soon, ah, too soon, shrivel up and die. What then? The world's true reward to its servants—Death.

God has been good to us. He has given us life, the secret of happiness, every opportunity to gain an eternal crown. Infinitely more precious than all the honors, all the pleasures of the world is the Faith He has bequeathed to us. Cherish it; live according to its dictates; thank God daily for it. And don't forget to share it with others. God has commanded this and if we neglect this commandment only one-half of the task of life has been accomplished.

Prayer comes first for the propagation of the Faith in God's work and without Him all effort is vain "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it." Alms are necessary to maintain the missionaries, to support their apostolic works, to keep catechists, to train young men for the priesthood. If we have much we should give much, if we have a little we must give a little. A wonderful characteristic about such giving is that it always comes back. If you doubt this, just try it.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Some time ago the Seminary received one thousand dollars, a bequest from the estate of a benefactor in Western Canada for the support of priests in China. Whilst respecting the wishes of those concerned that no names be published in connection with the gift, we must publicly express our gratitude. In doing so we should like to hope that there will be many readers of "China" who will realize our need of financial assistance and resolve to help us.

TORONTO TO VANCOUVER.

Co-operation of the Home and Foreign Missions was shown in a striking manner recently. The Sisters of Service, a Religious Community doing mission work in Canada, wanted their new mission motor van brought to Vancouver from Toronto. Two of our priests about to leave for China offered to drive the mission car to the coast. They left the Seminary on October 12th, and delivered the van in Vancouver to Rev. Father Daly, founder of the Sisters of Service, on November 5th. The trip was made by easy stages and without mishap, and the two priests, Fathers McGrath and John MacDonald, left by the "Empress of Canada" on November 7th, and are now in China. Rev. A. J. MacDonald, of the Seminary, accompanied them to Vancouver, and on his return he had many interesting things to tell the students. The picture above was taken at the Seminary a few minutes before the priests left "home."

OUR BUILDING FUND.

Readers will remember that, for some time past, we have been endeavouring to gather together sufficient funds to permit us to build an addition to our Seminary in order to take care of the numbers of students who wish to come here and begin their studies for the Priesthood. At present our Seminary is filled, and we have had to convert our lecture room into bedrooms in order to accommodate students. Each year an increasing number of vocations brings home to us the necessity of enlarging our Seminary, but so far the Building Fund has grown but slowly. We are thankful to those who have sent us donations for this purpose. This month, we acknowledge the receipt of twenty dollars raised for our Building Fund through the efforts of Mrs. Reeves and other friends in St. Patrick's Parish, London, Ont.

CITY OF SIGHS.

Hankow, China — Food is scarce in this flood-stricken city, where the river waters at times have risen above the roofs of many buildings. And when a pig comes floating in the second-storey window of a seminary that harbors, on that same storey, a large number of children, roast pork is in order. Float in, the squealer did; and the children captured him and prepared him for dinner. Fish swam at large in, out and around the houses in Hankow. Bishop Massi, Vicar Apostolic, describes Hankow, submerged in an immense ocean with islands here and there made by the tops of trees and the roofs of taller buildings, as a "City of Sighs".



The students say farewell to Father McGrath and Father MacDonald

China — BOLSHEVIST or CHRISTIAN?



Christianity is Not Considered i

Most of those listening to me this evening have heard a great deal about China in recent years. Somehow or other China has found a way of crashing the front pages of our newspapers, but for the most part her story is one of sorrow and perpetual disaster. Now my dear friends, we must take with a very liberal grain of salt all that we read concerning China or any other country. The picture of life, anywhere, as portrayed by despatches to the Associated Press could hardly be accepted as an indication of normal life in any part of the world. And the more remote the country the more sensational must the item be before it can take its place among the most commonplace of local events.

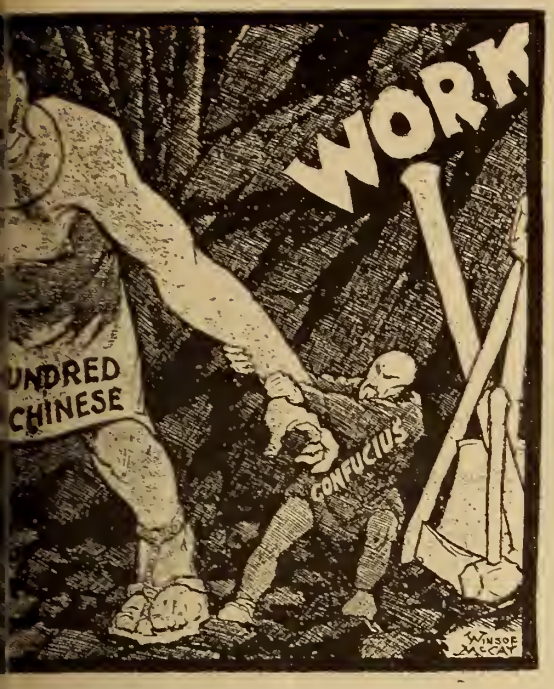
"News value", after all, is almost essentially sensationalism. You all know the old gag that if a dog bites a man, that isn't news, but if a man bites a dog, that is: if a man lights his pipe with a match or a piece of paper there is nothing particularly interesting to the public in recounting the fact. But if a man lights his pipe with a twenty-dollar bill, that fact would be of interest in almost any part of the world. We know, however, that men as a rule are not addicted to such a custom. Neither do they bite dogs for pastime. Hence it is at once obvious that the daily press despatches are far more concerned over what is unusual, sensational, rather than with what is ordinary and normal, and for that very reason prosaic and uninteresting.

Take your own case, for example. How many of those listening to me tonight have ever had their names in the papers? And yet it is the easiest thing in the world to have done. You may be the most faithful husband or wife or most devoted father or mother in the world and go down to your grave unwept, unhonored and unsung, as far as the general public is concerned. You may take your lunch pail under your arm and trudge to work in rain and shine for forty years and the newspapers will not devote to your quiet heroism half the space given to the old lady who dies and wills twenty thousand dollars to her pet parrot. But depart, for one fleeting moment, from the straight and narrow path. Rob a bank or hold up the corner grocery store or be caught with a bottle of whiskey bearing a defaced label. Ah, then it is different. At once you are a well known figure. Thousands will suddenly become aware of your existence, and your whole character may be judged by the action of a moment rather than by the hidden heroism of a lifetime.

You will ask me what all this has to do with China. My dear friends, simply this. That the Western world is not, and never has been, the least bit interested in the normal life of a people who were highly civilized when our own ancestors were barbarian. Two hundred million peasants of China may rise at dawn and struggle till dark with the stubborn rice paddles in order to eke out a miserable existence and the Western world knows nothing of them. But twenty men, out of the hundreds of millions in China, may capture a missionary or hold up an express train and the whole world knows all about it next day. And the unfortunate part of it is that the world judges the whole of China by the impressions it garners from just such despatches to the press.

Erroneous Ideas Abroad.

To begin with, we are very prejudiced against the Chinese. Whenever people hear that you are going to China as a missionary they throw up their hands almost in despair. They think that to do so is to court almost certain death; that the chief occupation of the missionary today is that of dodging bandits and Communist soldiers, and that if you are successful in these guerilla tactics, you will only perish when the Yangtse or the Yellow river goes on its annual rampage. Such ideas, of course, are anything but true to life. And I think the easiest way to set your minds at rest on this particular question is to give you a few figures as to the personnel of the Missions in China today. I have at hand only the official figures for the Catholic Missions, and do not know those of the other denominations. But were such figures available, it would only serve the more to strengthen our case, our case being that kidnapping and cruelty and murder of foreigners is still, thank God, a very unusual thing in China. In round numbers, we have in China today: Over 50 bishops, 4,000 priests; 5,000 sisters and 9,000 seminarians, in the preparatory and major seminaries. There you have over 9,000 missionaries, of whom today only one, as far as I know, is in the hands of bandits. One out of 9,000! During the past six years in China about thirty-five priests have been put to death. In our Province of Chekiang, one of the largest in China, not a single



...s Here Presented for China.
McCay in New York American

"China — Bolshevist or Christian?" is the lecture broadcast in Newfoundland and again over Station CKGW in Toronto, by Very Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, on the eve of his departure for China where he is now Mission Superior in the Prefecture of Chuchow.

missionary priest or Sister has been molested or disturbed during the whole of the civil war period. Hence you can see that the idea of China's being one large cauldron overflowing with war and banditry is very much exaggerated. Why, there are in China today many people who hardly know there was ever a war on. And missionaries are still going over in hundreds, knowing that most of them will continue to do their work in peace.

Obstacles to Conversion.

Do you know what constitutes one of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of China? Simply the contradiction that exists and that always has existed between the principles of Christianty and the principles of Christendom. We know, alas, that Christendom is no longer Christian, that in the solution of the problems which a frantic world has been for years trying to solve Christianity has no place. The Chinese, however, do not always stop to make such a distinction. Missionaries go over to China and preach brotherly love and interest in one's neighbour and forgiveness of injuries and peace. The supposedly Christian world and the Christian world powers trample into the gutter every sacred principle of Christianity when it comes to their dealings with China. And what can the Chinese conclude? I leave it to yourselves to answer.

For example, during the past five years in China 5,000 people have died every day of starvation. 5,000 people every day! Only a few days ago we read of one of the greatest flood disasters in China's history, with millions drowned and millions in danger of death. Here, surely, was a fertile field for the application of some of those principles which missionaries were preaching to China. Yet, during those years when Chinese were dying daily of starvation in their thousands, millions of bushels of precious, life-saving wheat were rotting in the huge elevators of the Western States and of the Canadian wheat pool. Thinking people in China could not but marvel at the callousness displayed by those whose representatives preached to them of charity and love of one's neighbor.

And they preached also of peace, peace on earth to men of good will. And meanwhile to starving war-torn China there came from the Christian world across the great Pacific and across the trans-Siberian railway, not food, not wheat, but rifles and machine guns and artillery. Shipment of arms to China was one of the big business movements which helped certain nations tide over their period of depression, and the more the Chinese fought the better they liked it, even while the world was talking disarmament and the League of Nations was prating about peace. What a magnificent gesture it would have been if America or Canada had shipped to China a few million bushels of wheat! What an opportunity to demonstrate to the Chinese nation that the principles which missionaries are trying to inculcate into them are at least taken seriously by some part of the Christian world.

Will Communism Prevail?

China is at present in the throes of the birth of a new nationalism. Every student of history knows that changes such as mark the transition from an empire of such antiquity to a republic with modern aspirations, be they ever so premature, must necessarily be accompanied by a certain amount of chaos and upheaval. The question that might well concern the Christian world is just what sort of China will emerge from out the welter of the struggle that has been going on for years. Will it be a China imbued with the principles of Communism? Will it be a China to which all things religious are anathema? The answer will profoundly affect the tottering superstructure of our present society and our present civilization.

If China during the past ten years has seemed to lean towards Communism, it is not because the hideous tenets of that system possess any appeal for the Chinese people. Such a state of affairs has been made possible by the blundering stupidity of the Western powers. China turned to Russia only after her appeal for financial and military assistance in the reconstruction of her armies had fallen upon unheeding ears. Russia was quick to respond, seeing an opportunity for prolific propaganda in China. Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, held no brief for Communism. He urged the powers over and over again to help in the reconstruction of China along modern lines. He even pointed out the very dangers of what actually came to pass, that if the powers did not help, Russia would be only too glad to do so. The rest is history. With the help of Russian advisers and Russian

(Continued on page 171)

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

FATHER SERRA, writing from Chuchow, says: "Here at Headquarters we are doing our best. Fathers Amyot and Boudreau are now out on a mission tour, which I expect will take them about three weeks to complete. Each of them is taking a section of the Parish, and they will call at each place where there are some Christians and administer the Sacraments and instruct the converts. Our priests are all very well, thank God, and the Sisters have recovered from their recent illness, except that Sister Catherine is yet not feeling as well as usual. All of us are looking forward quite eagerly to the arrival of the new band of priests and Sisters. I am sending you a letter which Father Gignac wrote me from Lungchuan."

FATHER GIGNAC'S letter, written from Lungchuan, where he has been stationed with Father Stringer as assistant to Father Joseph Venini: "Father Joe is fine. He had our rooms fixed up and had glass in the windows, and my room has a new cedar floor. We've got spring locks on our doors, and my own room is right next to the 'bathroom.' We have running water and a bath here, you know. That is, the water runs when you pour it, and you know what I mean by the 'bath.' It is a big wooden tub about six feet long, and we made good use of it while the weather was warm. You will want to know how we got here. Well, here goes! We left Sungyang Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, and reached Nioh Chee, where we put up for the night. Fr. Stringer and I said Mass there the next morning. The next night we stopped at another little village and slept in the boat. I called the boatman at 5.30 to get a move on. Fr. Stringer said I was a 'real revolutionist' for stirring things up like that. The wind was with us, so we made fairly good time, the boatmen (two of them, with a new boat) working until dark. It rained all night as we stayed at some forsaken place on a rocky shore; there was not another boat in sight, and we were still 90 li from Lungchuan. Could we walk? The water was too high, and the boatmen had no intention of moving. As we were having breakfast a chair went by, the carriers stepping right merrily. About 7.30 we started out to walk the longest walk I ever made in my life. When we reached the first little town (about 10 li) we came up to the chair. I was trying to get Fr. Stringer to walk slowly at first, so that we would have strength enough to reach the end. About ten o'clock we got to Da-ta and had some dinner. Just as we were finishing dinner the chair went by. 'There goes that chair —we must keep up with it.' We still had about 50 li to do, and I was getting tired. On we walked. So-Na (the sacristan) did not know the road, so we asked everyone we met if this was the way to Lungchuan. By this time we were resting at every lian-ding we met. ('Lian-ding' means a covered resting place along the road.) Then came the grind, climbing a big mountain. Fr. Stringer was feeling the pace now; we were thirsty, and all we could get was tea. Oh, for a drink of good cold water! If anybody at this time had walked up to us with a good egg-nog, we would have blessed him till our dying day. 'How many more li?' we asked. 25, we were told. Well, that's not far, and we ought to get to Lungchuan at 4.30. We were an hour getting over that mountain, and I was sure I had walked 20 li and that Lungchuan would be just on the other side. When we reached the other side we saw a town. 'Well, there's Lungchuan! Let's hurry and get there, for it looks like rain.' We reached the town about 4.15. 'Is this Lungchuan?' we asked the chair-carriers, who had just caught up to us. 'No, this is Shi-Pa-Weu. Lungchuan is 20 li more.' Oh, dear! and we stiff and sore and dripping with perspiration from the journey. If every drop of sweat would save a Chinese, there would be no more need of missionaries in China. Boy, twenty more li. Well, we'll stop for some tea. Plod, plod— on we went. No more hills, we were told. When we thought we had walked about 20 li, we asked 'How far now?' 'Twenty li,' they said. Good-night! hadn't we moved at all? We kept on walking, and finally we came to a little 'lian-ding,' and we could see the tower that pointed out Lungchuan. A stranger who passed, when he found out we were going to the church, offered to show us the way, as he lived near the church. After walking for half an hour through rice fields and then through the whole length of the city, we reached our mission, weary, worn, and tired.

"Here we are now at the 'River's End'—the scene of our new labours. On the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin we had a High Mass. I was celebrant, and Fathers Venini and Stringer were the choir. The pastor said it was the largest crowd that had ever come to church there. It was the first High Mass in Lungshuan since Fr. Venini bought his organ last May. We are getting along great under Fr. Venini's care, and he makes things as pleasant as possible for us. I hope the Sisters are as well as ever. Give my regards to all at headquarters. What's the latest news from Scarboro Bluffs?"

AARON GIGNAC.

IN YOUR WILL REMEMBER OUR WORK FOR SOULS IN CHINA

St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

FATHER AMYOT'S letter is dated from Yun-Hwo, and says: "By the above heading you can see that I am out on the road. I intended to leave for Chingning, 60 li over the mountains south of here, but it rained so hard I felt another day's waiting here would not do any harm. The whole countryside is in good shape, for this fall has been fairly wet. The rice crops were good in all parts of our district as far as I have heard, and the fall bean crop is in perfect form. There is little else doing now except the

(Continued on page 172)

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Our Buds Help a Lot.

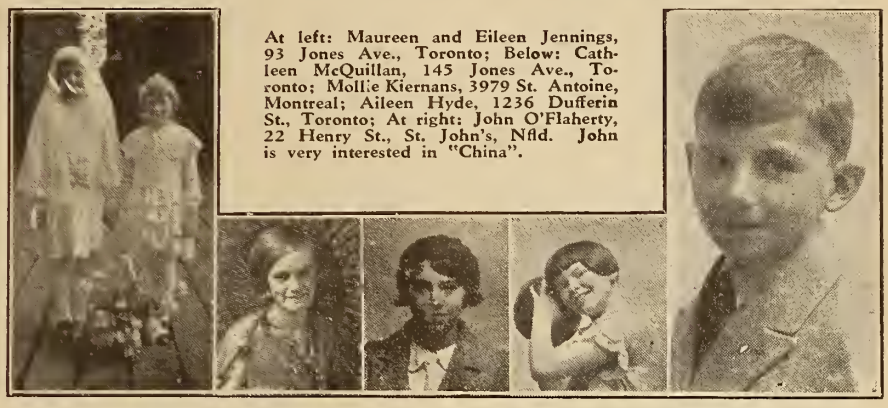
"It is very sad that there are so many children and even grown-ups in China who do not know nor believe in the One True God" writes Margaret Cameron, of Greenfield, Ont. Yes, Margaret, it is indeed a very sorrowful thing that hundreds of millions of people are adoring the devil instead of the good God Who died for them, but it is the work of the missionaries to try to teach those poor pagan Chinese how to love God, and in their glorious work you and all the buds are helping a great deal by your prayers and Holy Communions. Keep up the good work!

"Father Jim, when you are looking through your 'fan' mail and find my letter there, please send me my badge and certificate, and if you have time please slip in a little note from yourself. Many buds have written to me." Mary Grant, away out in Victoria, B.C., got the little note she asked for because I had failed to attend to her first letter asking to join our Garden. If any buds should not receive their certificates after a reasonable time has elapsed after joining our Club, they should write to me again and let me know, because I try to send the badge and certificates as soon as I can, and everybody seems to like them immensely.

Ohio School, Digby Co., N.S.

"I am herewith sending you some more stamps, along with the names of some children who want to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden: Anita Gaudet, Rose M. Amirault, Evelyn Dugas, Eunice Deveau, Pauline Dugas, Rosie Dugas, Emile Gaudet, Elsie Comeau and Carl Comeau."

M. C. B., Teacher.



At left: Maureen and Eileen Jennings, 93 Jones Ave., Toronto; Below: Cathleen McQuillan, 145 Jones Ave., Toronto; Mollie Kiernans, 3979 St. Antoine, Montreal; Aileen Hyde, 1236 Dufferin St., Toronto; At right: John O'Flaherty, 22 Henry St., St. John's, Nfld. John is very interested in "China".

Best of Luck!

"My big sister says she knows who Fr. Jim is, but she won't tell me; she says I'll have to find out for myself!" Maude Lane, 25 Prince's St., St. John's. Even older sisters often make bad guesses, Maude, but if you find out, you'll let me know, won't you?

Buds from way our West and way down East are asked to write to Anita Martin, 329 Isabella Street, Pembroke, Ont. And don't forget her pen-name is "Jolly".

Josephine Babineau takes an interest in all the other buds at Fairville, N.B. In a recent letter she wanted to know how many of our members had ever read Father Sharkey's book of poems, "Loom of the Fairies". Many of the buds she knew had a copy, and two of them won the book as a prize in school. Father Sharkey is now on the Missions in China, and those who read his poems (I have read everyone he wrote before he went to China) should remember to say a prayer for the success of his missionary labours.

A Little Sacrifice.

A bud from Corner Brook, Nfld., writes: "I am sending you twenty-five cents. I know it is not much, but I saved it from my candy money. You know we all like candy, but I will willingly do without a little to help the Chinese Missions." Such little sacrifices as this are often worth more before God than big donations, and we thank the little missionary who has been so good.

"In reading 'China' I noticed all the new members you were getting for your Rose Garden, so I decided I wanted to be one of them myself," writes Mary Helen Rogers, 128 Elgin St. E., Oshawa.

Lillian McGill (Marie-Francais) likes "China" very much, especially the buds' page. She lives at 92 Oak St., Toronto.

Read Fr. Sharkey's article and what he says about our "Rose Garden." Sorry I had not more space for the buds this month. A real happy Xmas to you all.

FATHER JIM.

CHINA — BOLSHEVIST OR CHRISTIAN?

(Continued from page 169)

military commanders, General Chang Kai Shek and his Nationalist armies swept almost unopposed throughout every province in China. But then the real nature of Russia's interest in China manifested itself. The result was almost a massacre without parallel in the annals of history. The extreme left wing of the Communist party had prepared and set a day on which every foreigner in China, man, woman and child, and every Chinese over the age of 65 were to be massacred in one wild orgy of blood. And General Chang Kai Shek's heroic and patriotic decision to drive every Communist out of China, taken in time to avert this terrible disaster, was something for which the world might well be grateful. Will Communism, you ask me, prevail in China? The answer is emphatically No. Communism will not prevail in China any more than it will prevail in other parts of the world. Communism, as Chesterton well points out, is a Utopian system, and Utopias are notoriously failures. Maurice Hindus, whose book, "Humanity Uprooted," is considered one of the best things written on Russia today, states that Communism has failed even in Russia, that human nature, Communism's greatest enemy, has prevailed, and that the awarding of wages on a basis of merit marks the definite departure from Communism's most vital principle. Be that as it may, we may state for China and America and the rest of the world that it was only the abuses of the capitalistic system which made possible even the amount of success which has already attended the efforts of agitators and soap box orators who howl for the destruction of society. Men have not suddenly gone mad and been transformed from peaceful, law-abiding citizens into creatures of hate ready to tear down all that is sacred in our civilization. If the Communist orator can obtain a hearing, it is not because people love Communism, but because they are

(Continued on page 173)

We Thank Our Friends

And gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from October 15th to November 19th, 1931.

$10.00 and Over.

Corpus Christi School, Toronto, $20.00; House of Providence, Toronto, per Sr. Mary Grace, $10.00; Priest Friend, $50.00; Cong. of Notre Dame, Inverness, $10.00; Geo. M. Donohue, Toronto, $10.00; Mark J. Savage, Montreal, $25.00; Rev. M. J. Foley, Apple Hill, $16.34; J. F. C., Toronto, $30.00; Rev. M. J. McGrath, $25.00.

$5.00 and Over.

St. Mary's Convent, Souris, $5.00; Children of Mary, St. Mary's Convent, Souris, $5.00; Agnes Donley, Toronto, $5.00; Pupils, St. Michael's School, Cobourg, $8.10; Miss Frances Scott, Ottawa, $5.00; J. J. Carolan, Winnipeg, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, St. Catharines, $5.00; St. Mary's Assumption School, St. Catharines, $5.00; Sadie Morris, Philadelphia, $5.00.

Under $5.00.

Adam Pataski, Renfrew, $2.00; Rev. J. F. Corrigan, Stayner, $1.50; Miss Irene Robson, North Bay, $1.00; Pupils, St. Mary's Convent, Souris, $3.00; Mrs. Tisdelle, Tilbury, $1.00; Miss Mary Collins, Toronto, $2.00; Margaret M. Bennett, St. John's, Nfld. (In honour of St. Jude), $2.00; Michael McNeil, Sydney Mines, $4.00; Josephine M. Haid, Niagara Falls, $1.00; Mrs. John Broderick, Little Bras D'Or Bridge, $2.00; J. J. O'Brien, Cape Broyle, 50c; Miss Rita Hayden, Cape Broyle, 50c; Mrs. John H. Schneider, Welland (Thanksgiving to St. Theresa), $3.50; Mrs. Tuthill, Detroit, $2.00; Bobby Heaslip, Hamilton, $1.00; M. C., Montreal, $3.00; M. P. McGuire, Montreal, $2.00; Mrs. Peter M. Prince, Renfrew, $2.00; Miss Catherine Walkins, St. John's, Nfld., $2.37; Friend, Smith's Falls, Ont., $4.00.

Building Fund.

Miss E. M. Best, $2.00; Miss G. M. Rainville, Chelmsford (In thanksgiving), $10.00; Mrs. Julia Riordan, Callander, $5.00; Mrs. N. A. Roy, Toronto, $3.00; Mrs. M. McNeil, $5.00; Mrs. Reeves and Friends, London, Ont., $20.00; Miss S. Ryan, $2.00.

Burses.

Friend, Cayuga, Ont., St. Francis Xavier Burse, $25.00.

DONATIONS.

Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, Toronto, $74.28; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; St. James' Church, Toronto, $124.45; Catechism Class, St. Mary's Church, Port Hope, $15.00; Crusaders, Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $10.00; Corpus Christi Church, Toronto, $23.40; pupils, St. Agnes School, Guelph, $3.00; Miss Irene Robson, North Bay, $1.00; Miss S. McGowan, Toronto, $5.00; Mrs. E. Wallace, Toronto, $1.00; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, P.Q., $3.85.

As we go to press we learn that a Pontifical honor has been bestowed on Father J. M. Fraser in recognition of his missionary work for China. Heartiest congratulations!

GOD COMES TO GREEN-FIELDS.

(Continued from page 164)

I said the community mass, and Father Wong preached on respect due to the house of God. In the afternoon, I gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We had no organ, but Father Wong sang the "O Salutaris," "Tantum Ergo," and "Laudate Dominum," very well.

At noon-time, we had been given a real Chinese banquet—all the way from water-melon seeds to the inevitable and final bowl of rice. There must have been about thirty different courses. My chop-sticks were kept busy, but I succeeded in eating a little bit of everything and not much of anything—which you will find to be an excellent piece of advice, if you ever have the interesting misfortune of attending one of these affairs.

When evening came, I was genuinely tired, and although my bed was just a few rough boards, I slept as soundly as though I had been in a feather bed at home. And then, too, how could I complain of the hard boards on which I lay, when just upstairs One was keeping His all-night vigil for souls. Like the apostles in the Garden of Olives, I slept—while not far away, He prayed and sobbed.

So was our coming to Green-Fields. What does the future hold in store? Will the years to come see us with a nice little church and a school of our own? We have high hopes and great ambitions; but we know there will be trials, crosses—perhaps failures.

As I close this little article on the feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, the glorious patroness of the missions, my thoughts are especially with the Buds of her Rose Garden. To me, there is something like the fulfilment of a prophecy, in that garden—it is part of that final, unfinished and eternal chapter of the "Autobiography of a Soul." My dear, priestly friend, who first planted the seeds in that little plot, did so in a moment of sweet inspiration. Theresa, as she promised, is recruiting her army of little ones; and she has not given us a shower of roses, but a garden of roses. "I wish to be a missioner, not only for a few years, but to the end of the world." Those are her immortal words, and how gloriously she is fulfiling them. Dear Buds of her Rose Garden—through you the Little Flower would make good her wondrous wish. Pray then for us, with all the power of your souls.

Green-Fields—indeed. It is a corner of God's great, green pasture of souls, with its white-fleeced sheep to be tended and its black sheep to be reclaimed. Pray for us and our little flock to the Good Shepherd. At last God has come to Green-Fields—pray that Green-Fields may come to God.

FATHER SHARKEY.

Tsingtien, Chekiang.
Feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus—Oct. 3rd, 1931.

FATHER AMYOT'S LETTER.

(Continued from page 170)

hoeing of beans and turning over the sweet potato vines and carrying trees and lumber to the river from the hill country to be rafted down to market. I have taken some snaps, and I hope some turn out O.K.

"In Shih-dong I baptized three catechumens, two from a town across the river some 10 or 15 li away, and the first to be baptised in that section. I hope the seeds will bring forth the hoped-for harvest.

"At Uen-dah there was a baby to have the baptismal ceremonies supplied, and at Uen-jian one to be baptised. Here yesterday, counting all heads, Christians and catechumens, there were 24 in for prayers and Mass.

"All is peaceful up in these parts, and all are well at Lung-chuang and getting along fine. The latest news seems to be rumours that the Japs are at war with China in the North. Here just at noon a crier went through the streets with a yellow flag, beating a brass gong and accompanied by two soldiers announcing that nobody was to buy Japanese goods. Other than that there is nothing of an exciting nature.

"I'm feeling great now, and can polish off my two bowls of rice, using chopsticks with the best of them, and really enjoy it. Have no desire even for foreign food.

"Best regards to everybody. May God bless you all."

W. K. AMYOT.

CHINA—BOLSHEVIST OR CHRISTIAN?

(Continued from page 171)

suffering intolerably from the abuses of the present system and feel that as far as they are concerned, no change can be for the worse. All the wealth of the world has been concentrated into the hands of an unworthy few. Millions of honest workers find themselves today deprived of the means of keeping body and soul together. While the banks are bursting with money, there is more poverty abroad than at any time in our generation. While wheat is rotting in our elevators, little children the world over are crying for bread, and there are none to break it unto them. Mergers, monopolies, chain stores, these are gradually driving the small business men out of existence, while modern machinery is supplanting labor at the rate of hundreds and even thousands of men per machine. It is of little use merely to proclaim that it is wrong to steal, even from industrialists. You can hardly expect the masses of idle men today to enthuse over the idea of keeping concrete highways safe for the Rolls Royces of sons and daughters of affluence while their own children are deprived almost of the necessities of life. Apart altogether from the ethics of any system which advocates a change, we must face the fact that abuse from within, shameful abuse has made a change of some kind desirable, and that is why Communism has even obtained a hearing. The world seems to have recognized its own inability to cope with the situation. Having rejected Christianity, it can hardly be expected to adopt a Christian solution of its trouble or to agree with us when we state that only by the path of world disaster will humanity once more be led back to the feet of a Crucified Christ. How that disaster may come, or when, God only knows. But meanwhile, Communism is not the solution, and even in Russia today that conclusion seems to be sinking home.

And so with China. Ground down and starved by the merciless taxation of war lords, with crops destroyed by perpetually invading armies, millions of those people have been driven to lend a sympathetic ear to the exponents of a system which promised to seize all the wealth of the rich and distribute it among the poor. Many, too, have become "Communists" in China out of sheer terror, due to the Red Army's policy of burying alive all who refused to subscribe to their system. But gradually the real Communists of Hunan and Kiangsi are being hunted down by the Nationalist armies, and it is not too much to hope that with the passing of time the forces of law and order will gain complete control even in the few remaining disaffected areas.

In conclusion, my dear friends, let me say that we have been hearing a great deal about China and her perpetual wars. Not a word appears about the greatest war of all, the war against Satan and the powers of evil. There the issue at stake is not republic or monarchy, but the eternal salvation or the eternal loss of souls redeemed by the Sacrifice of Calvary. There soldiers of Christ, hopelessly outnumbered, are fighting His battles for immortal souls.

Many have made the sacrifice supreme for the grandest cause on earth. Many, worn out with the burdens of years of unremitting labour, will soon lay down their arms, forever. It is for us, with youth and vigor on our side, to grasp the cross from those failing hands and carry on for Him who died for souls.

A FEW CHRISTMAS SMILES

"I think," said the choir-master, "that we can do better than that—just a little better than that. Let us take that verse again, and let us make it quite plain that the first line is: 'Weak and sinful though we be,' and not 'We can sing full though we be'."

Little Mary Jane was saying her prayers.

"And please," she begged, "make Rome the capital of Turkey."

"Oh, Mary Jane," exclaimed her mother, "why did you say that?"

"Because I put that on my examination paper today."—Montreal Beacon.

Grocer's Delivery Boy (accompanied by his kid brother): "I want a tooth out, an' I don't want gas, 'cause I'm in a hurry."

Dentist: "That's a brave boy! Which tooth is it?"

Boy: "Show the man your tooth, Jimmie."

"Has any one seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Kerosene him yesterday and he ain't benzene since."—Montreal Beacon.

CONVENTIONALLY MINDED

An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office at Chicago and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not," she replied. "By train, if you please."

TWO OF A KIND

Wife—"Those pearls make a lovely birthday gift. Thank you so much. But I have a confession to make. This isn't really my 24th birthday. I've always lied about my age."

Husband—"That's all right. Those aren't genuine pearls."

SIGNALS

"I'm a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to her new maid. "When I beckon with my finger, that means 'Come!'"

"Suits me," replied the maid cheerfully. "And if I shake my head, that means 'Not coming'."

"Been seeing a good deal in print lately about a balanced ration."

"Well?"

"What's your idea of a balanced ration?"

"Peas on a knife."

AND THEN THERE WAS SILENCE

A lady visitor to an institute for the deaf had plied the official who was showing her round with so many questions that he was thoroughly weary when she inquired:

"How do you summon the poor mutes to church?"

"By ringing the dumb-bells, madam," he replied, sagely.

There had been several earthquake shocks in a certain district, so a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A day or two later they received a telegram: "Am returning your boy—send earthquake."

Angus—If you've spotted the man who stole your car, why don't you get it back?

Sandy—I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires.

"Here's a letter for you with a black border!"

"Alas! My poor brother is dead!"

"How do you know? You haven't read it?"

"No, but I recognize his handwriting."

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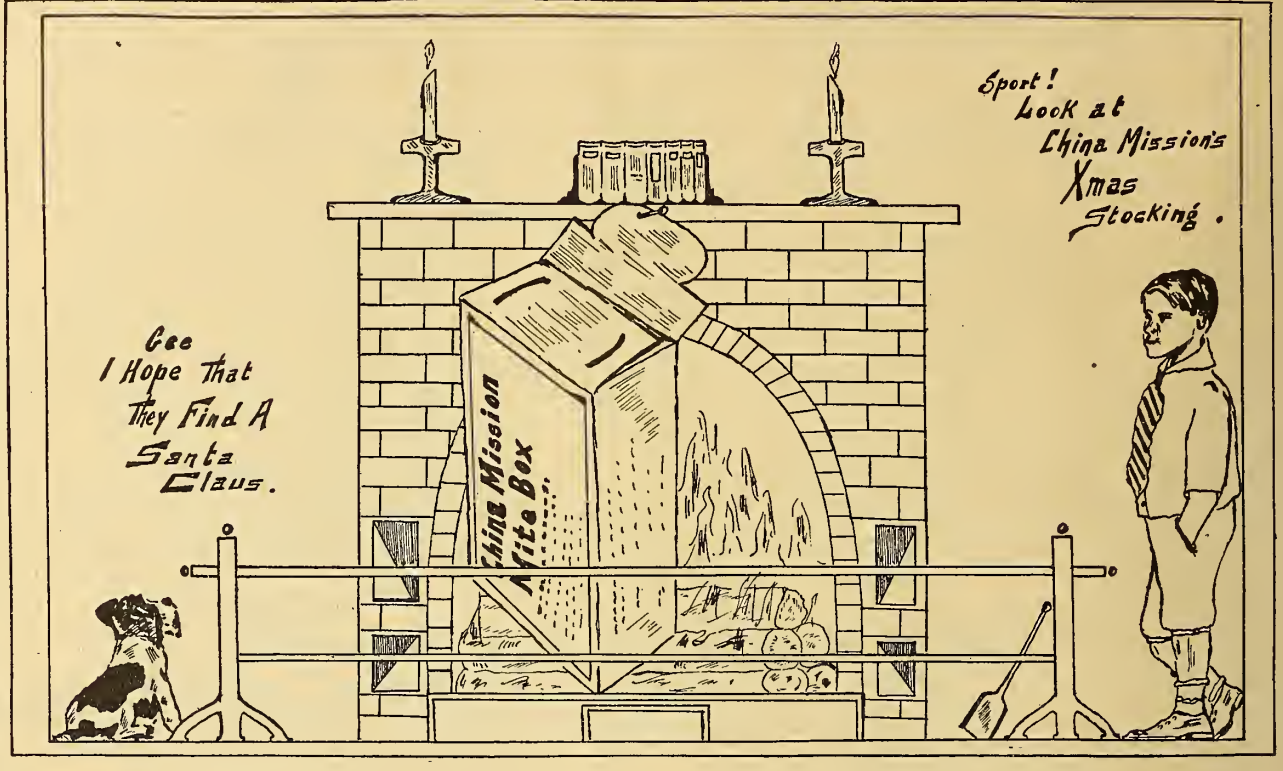
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Archbishop of Halifax.

"I have followed these magazine articles when they appeared in the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament and the Emmanuel, and will say that I considered them a very inspiring and helpful contribution to our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament."
The Rt. Rev. James Morrison,
Bishop of Antigonish.

"I have read most of it and I find it very helpful even as a book of meditation."
The Rt. Rev. E. A. LeBlanc,
Bishop of St. John, N.B.

"I have read it with much pleasure, and the spirit of piety which it breathes toward the Blessed Eucharist is to be commended."
Rt. Rev. Patrick A. Chiasson,
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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

Published Monthly, August excepted, by
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

Vol. XVI. ...CHINA... No. 1.

Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Most Rev. Bishop Kidd, London, and Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President.

Very Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Mission Superior in China. Editor, Rev. A. Chafe.

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
RING IN THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE."

Another year has rolled by and again we hear the old familiar greeting, "HAPPY NEW YEAR", being exchanged between individuals, families, and even nations. The dawn of another year breaks upon the world and finds millions in want and suffering in the midst of plenty, and people are very sincere in hoping and wishing that 1932 may be in truth a happy year.

* * * *

The world has been passing through a period of "depression". Even in reputedly wealthy countries, where there is an abundance of natural resources, the great evil of unemployment has taken its toll in demoralizing the multitudes. Millions of willing workers are denied the right to earn an honest livelihood in the ordinary channels of employment, and they and their dependents have tasted real hardships and suffered unfamiliar privations, but always buoyed up with the hope that "better times are coming". Our mail alone is sufficient to tell us that many good friends of ours, many readers of "China", have experienced this "depression" at first hand. In common with the rest of the world, Catholic Missionary enterprises have felt the pinch of "hard times", and we take our place with those who are hoping and praying for a speedy return to normality. Because we have faith in the future we will not dwell on the difficulties of the past, but rather will we speak of the benefits and blessings that have come our way during the past twelve months.

* * * *

We have a lot to be grateful for to Almighty God. Our Seminary has a record number of students who tax our accommodations to the limit; fine, earnest young men who are enjoying happy, healthful days of preparation for missionary work in China. Amongst them exists that comradeship and family spirit which means so much for the success of our work. Three students have been ordained in the past year: Rev. Father Doyle in September, and Rev. Fathers McGillivray and McNabb in December. Four priests have gone to Chuchow to augment the forces in the Field Afar, and two Sisters have also reached Chuchow. During the summer our District was raised to a Prefecture Apostolic, and we have been greatly encouraged by this official recognition of the labours of our Mission Institute. Father Wm. McGrath, former Editor of "China", is now in charge of our mission in China, and the number of missionaries on "active service" has reached the respectable number of fifteen.

* * * *

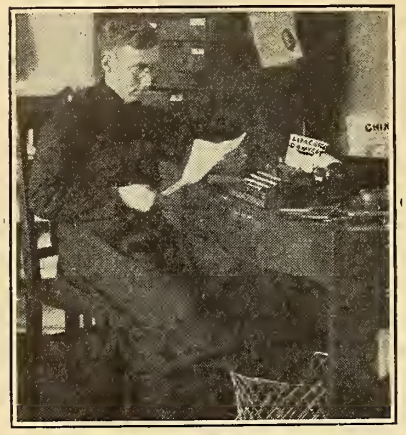
Looking back over the activities of 1931 we cannot help but be very thankful for the generous support and assistance that has been given us by the good Catholic people all over Canada and Newfoundland. Whilst it is true that the past year has not been a good one for us from a financial point of view, we appreciate the fact that this was due to unusual business conditions rather than to a diminution of interest in our efforts on the part of our friends. Our Catholic schools have been wonderfully good to us, and many priests have assisted us in generous fashion. Father Fraser has been campaigning week after week, and his appeals have been taken to heart by pastors and people alike, and to all who have helped us to keep moving ahead we owe a deep debt of gratitude. The various Catholic newspapers and periodicals have featured our work at various times. In this connection we wish to express our deepest appreciation to the "Catholic Record". Years ago the "Record" interested its readers in the Chinese Missions, and it has continued unabated its efforts to raise funds to educate students at our Seminary.

* * * *

And now, what of 1932? We are confident that the New Year will see our work go forward even more vigorously than heretofore. We are conscious of the fact that our needs this year will be increased because of the increased burdens we must bear, but with the chimes pealing out their glad tidings and with the atmosphere resonant with joyful greetings we endeavour to face the year 1932 with a spirit of optimism. We want all of Catholic Canada and Newfoundland to support our missionary efforts for the salvation of souls, and we have no misgivings that the charity which has enabled us to do what has already been accomplished will fail us in the future. We appeal to every reader of "China" to secure many more friends for our common cause, that by our united effort we may the more successfully carry on the great work to which we have set our hand. Amongst our resolutions for the New Year let us not forget to number one connected with the dearest interest of our best and truest Friend—the souls for whom Christ died. Let us give a vital, personal meaning to Tennyson's words:

"Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

FORMER EDITOR SENDS FIRST "COPY"



Father McGrath during his first year as "China's" editor.

S.S. Empress of Canada,
Nov 9, 1931.

A nice boat is the Empress of Canada. When I saw her at the pier I said to myself, "Thank Heaven! At last a boat! They don't make waves big enough to upset her equilibrium." That was Saturday morning at Vancouver. And up to the time we left Victoria we had not changed our mind. Father Sandy was with us when we got the "big thrill so far" of the trip. It was when the November CHINA arrived. I hope, Father Editor, that the time will come in your life when the arrival of our little paper will give you just such a thrill. That will not be for a long time, of course. You are just now in the stage of the housewife who never has an appetite because she is tired of her own cooking. By the time you gaze upon your finished product each month it is only a composite of matter you have sent in as copy, looked over as galley sheets, and pasted together to make a dummy. It is "old stuff" to you long before it makes its appearance at all. But with me it was so different. After eight years of just such spade work on the little paper, you can hardly imagine what it means to have a nice fresh copy presented to you, one which is absolutely new as far as you are concerned. I can imagine now just what "China's" arrival in Chuchow is going to mean each month. Send it as fast as you can, please.

At Victoria we said goodbye to Father Bursar, our congenial companion of the covered wagon trip across Canada. We had been through many "ups and downs" together, literally. During the 3,180 miles from Toronto to Vancouver our leaping Lena had carried us across endless miles of prairie and through the splendor of the Rockies. It was a wonderful trip, and we shall leave it to Fr. Sandy to give you the details. Suffice it to say here that Father "Chook" MacDonald was the only man who succeeded in sleeping while the van was in motion, and there were times when we felt that we could almost qualify for the champion kangaroo hop from Scarboro Bluffs to the Pacific Coast. However, the trip was a decided success, and we reached Vancouver with two days to spare. And it was with mingled feelings (mutually, I am sure) that we watched the darkness close about the form of our congenial companion of the voyage, as the Empress backed away from the Victoria wharf and we passed on into the night.

What was I saying? Oh, yes. That our opinion had not changed up to the time we left Victoria. Little did we know what was in store. By the time we went to bed that night there was just a perceptible swell. Nothing much to bother about. But it made me recall many unpleasant days spent in steamer berths, among them the most miserable days of my existence spent in the "Argyle" on her way across Placentia Bay. We went to sleep alright. But next morning! Oh, boy!

Heroically we rose and prepared to say Mass! Grimly we went through the process of dressing and shaving while the anything-but-Pacific-ocean was throwing the old Empress for body-slams and flying mares and what have you! But all in vain. By the time I had been knocked almost senseless against the bunk, and had said goodbye to last night's supper, we both just fell back in the berth, where we remained, breakfastless, dinnerless and supperless for that day.

To-day is Tuesday. The sea has calmed down considerably, and from now on we hope to be able to say Mass daily. We are due in Honolulu Thursday a.m.

Please give our regards to the boys. You have all been in our thoughts and our prayers very much since we left. What a reception there will be in store for the members of the old guard as they come to us in China year by year!

Sincerely yours in Christ,
WM. C. McGRATH.

This letter from Father McGrath came just too late for our last issue. Both he and Fr. MacDonald have reported from Honolulu and Japan, and we hope to have news from them from Chuchow for the February "China."

ANOTHER PRIEST VICTIM OF BANDITS' CRUELTY.

Rome. — Father Checcacci, O.F.M., of the Vicariate of Laohokow, Hupeh Province, has died, according to a telegram from Shanghai, after six months a captive of Chinese bandits. Father Checcacci was taken last May when bandits invaded the mission of Chayuenkow, pillaged the seminary, killed three Chinese religionists and took captive Bishop Hermenegild Ricci, former Vicar Apostolic, and Fathers Lazzeri, Santini, Checcacci and Maggini, all attached to the Seminary, and all Italian Franciscans.

One of the number, Father Maggini, succeeded in gaining his freedom during the parleys for liberation. Father Santini died of maltreatment. Bishop Ricci was freed in September in a dying condition. He has received the last sacraments. And now comes the news that Father Checcacci has died, succumbing to the sufferings of his long imprisonment.

Of this group Father Lazzeri is the only one still held captive. He and Father Hugh Sands of the St. Columban Fathers, the Irish foreign mission society for China, are held by the same bandits in the same place. Father Sands was taken captive August 15 while substituting at a neighbouring mission for a fellow priest who was sick. (Fides).

BUBONIC PLAGUE HITS CHINA.

Sanshengkung, China. — The bubonic plague has been reported spreading through north Shensi Province. Forty deaths are reported at Changfangliang, a small Christian community of 200 souls, and nearly every community has cases to report. (Fides).

FATHER BEAL AT NAN DONG

He Meets "Mrs. Grundy", and is Paid a Compliment.

What changes Father Time brings in his trail. Two years ago I was the veriest tyro in mission experience. This year I had the courage to inspect and decipher the names written in the baptismal register. By chance or design two pages were glued together; when I separated them I came across a long list of names representing Christians and catechumens of Nan Dong, a place about fifty li north of Suichang. When I announced my intention of visiting this community I was met with objections about the difficulties of the journey. I was told that the roads were practically impassable, and that I could get nothing to eat along the way, as there were no restaurants. I settled this last difficulty by producing a tin of bully beef and a loaf of bread.

The objectors certainly made no mistake about the condition of the road. Three large rugged mountains had to be crossed. The guide proved to be a cheerful fellow; after climbing the first mountain he told us the next one was not so high, but after reaching the top of number two I was convinced that he was only "kidding." My carrier had a friend who lived in a large temple beyond the second mountain. It was well past lunch time when we reached there, but they very kindly prepared dinner for us, and showed us every hospitality.

Towards evening we reached Nan Dong. The guide had waited at a cross-roads to direct the carrier, who was outdistanced over the last lap, so the boy and myself carried on. It was like the blind leading the blind, because we were both strangers. Fortunately we soon met a man who was a Christian. He saluted me as "Shêng Vu," and invited us to his home for tea. He had not seen a priest for ten years. The news of my arrival was soon made known all over town. In a short while the house was filled with men, women, and children, all of them making polite bows to me. These folks speak one dialect among themselves and use the official language (mandarin) when speaking to the priest. Mandarin somewhat resembles the Chuchow dialect, so I could understand most of what they said.

The following morning a letter was despatched to another village five li distant, "Si San Dou" (West Mountain Head), where there are six Christians and a large number of catechumens. In the afternoon a delegation came to the residence headed by a Christian lady. Let us call her Mrs. Grundy. She has a unique distinction in these parts, being able to read and write; she is a veteran gossiper and the recognized information bureau of the place. I was put through a sort of third degree. She finished up by saying I would be successful here because I looked like a Chinese. I had to thank her for this last complimentary remark and like it. She promises to be of use to the mission as a lady catechist. Woe betide the one who doesn't know his prayers and catechism when she comes round for class recitation. "Mrs. Grundy" is not to be trifled with. I enjoyed her conversation immensely.

The mission has no property at this centre, but the Christians are willing to help put up a chapel and school. By next year there should be quite a few Chinese ready for baptism. I was very much pleased with the fine spirit which exists among those simple people; they are very desirous to learn about the Catholic religion. I hope you will pray for them that many will receive the great gift of Faith. They are poor, but they will willingly make sacrifices to erect a house in which the Divine Mysteries can be worthily celebrated; but to this end we need the assistance of our friends at home.

At Sungyang, where I am stationed with Father Morrison, we erected a single hand-ball court for the boys. I wish it was larger, but we made the best of the space available. The young lads are keenly interested in the game and are learning to "shoot butts" in fine style, but as yet they haven't mastered the "Irish swing." Best wishes to all friends from

J. L. BEAL.

ST. FRANCIS' COFFIN OPENED IN SPLENDOR

Body Reported in Good Condition After 400 Years—1,000,000 to See It.

Goa, Portugese, India, Dec. 5—The coffin of St. Francis Xavier was unsealed to-day for the thirteenth time in nearly 400 years as booming guns, pealing bells, fireworks and the crash of military music combined to make a scene of Oriental splendor celebrating the Catholic festival in this old Portugese city, which has been called the "Rome of the East."

The body of the saint was officially reported to be in good condition in spite of the fact that it has been 400 years in the tomb.

The ceremonies began with a brilliant procession in which the colorful vestments of the clergy blended with the picturesque Indian surroundings. The procession was led by a special emissary sent by Pope Pius XI., and it included three archbishops, fifteen bishops and hundreds of members of the clergy.

The Church of Bon Jesus, where the body of St. Francis was exposed, was thronged by 10,000 people who heard the papal mass of benediction.

Led by the archbishops, the congregation passed before the coffin and kissed the dead saint's feet.

The body will continue to lie in state for a month and it is anticipated a million pilgrims from many countries will come during that time to see it.



St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, and Patron of all missionaries who died on the Island of Sancian, Dec. 3, 1552.

WITHOUT BLARE OF TRUMPETS.

Heroic Sisters Steal Away to the Life of Sacrifice in China.

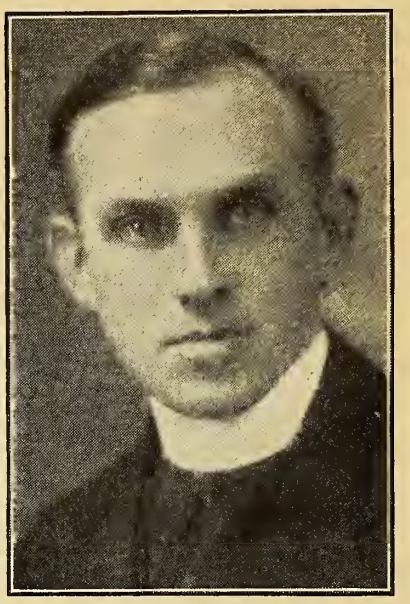
Without blare of trumpets, rattling of drums, and cheering from the by-standers they leave for the front—those heroic Sisters who go forth to the Foreign Mission Field. For them no glorious departure ceremony with its focussing of attention on the departing missioners. But with a quiet farewell, silently, almost unnoticed, these humble, modest, self-effacing angels of mercy steal away to their noble work in lands afar.

In China thousands of Religious Sisters are doing their share in bringing the Chinese nation into the fold. Those heroic Sisters, most of whom come from homes of culture, are enduring all the trials and difficulties inherent in missionary work among China's poor.

Readers will be glad to know that our own Canadian Sisters are found amongst this noble army of workers. The priests from St. Frances Xavier's China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., are assisted in their mission labours in Chuchow by members of the Congregation of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, whose Motherhouse is in Pembroke, Ont. Two years ago those Sisters began missionary work in China when three Sisters went over. For a year they stayed in Wenchow with the Sisters of Charity, learning the Chinese language and becoming acquainted with Chinese living conditions. While they stayed at Wenchow a new convent was being built for them at Chuchow by Father Fraser, and this new Convent of the Immaculate Conception was opened on December 8th, 1930. Sister St. Oswald (MacDonald), Sr. M. Antony (McHugh), and Sr. M. Catherine (Doyle) were the pioneers.

In October, 1931, they were joined by Sister Daniel and Sister Genevieve (whose pictures appeared in last issue).

The new convent at Chuchow is a substantial building, and it is used by the Sisters as the centre from which they carry on their works of charity among the Chinese in Chuchow. (The "Crusader").



Rev. James D. McGillivray, whose ordination was the first ever to take place in Glace Bay, N.S. He was raised to the Holy Priesthood by Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, on Dec. 20th. Father McGillivray said his first Solemn High Mass midnight Christmas Eve.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE DONE FOR US.

Down in the Diocese of Antigonish, N.S., ten members of the clergy have formed a Priests' Club to help the cause of the Foreign Missions, and it is their objective to contribute $250.00 to our Seminary each year to pay for the tuition of some student. We commend the priestly zeal which has prompted such an undertaking, and we assure our friends "down East" that we are very thankful for their interest in our work.

A lady in Toronto has donated a splendid piano to us, and if she could visit our recreation room these days, she would be more than happy to see how much extra enjoyment it has added to the recreation periods of our students. We support their opinion that this benefactor is "a jolly good fellow" indeed, and we are grateful for such a welcome gift. Even some of the boys who are not serious rivals of John McCormack cannot help but join in when Charlie "gives the note."

Within the past few months we have been pleased to receive large lists of names of subscribers to "CHINA" sent in by priests from various parts of Canada and Newfoundland, and we take this opportunity of thanking those Reverend Pastors and their people for their generous co-operation for such a good purpose. It is worthy of note that in those parishes where priest and people see farther than their own parochial boundaries the Faith is not restricted either.

A TYPICAL CRUSADE LETTER.

Loretto College School,
387 Brunswick Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

"China" Editor,
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Dear Father:

At the last meeting of the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade Unit at Loretto Abbey College School, a resolution was passed to the effect that each crusader pray daily for a particular missionary as well as for all in general. She would also endeavour to help him materially (although she might not of course do very much).

We feel that the above system will arouse more missionary zeal in the hearts of our Crusaders.

If you approve of our plan you can help us greatly in our work by sending us the names and addresses of the Missionary priests of your community.

Respectfully yours,
CLARE COLGAN,
Secretary of the C.C.S.M.C.

VICARIATE OF YENCHOW HOLDS SYNOD.

Yenchowfu, China. — Thirty-eight priests of whom 11 are Chinese took part in the Synod of the Vicariate of Yenchowfu, held September 19-29 under the direction of the Vicar Apostolic, His Excellency Bishop Augustine Henninghaus. The purpose of the council was to prepare a new manual for the missionaries, since the one in use became impractical with the publication of the New Code of Canon Law and the Acts of the Council of Shanghai.

The Synod closes the first fifty years of the mision. The golden jubilee will be celebrated in January, 1932. (Fides).

We acknowledge with thanks a splendid Spiritual Bouquet from Miss Claire McDaniel on behalf of her pupils at Brook Village School, N.S.

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY

but when a person dies without a Will no better way can be found for trouble. This explains many of the lawsuits that are constantly taking place regarding estates.

Why not make your Will while you are in good health? Why wait until you are too sick to even think of business? Why be bothered with temporal matters at a time when all your attention is required for your spiritual interests?

Your Will is not going to hasten death, nor is it going to tie up your business; it may be changed at any time you desire; it does not become operative until the moment of your death, so why delay giving attention to this important matter.

The person making the Will must sign his or her name in the presence of two witnesses. All three, namely the two witnesses and the testator, must be present at the same time and all three must sign their names in the presence of each other. No one who is to benefit by the Will may be a witness. It is not necessary that the witnesses know the contents of the Will, but only that they are witnesses to the signature and that they know they are witnessing the signing of the document as the Last Will and Testament of the testator. The Will must bear the date on which it is signed.

It is also very important that one or two trustworthy friends or a reliable Trust Company be named in the Will as executors, who will see to carrying out the intention of the testator.

No Will can be considered complete that does not provide something for God and religion. Our property has been given to us by Almighty God to be administered, not as our absolute possession, but as a trust for His honour and glory and once we have made provision for the needs of those depending on us we should remember the works dear to Him. In doing so we act as God's stewards and our stewardship will surely be rewarded in eternity.

"China" naturally recommends its work to those who are thinking of making a Will. Our work is certainly God's work. It means the actual salvation of souls who otherwise are exposed to the greatest danger of being lost.



Rev. Wm. H. McNabb of St. Thomas, Ont., who was ordained priest in his parish church on Dec. 19th, and celebrated his first Solemn High Mass on the following day. Bishop Kidd of London, performed the ordination. Father McNabb is the third priest from London Diocese to be ordained from our Seminary.

What more meritorious work can be imagined?

Dear reader, if you think favorably of this, here is the way to designate your bequest. "I will, devise and bequeath the sum of $..... to Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, for the education of priests for mission work in China."

A LESSON IN CHARITY.

Written in pencil on a small piece of wrapping paper, the following note was found by Father Fraser among the collection taken up for the missions at a church in Toronto a few weeks ago: "From a poor widow and no work just a 25c for to help poor China. Wish it was more. Mrs. ———." It needs no comment, but it surely deserves recognition.

JUST TO REMIND YOU.

We read some time ago of a bequest of $100.00 made to a Catholic paper in Chicago "to pay for any possible delinquent subscriptions." So far, no one has thought of doing such a kindness to "CHINA," but in default of such favours we would be very happy if every reader of our little magazine made sure to look after the matter of his own subscription. Does the expiry date on your "CHINA" need "touching up"? Do it now, please!

THE MacPHERSON BURSE.

To the energy and enthusiam of Rev. Donald MacPherson, P.P., of Port Hood, N.S., we are indebted for the founding of the "MacPherson Burse" for the education of missionary priests for China. Father MacPherson is anxious to have the burse completed as soon as possible, and we appeal to the readers of "CHINA" to help along this most worthy cause. We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations to it: Angus Campbell, $5.00; Flora Jane MacDonald, $1.00; M. Catherine Gillies, $1.00; Mary MacDonald, $2.00; Mrs. R. MacDonald, $1.00; Rev. Bro. Ananias, $1.00; Mrs. Annie Huot, $1.00; Minnie McKinnon, $4.00; Mrs. A. McDougald, $5.00; for late A. McDougald, $5.00; Ed. McQuarrie, $5.00; Mrs. Angus A. MacDonald, $1.00; Jas. McNeil, in honour of Bro. David, deceased, $10.00; Friend, Port Hood, $50.00; Friend, Port Hood, $1.00; Mrs. John Gillies, in memory of late John Gillies, $1.00; Baby Theresa Claire Campbell, $1.00; Mary Beaton, $10.00; Mrs. Ann MacPherson, $5.00; Archie Campbell, $2.00; Angus MacDonald, $1.00; Mrs. Alex. Campbell, $1.00; Angus A. MacDonald, $5.00.

ENTIRE VILLAGE IN CHINA COMES INTO CHURCH IN A BODY.

Hongkong, China—Fifty-three catechumens, an entire village of fisherfolk, were baptized and confirmed recently at St. Patrick's Church in a little town on the Kwangtung coast.

The little Church has been standing for more than 10 years, having been built by Irish benefactors for the Chinese fishermen and their families who embraced the Faith.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

On December 22nd the first term of the scholastic year came to a close, and the seminarians are now enjoying vacation. We hope the holidays will not be made unpleasant by thoughts of mid-year examinations, which are due late in January. Unusual weather conditions made it impossible to play even one game of hockey on our rink before vacation came. But there is bound to be a use for some of those new hockey sticks as soon as Jack Frost finds out where our rink is.

EN ROUTE to ROME

Father Gerald Doyle, who is taking a post-graduate course at the Canadian College in the Eternal City, tells of some interesting visits made on the way.

The voyage from Montreal to Havre, France, was very enjoyable, and on one day only was it considered unwise to celebrate Mass. Another priest, Father Clement, four Sisters of St. Joan of Arc on their way to their new house in France (near Paris), and two Brothers of Charity from Ghent, Belgium, were also on board and each morning came together in the drawing-room, where the two Masses were celebrated.

We reached Havre on Oct. 16th, and the boat train took us directly to Paris, arriving there late at night. A thing that one notices about Paris is the continuous sounding of automobile horns, for apparently no reason at all. My first experience of a Continental hotel brought home the fact that travellers are expected to supply their own soap, but a squeeze of my shaving cream saved the situation, and I went to sleep without any worry about soap. To my way of thinking, or sleeping, the bolster in the bed was very unnecessary. It was only after enduring bolsters for three nights that I had the idea of taking it out and standing it against the wall.

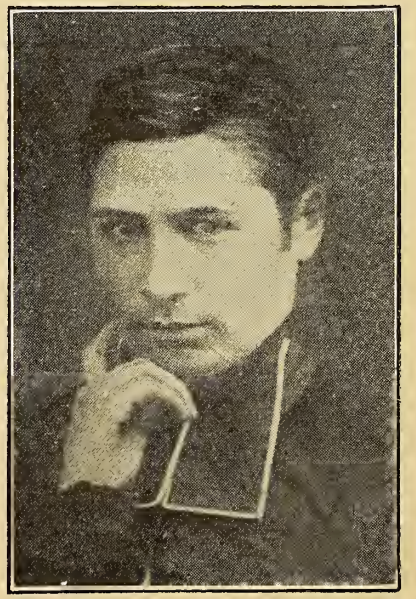
I said Mass on Oct. 17th in Notre-Dame Cathedral, Paris, and I was thrilled as I stepped into this historic Church. After I had said Mass on one of the side altars, I walked around the church, but I realized that it could not be appreciated in such a short visit; to me it was just a very large church.

A Famous Seminary.

In the afternoon I visited the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary at 128 Rue du Bac. The entrance was anything but imposing; it reminded me of the entrance to a warehouse. After some enquiries, M. l'abbé Jean Harmandon, a subdeacon, was kind enough to guide me through the seminary. We went into the old chapel and saw the altar where Blessed Theophane Vénard had stood before his departure for Tonkin and martyrdom. A reliquary containing the bones of Blessed Theophane is placed under the Blessed Virgin's altar, and we knelt there and prayed to him and to the Queen of Martyrs.

Next we visited the two Halls of Martyrs, where are kept many of the actual instruments which were used in the torture or martyrdom of missionaries; here also are breviaries, chalices, or clothing used by the martyrs, and everything is carefully labelled. Among the treasures are cords, knives, pincers, hair, blood-soaked garments, and everything that had a connection with the life and death of those heroic missionaries who lived and died for Christ. The viewing of these articles is in no way repulsive; rather is it inspiring, because it gives one a new appreciation of the missionary vocation.

A walk through the lovely shaded garden, past the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, the hand-ball alley, and the old Chinese bell, was very interesting. When I asked to see the room of Blessed Theophane Venard I got an interesting reply: "Ah, but it is occupied. We have so many martyrs that we cannot afford to keep their rooms as relics." I saw also the refectory with its bare wooden tables and worn benches (not chairs). I was greatly pleased with that visit to the Seminary, the wonderful institution which has trained thousands of priests for the mission fields.



Blessed Theophane Venard, martyred in Tonkin in 1861.

I visited the chapel of the Sisters of Charity, just down the street at No. 140. The entrance did not look like that of a church; but inside, after traversing a narrow courtyard, I came into a lovely chapel where the sunlight was pouring in on the white and gold decorations. This chapel is really beautiful. Interspersed with lay visitors were perhaps fifteen or twenty Sisters making private visits to the Blessed Sacrament; they made a quaint picture in their blue habits and large white cornets.

Lisieux.

At four o'clock I took the train for Lisieux. Lisieux! Where Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, the "Little Flower," spent most of her life, and where she died, and where three of her sisters are yet living as nuns in the same Carmelite Monastery that was made famous by their sainted sister's life and death, and by thousands of miracles. When I arrived at 7 p.m. it was dark, but there was plenty of bustle around the old station. I made my way to a hotel. The drive through the narrow cobble-paved streets was interesting. It was Saturday night, and the streets were too crowded to permit all the people to keep to the sidewalks, so the hotel bus driver was continually sounding the horn. With me in the bus was a middle-aged couple, the man small and polite, the woman large and cheerful. They were speaking French very rapidly, but I noticed their conversation was punctuated by "Sainte Therese."

On the way to the Carmel, the quaint street cafes were filled with comfortable looking crowds, varying according to the type of the cafe. I stopped and bought some postcards of the Little Flower. Except for these cards in front of occasional stores, and statuettes, etc., on sale, there is nothing to impress on the visitor that a great Saint lived and died

in this city. Perhaps in the daylight it will be different. But while the people go about their ordinary workaday way they undoubtedly have a fine appreciation of the manner in which their city has been blessed.

After passing over the gurgling Orbiquet River and turning up the Rue Vasseur, a short turn to the right revealed to me the Chapel of Carmel and the Convent. I walked up and down before the Convent, meditating on the wonder of it all. The former home of the Patroness of the Missions is a very practical building with the lights gleaming through the windows, while in the yard in front of the chapel stood a statue of St. Therese. To think that this was the place where God raised up a great saint!

Lisieux is an ordinary town, with old-fashioned streets and very substantial matter-of-fact buildings. I got back to my hotel, and as I write this at midnight a noisy, happy crowd is passing in the street below. Coming down the Rue Pont-Mortain, my eye caught a flickering electric sign: "CINEMA," and a poster nearby announced "La Nuit de Sang," while in the passage-way a number of young people were crowding around getting tickets for the show.

It is now quite cold in my room; it helps me to understand how St. Therese suffered greatly from the cold at nights, especially as the rivers La Toques and L'Orbiquet, with their tributaries, wind their way through the city.

Although the real pilgrimage season was over, the public chapel of Carmel was filled as I entered shortly after seven o'clock on Sunday, Oct. 18th. Soon I could hear the Sisters chanting the Divine Office. I went to the sacristy, and the sacristan bowed to a man of middle age, who came forward to serve my Mass.

A Dream Realized.

I celebrated at the altar of St. Joseph, which is a gift-altar from the Province of Quebec, and I was nervous as I began the prayers at the foot of the altar. For years I had been looking forward to the day when I might say Mass in the Carmel at Lisieux. At the Memento I remembered many intentions, including all friends and benefactors of our Seminary, with a special remembrance for the members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, as I had promised "Father Jim."

After my own Mass I served another. Pierre, the sacristan of whom I had read so much, has been retired for the past three years, and Roger Degouet, a very kind and alert man of perhaps thirty-seven years, is now in charge. He became very interested when he learned that I was from Canada and hoped to go to China within a few years. He told me he helped the Missions with his stamps, and that his own collection now numbered about forty thousand. He took me to his rooms across the street and showed me his fine collection of old coins and sea-shells. From him I learned much as to the places to visit in Lisieux, and the proper time for each. I regretted that he could not speak English, and that I could not talk French properly, as I am sure he could have told me many things of interest.

Saint Thérèse's Home.

My next visit was to Les Buissonnets, the name given to the Martin home in Lisieux. It is a good walk from the Carmel, and on my way I discovered that there are some fine, well-paved streets in Lisieux, as well as plenty of dogs and horses. An alley about nine feet wide leads to the entrance of this house. One enters through an ordinary gate, but inside it is very fine, and it is easy to imagine that the Martin family could live in a little world of their own. In front of the house is a well-kept lawn, and at the rear is a large statuary group depicting



The "Little Flower" as a First Communist.

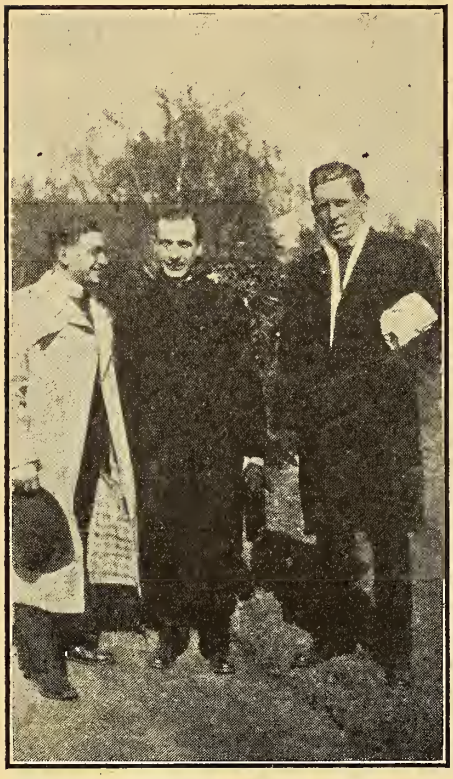
the Saint asking permission of her father to enter the Carmelite Order at the age of fifteen. It is an easy matter to have complete seclusion a very short distance from the house. I saw the place where St. Thérèse used to build her little altar, and where she must have spent many happy hours.

The house itself is built on the square plan, and while it is not large, it is a very comfortable size. The rooms are well furnished, the dining room being as it was in the time of the Little Flower. Upstairs is the room that she occupied. In one section, behind large plate-glass, can be seen her bed, toys, books, etc., and on the other side is an altar. Judging by the toys and other things which she used to own, St. Thérèse must have indulged in many of the innocent pleasures and amusements common to children of her age and in similar circumstances.

The walk to the site of the new Basilica of St. Thérèse required about half an hour. Here on the side of a hill above the town proper is being built a wonderful church, and in front of it is a very excellent colonnade, almost completed. I understand that the opening celebration will take place next June 27th-July 3rd. In front of the main entrance, above the steps, is a magnificent altar of black marble, surmounted by a fine statue of the Little Flower. The finished Basilica will be very wonderful.

In Carmel Cemetery.

It required another walk of 15 minutes up a winding road to reach the cemetery where the Saint's body lay buried for some years. The cemetery surprised me; I had always imagined it was small, and that St. Thérèse's statue, built over her former grave, would be the most prominent object in sight. Well, the cemetery is large, with very many tombstones, vaults, etc., and I searched for ten minutes before I found where the statue was. The plot, in which about six other Sisters have been buried, is not large, and is just one of many like plots in the cemetery. After saying a few prayers I passed on down the winding road to Lisieux, intending to visit the Carmel once more and also the churches for which Lisieux is famed.



Fathers Boudreau, Sharkey and Stringer, shortly after they reached China two years ago.

What Price Paganism!

China's "Religion" Makes Conversion Difficult.

By REV. DESMOND STRINGER,
Lungchuan, China.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-one years have come and gone since the first band of missionaries left home to kindle the fires of Faith and Hope and Love throughout the world. To-day there are more pagans in China alone than there are Catholics in the world. The contemplation of so startling a fact rather stuns the mind, leaving it incapable of realizing just what it means. I imagine that missionaries in China see very much the same state of affairs that opposed the Great Apostles of the Gentiles.

The Fealty of Fear.

Not long ago I happened by a Chinese temple. A number of little school girls were there having a picnic. The place was cool and shady, just the spot to escape the heat. Inside this temple were all the various idols, many of which were newly painted. The faces of not a few were rather hideous and terrifying; others were of a more jovial appearance. The children were making the rounds, going down on their knees to the idols of their choice. It all seemed more a pantomine than anything else. But it was not! It was paganism—idolatry; and these little children were giving the fealty of fear if not the love of their hearts to cold, painted wood and stone. How much of the idols' histories they knew I could not say. How greatly the Nirvana of Buddha appealed to them would be difficult to know; very little, I would imagine, inasmuch as they were so young, so full of childhood's hopes and dreams. Yet here they were sunk in the depths of spiritual darkness, never having heard the beautiful story of Bethlehem—the story that is the children's own.

So Many Barriers.

From his earliest days a Chinese is surrounded and circumvented by religious observances. His social life is so entwined with his worship that a formidable barrier hinders him in quite a measure when once he begins to learn the Catholic Faith. While a pagan he may take part in all the important feasts as they occur; sometimes it will be a marriage ceremony; sometimes a funeral; still again it may be a birthday celebration, all of which have their attendant religious and highly superstitious rites. Ancestor worship is universally practised, and this in itself causes much concern to the filial son who wishes to embrace the Catholic Faith. The pagans have their day when all repair to the cemetery to worship the dead. New earth is heaped on the mounds; paper money and articles of food are burned,—in this manner being transported to the other world. To the prospective Christian it seems a hard trial to absent himself, especially should he have a father, mother or wife buried there. The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory finds ready acceptance and fills the void with consolation.

The "Hard Rules"

This may give an idea of the wrench that the step into the True Fold will occasion to the Chinese, and of the constant care he must exercise to prevent himself falling into the old customs that he may have observed for half a century. Many of the pagans with whom I have come in contact tell me through the Catechist that "the rules of the Catholic Church are very hard." While the helpful strength and clarity of these rules—alike for rich or poor, learned or unlearned—excite their admiration, yet they feel disinclined to shoulder them, especially if one happens to have an extra wife, or is engaged in business that nets one a neat little profit through the medium of short-weight transactions. It sometimes happens that a Christian is made to feel in no uncertain manner that the observance of "the rules" is indeed no light task. There was a case in S———. An old man and his wife lived in a squalid little hovel; inside 'twas dark as night, and damp. He was long past his working days; so the field that he owned he gave to some pagan neighbours to work; he himself was to receive part of the rice crop. When the harvest was over he found he could not obtain his due until he placed on the walls of his home certain superstitious placards. Such a dilemma can only be understood by those who wonder where the next meal is coming from. When the priest called to see him the old man explained his case, adding that he did not believe in the power of these placards, but only put them up to please the blackguards. The missioner explained in a kindly way that such a course was wrong. Down came the placards, and the "holy Father" left sufficient alms for the old couple to buy food and firewood.

Many Are in Good Faith.

Although the "hard rules" argument may keep some pagans from embracing the Faith even when they have doubts of their own, yet it can happen that some are honest pagans and believe themselves to be right. At the school in C———— there was a

(Continued on page 12)



OUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES



LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Well, Buds,

Here I am aagin! And it seems such a long time since I wrote to you last. Believe me, I was good and mad with the Editor for crowding me out of the Christmas number like he did, but now that's all over and I want to say just a few words to you for the New Year. I suppose you're all tired of hearing me say that I'm sorry I can't publish all your names; you'll understand why when I tell you that on one day recently I sent out 130 certificates, and on another day I sent more than 100; just think all the space I would need to mention something from each of the letters that came when those buds joined our Garden. Beginning 1932 we have more than two thousand members in our Club. Isn't that great? Our Garden is more popular than ever, and I know great things are being done for the salvation of souls through all your prayers and Holy Communions.

Do you remember any of the resolution you made last New Year? Isn't it true that we make many resolutions but keep only a few of them? Now is the time to check up on ourselves and to see to it that in the coming year we are going to be better than in the past; we must try this year to put into practise some of the little things which we know made such a great saint of our Patroness, the Little Flower; we can imitate her and please Almighty God by trying to do our everyday actions as well as we possibly can, in school, at home, and at play. Before the end of 1932 many millions of pagan Chinese will have died. I am sure that many of them will get to Heaven because of your interest in the Missions. Isn't it nice to think that we can help so much in saving those immortal souls for whom our Divine Lord died? Our "Rose Garden" is nothing else but a means of enlisting young boys and girls in such a glorious work, and I am very proud that so many of the young readers of "China" show such interest in the Missions. A hearty welcome to our buds who joined in 1931. Our motto is: "full steam ahead for 1932". Don't forget to read about Father Doyle's visit to the scenes of the Little Flower's life and death.

God bless our little missionaries of the Rose Garden.

FATHER JIM.

Rita Wall, of Windsor, Ont., who sent us five dollars some time ago, says her little brother Paul is saving his pennies for the Chinese Missions, too. I hope the good habit spreads, Rita.

"Tell some Toronto girls to write to me," says 11 year old Beatrice McDonald, 82 King Ed. St., Glace Bay, N.S.

OUR PATRONESS.

The nomination of the Little Flower as Patroness of all missionaries and of the missions by His Holiness, Pius XI, called forth great joy and jubilation throughout the mission fields. When Heaven had blessed her pious parents with four daughters they prayed most earnestly for a son who would become a missionary. Their prayer was partially answered. A son was born to them. But five months later an all-wise Providence took the child to Himself. The parents again prayed for a missionary son. Again it seemed as though their prayer had been granted for another boy was born to them. A few months passed and this child was also summoned to join the angelic hosts of heaven. The parents, submissive to God's Holy Will, ceased to pray for such a blessing. Another girl was later born. And how wonderful are the ways of the Lord! This child, now venerated as St. Teresa, has been chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff to be a heavenly protectress for all missionaries. And in the calendars of the Church she is honored as the Patroness of the Missions. Today, from the nurseries of heaven she calls upon us to follow her little way of sanctity. Those who neglect the missions miss the way.

—Boston Pilot.

Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Just a few lines to say I have not forgotten the Rose Garden. Sincerely hope this finds the "Gardener" enjoying life. I see in "China" that at last somebody has really found you out. Wouldn't it be great if that somebody would only find some way of telling the rest of us. I enjoyed Father McGrath's letter. I suppose he is working in China by now. Quite a few of my pals are real interested in our Garden. I haven't heard anything of the "Withered Rose" this long while; how is she?

In reply to this letter from Anna Culligan, I say that the "Gardener" surely is enjoying life, and that he gets a big "kick" each morning when the letters from the buds arrive. It will interest all our members to know that I get letters frequently from the "Withered Rose" in which she speaks of our Garden and its members very nicely. She has not fully recovered her health yet, but is very cheerful. Many buds write to her regularly.

1568 3rd Ave. E., Owen Sound, Ont.

"I have been reading the 'China' for two years and have taken a special interest in the Rose Garden. I want lots of pen-pals. I don't care how big or small they are so long as they write. I hope Ningie, Lil, Rio Rita, Meadow-Dew, Blondie, and many others will take notice."

Blanche Morneau, age 13.

Ursuline Convent, Quebec.

Dear Father Jim:

Thank you very much for our certificates and pins which we all admire so much. Some of us are going to frame our certificates. We say the prayer for the conversion of China each morning before catechism. We shall try to send some pictures soon. We wish we knew that lucky bud who met you at the Crusade Convention. Thanking you for the trouble you took in sending us certificates, etc., and asking your blessing, we are,

Your Ursuline Buds.

I was very happy to receive application for membership in our Club from a large number of pupils at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec. I know they are going to be very faithful to their obligations, and I welcome them most heartily among our buds.

Here's a cheerful little letter from St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We received your letter and also the mite-boxes we asked for; you sent only six and we are nine buds, so please send three more mite-boxes. Our names: Ore Andrews, Jean Lane, Mary Ryan, Kathleen Shepherd, Betty Bubb, Hope Merritt, Helen Herships and June Merritt. We are anxiously waiting for the next "China". Our teacher is not cross at all, we all like her very much. We are sending you a picture of your little friends here.

The picture appears in this issue, but not all of them have become buds yet. I had asked them if their teacher was cross, but evidently she is like all nuns and does not know how to get cross. But then, how could she be cross with such good little pupils?

From Stella Moran, Dornock, Ont.:

I am 14 years old; I have written to some of the buds; please tell them to answer. I like reading your page The teacher reads "China" every time it comes. Wednesday is our Mission Day in school, and I think it is quite a fine idea, do you? Yes, Stella, I certainly do, and I'm sure the many buds in Dornock do their part to help out on Mission Day.

Lorraine Arsenault and Bertha Richards, Summerside, P.E.I., ask Norma Mills and Marjorie Brennan to write to them.

Rose Garden

From Dornock also writes Francis Keiffer, an old friend. He goes to school every day, although it means a walk of three miles. Glad to get Austin Sweeney's letter, too.

"We have been getting the 'China' for a long time, and I enjoy reading it, especially the Rose Garden part. All the buds are surely doing great work, but at first I was rather bashful about joining in with them. However, I want to do my share now, so please send my certificate and badge." Anne Cameron, New Victoria, C.B.

Long Hr., P. B., Nfld. "I have been reading 'China' often and the most interesting thing in it is the Little Flower's Rose Garden." Which just goes to show that Josephine Murray knows an interesting thing when she sees it.

"I do not forget to say a prayer every day for the Missions and for you, Father Jim," says Margaret Dunne, Harvey St., Hr. Grace, Nfld. That's fine, Margaret.

"I would be very glad if you would let me join your Club", writes Mary C. McDonald, Constantine School, Sydney. Come right in, Mary!

Rita and Mary Stapleton add two more to the number of our buds from Hr. Grace, Nfld. Their Bishop celebrated his Episcopal Silver Jubilee in November, and many of our buds joined in the celebrations.

Lucy Doiron, Cymbria, P.E.I., is 13 years old, likes sports, can play the organ, speaks and writes French, and is in the market for pen-pals from Quebec and B.C.

I want to thank all the buds who have been sending in used stamps to help the Missions. However, "Beaver" is no longer on the job, and we can hardly make use of any more stamps that may come to us.

"Thanks, Father Jim, for writing to me. Do you know of any boys about 15 years old (out of Toronto) who want a pen-pal?" Jos. Chrysdale, 210 Richmond St., Toronto. I certainly do, Joe, and I hope some of the boys who read this will write to you. Joe's sister, Maude, is also a bud.

Ethel Doris Byrne of Great Paradise, P.B., Nfld., asks the prayers of the buds for her brother who died recently.

Acknowledgement

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from Nov. 19th, 1931, to Dec. 17th, 1931:

Over $20.00.

St. Andrew's Parish, St. Andrew's, N.B., per Rev. M. O'Brien, $15.00; St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, per Sr. Calista, $20.00; St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Toronto, $34.43; Maude Nelson, Hamilton, $25.00; St. Basil's Church, Toronto, $199.27; Priests' Club, Antigonish, per Rev. D. McPherson, $25.00.

$5.00 and Over.

J. J. Carolan, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Jessie Kerr, $5.00; St. Agatha's School, Ottawa, per Mary C. O'Boyle, $10.00; Mary Crawford, Toronto, $5.00; Friend, Kemptville, $5.00; M. A. M., Toronto (in honour of St. F. X.), $5.00; Kay Sharron, $5.00; Thos. Brennan, $5.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; J. H. Joanette, per Father Fraser, $5.00; Mrs. J. J. Murphy, per Father Fraser, $5.00; Mrs. Mary McHugh, $5.00; Mrs. Dr. Duffy, $5.00; John Heydon, Royal Oak, Mich., $10.00; St. Augustine's School, Hamilton, $5.00; Rev. B. H. Skahill, Columbia College, $10.00.

$1.00 and Over.

Mrs. D. A. MacDonald, $2.00; Miss Eunice McFarland, $1.00; Mrs. P. O'Donnell, $1.00; Florence and Catherine McDermott, $2.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Mrs. Ed. Devine, $4.00; Mrs. Grace Lane, $2.00; M. R. MacDonald, $1.50; Thos. Byrne, $1.00; Margaret McAdam (in honour of St. Theresa), $1.00; C. Fleury, $3.00; Friend, Barrie, $2.00; Miss B. M. Cassurly, $1.50; A Friend, St. John, N.B., $1.25; Mrs. John Murray, $3.00; Patrick J. Kealy, $1.50; Mary E. Deane, $1.50; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan, $2.00; Mrs. Mary Kilt, per Fr. Fraser, $1.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Alfred Dore, $2.00; Rev. P. J. Lynch, $4.50; E. Svenciski, $1.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Mrs. Tuthill, $2.00.

Building Fund.

In memory of Mrs. Emile Pinel, $3.00; Crusade Unit, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, $25.00; Mrs. W. A. Roy, $3.00; Mrs. B. L. Hennessey, $3.00; Miss Agnes Donnelly, $5.00; Mrs. C. Wickett, $2.00; Ellen Malloy, $2.00; Miss Minnie Connors, $10.00.

Burses.

Mrs. C. J. Papineau, Napanee, Memorial Burse, $250.00; Friend, Cayuga, St. Francis Xavier Burse, $25.00.

WHAT PRICE PAGANISM!

(Continued from page 10)

young lad whose father was still a pagan. One day a hurried summons brought the boy to the father's death-bed. Seeing his danger the little lad besought him to receive Baptism. He coaxed and pleaded through the day and night his father lingered; he painted the beauties of Heaven to which Baptism is the key. But he pleaded in vain! The man died and left a broken-hearted little son. What price paganism! He was to all appearances a good man; yet the ways of man are not God's ways.

On the Other Hand—

There was a young Christian in C———— who fell into temptation. One night he broke into the Compound, and entering the Church, robbed the Tabernacle of the Lunette, consuming the Sacred Host as he afterwards admitted. He was handed over to the police, who freed him with a warning. That night he was back again, but this time only to sleep on the property. When discovered in the morning nothing could drive him away. He made himself a bed in the basement of the Sisters' Convent, then in process of erection. That day he became seriously ill, and nightfall found him dying. In this state he was discovered by the watchman, who called the priest. The little fellow regained consciousness just long enough to make a fervent Confession, receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum. He died early in the morning and was buried by the charity of the mission. The case made a deep impression on the pagans to see this example of Christian charity—the wronged so solicitous for the welfare of the wrong-doer. It was a precious grace to receive, and the little lad

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Two groups of new buds from Senior III Class, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont.





Little missionaries from St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.

CHINESE NATURALLY JOLLY.

There is no doubt but that one secret of the extraordinary power that the Chinese undoubtedly have is the very large amount of genuine human nature with which as a race they are endowed. The Chinaman is a person that is full of fun. It would seem as though a sense of humour lay at the basis of his character and tinged everything with its subtle influence. A joke with the Chinaman is a solvent that disperses anger and drives away passion from the heart, and makes the broad, uncouth faces shine with a light, like sunbeams playing on the rugged sides of a hill. If the Chinese had been a nation of sombre, gloomy people, without a gleam of humour in their natures, they would have been a positive peril to the world. As it is, the genial strain that is the woof and warp of the Celestial's being makes him a person that can win his way into the hearts of strangers, and slowly dissipate the prejudice that they at first have, because of his homely and unattractive features, and the yellow hue that tinges his skin with a most inartistic colour.

He can be very cruel when the passion is upon him, but under ordinary circumstances he is full of kindness and sympathy, and he will exercise these qualities in such a genial way that one's heart feels drawn out towards him. When one gets beyond the outside formalities and into the inner life of the people, and beyond the crust of selfishness that heathenism has caused to gather round their hearts, one discovers a fund of possible human virtues that under the influence of Christianity will expand and develop so that the nation that the world has been accustomed to look upon with a smile, and as simply an ingenious puzzle that the West has never been able to put together, will turn out to be amongst the most fascinating and most attractive of the peoples of the earth.—Sidelights on Chinese Life.

A GREAT MAN'S LETTER.

Read this extract from a letter written by a great man:

"It often comes into my mind to go around all the universities of Europe, crying out like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there, whose learning is so much greater than their charity: 'Ah! What a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of Heaven and fallen into Hell!' Would to God that these men who labor so much in gaining knowledge would give as much thought to the account they must one day give to God for the use they have made of their learning and of the talents entrusted to them. I am sure that many of them would be moved by such thoughts, would exercise themselves in fitting meditations on divine truths, so as to hear what God might say to them; and them, renouncing their ambitions and desires and all worldly things, they would form themselves wholly according to God's will and choice. They would cry out from the bottom of their hearts; 'Lord, here I am. Send me wherever it may please You, even to India.' How much happier and safer they would be!"

That letter was written by an unsophisticated theorist. It was written from the missions by one who knew the missions and who knew the world, too. He was of distinguished ancestry, had lived in the great cities of his time, had studied as a layman in a famous university. When he spoke of renouncing all worldly things in order to serve on the missions, he knew exactly what that meant. and he had done it himself.

Who was he? He was a nobleman of Navarre named Francis Xavier.

He is in Heaven now, for several centuries. Were he to write from Heaven to the youth of 1932, his letter would be little different in substance from the one, just quoted, written from the Far East on December 31, 1542.

("Boston Pilot").

REMEMBERED US IN WILL.

Our readers will rejoice with us to learn that since our last issue we have received the welcome news from a Trust Corporation that a recently deceased friend of our Institution has bequeathed to us the sum of $5,000 as a Perpetual Burse for the education of young men for the priesthood. No more meritorious gift could be imagined. Surely God in consideration of this great act of charity will grant this dear deceased friend eternal happiness. A long chain of priests, until time is no more, will, through his benefaction, preach the Gospel in China, and offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for his soul. We ask our readers to join with us in offering fervent prayers for the repose of his soul. It would mean much for the cause of the missions and the salvation of souls if his example were imitated by many readers of "China" whom God has blessed with an abundance of this world's goods.

WHAT PRICE PAGANISM!

(Continued from page 12)

made the best of it, proving once again that "He wills not the death of a sinner."

Grace—Through Your Prayers.

Thus it is not very difficult to understand the magnitude of the task of becoming and of remaining a good Christian in China. With paganism on every side visible to the eye and the redoubled assaults of Satan, the more dangerous because hidden, it means a constant struggle. Neither may the missionary relax his vigilance in the least. Grace—abundance of Grace—will be the only means of victory in the future as in the past. This is why all missionaries are most happy when they know that those at home are constantly storming Heaven for Grace. There can never be any "business depression" for the True Church—he can draw on the infinite funds of the Church—invest it over here—and be assured of storing up treasures for the life to come, when they will be really useful.



A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION: "HELP THE MISSIONS!"

In wishing all the readers of "CHINA" the Compliments of the Season, we pray that God may grant them every needed blessing throughout 1932.

Nonsense



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"

PROVEN.

Willie—"Mother, you said that dentist was painless."

Mother—"Well?"

Willie—"He isn't. When I bit his finger he yelled like mad."

LOCKED UP

The heated orator was driving home his final point. "What we want in this country," he said, "are men with convictions. And now I ask you, my staunch supporters, where shall we find them?"

"In jail," shouted a voice from the balcony.

TIME AND OVERTIME

The customer had complained to the barber of the high charge of shaving.

"Yes, but you must consider the extra labor and time involved, sir," explained the barber.

"What extra labor are you talking about?" snapped the irritated customer.

"Well, you see, sir," replied the barber, "with trade depression, the fall in the stock markets and bad times generally, men's faces are considerably longer than they used to be."

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

An old gentleman, who always held that the boys of today were not as they used to be when he was young, stopped a smartly dressed child on the sidewalk.

"Well, child," said the old man, "how are you today?"

"Very well, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And now tell me, do you ever think about the profession you are going to follow when you grow up to be a great big man?"

"No, sir," the child said shyly.

"There! I told you so," hummed the old gentleman, "never a thought about the future." Then turning to the child he asked: "Why is it you don't give a little thought to your future career as a man?"

"'Cause I'm a little girl, sir."

Usher—Are you a friend of the groom?

Lady—Indeed no! I'm the bride's mother!

Pearl—Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now.

Xerxes—That's why.

RUSH FOR EXITS.

Soprano: "'Did you notice how my voice filled the hall last night?"

Contralto: "Yes, dear; in fact, I noticed several people leaving to make room for it."—Galt Reporter.

Friend: "Can you do any figure-skating yet, Mr. Elphinstone?"

Novice: "Well, yes; I've managed an excellent short eleven!"—The Humorist.

Electrician (relating his experiences to Police Court Missionary): "So I had a bit of friction with the copper, was charged with battery, run to the station by a short circuit, an' 'ere I am in a dry cell!"—The Humorist.

Mistress (ringing up tradesmen, to raw maid): "What is their telephone number? Hurry up. It's at the top of the invoice."

Maid: "Established one-eight-seven-three, ma'am."—The Humorist.

"Why does one give parties?"

"On the principle of the lunatic who insisted on hitting himself on the head with a hammer because it was so nice when it stopped."—From "Marry at Leisure."

"You've got a ticket for the Irish Sweep?"

"Yes, but it's strictly legal. I got it from a policeman."

"The collector's been telephoning again."

"Goodness! Doesn't anybody else owe him anything?"

The old gentleman's wife was entering a railway carriage, and he neglected to assist her. "You are not so gallant, John, as when I was a gal," she exclaimed, in a gentle rebuke. "No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when I was a boy."

Hotel Garage Man (to fusser about midget car)—"All right, sir, I'll see that it's refilled, washed and polished, and if you like I'll have it left outside your bedroom door with your boots in the morning." — Boston Transcript.

Young Bride: "Now, dearie, what will I get if I cook dinner like that for you every day this year?"

Answer: "My life insurance."

PERFECT OPTIMIST.

"You want to marry my daughter. What are your means?"

"I expect shortly to come into a fortune of between 1,000 pounds and 400,000 pounds."

"Why are you so uncertain about the amount?"

"It's a ticket I have in a Sweep."—Dublin Opinion.

Four animals went to a circus—a duck, a pig, a frog, and a skunk. All of them got in except one. The duck had a bill, the pig had four quarters, and the frog had a green back, but the skunk only had a scent, and that was a bad one.

"Your wife has been delirious all day," said the nurse, in a worried tone, "calling for you and crying for money."

"Hah!" snorted friend husband. 'Delirious, nothing!"

They were sitting together in the moonlight. "And," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together."

"Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf from the door."

And now he's wondering why she returned the ring.

Customer: "To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?"

Salesman: "To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door: 'Miss, is your mother in?'"

A correspondent wants to know what is the best thing to take when run down. The number of the car, we suggest.—Montreal Beacon.

Willie was dejectedly walking home from school, and his woe-begone appearance attracted the attention of a kind-hearted old lady.

"What is troubling you, my little man?" she asked.

"Dyspepsia and rheumatism," replied Willie.

"Why, that's absurd," remarked the old lady. "How can that be?"

"Teacher kept me in after school because I could not spell them," was his dismal answer.

The town misogynist says this "vest-pocket cruiser" is not original with the Germans—that his wife has explored his pockets regularly for years.—Detroit News.

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(TOBIAS IV, 9, 10.)

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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Governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Control—Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; Most Rev. Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; Most Rev. Bishop Kidd, London, and Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President.

Very Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Mission Superior in China. Editor, Rev. A. Chafe.

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MONSIGNOR FRASER

We feel sure that all our readers, and all friends of the missions, will rejoice and join with us in offering sincere and hearty congratulations to Father John M. Fraser on the dignity that has come to him from Rome. A Papal Brief has arrived conferring on Father Fraser the rank of Protonotary Apostolic ad Instar Participantium.

A Protonotary Apostolic is a member of the highest college of the prelates in the Roman Curia. Outside of the Pope's immediate entourage, the honor is rarely conferred, and is considered one of the highest honorary prelacies of the Church, and one that conveys very special privileges. This honor has been granted to Monsignor Fraser in recognition of his work as a missionary priest who has accomplished great things for the Church. When the story of Canada's Foreign Mission endeavours is written, the name of Father John Fraser will stand out as the intrepid pioneer who blazed the trail for the extension of North American mission work in China. For years he was the only English-speaking missionary in China from the whole of North America. His name is known all over Canada and Newfoundland in connection with St. Francis Xavier Seminary, which he founded for the education of priests for the Chinese missions.

His Early Life.

Monsignor Fraser was born in Toronto on June 28th, 1877, and received his early education in that city. Even as a youth he showed signs of that zeal for the Church which has characterized his whole life. At the age of nineteen he went to Genoa, Italy, to begin his theological studies. After his ordination he returned to Toronto and worked in several parishes. The Vicar-Apostolic of Ningpo, China, asked his release for mission work and Father Fraser left for China in November, 1902, and first saw the land of his adoption on December 18th of that year. His first mission work was as a curate at Ningpo Cathedral.

Visits To America.

In 1910 he made a flying but very fruitful visit to America and Europe. On his return to China he brought with him a young Irish priest, who is now the Bishop in charge of the District of Hanyang. Father Fraser's visit to Ireland in 1910 prepared the way for later work by Bishop Galvin in founding the Irish Mission to China. As parish priest in Tai-chow-fu, Father Fraser had to minister to three cities and hundreds of towns and villages whose people were all sunk in idolatry. It is not to be wondered at that the hopelessness of his task, unaided, weighed on his mind, and he resolved to make an effort to bring more workers to China. In August, 1918, he landed back in Vancouver.

Founder of Seminary.

The task ahead of Father Fraser would daunt any man who had less trust in God than he. But the spirit that animated the Apostles filled the heart of this modern apostle, and he was not dismayed by the difficulties that awaited him. He had spent sixteen years among the pagans in China, and he knew only too well the tremendous need for more workers. He travelled the length and breadth of Canada enlisting support for his project, and since it was a work of God it met with success. Through the difficulties of those first years in Almonte, Father Fraser kept up his energy and his enthusiasm.

First Editor of "China."

For many years the "Catholic Record" had given generously of its space to make known Father Fraser's work in China, and now the public learned of the missions and their needs through the pages of "China," of which Father Fraser was the founder and first editor. In those early days of "China's" existence, the addressing was all done by hand—no mean task, even though the circulation was not then very great.

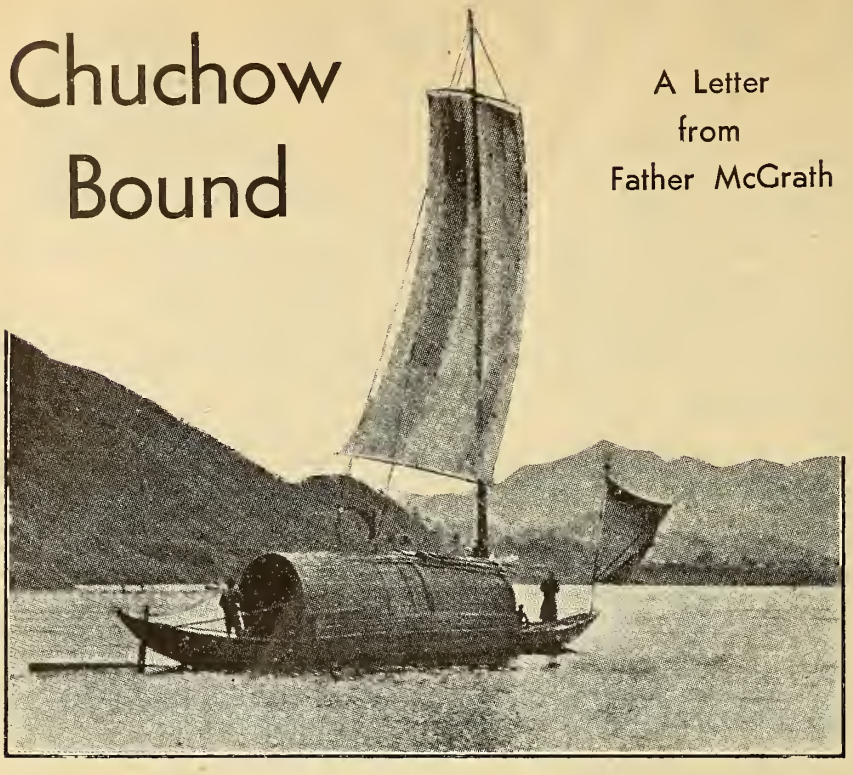
In 1922, through the kindness of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, a new home was obtained for the students at Scarboro', Ont., and two years later our present Seminary was built and occupied. In 1925, Father Fraser went to China again, this time with priests from the Seminary he had founded, and since then others have followed to continue the great work in Chu-chow. In the summer of 1930, he returned to Canada, and has since been engaged in campaign work for the cause he loves so well and to which his whole life has been unselfishly devoted.

Congratulations.

In offering our felicitations to Monsignor Fraser we add a fervent prayer that God may spare him many years to enjoy his well-merited honor, and may his work continue to redound to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Chuchow Bound

A Letter from Father McGrath



Dear Father Editor:

Knowing your disappointment at not having being included in this year's mission band may I be permitted to extend a word of sympathy and encougagement? In August, 1922 I came to Scarboro "to go to China;" yesterday we landed in Shanghai. Believe me I am speaking from experience when I say that the first nine years are the hardest. And I can hear you say, "what a Job's comforter he turned out to be!"

Thoughts of Home.

However, when I say "hardest" it is only in terms of the disappointment one naturally feels at being kept away from China for so long. There is really —there never was—anything hard about remaining at our seminary. Even now we think of it more than we think of home. Only a little while ago—just after breakfast—Fr. Venadam did his "darndest" to spoil our perfectly good day by declaring, "Well, boys, over in the seminary now they are just going down to the recreation room after supper!" He would think of that! If he had come about supper time here with the announcement that the half-past five bell (I mean a.m.) had gone at home then indeed we might have felt that life in China did have its compensations. But to select that hour after supper, and just after we had finished our coffee and Russian rolls over here —sacrilege, I call it.

There was always something about that hour. The quiet smoke, while Jess Crawford rendered, "When the Organ Played at Twilight," the relaxation after the day; the arrival of some of the boys from St. Augustine's to tell us why we won—or lost—the hockey game that afternoon. But why go on? You know what I mean. But if you read some day—"Youthful missionary meets untimely end in China," do not conclude at once that bandits had anything to do with it. It may be just Fr. Venadam after trying another of his tricks. No, there was nothing hard about life in the seminary, Fr. Editor, and we can only wish that your two or three, or ten years on the paper will be as happy as those we spent with the old gang over there.

Mosquitoes "As Is."

Our impressions of China? Yes, we have some—already. The first thing that caught my eye on entering my room here was the framework over the bed. It is to hold a mosquito net. Boy, we know what mosquitoes are, even before meeting the Chinese variety. Anybody who ever fished in Cape Roger or the Salmonier River, Nfld., can tell you all about their playful little ways. However, one thing they don't do there or in Canada, they don't dip their stingers in concentrated essence of malaria before deciding to breakfast off your jugular vein. That's what some of them do over here. It is late for them now but they tell me that with the coming of Spring we shall intimately live with them, morning, noon and night. Hence the net over the bed.

Early Experiences.

Fr. Venadam and Fr. "Chook" had their first 100 per cent. Chinese meal yesterday. What they said about it—save in your presence—would make interesting reading, but it will never appear in "China," at least I hope not.

We took our first ride on a street car yesterday. It takes about three handfuls (more or less) of coppers to pay your fare. The conductor carries a satchel on his shoulder to hold his change. Doing our shopping I have tried in vain to keep from receiving them by way of change. My handicap in an all morning walk along Nanking Road is not over twenty pounds but if you receive much change in coppers you feel as if you were weighted down with sandbags. When I learn more about the money system of Shanghai I shall try to describe it to you. All I know yet is that a twenty-cent note ("big" money so called) is more—some pounds of coppers more—that a twenty-cent piece (small money) and if you don't know any better you'll receive "small money" for change. Fr. Fraser will tell you all about it.

That Wonderful Trip.

Did we tell you enough about the ride of the "Covered Wagon" from Toronto to Vancouver? We'll never forget the send off the boys gave us that day. Our biggest run on any day was 417 miles, Detroit to Waukegan, Ill. The Empress of Canada averages around 500, and it takes her 17 days from Vancouver to Shanghai. We took 12 driving days for the 3,180 miles. A word of thanks to



Dr. O'Reilly of Guelph, the priests of St. Mary's Cathedral, Winnipeg, Fr. Colin Ross, MacLeod, Alta.; Fr. John O'Dea, Cowley, Alta.; and Fr. Alf. Harrington, Blairmore, for their wonderful hospitality.

We were so fond of Blairmore that we almost stayed long enough to miss the boat. At Vancouver Cathedral we experienced the kindness that has always been accorded our missionaries who pass through.

The evening at Guelph afforded us the pleasure of meeting many of our priest friends of Hamilton who had foregathered to bid us "bon voyage." It was the happy sequel to a pleasant evening at St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Hamilton, shortly before, when Dr. Ryan provided a magnificent banquet. There were Chinese costumes, Chinese decorations, and an Oriental atmosphere that would have done justice to Chuchow itself. If Dr. Ryan is "Listening in" let me thank him for the many occasions on which we have felt "so much at home" at good old St. Mary's.

Brother Missionaries.

Last evening we met six of the Fathers of St. Columban's mission, Hanyang, Frs. Murray, Vallely, Murtag, Ellis, Gately and Coveney. Four of them are now on their way to their mission, where at the present moment nearly all the priests are "on the run," hardly daring to sleep two nights in the same place. In the outside missions around Hankow the Communists are in complete control. All honor to those valiant young soldiers of Christ! In spite of the daily perils which have driven missionaries of other denominations to the shelter of the larger cities, those heroic young sons of Ireland remain at their posts, roaming about in disguise from station to station, hearing confessions and celebrating mass secretly in the friendly shelter of some Christian home, and then—on again, not knowing what the morrow may bring. We spoke of the dangers they were to encounter. It was with real pride and eager expectancy that one of them compared it to the penal days in Ireland. St. Columban's, like so many other societies in the Communist centres of China, has taken up the challenge of Moscow, and in the name of Christ is hurling ever more and more young men into the front line trenches of the Church's far-flung Foreign Legion. "You know, Father," this young priest continued, "many of us are seeking a short cut to Heaven these days!" A short cut to Heaven! Father Leonard and Father Tierney have found it and from Heaven today are praying for their brave comrades in arms. We were thrilled to meet those young men, thrilled as perhaps never before, at the thought that we, too, were engaged in work such as theirs, even though in the peaceful regions of Chuchow. And we could not but feel that:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young were very Heaven."

ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

The dead to-day all over China hold the living within their grip. They are believed in some mysterious way to have the ability to change the destinies of a family. They can raise it from poverty and meanness to wealth and to the most exalted position, but if they are neglected, and offerings are not made to them at the regular seasons, they will take away houses and lands from that family, and turn the members of it into beggars.

Countless instances could be given illustrating the profound faith that the Chinese have in the power of the dead to influence the fortunes of the living, either for well or for woe. From this has arisen the most powerful cult, ancestor worship, that at present exists in China. — Sidelights on Chinese Life.



Looks as if they have struck the "joke page," but the little fellow on the right takes it seriously.

8,000 SICK OFFER SUFFERINGS FOR MISSIONS.

A singular and touching evidence of missionary interest came to light recently when an artistic album, containing the signatures of 8,000 sick or infirm persons living in Rome was presented to the Holy Father. The signatures were those of inmates of hospitals, sanitoria, private clinics and other institutions for the sick. All had offered an entire day of suffering and prayer for the Holy Father in favor of the missions. The beautiful initiative was the result of an appeal sent out to the sick by the Missionary Union of the Clergy. The presentation was made by Archbishop Salotti, President of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and Secretary of Propaganda. Superiors of a large number of homes for the sick were also present.

BISHOP'S RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA.

Jethol, China.—Fifty years in China without interruption is the record of Bishop Conrad Abels, Vicar Apostolic of Jehol.

He was born in Woert, Holland, in 1856. He left the Scheut Mission House for China, March 1, 1881. He was made Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Mongolia in 1897. Twenty-five years ago the Mission of Jehol had but a few thousand Christians. Today, there are over 45,000, in spite of the fact that every year there are hundreds of Catholics in the large bands of emigrants.

With 30 Chinese priests and 21 Chinese seminarians under his jurisdiction, the Bishop is planning the erection of a new independent mission to be given to the Chinese priests.



Two Chinese beggar-children who look cold-proof if winter comes.

BISHOP DIES FROM THE EFFECTS OF ABDUCTION.

Makes a Total of Six Victims of Bandits From One Mission Alone.

Rome, Dec. 21—Succumbing to the ill effects of his four months' imprisonment by Chinese bandits, Bishop Hermenegild Ricci, former Vicar of Laohokow, Hupeh Province, China, has died in the hospital at Loahokow, making a total of six victims for one mission alone.

Bishop Ricci was taken captive last May when bandits invaded the mission of Chayuenkow, pillaged the seminary, killed three Chinese Franciscans and took captive the bishop and four priests, all attached to the seminary and all Italian Franciscans.

Of those taken captive one priest succeeded in gaining his freedom during the parlies for liberation. Two priests died of maltreatment. Bishop Ricci was freed in September in a dying condition.

The last of the group, Father Lazzeri has been given his freedom.

TONKINESE FAMILY HAS THREE SONS PRIESTS.

The Vicariate of Phat Diem, Tonwin, Indo-China, has a trio of native priests, all brothers, members of the San family, the third of whom was ordained recently by its Vicar Apostolic.

One of the three brothers, Father Luke San, was ordained in Rome after a brilliant course of studies, securing doctorates in philosophy, theology and canon law.

ANOTHER JESUIT MISSIONARY TAKEN BY CHINESE BANDITS — FATHER TURK FREED.

Rome. — A despatch from Shanghai announces that Father Stephen Esteban, S.J., a missionary in the Vicariate of Wuhu, Anhwei Province, has been taken prisoner by bandits. The same telegram brings the news of Father Turk's liberation from among the bandits. Father Turk, an Italian Franciscan of the Vicariate of Hankow, Hupeh Province, was taken captive about the middle of last October. Negotiations for his freedom, carried on for two months, have at length ended in his favor. (Fides).

A ROOKIE IN A RICKSHAW

I shouldn't have done it, I suppose, after two days in Shanghai. But it seemed easy enough, foolproof almost. Father Sena left me at the Bund, with instructions as to how to get home by street car. But as there was still some shopping to be done, I decided to hit for Nanking Road by rickshaw and buy my stuff on the way along.

"Sapay saloo," "Sapay saloo," I told him, and he nodded intelligently. "How much?" A few minutes' bargaining and 40 cts. Mex. was agreed upon (probably too much at that), and off we started. (40 cents Mex. is about 12 cents Canadian money). Our difficulties began when we turned down the first street. I made signs that I wanted to go farther up Nanking Road but although I don't know Chinese I wouldn't like to be called the things the other Rickshaw men yelled at my trusty, when he tried to swing against the stream of traffic in the narrow winding street. Finally we were straightened out and I got him to stop at a Kodak store.

While I was inside another appeared and they decided to change engines. They scrutinized me closely through the window and I afterwards thought, perhaps foolishly, that they had seen me pull out a ten dollar bill. When I got outside it was raining and another man, all oiled up, was ready to go. I told my first man that I wanted to stop at the Post Office but No. 2 certainly did not know what it was all about. Finally a postal station hove in sight and



I cried, "Whoa!" That must be Chinese for "catch a train," because the way that bird sprinted at that moment was nobody's business. The oftener I cried "whoa" the faster he went so I had to desist and wait for him to tire. Meanwhile it was raining and the rickshaw wasn't covered and he seemed to be getting into the Chinese section of the city; and it had appeared in the papers a few days before where "fares" had been led to suspicious haunts and relieved of their loose change; so I managed—how, it is hard to say—to stop him and dismounted.

After walking a mile or so I took another "shaw," covered, and he brought me to "Sapay Saloo" by an entirely different route, at least it seemed so to me.

My next Chinese lesson is going to be to find out the word for "stop."



Our missionaries called at Kobe, Japan.

Colorful Honolulu

Everybody liked Honolulu. It was the one stopping place in the voyage of the Empress of Canada, where we regretted the stay was so short.

At the boat friends bedeck friends with garlands of beautiful flowers. The native band plays typical music of welcome. And all around the boat as she approaches the pier the native "boys" frolic in the water and dive for nickels and dimes thrown from the ship. They never miss. Not one eludes their vigilent eye. For a quarter they dive from the side of the top lifeboat, about 80 feet above water.

It seemed a dangerous business to me. At the harbour mouth black fins were cutting the water, swiftly and silently. Where the Empress of Canada can go surely sharks can follow. I asked the boys: "Aren't you afraid of the sharks?"

"Oh no. They must turn over 'fore they can bite and you turn over too. Keep away from their mouth." Just like that. And sometime before a white lady swimmer had dived outside the protecting wire net which surrounds the swimming enclosure for white people. She had been warned. It is strictly forbidden. But she took a sporting chance —and emerged with one leg bitten off above the knee. Brave boys, these; but if some day they meet a man-eater who likes his dark meat, I hope I'm there to see the battle.

The departure scene beggars description. Colorful—that isn't half. The usual streamers are thrown from ship to shore, to be held to the last minute and broken as the ship gathers way. The band plays and to its gentle accompaniment a gentleman and lady sing. Beautiful duets they are, with flowing haunting melody. Typical Hawaiian music at its best. The lady's voice is a rich, mellow contralto of which Schumann-Heink might well be proud. As we pull away the strains of "Aloha Oe" fade into the distance. Honolulu and its kindly people have won the hearts of all on board. Just what they were supposed to do to make sure you will call again. No matter, we did enjoy it.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

A MISSIONARY MEDITATION

Rev. P. Charles, S.J., in "Catholic Missions"

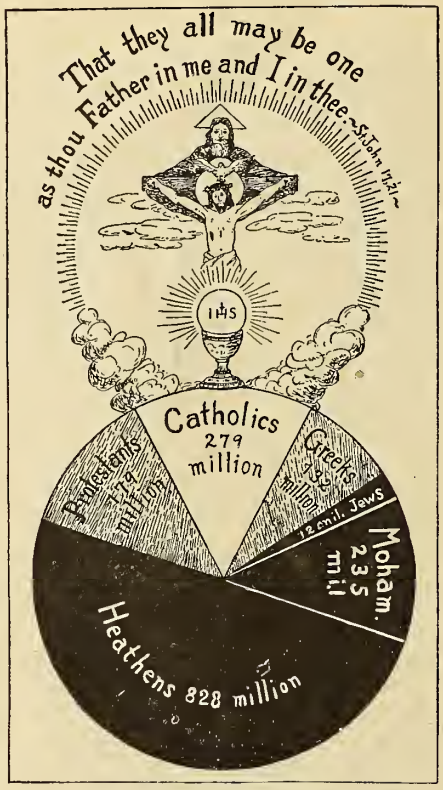
If it were to happen that one of my fellow-men, living under the same roof with me, should be dying of hunger, how the thought of it would revolt me! How could I leave to starve one whom I had seen, had touched, and who had served me, when but a frail partition separated me from his slow and bitter agony? The nearer men are to me, the more am I moved by their misfortunes. I know some, who will freely read the description of a battle, and give a spirited account of a massacre, while they grow pale at the sight of blood oozing from an open wound, or splashed upon a consumptive's pillow.

Is this, O my God, but one of those illogical habits of thought of which life is full? Must we scorn to pity our neighbours, because there are men at a distance who deserve pity no less than they? The emotion which grips our hearts at the sight of present misery seems to me a providential warning. It was no mere chance which made man a dweller on the earth and a slave to the soil. It was Thy hand which set him, like a plant, here and there about the continents. More exact, more pressing, are our duties towards our neighbours. They are more immediately interested in our action or omission, for they are the first to pay the price of our neglect.

The World Grows Small.

And now, my God, behold what has come to pass; see what civilization has unconsciously done for us. During the last fifty years the world has become small; our modern perfection of transport has eliminated distance. This very evening I could speak in Calcutta, send my orders to China, give commands in Africa. In six weeks I can travel to the Antipodes; and before the sun set below the horizon, I am informed on everything which he has viewed in his course, important, calamitous, or even commonplace. Our news agencies are faster than the sun. All men are now brought near to me. My neighbour is no longer the man who lives next door. All walls are now become mere partitions. Behind the screen I hear the breathing of China; the din of the crowds in the streets of Bombay is as close to me as the hum of my own city. My food comes from the ends of the earth. They were Asiatic hands which plucked the cotton that forms my dress. Every day distant continents are sending us rare spices, strange and exotic products for our enjoyment. Nowadays, all these peoples are employed in bringing us the means of existence, and their services are as necessary to us as our daily bread.

Then, O my God, I think with anguish, and with a heart full of



—Courtesy "The Field At Home"

THE WORLD TO-DAY.

tears, that the hands which thus clothed me are the hands of pagans; that the rice in my food was prepared by men unbaptized; that the very rubber in my overcoat was gathered by savages who know not Thee; that all these kindly and industrious fellow-creatures are dying of spiritual hunger, and have scarcely been approached with the bread of life; and I say that our duty, now more than ever—the duty of Europe, grown old and hallowed in the Faith, the duty of America, young and vigorous heir of our Christian civilization—is not to exploit, but to save them; yellow men and black, our brethren.

Who Is My Neighbour?

Inanimate things have their voices. Thou hast said that the very stones would cry out, if the witnesses to Thy Truth refused to speak it. I seem to hear my dress and my food, the papers I read, the shop windows as I pass, bearing witness in their dumb fashion to the distress of the peoples of heathendom. A textbook of geography teems with missionary propaganda; railway guides and handbooks of travel, showing me at the road's end so many sheep without a shepherd: ought they not to rouse me from my careless ease?

My God, make us love our distant "neighbours". Make us see with heart-felt rejoicing, not the influence of our particular nation gaining territory at the expense of its rivals (for that is only a move in the political game,) but the spread of Thy Kingdom, and the progress made in clearing the way for the coming of the Son of Man. Many guests are still wanting to that heavenly banquet, to which, in the supper-room, on the evening of Holy Thursday, Thou didst invite us, at "Thy Father's table." Can we not understand? Is it impossible for us to love our neighbour, whom we have never seen, but whose voice we know?

On the day when China joins in chorus with Thy Catholics in a great "Sursum Corda"; when all India sings the Preface; when Africans hold the white Host in their dark fingers; when in one mighty offering, Thy people single and undivided, place upon the golden paten the whole soul of Thy visible creation—on that day shall the Redemption be true and complete; like a new-born infant, moulded in the pains of childbirth, and now brought to light. . . .

(Continued on page 28)

RUTH GRAVES A BUD OF THE "LITTLE FLOWER"

Died February 15, 1931, aged 18 years and 7 months

Read this short account of another "little soul"—and marvel at its beauty. How wonderful are the ways of God! Or, as St. Paul wrote to the Romans of his day: "O the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments and how unsearchable His ways."

Again, in Ruth he has been pleased to manifest the depths of his wisdom. Here we have a "little one" patterned on the model of the Little Flower, walking in her way and communing with the spouse of her soul with all the sweetness and carefree abandon of a child.

She, too, was a little missionary. She loved the missions, and to prove her love she worked getting new subscribers; she prayed for the missions; and she suffered her bodily infirmities for those distant heathen lands.

God has pointed her out and seems to say to each of us: "Go thou and do likewise." May Ruth in Heaven be mindful of us all. May she awaken in the readers of "China" many youthful souls to follow her lead, to imitate her humble and simple ways, and to become other "Buds of the Little Flower", the special patroness of our "Rose Garden".

A Bud of the "Little Flower" —one can find unusual beauty in that expression if one considers it thoughtfully. In nature a flower is almost a prayer; its bud is almost an object of wonder because it is so clean and sweet and holds such a promise of youthful grace. But when one speaks figuratively, and l i n k s that thought with someone belonging to God, one imparts to it a spiritual beauty that makes it infinitely more good. St. Therese is honoured as the Little Flower of Jesus because of her extraordinarily holy life and devotion to our Blessed Saviour—and it was St. Therese whom Ruth Graves chose as her patroness. Ruth truly deserves to be called a bud of Jesus' Little Flower; although she was constantly waging a losing fight against sickness, she never forgot God and His plea to help those who are continuing to do the work He started upon earth. Just last year she secured more subscriptions for the "Little Missionary" than anyone else who participated in that contest.

(The "Little Missionary" is a beautiful mission magazine published by young missionaries at The Mission Press, Techny, Ill., and it is from that magazine that I am reprinting this entire story.—Fr. Jim.)

But Ruth's illness gradually sapped her strength, and she succumbed to it last February. Despite the loss felt by those who loved her, there is great consolation in the fact that, because of her sweet life, we know that our Lord has simply recalled her soul to that heaven for which He had created it only eighteen years before.

Those closest to her had always looked upon her as a privileged soul, destined to be one of God's little flowers, lent to us for a few short years—a little victim of His merciful love. Her life and sufferings constantly remind one of the Little Flower of Jesus, her special patroness, inasmuch as she suffered so long and tried hard to practice the special virtues of the "The Little Way of Spiritual Childhood".



RUTH.

From the age of two she was subject to severe attacks of bronchial asthma, and each attack left her frail little body still more weak. But as the years passed, her love for God and her confidence in Him seemed to increase, and, like little Therese, she even remained simple and childlike. Always, she saw only the good in others and was conscious of the slightest want of virtue in herself. If she had committed a fault, she would punish herself by performing a little penance, then start all over again, never showing discouragement. She was humble, obedient to the slightest wish of those in charge of her, and quickly won the affection of all who came in contact with her. God gave many gifts and not least among them was her desire to have others learn "to know and love the good God".

Shortly before her death, she wrote a letter to "Father Jim". It was just one letter among hundreds, yet so sweetly did it speak of the love of God, of the Little Flower and of the Missions, that it found its way to the pages of "China". In one part she said, "Father, it seems that if we are the Little Flower's rosebuds, we ought to follow her 'Little Way', too. I read of something lovely the other day called 'God's Game'. I want to pass it on to you, Father.

"There are three players: the Little Flower, God, and ourselves (buds). We begin by giving the Little Flower something, a little prayer or an act of sacrifice; she offers our gift to God, and He gives her a grace or favor, some rose petal to send down to earth. to convert a sinner or help a missionary. Don't you think that a lovely game? Oh, how lovely if we could have all the buds who wanted to sign a promise to give even one thing to the Little Flower every day—a good act, a sacrifice, a prayer—I wonder how many of the buds would vote for it. Would two pen pals please write to me?"

In answer to this request several boys and girls wrote to her, and even now her mother receives many touching letters from her "pen pals", as she called them.

She was like the Little Flower in still another way, in that she was always cheerful; she indeed seemed to have learned the secret of winning Jesus with a smile. Her ready smile often, very often, encouraged others. It was quite evident that she did not hope or pray to get well. Shortly after death her mother discovered a piece of paper attached to a little badge she always wore. It was a copy of St. Therese's Act of Oblation, dated February 15,

1930; Ruth died on February 15, 1931.

She was once asked if she had ever had a day free from pain, and her reply was that she had not. Thus one might understand that she was truly a "victim of God's merciful love" for souls, and especially for missionaries. Her courage under suffering came in part, surely, from her devotion to the Passion, upon which she meditated every day. The depth of her knowledge of prayer was astonishing, even to those who knew her best. It does not seem too much to say that our Lord himself was her teacher.

She was very fond of candy, but on one occasion she promised our Lady not to eat any in return for obtaining a certain favor; she kept her promise faithfully. She was equally steadfast in other little acts of mortification.

By nature, Ruth was inclined to be stubborn and self-willed, but God, in His loving providence, saw that her good mother exercised the needed firmness in spite of the child's delicate health, and so helped her to correct the fault. Such typically human traits, and her triumph over them bring to us, perhaps more closely than her essentially good works, the encouragement to persevere without recourse to weak excuses in our battles against the little evils of life.

There is little to tell of her last days on earth; she died as she had lived, patient and sweetly resigned to the very last. For a few days she was deprived of all consolation and her physical sufferings were intense. She was conscious to the end, and shortly before it came, looking heavenward, she said, "Mamma, I am going to heaven, pray always for a happy death!" Her last words were those of her loved Therese, "My Jesus, I love You."

As a last tribute to this child of grace, her pastor celebrated a Mass of the Angels for Ruth's soul. Ordinarily such a Mass is reserved for those children who have not yet reached the age of reason, and therefore have never committed a sin. The pastor's granting of that extraordinary privilege is an indication of the reverence we all should hold for the possessor of the graces which Ruth earned for herself by her holy life.

From Day To Day

An article by Father Hugh Sands in the Irish "Far East." Father Sands was captured by Chinese bandits last August, and is still a captive.

You ask how one spends the day in China. Well, it depends on the day and the work to be done: every new day that comes brings some new work to do. Some days one is out on the missions; some days on the run; some days at home and some days on sick-calls. Let me just tell you briefly how I spent the past twenty-four hours. It is five o'clock in the evening now and I have just had a wash and a cup of tea.

About four o'clock yesterday two strangers arrived here. They said they were from a place called May Gee Tai and had come for the priest to attend a man who was about to die in their village. There was no one at home here but the cook and my teacher. Neither of these knew the strangers or the place they came from—it was some twenty-five li (eight miles) distant, and no priest had been able to go into it for nearly two years. It was a Red-infested district. But, Reds or no Reds, if these men were trustworthy, a Christian who had not seen a priest for two years was dying. I had to go, therefore.

In five minutes we were on the way. I had almost said "the road", but there is no road. I was mounted on a stumbling pony; my teacher and the two strangers plodded along on foot. The tracks and paths we followed were in a terrible state. You see, we had a heavy snow-fall this year, and it is only just gone. About 6:30 night fell and we were still far from our journey's end. But "time and perserverance bring snails to Jerusalem" and finally we reached May Gee Tai.

It was 7:30 when we arrived. It was a genuine sick-call. Indeed there were several sick folk in the place. When I attended the first I had to go round to no less than seven others; two of these were in the same house—an old deaf and blind "popo" and her grandson. When I got back to the house of sick man No. 1, I found that some Christians had come in for Confession. On my arrival I had told them that I would have to go back to the church next day but that I was at their service for the night, and the more use they made of me the better pleased I should be. They took me at my word. Only at 11:30 did they cease to come. Others would wait and come in the morning.

A bowl of rice; a few prayers, and a rather tired man lay down to rest. The bed was not particularly soft. It felt like sheet-iron. There was a buffalo near by; and the good people of the house had sick children. At least, I assumed they were sick because they cried all night. At 4:30 I got up and prepared for Mass. At 5 o'clock Confessions began again. It was slow work enough. The poor people, who had not seen a priest for so long, knew they might not have one again for some time; so they wanted to make all things right. . . Dawn came about 6:30 and Confessions ended about 9 o'clock.

I said Mass and gave Communion to all at 9.30. Immediately after that I went round again to the sick seven and gave them Communion also. When I got back I baptised two children, after which I had another bowl of rice. Then I got on my stumbling pony again and started for home.

We jogged along slowly; we were all tired—especially the old pony. To help him, I got down and walked. It was lucky I did, for at the very next bridge we crossed he stumbled and fell into the river. The owner jumped in after him and I did all I could to help. My teacher went for more help. In a short time we had a crowd—it's not hard to gather a crowd in China—and, after nearly an hour's struggling, twenty wet, muddy men succeeded in putting a wet, muddy pony on his legs again. Four hours later I was home.

MEMORIES

It might have been St. John's Cathedral, or St. Francis or Corpus Christi Church, Toronto. That is, while you were turned towards the altar. A few days is not sufficient to impress on one's mind the fact that one is really in China and it was only natural that on our first Sunday there our thoughts should go back to the many other Sundays and the crowded churches of home sweet home. As I finished the Gospel I think I should have taken it as a matter of course had Father McCann or Father Mike Kennedy walked out to make the announcements. But with the "Dominus Vobiscum" my day dreams were at an end. For there was the Chinese server; there was the little chapel of the Franciscan Procure and the congregation of faithful Chinese.

Make no mistake about it, boys. At that particular moment, I travelled from Newfoundland to Canada, from the throngs at the 10 o'clock Mass in the Cathedral to the crowds of people I knew so well in the churches of Toronto. And back again, by the time the "Oremus" was said, across the Pacific to the sudden realization that here, indeed, was China and here, indeed, was I.

We often envy people who are "hard-boiled". Darn it all, I hope we're not suddenly becoming sentimental in our old age, but if for a fleeting moment you just feel that the things you left behind are a little more worth while than you had ever imagined before, well—there's no use pretending otherwise. Those first impressions are childish, perhaps. They will pass away in due time as China becomes a matter of course. And then, I suppose, there will be nothing to write about, strange as it all seems to us now.—Rev. W. C. McGrath.

CHINESE EX-MINISTER COMPLETES NOVITIATE AT BENEDICTINE ABBEY.

Brussels, Dec. 31—Dom Pierre-Celestin Lou, formerly a Chinese Government minister, has completed his novitiate at the Benedictine abbey of St. Andre at Lophem, Belgium, and has commenced his studies for the priesthood.

Lending to the Lord

(An Editorial in the "Catholic Record")

As the poet tells us, the argument most apt and ample for common use is the example.

Speaking of Catholic wills, the example we wish to place before our tens of thousands of readers is that of John Edward Maloney of the town of Perth in the county of Lanark, Province of Ontario.

Mr. Maloney, God rest his soul, left $12,295 for charitable and pious purposes. He left $5,000 to establish a Burse for the education of young Canadians whom the Holy Spirit inspired to give themselves to the Chinese Missions. Before us is a copy of the will. It was made in 1920 when the Canadian entry into the great spiritual adventure of the Chinese Missions was in its infancy; was almost a tentative gesture of goodwill on the part of Canada. Neither Father Fraser, Canada's pioneer Catholic missionary in China, nor his most ardent supporters, had even a faint hope that the work he inaugurated would attain to the vast, almost incredible, success that is already achieved.



The altar in our Seminary chapel at which Fr. McGrath said his mass every day.

It took faith, ten years ago, to envision the success, or even the possibilities, of the Canadian Chinese Mission. We hope that no one of our readers will fail to breathe a prayer for the repose of the great soul of John Edward Maloney who heeded the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God back in those dark days of a decade ago when the Canadian Chinese Mission Seminary was a matter of faith and hope and charity—but as yet of little accomplishment.

What has happened since?

A considerable number of clean-souled, God-called young men (and women) have gone from their Canadian homes and environment to give themselves entirely to the work of the conversion of China.

We are proud of John Edward Maloney, and we thank the Capital Trust Company, his executor, for sending us a copy of his will; but we ask our readers to glance at the completed Burses for the Chinese Missions that the Catholic Record carries week by week. Mr. Maloney was able to establish a complete Burse that would forever go on educating a student for the Chinese Missions; and we believe that nothing in all his successful life is so pleasing to him now as he looks down over the span of his earthly existence.

But our six completed Burses were made up by small contributions. The poorest of our readers who gives five dollars, two dollars, one dollar, to the completion of the incomplete Burses will have from the all-generous love of God the same reward as if they gave a million dollars.

You know that our Lord himself said that the widow's mite was greater than the greatest contributions of the rich. Let us make up our minds that we shall do our little best to complete several of the incomplete Burses in this year of 1932.

Dean Swift was asked to preach a charity sermon in Dublin, and he preached a good one. Next year he was asked to preach again: but he was told that his previous year's sermon was too long.

He went up into the pulpit and simply quoted the scriptural assurance:

"He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Now those who like the security, down with the stamps.

There are many Catholics who might learn from this Protestant sermon. For they live and die as though they doubted that security.



SEEN FROM OUR WINDOW

By "Observer"

We spend hours at the window of the residence here. Sometime we may be able to describe in detail some of the scenes witnessed as the panorama of every-day life in China unfolds itself before our eyes. The chief characteristic is noise and plenty of it. I just came from the room upstairs, where our newcomers had a ringside seat for the finest free-for-all we have yet witnessed in Main Street. It was the Police Department versus a gang of what we should call longshoremen, and it happend this way:

Four or five of the boys were coming down the street at a gallop, each rolling a large oversize barrel, almost as big as a molasses puncheon, open at the top and with two handles. Their dexterity in handling this contraption is amazing. They can wiggle in and out of "traffic" without touching a thing, but on this occasion there were so many of them on the narrow street that they were blocking the way. So the officer arrived on the scene and declared in no uncertain terms what sounded to us like "They shall not pass". Then the fun began. Some of the coolies were real tough hombres and the way they talked back to that policeman was nothing short of contempt of "court". The whole crowd joined in, and for a while it looked like the League of Nations trying to settle the Manchurian question. But gradually the officer was being pushed back towards the wharf, which was the objective of the puncheon rollers. He backed away to the corner of the street and blew his whistle, whereupon another policeman came to his rescue.

But the boys were determined to get there. The gang behind continued to push on. One of the leaders who was doing most of the talking connected with a short right to the officer's jaw and the battle was on. When the smoke cleared away it certainly seemed that the coolies had carried the day for five of them rushed the wharf, puncheons and all, and the policemen were nowhere to be seen.

We thought it was all over. But no. A few minutes later they arrived back with a third man and by this time another group had arrived with their freight for the wharf. They were promptly stopped and batons began to fly. Two of the puncheons were hurled into the river by the third man, who seemed to have the situation well in hand, and he soon collared two of the ringleaders, one in each hand. The crowd was now very much quieter. A few minutes before they had cheered the coolies and "booed" the departing policemen until you would think it was the late Stanley Stasiak entering the ring of the Toronto arena. But now that the law had prevailed, nobody seemed to have a suggestion to offer.

Not content with checking the new onslaught, the officers proceeded to the wharf, where two of the first contingent were telling the boys how easy it was. They were promptly collared and as the scene ended they were on their way to the hoose-gow.

HARD TIMES

make it difficult for so many to do much for the missions. But, think! the mission thrives on little gifts. Great gifts are few; it's the many little gifts that do the work in the missions. Can you help?

"SAPAY SALOO"

(REV. W. C. McGRATH)

If you are downtown in Shanghai some day and want to come "home," just hail the nearest rickshaw man and say "Sapay Saloo." Translated, it means "Rue Chapsal," where the Lazarist Procure is located.

We had all heard a great deal in Canada about the Procure. Not one of all our men in China but has enjoyed the hospitality of the good Fathers there. But now we know it better, for we have spent a few days with them. It would be impossible to put into words our gratitude for all they have done for us since the day our first missionaries landed in China and found what we have found, a home on this side of the Pacific.

Happy, cheerful, and ready at all times to extend a word of encouragement to the timorous and rather bewildered young new arrivals from Scarboro Bluffs, the Fathers of the Procure are to us the embodiment of just what we should expect the real missionaries to be. "A saint sad is a sad saint." We are struck more by their cheerfulness than anything else. And our regard for them cannot but be mingled with the admiration of the untried young soldier for the veterans who have distinguished themselves in the Foreign Field.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR.

(Continued from page 24)

We are still so far from it, my God! Thy whole Catholic Church does not equal the population of Hindustan . . . and our sloth, our ignorant complacency and our selfish weakness leave the foundations of Thy future temple lying in the sand. But Thou canst stir the multitudes; their numbers are not to Thee the obstacle which they are to us. We are powerless against their heavy masses, and whelmed in the ocean of their faces. Thou hast commanded us to love our neighbour; and today Thou hast made all men physically our neighbours. Well do we know the meaning of this progress, and the new duties that it brings. Grant us to love in Christian fashion, from our hearts and without reserve, men, our brethren.

Nonsense



Patient: "Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim."

Doctor: "Perhaps I had better send in my bill."

Man (employed by an Aberdonian): "I have been here ten years, sir, doing three men's work for one man's money, and now I want a raise."

Employer: "I canna gie ye that, but if ye'll tell me the names of the ither twa men I'll sack 'em."

Son in college was applying pressure for more money from home.

"I cannot understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a check for three weeks. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

"Are you a doctor?" she asked the young man at the soda fountain. "No, Madam," he replied, "I'm a fizzician." —Selected.

Music Teacher: "Your daughter is improving, but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

Mother: "That's just like her dad. He made his money in the grocery business."

Jean: "I was absolutely historical with laughter."

Joan: "You mean hysterical?"

Jean: "No, I mean historical. I laughed for ages and ages."

The candidate left the platform, elated with the deafening applause that his speech solicited from his admirers.

"Do you think," said a weary critic, "that he had enough of fire in that speech?"

"Yeah, I think so," admitted a tired farmer. "Trouble is, he didn't give the fire enough of his speech."

A man went into Cohen's bookstore and asked: "Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What,' by Jerome K. Jerome?" The clerk repliel, "No, sir, but we got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

Mose—"Dis yar flyin' business is a mighty ol' venture."

Rastus—"How do make dat out, Mose?"

Mose—" 'Cause I heah dat pastor say in church las' Sunday dat Esau sold his heirship to Jacob."

The following notice appeared in a bookseller's window in Aberdeen: "Buy your Christmas Gift Books now —so that you may read them before posting."

"The man I marry," she declared, with a stamp of her foot, "must be a hero!"

"He will be," remarked the cautious bachelor.

"Yes, dad, I'm a big gun at college."

"Well, then, why don't I hear better reports?"

A compositor, out of work, secured a job as waiter.

One of his first customers, whom he served with soup, called him back and said:

"Waiter, there's a button in this soup."

"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter. "Printer's error. Should be mutton."

Hobbs and Knobbs were talking things over. Hobbs said to Knobbs: "Your trouble may be a blessing in disguise."

Knobbs retorted: "Well, I must say it is the cleverest disguise I ever saw!"

Temperance Lecturer: "Now, suppose I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey. Which of the two would he take?"

Voice: "He'd take the water."

Temperance Lecturer: "And why would he take the water?"

Voice: "Because he's an ass."

London Waiter—"Did you say 'am and heggs, sir?"

American—"No, I haven't been over here long enough for that yet."

On one occasion Goldsmith, Boswell and Dr. Johnson were making merry in a hay field.

Boswell: "Sir, how does a horse take his hay?"

Goldsmith: "Sir, a la cart. You might know that."

Dr. Johnson: "Why, Sir, I don't know as to that. Some horses like it a la mowed."

Marg—"Jim said my face was a poem."

Phil—"So it is—like one of Browning's."

Marg—"How do you mean?"

Phil—"Some of the lines are so deep."

Vasapupolis—"Doctor, I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

Doctor—"Here—this powder will be effective."

Vasapupolis—"When do I take it?"

Doctor—"You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in some milk."

"Say, boy," said the wealthy tourist, "I want some gasoline, and please get a move on! You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed, and that got me where I am."

"Well, guv'nor," replied the boy, "I reckon you'll have to push again, 'cause we ain't got no gas in this place, and even if we had I'm not so sure you'd get it."

"Do we need any more fresh eggs?" asked the assistant grocer.

"No," was the reply, "we have enough there on the shelves to last us three months yet."

What does the squirrel do when he meets a nut? He makes a wise crack. (Far East).

Old Gent—"Now, can you give me a good reason why I should give you a nickel?"

Small Boy—"I sure can. If I was an old gentleman with a nice new plug hat on and there was lots of nice black mud handy, and a kid asked me for a nickel, I wouldn't start no argument."

Landlady—"Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Hornswoggle."

Hornswoggle—"I'm not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat on my plate and it didn't frighten me a bit."

Their stenographer wasn't able to spell, so they changed her name to Miss Stakes. (Far East).

"I advertised that the poor would be welcome in this church," said the minister, "and after inspecting the collection I see they have come."

Ephraim—"What you call it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?"

Mose—"Lawsy, boy, you suttenly am a ignoramus. Why, when a gal gits married two times, dat am bigotry; when she tries it three times, dat am trigonometry."

CRUSADERS GIVE EVIDENCE OF GREAT MISSION ENTHUSIASM IN ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH.

"A monster demonstration of the St. Joseph's Unit of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was held on Sunday, January 17th, in St. Joseph's Church, Leslie St. The whole of the seating accommodation was utilized, both in the body of the Church and in the gallery, by members of the Unit, who had rallied for participation in this annual event. Rev. Father Fraser, of China Mission Seminary, delivered the sermon for the occasion, and during the course of it pointed out the absolute necessity of the various units assisting the Missionary Priests by prayer and sacrifice. At the conclusion of the sermon, the President and Secretary of the Unit, Master Gerald Stephenson and Master Joseph Fullerton, presented the reverend speaker with a cheque for one hundred dollars to assist in some small way in carrying on the work in far away China. Solemn Benediction was then given by Father Fraser, assisted by Father McDonagh as Deacon and Father O'Donnell as Sub-Deacon. During the evening, special missionary hymns were sung by a special choir, selected from the members of the Crusade, with Miss G. Howorth presiding at the organ. *This makes the thirteenth time that the Crusaders in St. Joseph's Parish have had the pleasure of holding an annual rally, and also the thirteenth time that they have presented a cheque of like proportion to this so deserving cause.* We hope in the very near future to have Rev. Father Kennedy of the C.C.S.M.C. attend one of our meetings."

It gives us very much pleasure to publish this account of a mission event in St Joseph's Parish, Toronto. It is an example of what can be done for the misssions by a well-organized C.C.S.M.C. Unit, and in tendering our appreciation to those ardent Crusaders for all they have done for us through the years, we express at the same time our gratitude to the zealous priests at St. Joseph's who have given their hearty support to the mission movement.

THE REAL DEFINITION OF A CATHOLIC.

"To be a Catholic means more than belief, prayer, devotions and frequentation of the sacraments," declared His Excellency, the Most Rev. Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, in an address to the National Catholic Council of Women in Washington. Furthermore, "to be a Catholic means more than the financial support of the Church and the defense of it when it is attacked, more than Catholic schools and more even than Catholic family life. It means all of these and more besides. A Catholic thinks as a Catholic in all his thought, he lives his whole life profoundly as a Catholic, he thinks nothing, says nothing and does nothing that does not meet the measure of the shadow of the Cross and the glory of the Risen Lord. The lesson of Catholic living is one every generation has to learn from Christ and the Church. In this age of sweeping changes, while winds of doctrines blow from every side, we must listen the more closely and act the more boldly to make our whole life Catholic and God willing, our whole surroundings Catholic."

LOYALTY.

Sancian, where St. Francis Xavier died, has its confessor of the Faith in Mrs. Kwan, who has clung to the Church through taunts, threats and persecution. Her entire village apostatized, and her husband left the Faith, but Mrs. Kwan remained loyal. In one year two of her daughters died and her neighbours told her it was because she practised the "foreign religion". The next year her son died, a dreadful blow to any Chinese mother, but it did not shake her faith. Soon after, her husband lost his sight and she used her little savings to take him to a doctor in Macao. This Chinese woman's cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing. She could not go outside her home without encountering taunts and jeers. Her neighbour said that she had brought all the misfortunes on her family because she remained a Catholic. Recently when Fr. Burke, M.M., saw her at Mass, her clothes were poor, she had no shoes, but her face was happy and peaceful as she greeted the missionary.—Fides.

Soutanes



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CHINA

CARBORO BLUFFS MARCH, 1932



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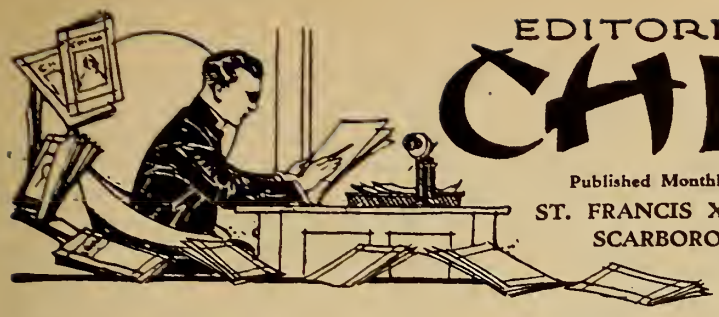
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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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LENT – AND THE WAR IN CHINA

Perhaps never before in the history of China has the attention of the whole world been focused on her as it has been within recent weeks. Events in Manchuria and Shanghai have furnished headlines for newspapers throughout the world, and the Sino-Japanese conflict has become the universal subject of conversation. We do not pretend to be able to lay our finger on the cause of the conflict, or to say with any degree of accuracy what it is all about. In a vague way we understand the struggle to be the result of military aggression on the part of Japan with the object of securing some of China's vast territory. The world is interested because the military tactics of Japan have violated international treaties and obligations, and endangered the peace of the world. In the crisis the League of Nations has yet to justify the high hopes of the masses who believed it was an efficient and sufficient World-Peace policeman. It would be beyond our scope to make even a pretence of discussing the serious war situation in the East. We cannot deny that people are anxiously interested—as they always are when material interests of great value are at stake.

* * * *

We may be accused of using a misleading heading if we do not say something about the situation in Shanghai. We do not mislead, for we wish to bring to your attention something about a war in China. But the war of which we write is not one in which the contending forces are Chinese and Japanese soldiers, nor are the munitions of the war to be reckoned in terms of bombs and bullets and bayonets. No, it is something entirely different—something that cannot be claimed as China's exclusively, but certainly it is in China that one sees the appalling effects of this war more vividly, perhaps, than elsewhere. We speak of the struggle between Paganism and Christianity, and we wish to make use of this holy Lenten season to remind our readers that in China is going on today, as for centuries past, the bitter battle between Christ's soldiers and the enemy of souls.

* * * *

Over there in that immense country which is home for one-fourth of the earth's inhabitants, we have the spectacle of a race that gives worship to devils because they have not known the saving Truths of God's Word. In their futile groping for the Light, they give their fealty of fear to revolting images of stone and wood, and they know not the meaning of a loving service of a merciful God. Born into this world they live their lives amid the crushing oppression that is Paganism with never the knowledge of God's Love to cheer their weary existence. The story of Calvary has meant nothing to them, and the legions of Satan are masters over them. It is all so foreign to our notions of life that the mere mention of it, we hope, will cause our readers to ask "Can nothing be done to remedy such a situation?" That is the point we wish to bring home to you. There is a remedy for it. There is being made an effort to rescue those countless pagans from the thraldom of Satan and of sin and idolatry.

* * * *

Day after day, with unrelenting enthusiasm, the heroic missionaries in China are striving to win immortal souls for Christ. Their efforts mean sacrifices that we scarcely realize. Away from home and friends, living in unfamiliar surroundings, enduring hardships of a new kind of life, and doing it all for love of souls, they are worthy of our earnest support. It would serve no purpose to remind you of the remedy, without, at the same time, drawing your attention to the fact that it lies within the power of you who read this to apply that remedy. Perhaps up to the present you have scarcely given a thought to the hideous horror of paganism's dread hold over the souls of millions of men and women and little children in China. Perhaps you have been too inclined all along, in the peaceful serenity of your own life lived amid the myriad blessings of a triumphant Christianity, to ignore that other picture of life as lived in a land where Satan is enthroned. But now China is brought to your attention, and China's missionaries look to you, especially at this season, to supply them with the ammunition to carry on their battle.

* * * *

Letters from our priests and nuns in China tell us of the feeling of helplessness that comes to them when they see so much good that could be done if only they had the means, and they realize that spiritual assistance is the only power that can avail to bring Grace to the hearts of those for whom they labour. They ask our prayers and our sacrifices. What magnificent things might be accomplished for God if Catholics everywhere were to offer their prayers and sacrifices during this blessed season of penance for the extension of God's Kingdom among the heathens. Calvary, with its God-laden Cross, will mean more to you if you try to realize that in the war for souls in China you can, and you ought to, use the means at hand to guarantee success. The smallest sacrifice you make to help the foreign missions is going to bring its reward not alone to yourself but to the souls for whose sake you offer that sacrifice. From your Catholic heart send up a prayer to beg God's blessing on His missionaries. It will have its effect in the renewed courage and strength it will bring to Christ's valiant soldiers "over there." Pray for peace in that unhappy country, not alone for earthly peace—but pray that into the lives of those poor pagans may come that peace which arises from the finding of Christ as He lives in His Church.



Pupils of the Girls' School in Chuchow, attired in their "very latest" costumes.

The Coming of the Grey Sisters



AUTUMN and the fields ripe with the fruits of another year; autumn and another season of missionary labor garnered for God; autumn 1931, and a white Empress in mid-ocean, under a harvest moon—bearing God's Grey Sisters on to the High Adventure, on to the greater harvest of souls.

Yes, the second little band of Grey Nuns from Pembroke, Ontario, have reached us and are now settled down in their new home in far-off Chuchow. Two brave souls have left home, loved ones, homeland and their little community; have braved the dangers of war-torn, unsettled, bandit-ridden China; the inconveniences of a strange language and strange customs; the difficulties of life in primitive, inland China—for the kingdom of Heaven's sake, for the love of Jesus Christ, for the salvation of souls.

Years gone by, our forefathers in their prairie vehicles crossed the wide and danger-infested expanses of Western Canada—braving all dangers to wrest a home and wealth from the wilderness. And in their wake, seeking the things of God, came the courageous missioners of New France. Despite the effeminacy of a pleasure-mad, wealth-crazed, immoral western civilization—their spirit still lives. It lives in the hearts of the brave missionary priests and sisters, who every year leave behind them all that an ultra-modern world calls necessary and to be sought after, and who penetrate to the uttermost ends of the earth—Christ's pioneers. They labor in a hidden way, ever under difficulties, where danger is imminent—and the glorious annals of their sacrifice and suffering will be read only in eternity.

This year I had the great honor of accompanying the new Sisters up the river to Chuchow. Despite the great inconveniences of the trip and the monotony of the journey they were always in the best of good spirits and made no complaints.

We left Wenchow early one morning, after saying good-bye to all there. Our priests and sisters always receive a warm welcome in Wenchow and our debt of gratitude to the good sisters and priests there is indeed a heavy one. Father Prost and all at the mission; Sister Mary, Sister Helen, and all at the hospital have been extremely kind and generous on all occasions. God bless them.

From the mission to the boats we went by rickshaws, and we must have made quite a procession, for in all we had ten rickshaws. Before leaving I had said mass at the Sisters' convent, offering it up for a safe journey up the river.

The morning was nice and although it was November 25th it was in no way cold. The tide was out and the river boats were all high and dry on the mud. But as soon as we got all our baggage aboard, the boatmen pushed the boats and we went coasting down the mud into the river. Then came the business of tying the numerous boats together, so that all could be towed by a steam launch to within a few miles of Tsingtien. It looked at first as though we were going to be left, but at last all was ready and off we started —the launch twisting and turning in its course and looking like some serpentine monster of the deep.

Some miles below Tsingtien the boats uncoupled, since the launch can proceed no further. Then our boatmen had to get busy with oar, pike-pole and sail, and soon after we reached Tsingtien—about 3.30 p.m. Father Wong and the mission servants met us as we stepped out of the boats, and carriers were secured to transport the baggage to the mission. A pair of stone steps led up to the city gate and from there to the mission was but a short distance. The Sisters were quite a curiosity to the people, especially the girls — but everybody was respectful. At the mission we put things in order for the Sisters, feeling so sorry that we had little of home comfort to offer them.

Next morning after mass in our little chapel, we left for Chuchow. The day was warm and sunny and I succeeded in getting some good snaps. The scenery along the route is very pretty and everywhere are the towering mountains. Now and again, because of the rapids, the boatmen would have to get out and push the boat. The river in very many places is very shallow, and progress is slow.

We spent the night at a place called Hai Keh—sleeping in the river boats. We had two boats — one occupied by the Sisters and their woman-companion, and one used by myself and my servants. The people at the village crowded about us as we stepped out of our boats for a minute and several minutely examined the habits and shoes of the Sisters.

We started off the next morning and again enjoyed wonderful weather. From Wenchow the two boats (under instructions) had kept close together, for the boats on the river all look alike and I had no intention of losing sight of the Sisters' boat, even for a minute.

At about four in the afternoon, we sighted a pagoda on a hilltop, and we knew we were nearly at home. Just about several hundred yards above this pagoda, there was a very swift rapids, and our boatmen, unaided, would not have been able to push the boat up. There was another boat just beside ours and a young

fellow in it, pointing to the Sisters' boat, asked who were in it. I told him they were Sisters going to Chuchow. Then he began to tell everybody near him how the good Sisters at Chuchow had cured a terrible sore on his arm. Afterwards he got out and helped to push the Sisters' boat up the rapids. Thus did he show his gratitude.

It was dusk when we reached Chuchow. Father Amyot had walked down to the beach to meet us, so we took him aboard. Father Kam, the school boys and many of the Christians met us on the beach and gave the Sisters a glad welcome. In no time we were at the convent and how glad the Sisters there were to meet the newcomers. Sister Oswald, the superioress, had accompanied the newcomers from Shanghai to home. We left them all to their happy reunion. The Sisters were indeed glad to be home and I thanked God for giving us such a pleasant, safe journey up the river.

Such was the coming of the Grey Sisters to Chuchow —Sister Mary Daniel and Sister Genevieve, with their superioress, Sister Oswald. Canada may indeed be proud of her missionary Sisters in far-off Chuchow. Pioneers of Christ—they have shown forth in all difficulties the Christ-like spirit that in Canada prompted their great sacrifice. Pray for them, do not forget them. Without your spiritual and financial assistance their work cannot be carried on. God forbid that through lack of co-operation from the people of Canada, their heroic unselfishness and unceasing labor be done in vain.

All in our district of Chuchow wish to thank from the bottom of their hearts the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception at Pembroke, for their 1931 Christmas gift to the mission. And may the Infant Jesus comfort and bless those who have given up so much for His dear sake. May our brave little band of Sisters find in their adopted home that peace and gladness that is assuredly theirs who have left all things to follow Him—to follow Him along the way of Sorrows, up Calvary's hill; to follow Him on that last day up the streets of gold in the City of God. O the blinding glory of it all, "No eye hath seen".

FATHER SHARKEY.



CHUCHOW, CHRISTMAS, 1931.

UPPER ROW: Rev. Fathers J. J. MacDonald, J. P. King, L. A. Venadam, A. Gignac, B. Boudreau; LOWER ROW: Rev. Fathers W. K. Amyot, V. Morrison, Wm. C. McGrath, R. Serra, P. Kam. Taken on arrival of Father McGrath as Superior.

FROM LISHUI

"OBSERVER" Chats About Things Big and Little

Light the old cigar and pull the chair close up to the fire. We're just going to have a little chat about things big and little, mostly little. For my part I shall try to give you a faithful picture of the "day in and day out" life in China. An occasional letter, in which you tell me something of what is going on in the homeland, would be more than ample reward for my efforts. I hope the Buds in the Little Flower's Rose Garden will drop me a line once in a while, and I shall answer them, and other friends, through the columns of CHINA.

* * *

First of all, why the "Observer"? It is not because of any great desire to conceal my identity. But since we are all observers and nothing more for the first year or so in China, looking wise and learning things, it just seemed a natural nom de plume. I am writing only what any of our missionaries could write, casual pen pictures of Lishui from day to day. (N.B.—The name of Chuchow has been changed to Lishui by the Government.)

* * *

As a matter of fact, I shall tell you at once who I am. I am "Mo Kung." Chinese name, of course. The "Kung" is generic. Everybody here is a Kung. There is Bi Kung and Van Kung and Ghi Kung, and so on. But the Mo. There's the rub. Mo means "horse," and in China a horse is no mean animal. On our visiting cards there is always a "little name" which expounds and explains the "big name." In my case, for example, it explains "one who runs well," and also the mystic interpretation, "One who sees all things clearly and judges well."

* * *

All Chinese names, of course, are flattering. The Chinese people kissed some kind of Blarney stone thousands of years before Ireland was born.

* * *

However, it is somewhat of a coincidence that I should have been elected as an honorary member of the lordly horse family. As a matter of fact, were it not that at this moment Father Murphy and Father Greene and Father Kennedy are just 12,000 miles away from our little home town here, I should certainly suspect collusion.

* * *

Take Father Venadam's case. There's a real name for you. He is known as "The Light of the Kingdom." And Father Boudreau is one who "helps the people along the staircase to Heaven." If you ask me, I think I got a poor break at the hands of the naming committee, at that.

* * *

Life in China is like a piece of classical music. It grows on one from day to day. First impressions are strange, bewildering. In very few cases is there love at first sight. But as days go by and one comes to know more of this wonderful country and its lovable people, one finds it easier to understand why missionaries, after they have spent a few years in China, simply do not wish to return.

* * *

Take our own first impressions, for example. In Shanghai we remarked two things; the difference in temperature and the difference in food. The cold was penetrating, inescapable. There had been no heat in the house up to the time of our arrival, and it was necessary to wear an overcoat—or two—in one's room. The food was different. Foreign style at the Procure, but different. Nobody paid much attention to such trifling little inconveniences, but they could not help but produce impressions.

* * *

Came Wenchow. Two days after we landed we struck the coldest day they had felt for over a year. And we were but recently out of tropical Honolulu. And there is no heat in the Wenchow house, any time. Did we feel it? You bet we did. It found the very marrow of one's bones. But it was a good "baptism." And the men responded nobly and laughingly, and everybody was happy, notwithstanding.

* * *

But if the houses were frigid, there was nothing cold about the kindly and whole-hearted welcome accorded us by the good French Fathers — everywhere. Their welcome was something the new missionaries can never forget. Their hospitality we hope



Father Beal, assistant at Sungyang, has erected a hand-ball alley for the school boys. He is teaching them to play the game, which was never seen in that part of the world before.



Johnnie Mitebox gets his final instructions before setting out on his annual Lenten tour to all the schools in Canada and Newfoundland.

some day to be able to return if they honor us with a visit to Chuchow.

* * *

Our first stop in our own district was at Tsingtien, where Father Wong and Father Sharkey gave us a royal welcome. Here we set foot for the first time on the territory which will be the scene of our future labors for souls. Tsingtien is the outpost, the first place to greet the incoming missionaries. And what do you know? Father Sharkey had a stove in his room. We clustered around it like bees. And we left Tsingtien laden with gifts from both priests there, most exquisite work in soapstone from the little village some twenty li (7 miles) distant, where every man, woman and child has carved soapstone for generations.

* * *

Strange, but Tsingtien reminded us of Blairmore, Alta. Father MacDonald at times could hardly keep from calling Father Sharkey Father Harrington, the genial pastor of Blairmore, with whom we spent those delightful days among the Rockies on our drive across Canada.

* * *

The scenery at the particular spot is almost identical, towering hills on all sides, and just opposite the house one in particular which reminded us of the innocent-looking little one in Blairmore we essayed to climb. It took three hours to go up. But the hard part was coming down.

* * *

We left Tsingtien just after daybreak, after a "foreign style" breakfast which made heavy inroads on the commissariat department. Had there been rocky mountain "rabbit" served fresh from Fr. Harrington's frying pan, it would have been Blairmore all over again; except that he and Father John O'Dea would have been missing. And all way up stream we compared the mountains to those around the Crow's Nest Pass. Had there been snow, and the mountains a little higher, the picture would have been complete.

* * *

And Chuchow—at last. Like conquering heroes came this year's band to our real home among the mountains of Chekiang. At the gate we were greeted with a noisy welcome as firecrackers were exploded in our honor. It almost rivalled another famous occasion when Father Bambrick and one of our priests unwittingly stole Bishop O'Sullivan's "thunder" and lightning, too. St. Augustine's Seminarians will tell you all about it. As volley after volley heralded the arrival of the 1931 contingent to Chuchow, I could almost see the look of dismay on 170 firelit faces on that other occasion when hours of painstaking effort "went up in smoke" in honor of two itinerant clerics who quite innocently dropped in for a "look see." But happily things turned out all right.

* * *

We are sending a picture of the group of priests in Chuchow during the days following our arrival. Unfortunately we could not get a picture of all our priests, as Fr. Venini and Fr. Stringer were in Lungchuan, Frs. Wong and Sharkey in Tsingtien and Fr. Beal at Sungyang. We now number fifteen. This picture, by the way, was taken by the local photographer. Don't you think he made a good job of it, considering the material he had to work on? (Picture on page 37.)

* * *

No doubt you will receive detailed accounts of our trip upstream and of the wonderful Christmas celebrations. Two things struck me about our first Christmas at Chuchow (I find it hard to say Lishui yet): the devotion of the people and the way in which the boys served the Solemn High Mass at midnight. The church was filled (about 400 people, Christians and pagans), and most of the Christians had been there from 7.30 till the end of Midnight Mass. The altar boys have certainly been well trained by Father Gignac, and the six little acolytes, with their white soutanes and red capes looked like little cardinals.

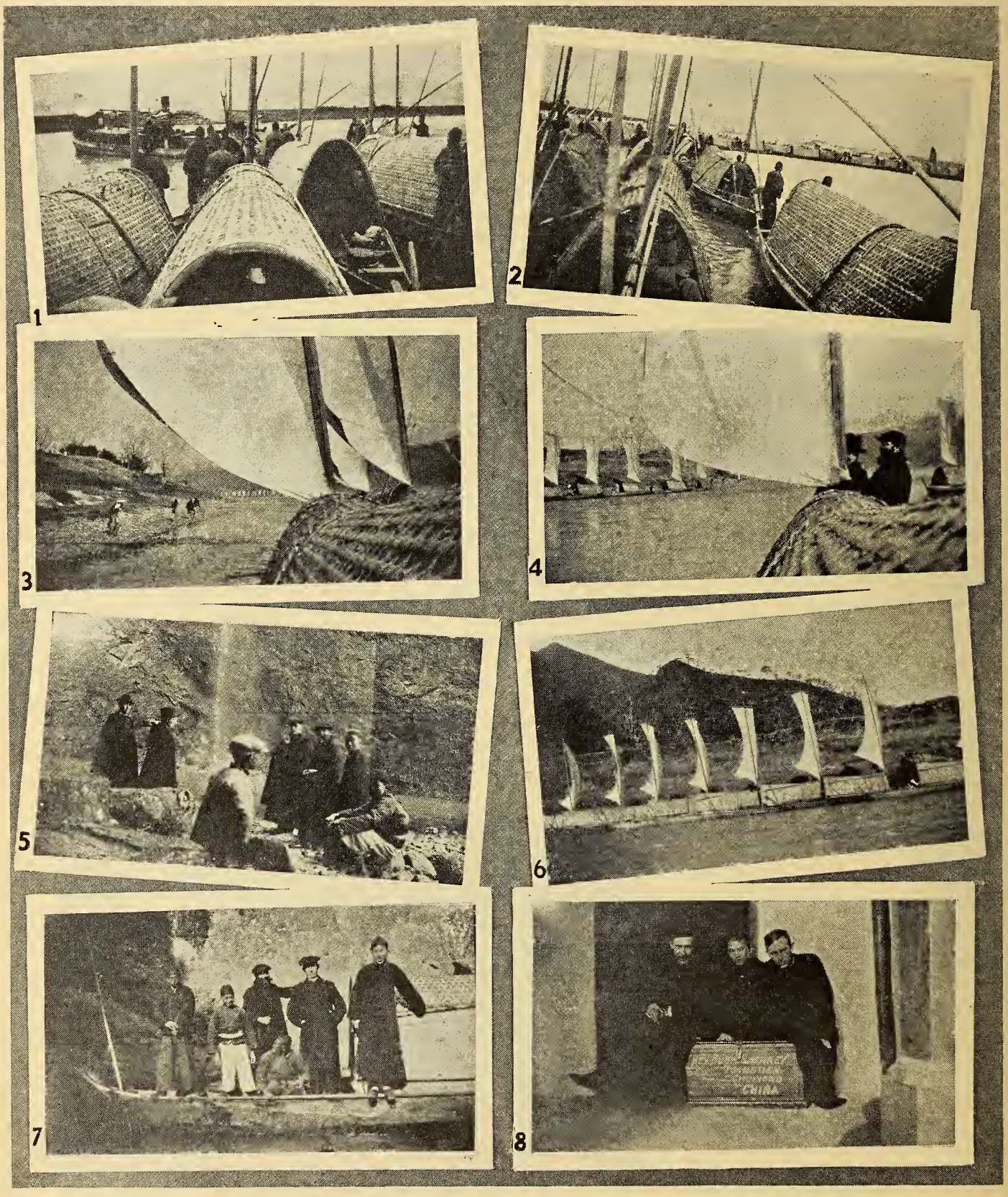
* * *

I shall send you another contribution for next month, Fr. Editor. Meanwhile, accept our best wishes. There's real happiness waiting here for you and all our students who are on the road to the realization of their life's ambition. And our greatest joy will be, year by year, to welcome the newcomers, who will be beginning the grandest work there is in life, the work in which there can be no failure because He will be with us, always, in our efforts for the immortal souls for whom He died.



Father Morrison and his first little recruits from paganism. He has gathered them into a newly-opened school under a Catholic teacher. He appeals to his friends for funds "so that we may be able to keep it going, and not be obliged for lack of funds to shut down". This is at Sungyang, Che., China. He has opened another school for boys and girls in a far distant village.

A Trip Up the Wenchow River with Our Missionaries on Their Way to Chuchow



Our four missionaries who left Canada last October are now "settled down" at Headquarters in Chuchow, and are trying hard to get accustomed to things Oriental. By the aid of the camera, we are enabled here to see them as they near "the journey's end". On the page opposite, the journey is described.

OUR NEED IS GREAT.

Looking through our Donation List, one finds the names of those who have answered our appeals for funds for various purposes. Some names appear regularly month after month. Compared with the number who read "China," the number of our benefactors who send us donations is small. We wonder if it would be possible for YOU to send us something to help pay the expenses of educating our students, or help us get together a sufficient amount to go ahead with our proposed new building. Even a small donation from a few thousand of our readers would do much to make times less "depressing" for us. Donations of at least one dollar are acknowledged in "China" unless we are requested not to publish names of donors, and every donation is acknowledged by letter. Lent is a good time to add your name to the list of our benefactors, and not even our genial mailman will complain if the mail bag comes back well filled from the Scarboro Bluffs post office each day. The list of donations to our Building Fund since Dec. 16th will be published next month.

MONSIGNOR FRASER TO BE INVESTED AT SAINT MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

At 10 a.m. on March 16th, the Feast of the Canadian Martyrs, His Excellency Archbishop McNeil will conduct the solemn investiture of Msgr. John M. Fraser as a Protonotary Apostolic. The ceremony will be held in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and all friends of Monsignor Fraser, as well as everybody interested in the mission work of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, which he founded, are invited to be present.

A GENEROUS BEQUEST.

We are delighted to acknowledge the receipt of our share in the estate of the late William Gallagher, $920.25. May this kind benefactor rest in peace, is our fervent prayer; and as long as we have students or missionaries, he will be remembered in their prayers, Communions, and Masses. In looking over the various bequests left in his will by this dear deceased friend, one realizes what a charitable and Catholic heart he had. He has made many grateful friends who will not abandon him in his hour of need.

CATHOLICS OF JAPAN AID CHINA SUFFERERS

Peking, China.—A sum of 771 yen and 74 yen—about $375.00—offered by the Catholics of Japan for the flood sufferers of China was sent by the Most Rev. John A. Chambon, Archbishop of Tokyo, to the Apostolic Delegate of China, Archbishop Celso Costantini, for distribution. The Archdiocese of Tokyo contributed 662 yen. The rest came from the Vicariate of Sapporo and the Prefecture of Shikoku. This generous gift on the part of the Japanese Catholics given when the two countries are at swords' points, is an impressive proof of the super-national character of Catholicism.

KIND BENEFACTORS.

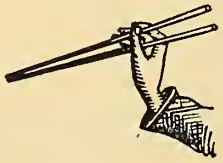
It has been our pleasant task on many previous occasions to say a word of thanks to the Christian Mothers' Confraternity of St. Clair's Parish, Toronto, for their generosity to our Seminary. A short time ago, Father McGoey brought to us their splendid donation of bottled preserves, and again we express our appreciation for their very useful gifts and their kind remembrance of our needs.

Going Upstream to Chuchow

(Pictures on opposite page)

1. Leaving Wenchow, two hours after schedule. Foreground, the launch which tows sometimes as many as 125 boats. The boats are all of the same size and design, and are spotlessly clean inside. Each "lawda" takes a special pride in his boat, which is really his home. They remove their shoes when coming on board.
2. Rounding a bend in the river. This picture gives some idea of the number of boats in tow, a regular forest of masts and poles. There were over 100 the day we came. Fathers Boudreau, Venadam and MacDonald are in the boat immediately in the foreground.
3. Up the rapids. Rapids are numerous between Wenchow and Chuchow, and are worse upstream towards Sungyang, where Fathers Morrison and Beal are located. In this picture the men may be seen pulling with ropes as they walk along the shore. Far in the distance are the sails of the rest of the fleet.
4. Fr. King (left) and Father Serra emerge to have a "look see."
5. On the way up we visited the famous "Sheh Ming Dong" falls. This whole place is a famous scenic resort, and the cave where the water falls many feet is but one of the beauty spots. On this day, after a dry spell, only a thin wisp of water was falling. Left to right, Fathers Venadam, King, MacDonald, and Serra.
6. Wind against current. The boats are all very close together ascending the rapids.
7. The entrance to the "Sheh Ming Dong" cave. Note, left, how boat is moored. The long pole is driven into the mud through the bow. On the left are the three "lawda," or boatmen, who wade the rapids daily all through the winter to push the boats along. Sometimes they develop gangrenous sores on their feet and legs as a result of the cold water. Several such cases have been treated by the Sisters in our dispensary at Chuchow.
8. At Tsingtien, Father McGrath delivers to Father Sharkey a box sent all the way from his home in Saint John, N.B. Centre: Fr. Wong, parish priest of Tsingtien.

IN WHICH I TASTE SHARK'S FINS



"OBSERVER" Tells Us Something of the Trials of Banqueting Chinese-Fashion

Well, boys, that's that's! Fr. "Chook" MacDonald looked at Fr. King, and Fr. Gignac (a veteran by now) smiled across at me, and as we rose to "sit around" for another bowl of tea, we agreed that a Chinese banquet was a whole lot easier to take than we had been led to believe. For it was the end of our first official banquet in China, and our perfect host, Mr. Ghing, was preparing to take us around to see the workers in his match factory, where at the present moment over 1,000 people are employed.

A few days previously we had received an invitation, a large long piece of red paper on which our names were written in Chinese characters. Fr. Kam replied for us, simply writing the name again under its place on the invitation. As the time drew near, it was not without misgiving that we prepared for the feast, for we had been told much about the strange dishes and the rigid etiquette, about which, as yet, we really knew very little. For many a year, in the course of my talks to the school children in Canada and Newfoundland, I had told them that "in China, sooner or later, you will be invited to a banquet," and that there were as many as twenty courses, and that you ate bamboo and water-melon seeds and shark's fins, and so on. Now my "theories" were to be put to the test. We were on our way.

At the gate we were met by a servant, who escorted us to the dining-room, where our host, Mr. Ghing, took the last place, seating himself with the catechist, Mr. Wong. Tea and cigarettes were served, and we accompanied Mr. Ghing to look over the magnificent grounds of his large factory. Here beauty and utility are certainly combined, because the place is laid out like a beautiful park. Homes for his workers are in course of erection everywhere, because four years ago Fr. Kam gave him a copy of the Encyclical "Rerum novarum," and he at once decided to put into operation, as far as possible, the Catholic doctrine on Capital and Labor. Mr. Ghing is a pagan, but what a lesson some of the so-called Christian capitalists could learn from him!

On our return to the dining-room, Mr. Ghing called our names —Ma-Kung, Ching-Kung, Van-Kung, and so on, and as each one took his place, our host himself



poured out a glass of hot Chinese wine. Much to our relief, knives and forks and spoons had been provided for those who could not yet juggle the chopsticks. And the signal to start was given when each one was invited to hold his "implement," be it fork or chopstick, over the dish in the centre of the table. The first course was bacon, in small thin strips, and it was quite good. By the side of each plate the waiter had put a quantity of shelled peanuts and water-melon seeds, and this afforded something to chew on when one was waiting and watching for the next move.

After the first course, our host took his wine bowl and made a motion as if he were proposing the health of his guests. He bowed and spoke something in Chinese—"here's looking at you" —and we all took our bowls and sipped the wine. If you don't like Chinese wine, here's where you must watch your step, because this process is repeated after every single course, and the faithful "boy" is ever at your side, ready to fill the bowl as soon as it shows any sign of diminution. Not to take the wine, or only appear to take it, is to insult your host, so you must at least take a sip. "What a tough break!" some of our United States friends will say.

At the beginning we tried to count and remember the courses. After the eleventh or so we couldn't agree as to the number that had gone and what they were, as it was too hard to keep "track" of them. But we saw that Fr. Vénadam had been quietly placing water-melon seeds beside his plate, one after each course, so we had to rely on him for exact information. He says there were "umpteen," but here are as many as I can remember, and in order: Bacon, friend kidney, meat pattie that looked like a leg of chicken and had a fake "bone" for appearance sake, Tiger fish, clam and clam soup, sponge cake, water lily hearts (small, round and very sweet)—don't say "swethearts," anybody, please, no matter how obvious the pun—and chicken soup. At this stage of the game we heard from Father Chook MacDonald, who had been struggling manfully with distasteful concoctions. The chicken soup was real. And the boys all knew it. And I never saw anything work quite as fast as that right hand of his, carrying a spoon. Shark's fins,—yes, there they were, at last, expensive now because they come from Japan, and Japanese stuff is still boycotted,—a sweet sort of sago soup; small crabs, onion meat pattie (horrors!), and finally a large dish of macaroni. On the

(Continued on page 46)

A REAL CHINESE PUZZLE

In Which We Learn How Easy it is to Count Our Change in Shanghai—Maybe

If some day you get tired of cross word puzzles and guessing contests and Limericks and the rest, take the "Empress of Canada" at Vancouver, B.C., spend 17 days in crossing the Pacific, and when you land in Shanghai, try your hand at solving the Chinese money system. (If possible, drive across Canada first, and for practice try to find your way from Medicine Hat to Lethbridge.)

This contest is open to all readers of "China," even those employed on the office staff. And here are a few exclusive hints which may throw some light on the subject. Don't be alarmed if we enumerate some of the common units of currency. They are: taels, dollars, cents, and "dong pah," or what we would call "coppers."

Now don't fool yourself. A copper is not a cent. And a Chinese cent is not a cent of our currency. And what is more, the number of such "dong pah" required to make a Chinese dollar varies every day. Add to this the fact that there is big money and little money, both marked the same value, but really very different, and you will see that already it is as clear as mud.



ABOUT FORTY CENTS IN A BACKLOAD OF "CASH"
The "cash" is a small Chinese coin with a square hole in the centre. It takes forty to make a cent, yet 400 "cash" is a good day's pay in parts of China.

The Tael.

There really "ain't no such animal." I never saw a "tael" in Shanghai, but I have been told over and over again that such a thing is valued at so many "taels." The tael is like the equator. It is imaginary. But for practical purposes, since it represents about 75 cents value, one might just as easily say four taels as three dollars. Vice-versa doesn't seem to hold, here. I am open to conviction, but to me the tael is utterly unnecessary, even though the big business accounts are reckoned in terms of that elusive piece of currency.

The Dollar.

Of course, that's easy enough. A dollar equals a hundred cents, that is when there are any cents. But there are no "cents" in China's money system, and there seems to be no sense either. The big cartwheel marked "one dollar" is really worth about 30 cents of our money. If you have ten of such dollars, you might be foolish enough to imagine you had $3.00 our money. But not so fast. You go into a Chinese store, and after Mr. Storekeeper has given each coin a little flip on the table to test the metallic ring it is supposed to have, you may receive three or four of them back. "Sorry—them no good. Them not made by Government. Government always make good silver." So there you are. With the twenty-cent pieces (small money and worth about 18 cents Chinese) such counterfeits are fairly common, so that you never really know just how you stand financially until you have spent or tried to spend all your Chinese money.

The Twenty-Cent Note.

My heart warms to the twenty-cent note. It is twenty honest-to-goodness Chinese cents, that is one-fifth of a Chinese dollar. It never varies, and so far we have never found one forged. Father Venadam had a forged dollar bill, which he offered me for a present. I knew at once that it **must** have been a fake, but it did not take long to

(Continued on page 44)

The Junk that Didn't Beat the Devil

It was our first thrill and our first "close up" of one of the disastrous results of Chinese superstition. We had left Shanghai about half an hour before, and were approaching the junction of the Whangpoo with the Yellow Sea. It was on the good ship, "New Peking," which plies nightly between Shanghai and Ningpo, making the run in about 13 hours. Fathers Serra, MacDonald, and Father Venadam were in my room enjoying a little smoke when suddenly—crash—we knew we had struck something. The jar was not such as to cause any alarm. But when the engines were suddenly thrown into reverse and the old boat began to tremble with the shock, we decided to go out on deck and have a "look see."

About twenty feet away on our starboard bow and barely discernible in the darkness was the sail of a Chinese junk. Dozens of flash lights were pointed down to the muddy surface of the water where the scattered bits of wreckage showed us that the hull must have been damaged considerably. You never saw so much "junk." From its direction came dismal and repeated cries and to us it seemed that half of its occupants had been thrown in the water. A black pig was swimming around beside our boat, playing a losing game with the waters of the Whangpoo and all around us Chinese passengers and crew were running and shouting excitedly. It was dismal, let me tell you. By now the sail had disappeared and the cries were becoming fainter and fainter while from time to time a light appeared as if being waved by somebody on board. And the weird cry continued, like the wail of a lost soul in the darkness.

Our boat was drifting with the current, waiting to see if anything could be done. Suddenly both anchors were let go at once as we had drifted within about forty feet of a breakwater and just then from the other shore a powerful searchlight was flashed on us, showing everything as bright as in the daytime. But by this time the junk had drifted out of sight, the pig had disappeared in the darkness and the "New Peking" was soon on her way once more.

What had happened? Was it just a chance collision? Not at all. The Chinese boatmen have the belief that wherever they go the devil follows their boat a short distance behind. If they can cut across the bow of a larger vessel and leave its huge bulk between them and the evil one the latter will be bewildered and will lose his way. As we turned to go in to supper (possibly the last "foreign" meal we shall enjoy for some time) one of the officers passed me, swearing softly but eloquently at this unexpected delay. "What is the matter?" one of the passengers asked him. "Oh, they're always at it," he replied. "Last time we struck one of the ——— old tubs sixteen pigs were drowned."

We reached Ningpo next morning without further incident.

A REAL CHINESE PUZZLE.

(Continued from page 43)

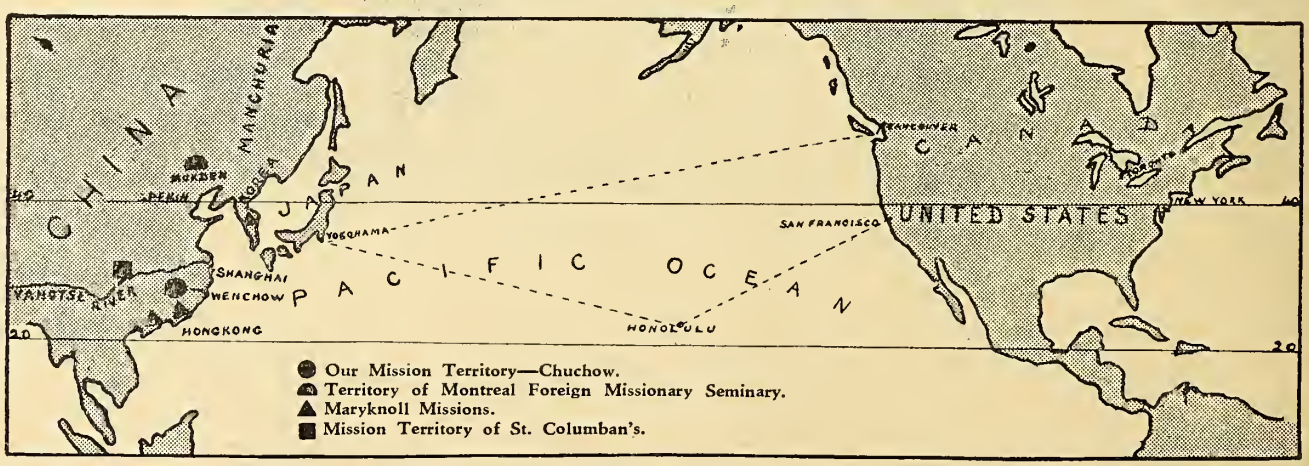
find out. But nobody seems to think it worth while to counterfeit the little shin plaster, which is about the size of a Canadian 25-cent note. The twenty-cent piece, as we have said somewhere, is not twenty cents. Perhaps you can tell me by now what it is. It represents about 44 "dong pah." (Clue: You pay 24 dong pah for a newspaper on the Bund.)

Of course, the Chinese paper money we used in Shanghai is no good in Chuchow. How careless of me not to have mentioned that little detail! And my faithful little twenty-cent note is not to be found there. You must convert it all into Bank of Shanghai notes or silver dollars. The latter are supposed to be good everywhere, that is, "when they are good, they are very, very good" all over China, but life is too short to try to transport them in quantity.

This contest closes as soon as the first reader tells the editor how long it would take to buy a second-hand overcoat on York St., Toronto, and sell it to a Shanghai Scotchman at a profit of twenty taels.

MASS INTENTIONS

We want to thank the many friends who have sent us Mass Intentions. We have twenty-one priests to keep supplied with Intentions, and if you send your stipends to the Seminary the Holy Sacrifice will be offered as soon as possible for any intention you wish, for within a short time of their receipt they are called to our Mission in China, where the number of our priests assures their early acquittal.



The above map shows, approximately, the location in China of some of the principal American and Canadian Missions. Our district is about 500 miles from Shanghai, the scene of the Sino-Japanese conflict. Shanghai, the largest city in China and its chief commercial port, is situated on the coast of China proper near the mouth of the Yangtze-kiang River. It is known as the "New York of China". It has a population of 3,500,000, including 1,400,000 foreigners.

ALLEGED HUMOUR

NOT WHAT YOU THOUGHT.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before; no sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence; then all silent but for a guttural murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg to-morrow.

Amateur Caravanner (to blacksmith): "Please I want you to sole and heel this horse, and when shall I call for it?"—Passing Show.

Mistress (to maid): "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?" Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand for it any longer."—The Summary.

You never know what a woman is driving at until she hits it.—Montreal Beacon.

"I have known you so long, doctor," sail the patient at the end of his visit, "I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have arranged a handsome legacy for you in my will."

"That's very kind," the doctor replied. "Now please allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I would like to make in it."

Juryman: "I beg to be excused, your honor. I owe a man $10, and as he is leaving for a long trip abroad, I want to catch him before he gets on the train and pay him the $10. It may be my last chance."

Judge: "You are excused. I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

Hold-up Man: "Your money or your life!"

Author: "Take my life. Just out. Clothbound. A best seller. Written by myself—all for $1.50."

Judge—Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?

Witness—I ought to, Your Honor; my husband is a golfer.

"Oh, captain," said a lady on a liner, "my husband is peculiarly subject to sea-sickness. Could you tell me what he ought to do in case of an attack?"

"It ain't necessary to tell him, ma'am," said the captain. "He'll do it."

"Mrs. Peck," said the medium, "your husband commands you go home."

"'Commands'? Huh! That isn't my husband."

The Sage—"There are two sides to every question?"

The Fool—"Yes, and there are two sides to a sheet of fly-paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses."

Ethel—"If you don't love Angelina, whatever made you get engaged to her?"

Edwin (sadly)—"Angelina."

The Doctor—"And if loses consciousness again, give him a teaspoonful of that brandy.

The Patient's Wife—While he's unconscious? Oh, doctor, he'd never forgive me?

The Liar—"Yes, that was an awful experience. We lost our way in the desert and for five days and nights couldn't find any signs of civilization."

An Audience—"But what did you live on?"

The Liar—"Soup, old chap, soup morning, noon and night. I never want to see soup again."

The Audience—"Oh, I say, that's coming it a bit strong. Where did you get the soup unless, of course, you mean you had a supply of the tinned stuff with you?"

The Liar—"No, we hadn't a thing. But we had some water and matches, luckily, and you see, the first day the car struck a stone and turned turtle."

Co-ed—"What is your favorite play?"

Soph—"If I have a favorite it's seeing a man steal second."

"What do you think of the moratorium?"

"Haven't seen a picture of her yet. Is she anything like the Mauritania?"

"Our college won!"

"They did? Rah, rah, rah! What did they win?"

"The debate."

"Oh, pshaw!"

Dear Old Lady—"Captain, would you please help me find my stateroom?"

Captain—"Have you forgotten what number it is, madam?"

D. O. L.—"Yes, but I'll know it if I see it again; there was a lighthouse just outside the window."—American Missionary.

We have just nicknamed our dog Pluto, Mars, because from all indications he appears to be inhabited.—American Boy.

"Ma," asked small Elinore, "what does 'transatlantic' mean?"

"It means across the Atlantic, dear," replied the mother. "Trans' always mean 'across.'"

"Then I suppose,' said the little student, "that 'transparent' ought to mean a cross parent."

Soutanes



Habits, Etc.

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SHARK'S FINS.

(Continued from page 42)

side were oranges and sticks of sugar cane.

At the end of the banquet, and several times while we were eating, Mr. Ghing assured us that we were being slowly starved to death, that the food was poor and badly cooked, and so on. We did our best to assure him that never before in life had we partaken of anything just quite as exquisite. It was all part of the game, the etiquette, and we were learning, slowly. I had brought a little tip for the caterers, six Chinese dollars wrapped up in red paper, red being the color for everything connected with such an event. At a given signal from Fr. Kam, just before the end of the meal I slipped it under the serviette, making no fuss about it at all. As we were seated in the chairs around the room for another bowl of tea, the waiters came in to clear the table. They removed everything, even the serviettes, but nobody saw the red paper, not by a long shot. There it stood, lonely and forlorn, until nearly all the dishes were removed, and I feared it would soon stick out like a sore thumb, much to everybody's embarrassment. Suddenly an "indignant" waiter chanced to spy it, and with many protests and profuse bowing, came over to assure me that something or other was the case. I looked very wise and threw an appealing glance across the room in Father Kam's direction, just to make sure. Then, making my most sweeping and gracious bow, I assured him as best I could that not one of us was worthy to make even such a wretched offering, and that we should be eternally grateful if he would confer upon us the unspeakable honor of accepting the trash that red paper contained. All that I would have said and should have said, but my Chinese is a little weak as yet, and I left him to infer what he could from my gestures, and "tut, tuts," and "please don't mention it, old fellow." Anyway, the paper disappeared even faster than the chicken soup.

And now, dear friends, all you who ever have worried over your social engagements, let me tell you that we are soon to give a return banquet, and that I am to play the host. I am worried.



We gratefully acknowledge receipts of the following donations received from December 16th, 1931, to February 12th, 1932:

$10.00 and Over.

St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto, $94.00; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gehl, $10.00; Rev. F. P. White, $25.00; A Friend, Halifax, in honor of St. Joseph, $100.00; Ladies' Club, Toronto, per Mrs. Marie Harcourt, $35.00; Girls of Cathedral High School, Hamilton, $10.00; Wm. A. Fawcett, $10.00; Daniel O'Connell School. Montreal, $10.00; Friend, Ottawa, $20.00; Mary A. Monaghan, $100.00; Johanna Sampson, $10.00; Rev. L. Carney, $28.89; A Friend, Paris, Ont., $10.00; In Mem. Mrs. Catherine MacDonald, $10.00; Rev. J. J. McNeil for Priests' Club, $25.00; Mrs. L. H. Timmins, $10.00; Crusaders, Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $10.10; Crusaders, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, $15.00; Per Mrs. S. Brennan, Toronto, $20.00; Mrs. J. Menary, $25.00; Anonymous, $25.00; Pupils, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, $25.00; Rev. J. T. Egan, $10.00; Rev. Charles McLaughlin, $10.00; Friend, Montreal, $100.00; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Belliveau, $10.00; Patrick O'Connor, $10.00; I. P., Verdun, Que., in honor B.V.M., $10.00; A. M. C., Maine, $10.00; St. Joseph's Guild C.C.S.M.S., St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, $100.00; W. L. Scott, K.C., $10.00; Crusaders, Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, $15.00; Rev. J. Cunningham, $22.00; St. Joan of Arc Church, Toronto, $138.42; Crusaders, St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, $12.00; Anonymous, Detroit, in thanksgiving, $10.00; Friend, Cayuga, Ont., $25.00.

$5.00 and Over.

Senior 1 Class, St. Peter's School, Toronto, $5.00; Mr. and Mrs. James Farragher, $5.00; Rev. Friend, Montreal, $5.00; Austin F. Hall, $5.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hogan, $5.00; W. G. Foley, $5.15; In Mem. Ed. Quinn, $5.00; A Friend, Scarboro, $5.00; Ed. O'Connor, $5.00; Friend of the Missions, Westmount, P.Q., $7.00; Mrs. M. C. Dempsey, in mem. Isabel Dempsey, $5.00; Mrs. Mary Buckley, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Catherine Strachan, $5.00; Ann C. and Mary T. Musgrave, $5.00; Miss K. Barrett, $5.00; Rev. J. Dantzer, $5.00; Friend, Toronto, $5.00; Miss Martin, $5.00; Jacob Schweittzer, $5.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; Miss M. B. Garrah, $5.00; L. M. E., Washabuck Centre, $5.00; Family Mite Box, Halifax, $5.00; James A. O'Halloran, $5.00; Margaret Carmody, $5.00; A. M. Erison, $5.00; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, $9.50; Dr. F. V. Grady, $5.00; Rev. J. M. Foley, $5.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, $7.00; Father Reddin, $5.00; L. C. F. Halifax, $5.00; St. Andrew's School, St. Andrew's West, Ont., $7.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00.

Under $5.00.

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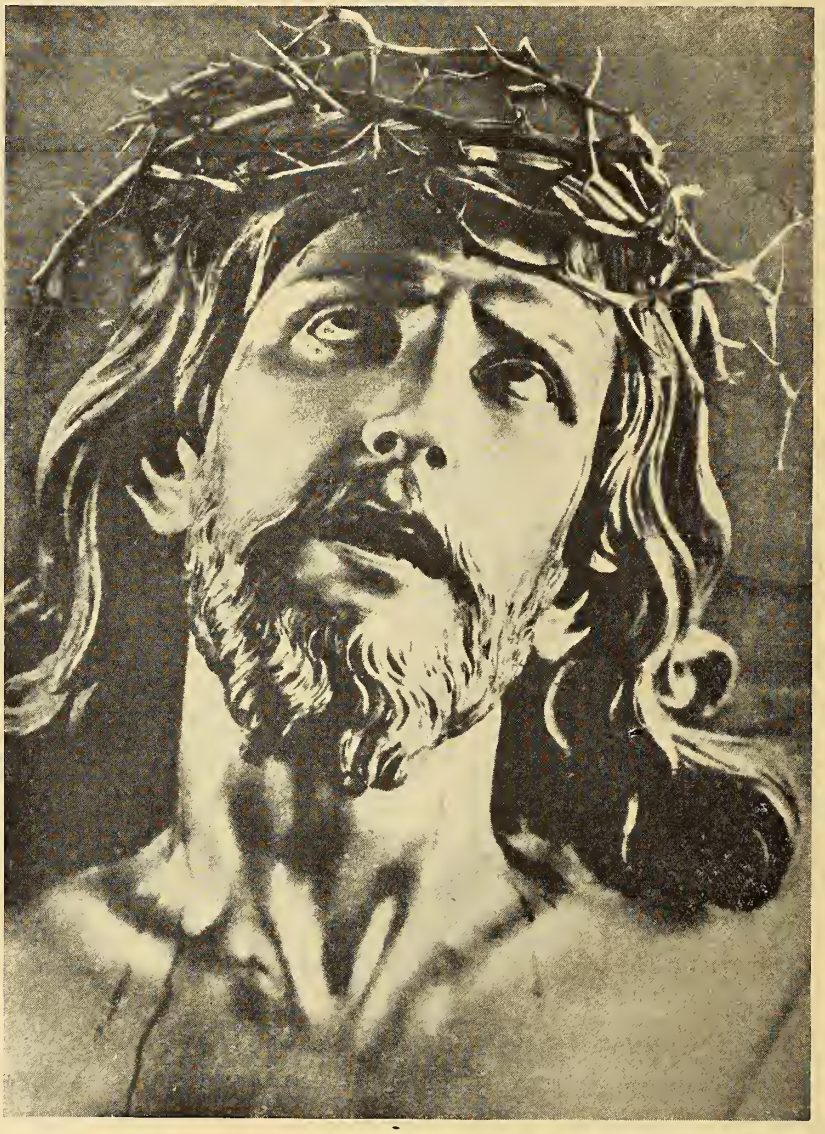
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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
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CHINA MISSION LOSES A FRIEND

The Angel of Death, in its visitation of March 5th, claimed the soul of Rev. Doctor James T. Foley, who for twenty years had occupied the editorial chair of the "Catholic Record." Catholic journals throughout Canada hastened to pay their tributes to one who had laboured so long and so faithfully with his brilliant pen in the cause of all that was right. His many-sided scholarship, which enabled him to give his fearless expositions of Catholic viewpoint, brought a nation-wide prestige to the "Record," and his death is an irreparable loss to Catholic journalism in Canada.

"China" has very good reason to mourn the passing of this "best-informed journalist of our day and generation," for we feel we can say that among the friends of Saint Francis Xavier Seminary no one has contributed more to its success than the late lamented Doctor Foley.

For a score of years he opened the columns of the "Catholic Record" as a channel for contributions to Mission Burses. Years before the Seminary came into existence "Father Fraser's China Mission Column" was familiar to all the readers of the "Record." It is true to say that Dr. Foley's work was the beginning of the mission education of Canadian Catholics. Through it the people became informed of a great missionary's work, and began to realize the necessity of taking their place as Catholics in the field of Foreign Missions. Until then, this part of Catholic activity was confined to the few Apostolic members of the various religious orders, but it lacked the pushing force of publicity among the laity. Too long had the field been exploited by the wealth and glamour of Protestantism. Too long had it been left to the heroic religious orders who, single-handed, had braved the sufferings and the labours inseparable from mission life in the days of limited travel facilities, coupled with meagre material means. It remained for Father Fraser to do the pioneering for the secular clergy of North America on the Chinese Mission Field, with its unknown dangers and toil; but it was due to the initiative of Doctor Foley that Father Fraser's work became familiar to the faithful. To the lasting credit of our departed friend of the "Catholic Record," be it said that it was he who was quick to see the vast possibilities for the Faith in the step taken by Father, now Monsignor, Fraser.

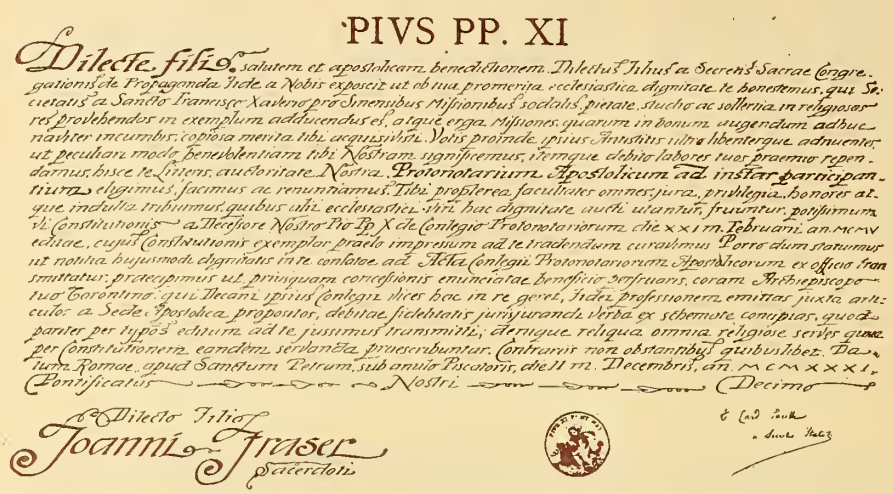
Many a boy who is now a priest in China, and many a Catholic mother read "Father Fraser's China Mission Column" in the "Record," and pondered. Why, it occurred to them, should not the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland be interested in the salvation of those innumerable pagan souls, who, just as they themselves, were bought by the shedding of the Precious Blood on Calvary? Why should they hesitate to shoulder their share of the work so dear to God, and so tremendously full of possibilities for eternity?

Thus the seed was sown, thus it began to take root and to spread, and from it came the crop of societies, colleges and seminaries that today amaze the Catholic imagination of the continent. From this came the missionaries who are today carrying on the work thus begun.

Is it any wonder that this Seminary feels grateful to Doctor Foley and sincerely mourns his passing? By his pen and through his active interest in China Mission its work has found an eager response in the hearts of the faithful, enabling it to carry on its great important work.

We pray for the great soul of Reverend Doctor Foley; we know that his works are ahead of him, and that he now shares in the reward of those who, through his lead, have learned to be apostles. We extend our sympathy to his relatives, to his sister, the mother of one of our priests in China, and to the "Catholic Record" in the loss of an able and esteemed editor.

"China" begs the prayers of its readers for a priest who has been to us always a mighty fine friend.



PIVS PP. XI

Dilecte fili, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Dilectus filius a Secretis Sacrae Congregationis de Propaganda Fide a Nobis exposcit ut ob tua promerita ecclesiastica dignitate te honestemus, qui Seminarii Sancti Francisci Xaverii pro Sinensibus Missionibus sodalis, pietate, studio ac sollertia in religiosarum provehendarum exemplum adducendus est, atque erga Missiones, quarum in bonum augendum adhuc maxime incumbis, copiosa merita tibi acquisivit. Nobis proinde, ipsius Amplitudinis ultro libenterque adnuentes, ut peculiari modo benevolentiam tibi Nostram significemus, tuorque debito labores tuos praemio reponderemus, hisce te Litteris, auctoritate Nostra, Protonotarium Apostolicum ad instar participantium eligimus, facimus ac renuntiamus. Tibi propterea facultates omnes, jura, privilegia, honores atque indultа tribuimus, quibus alii ecclesiastici viri hac dignitate aucti utuntur, fruuntur, potiuntur et gaudent, nec non ea omnia quae in Constitutionis a Decessore Nostro Pio Papa X de Collegio Protonotariorum die XXI m. Februarii an. MCMV edictae, cujus Constitutionis exemplar praesto impressum ad te tradendum curavimus. Porro dum statuimus ut nostra hujusmodi dignitatis in te collatae ad Acta Collegii Protonotariorum Apostolicorum ex officio transmittatur, praecipimus ut prius quam concessionis enunciatae beneficio perfruaris, coram Archiepiscopo tuo Torontino, qui Decani ipsius Collegii vices hac in re geret, fidei professionem emittas juxta articulos a Sede Apostolica propositos, debitae fidelitatis juramenti verba ex schemate compias, quod pariter per typos editum ad te jussimus transmitti, denique reliqua omnia religiose serves quae per Constitutionem eandem servanda praescribuntur. Contrariis non obstantibus quibuslibet. Datum Romae, apud Sanctum Petrum, sub annulo Piscatoris, die II m. Decembris, an. MCMXXXI, Pontificatus Nostri Decimo

Dilecto Filio Joanni Fraser sacerdoti

& Card. Pacelli
a Secr. Status

Facsimile of Papal Brief appointing Father Fraser a Monsignor. Translation at right.



RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR JOHN M. FRASER

PIUS XI, POPE

To our Beloved Son, John Fraser, Priest; Health and Apostolic Blessing.

In order to fittingly acknowledge your successful labors in the interest of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, in which you have been an example of piety, zeal and devotion for the advancement of religion and for which you are still actively engaged in furthering its missionary work, our beloved secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has petitioned us to confer upon you an ecclesiastical honor.

Gladly do we grant His Excellency's request.

In special token therefore of our benevolence and as a fitting reward of your work, we, by this letter and in virtue of our authority, name, create and declare you a PROTONOTARY APOSTOLIC "AD INSTAR PARTICIPANTIUM."

Furthermore, we grant you all faculties, rights, privileges, honors and favors enjoyed by all who are invested with this dignity, especially those mentioned in the Constitution of our Predecessor, Pius X, dealing with the College of Protonotaries, under date of Feb. 21st, 1905, a copy of which we direct to be forwarded to you.

While we have ordered notice of this dignity now conferred upon you to be entered in the records of The College of Protonotaries Apostolic, we adjoin, also, that before exercising any of the prerogatives attaching to it, you make, before His Excellency, the Archbishop of Toronto, who for this shall act as Dean of said College, profession of Faith as prescribed by the Holy See, and take the Oath of Fidelity according to the form which we order also to be sent you.

Finally, you shall religiously observe all other requirements of the said Constitution, everything to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the Seal of the Fisherman, this second day of December in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-one, the Tenth of our Pontificate.

E. CARDINAL PACELLI,
Secretary of State.

LARGE CONGREGATION WITNESSES CEREMONY OF INVESTITURE.

On Wednesday morning, March 16th, the Feast of the Canadian Martyrs, St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, was the scene of an impressive ceremony, when Father John M. Fraser was invested with the purple, which marked his elevation to the rank of a Monsignor. At ten o'clock His Excellency Archbishop McNeil celebrated the Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers McNabb and MacGillivray of our Seminary.

Father Cline Preaches.

Following the Mass, Rev. Father Cline of Holy Name Parish, Toronto, delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Taking as his text, "Render, therefore to all men their dues. Tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour," (Rom. XIII, 7) the reverend preacher remarked that, just as the civil authorities give recognition to the servers of the State, so also does the Church be mindful of those who have rendered her noble service in the advancement of religion and the care of souls. Dwelling on the activities of Father Fraser in the cause of the Chinese missions, Father Cline paid tribute to his great apostolic zeal, which had accomplished so much to make the missions part of the Catholic life of North America.

The sermon was followed by the Ceremony of Investiture, when Archbishop McNeil conferred on Father Fraser the various insignia of his dignity as a Protonotary Apostolic.

Many Priests Present.

An exceptionally large number of clergy were present in the Sanctuary, among them being Archbishop Forbes of Ottawa, Archbishop McGuigan of Regina, Bishop McNally of Hamilton, Bishop Macdonald, Titular Bishop of Hebron, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Whalen, V.G.; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Blair, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hand, Toronto, and Very Rev. Canon Roch, Superior of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Point Viau, P.Q.

The music was directed by Rev. Father Ronan of St. Augustine's Seminary, and the students from China Mission Seminary took part in the ceremonies.



His Excellency, Bishop Defebvre, with the priests and students of St. Paul's Seminary, Ningpo. At the Bishop's right are Fr. Nugent, C.M., President of the Seminary; Fr. Serra and Fr. Givry, C.M. At his left, Fr. Venadam, Fr. Fong, C.M., and Fr. O'Hare, C.M.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT HONORS BISHOP DEFEBVRE

The February issue of "Le Bulletin Catholique de Pekin" conveys the news of a signal honor conferred by the Government of France on Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo, under whose jurisdiction our Mission of Lishui has grown to its present position. His Excellency has been named a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Le Bulletin says: "Msgr. Andre Defebvre, Vicar-Apostolic of Ningpo, born at Tourcoing, France, June 24th, 1886, entered the Congregation of the Missions (commonly called 'the Lazarists') on Aug. 5th, 1903. A year later he left Paris for China.

"The attention of Bishop Reynaud was attracted by his unusual talent, his nobility of character, and his gentle and affable disposition. For three years he was a professor in the College of Tchousan, after which he had charge of the Christians at Ningpo, and was then appointed Director of the Grand Seminary. There, for more than fifteen years he worked with great success in the formation of native clergy, ably seconded by his fellow-Lazarist, Msgr. Hou, now Vicar-Apostolic of Taichow.

"Possessing the confidence of Bishop Reynaud, Msgr. Defebvre had a great deal to do with the administration of the diocese, giving special attention to the development of education and works of charity. He was especially interested in the success of the French College of Ningpo, which has prepared many promising students for the Aurora University (Shanghai).

"Named Vicar-Apostolic on Dec. 23rd, 1926, and consecrated by Bishop Hou on the first of May following, his episcopal career was launched in the midst of all kinds of difficulties which followed the coming of the Nationalist Government of Nankin. Possessed, however, of the ability to meet them, he gradually won the sympathy of the pagans themselves and courageously demanded the rights guaranteed by treaty to the Catholic Religion, and, in the face of all difficulties, saw his Vicariate standing its ground and developing strength. Happy we are to congratulate Msgr. Defebvre on his appointment to the Legion of Honor, and we feel certain all citizens of France — our naval officers in particular, who have enjoyed his charming hospitality at Ningpo—will rejoice with us at the honor which the Government of France has conferred upon him."

Happy also is China Mission Seminary to join with all the good Bishop's well-wishers in offering its congratulations. Less than two years ago we had the good fortunate to have him as our guest on the occasion when he ordained three of our priests, and we can assure our readers that we also were charmed with his affable personality and very much enjoyed the cheerful disposition of the missionary bishop. May His Excellency enjoy for many years the honor now conferred upon him, and may he be spared long to carry on his fine work in God's vineyard.

"Way Lee! Way Lee!"

The Banshee in China

By OBSERVER.

We were all seated around in the "katting," or guest room. It was just after supper and the boys were relaxing to the strains of music from the little portable Victrola. Suddenly Father King entered, a little excited, it seemed; a trifle pale around the "gills," at least so we imagined.

"What was that, that strange weird noise outside? I never heard anything like that before, although in Ningpo I thought I had heard about all the sounds of China."

We listened. There it was sure enough. A wail like the cry of a lost soul, repeated, it seemed, by a chorus of people in answer to some high-pitched incantation coming from another and shriller voice.

"Let's go outside," I said to Father Amyot. "I want to hear this thing at close range, if possible."

It seemed to be just over the backyard fence. It was weird. What a difference between reading about those things in books and then suddenly finding yourself less than 50 yards from where the soul of a dying pagan was being called back to its body by the professional soul-caller.

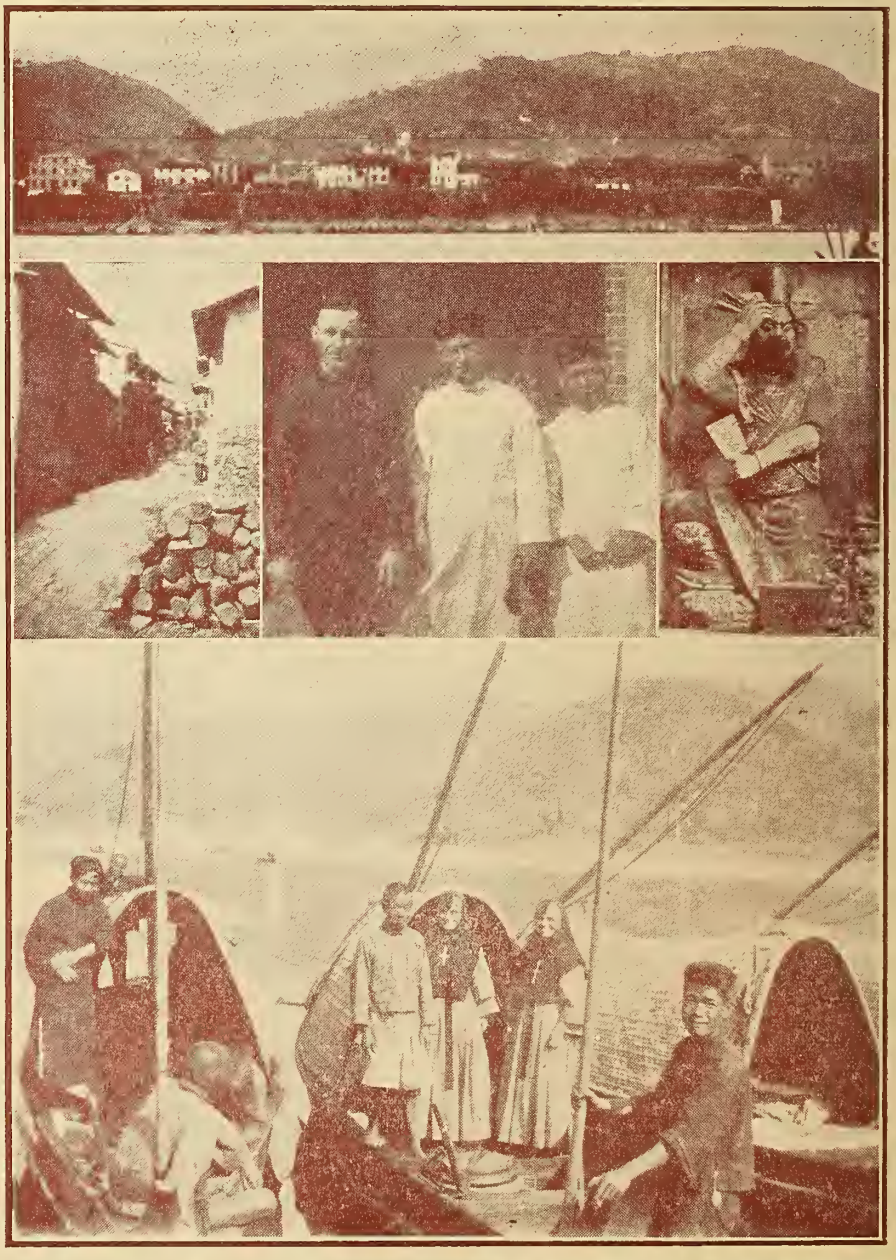
To Father Amyot and the other older men it was not so strange. And as we listened he unfolded to us the story of what was going on out there in the darkness, where another pagan soul was soon to meet its God.

When a person is dying the pagans believe that his soul has just gone a little way from his body, but is still within hailing distance. But not everybody may presume to attempt to call the soul back. There is a special "medium," sometimes several of them, in the district, and he is hastily summoned before the spirit has gone too far "into the night." The neighbours flock in, just as they would to a wake at home, and when the soul-caller begins his litany of heart-rending appeals to the departing they all join in the chorus: *"Way Lee! Way Lee!"*—Come back, come back.

For long hours the dreary chorus goes on, accompanied by the wail of the mourners. No consolation other than this indescribable pandemonium is vouchsafed to the poor dying man. No priest is there to speak to Him of the God whom He will soon know for the first time, in judgment. No Viaticum to prepare his soul for that last dread journey into eternity.

As I lay on my pillow that night the sound of the mournful dirge still came clearly to my ears. Gradually it seemed to change, and as I slowly succumbed to "tired Nature's sweet restorer," the rising and falling inflection became like the distant moaning of the sea. It seemed that somewhere—out in the darkness—a person was crying for help, and the only answer was that same ceaseless moan.

Today the cries have ceased. Things go on as usual. But somewhere in eternity another pagan soul begins a life that will never end. How truly unsearchable are the ways of God!



Top: Tsingtien from the river. Centre: (left) Street leading to chapel in Tsingtien; Fathers Sharkey, Wong, and servant; (right) A Chinese idol. Bottom: Sister M. Daniel and Sister M. Genevieve seem to be enjoying their trip up the river.

HALIFAX COLLEGE HAS BIG MISSION WEEK.

A lecture on the Canadian missions, an illustrated lecture on China, and a gripping play on missionary life in the Canadian North West were the outstanding features of the annual mission week at St. Mary's College early in March.

The lecture on the first day was delivered by William Pepper, Arts '33. He dealt with the various labors and hardships encountered by our missionaries in the Canadian North. He explained in detail the duties of the missionary and their means of travel. He concluded with a petition for the continued prayers from the students for the welfare and success of these missionaries toiling in our own North West.

On Wednesday, the President of the College, Rev. Brother Cornelia, delivered a lecture on China, using slides to illustrate his words. The Reverend President spoke of the many customs of these Oriental people, so different from ours and laid stress on the depressing conditions of the average home in China. He reviewed the work of the missionary in China, pointing out the hardships the priest undergoes in the great and noble work of bringing the light of Faith to these poor people. The slides, which were made available through the courtesy of the China Mission Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, proved most interesting, portraying the various activities of the Missionary and showing the stages of the school life of the children.

The play entitled "Faith," which comprised the program for the third day, portrayed the fate of a lonely prospector, isolated in the Canadian North, and who, through his strong professions of faith, received the last rites of the Church, before being called to his Maker. The players, John Lynch, Chris Grant, Leonard Meehan, J. Donald Murphy, Harry Mitchell, performed their parts most creditably. All the students were unanimous in declaring it the best of many religious plays that have been produced at the College. For its success the Executive of the Mission Crusade are deeply indebted to Rev. Brother Murphy, who has always given cheerfully much of his time and effort to the many activities of the College for the welfare of the Missions.

The Missions Week was very fittingly concluded with the First Friday devotions, when special prayers were offered for the intentions of the Missionaries at home and in the foreign fields.—Halifax Daily Star.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION.

Pope Pius XI has recommended this mission intention for special prayer during the month of April: "Religious orders of contemplatives in the missions."

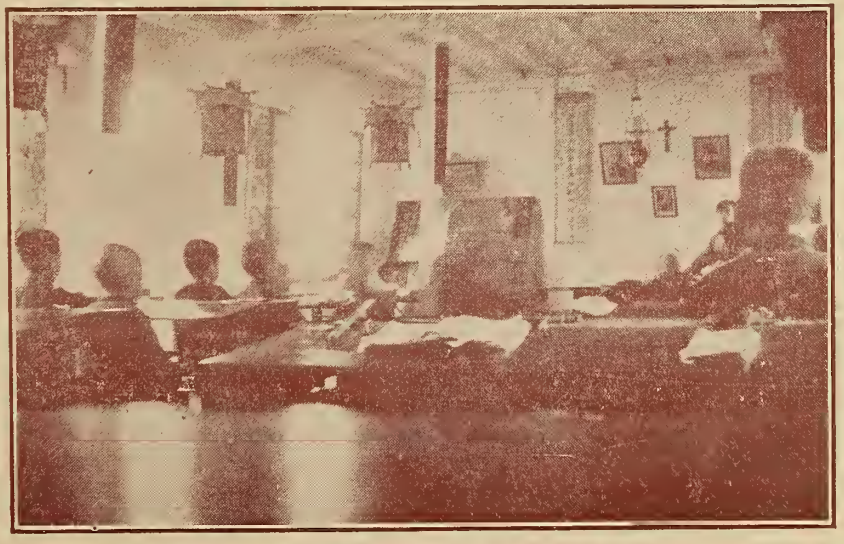
The intention expresses the belief of the Supreme Pontiff that nothing will cause the Faith to flourish in pagan lands more than the establishment of communities of religious within their borders with members consecrated to a life of prayer. Mere activity will not convert souls. Apostolic action must grow out of a spiritual and prayerful life; if the missionaries themselves are so burdened by daily duties that they are no longer able to give much time to prayer and meditation, then others must supply this for them.

This is the first thought back of the April intention. In addition, there is the good example which a community of religious, faithful to a rule of mortification, imparts to the native pagans. This example will draw the pagans not only to respect for the Catholic Church, but may even prompt some with the desire to become contemplative religious. Pope Pius, in fact, emphasized the natural aptitude of some peoples for this kind of life; the Buddists have "monasteries," and the Hindus have their *sannyassis,* or men of the mortified life.

The intention also includes, indirectly, the thought of added vocations to the contemplative religious life in the Christian countries. A movement is now going on to have communities in Christian lands adopt certain mission territories and to offer prayers regularly for the apostolic laborers in these sections.

In this work all of the faithful can have a part. In the words of Father Pierre Charles, "The humble woman who prays in a church for the conversion of China, the seminarist who communicates and mortifies himself for his adopted missionary, the sick person who offers his sufferings for a native seminary, all those who unite their daily actions with a missionary intention, all respond to the missionary vocation of the Church." The missionary life which The Little Flower led in her convent at Lisieux is a shining example to all Catholics of our times in this respect.

The need for active workers in the world-wide mission fields of the Church is very great indeed; but the need for devoted souls to offer prayers for the success of the apostolic laborers is even greater. We are bidden to remember that, when Our Lord pictured to His Apostles the great fields of souls, white for the harvest, He said to them: "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers."—"The Shield."



Interior of Father Morrison's New School in Sungyang.

Variety in Lishui



By OBSERVER.

Today we said good-bye to Father Beal, who is returning to Sungyang after a brief stay at headquarters in Chuchow. This is his only holiday for the year, and he tells us he is returning with renewed energy after a few weeks at the home base. The new men were able to give him very interesting news of doings at the Seminary, and he had much that was of interest for all of us in the accounts of his work and mission trips throughout the "parish" of Sungyang. Father Beal will soon be ranked as one of our "veterans."

One strange thing you will notice if you ever come to China. It is that there are coffins everywhere. And they are not empty, either. You will see them outside the houses, in back yards, in the fields. Sometimes they are kept for years before being buried on the hillside. In China there are no cemeteries as such. The whole country might almost be called one huge graveyard. And one of the most gruesome sights imaginable is that of the packs of lean and hungry dogs who frequent the burying places and tear up the remains of the little children from their very shallow graves. It makes one's blood run cold at the thought. But this is pagan China.



Feeling cold? Invest in a "ho loo" and feel the difference. This Chinese lad is quite comfortable with his "ho loo", or Chinese stove.

One of the priests in a neighbouring mission told me of a strange experience of his in regard to this custom of delayed funerals. He was called one day to prepare an old lady for death. A few days afterwards he was called to perform the funeral rites, but observed that there were two coffins. He asked the daughter who else had died, and she told him that it was her father. Now he had stayed in this house many a time, and never had heard anybody speak of the father, so he expressed his great surprise. "When did your father die?" he asked. "Three years ago," was the reply. "And the coffin, where have you kept it ever since?" "Oh, Seng Fu," she replied, "it was behind that partition in the room where you used to sleep." For two years he had been sleeping beside the coffin without knowing it.

The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are working hard in the dispensary where sometimes as many as a hundred patients a day are being treated. A pathetic case was brought to their attention the other day. A young boy of about eleven years of age was brought in from a country place about three days' journey distant. He had been terribly burned about the body when he fell upon the ho loo, or portable stove, he was carrying. There was absolutely no hope for him, so they could only do something to ease the pain and let the parents know he could not live. He was an only son, and there is perhaps no greater tragedy in any family in China than the death of an only son. The whole family was prostrate with grief. The father expressed it simply but pathetically. He said that before the accident they needed fourteen bowls of rice a day. Now they only needed four. They were grieving so much that they could not even eat their poor meal of rice.



We didn't tell you about the "ho loos," did we? Well, here in China there are no stoves in the houses. Not only that, but most of the houses are wide open to the elements from the sides, having at best a sort of lattice work that affords scant protection from biting wind. There are two ways the people guard against cold. The first is to put on extra clothes. You should see some of the children. They have layers and layers of outer garments. They are so top heavy at times that they just waddle around like little penguins.

The other way is to carry your stove around with you, as most of the people do. The stove is really a little round charcoal burner and can very easily be carried under your coat. Here (at left) one of the boys is holding one up for your inspection. At times they are nearly red hot, and the heat lasts for quite a long time.

At the present writing Father Stringer is in Shanghai, having some dental work done. How would you like to travel from, say, St. John's, Nfld., to Vancouver, B.C., to have a tooth filled? In point of time it is about the nearest comparison we can find on the North American Continent. That journey would take about twelve days each way. From Lungchuan to Shanghai takes about ten days and the return journey may take seventeen days or more. At the present moment the water is so low in the river that it takes five days to come DOWN stream from Lungchuan to here.

There are several dentists along the way. There is one here and another in Sungyang. They must have another trade on the side, as business is too slack ordinarily to keep them going at the dental profession. Here I do not know whether to say that the dentist also frames pictures or the picture framer also fills teeth. In Sungyang he makes shoes in his spare time. But to fill teeth they use broken-up egg shells and some kind of glue, so we deem it better to make the long and tedious trip to Shanghai.

A correspondent asks me: "Do you have to make your own bread?" For answer, we refer you to the picture of the cook with the "batch" he has just baked. And the bread is very much better than any baker's bread at



The baker and his "batch". We hope it tastes as good as it looks.

home. It is just good old home-made bread. No, we cannot get any butter here. We're like the man who called his only daughter Oleomargarine. He didn't have any but her. (I'm safe, because you can't throw things across the Pacific.) Occasionally we buy some, tinned, from Shanghai, but it is too expensive for regular use.

There are some differences in the menu. The good old Canadian breakfast has passed into history, as far as we are concerned. The ordinary breakfast here—and it's amazing the way the priests are taking to it—consists of one good bowl of rice, milk—fairly good—dry bread and coffee. We call the milk "Peninsula" brand, because when a fly falls in he's almost, but not entirely, surrounded by water. But the milk can be improved if one wishes, by the addition of a little of the canned variety. That can be purchased here—at the village blacksmith's.

I'm not joking. That's where we buy it. Father Gignac showed me the place the other day. Believe me, it wasn't under any spreading chestnut tree, either. It was in one of the most crowded spots of Main Street, Lishui. And there, sure enough, stacked on a shelf above the bellows were tins of rolled oats and evaporated milk.

It took Father Fraser a long time to get the cook on to the right method of baking bread, and we can understand and sympathize with our pioneers, whose gastronomic powers must have been taxed to the limit by the first stuff produced.

Last night was the first anniversary of Father "Chook" MacDonald's ordination, so we had a special feast—some butter and jam were added from the emergency rations of "foreign" food.

The learning of the language goes on apace, and we are getting accustomed to things Chinese by degrees. We hope our friends are not forgetting us in their prayers.



View showing Lake Ontario shore in winter garb—but not this past winter. Here, where you now see snow and ice, the students were able to go for hikes and cliff-climbing operations all through the season. Unfortunately, we managed to get in only one hockey game on our rink this winter. Our hockey stars who went to China last fall could not be envious of our "exercise" with the old blades this year.

First Religious Profession at Chuchow



Church of the Sacred Heart, Chuchow, where the Ceremony took place.

We have just received word from our headquarters at Lishui (Chuchow) of the first religious profession to be held in our district. It is history in the making. The Grey Sisters have now been in China over two years, and their dispensary at our headquarter's city has been daily ministering to the needs of the sick and afflicted of every description. Their fame has travelled far and wide throughout the whole territory and it is no uncommon sight to see a sick person who has been brought by chair from as far as eighty or ninety li to receive treatment, and some of the precious Mo Mo medicine, as the Chinese call the prescriptions.

For one of those sisters, who has been the pioneer of this dispensary work, and that in spite of a long period of ill health, this first religious profession has been an occasion of great happiness. In our Church of the Sacred Heart, Chuchow, in the presence of the priests and sisters and a small number of faithful Christians, Sister Catherine yesterday pronounced her final vows. No doubt this beautiful ceremony will be repeated many a time in the future. It brings home to us the fact that our community of sisters is becoming well established in their new home across the ocean, and that others will come as the years go by. But there was something strikingly impressive about this particular ceremony, perhaps the suggestion of loneliness as contrasted with the well-filled convent chapels and the numbers of white-veiled novices we associate, almost as a matter of course, with a religious Reception or Profession at home.



Sister M. Catherine Doyle, the subject of the first Religious Profession in our District in China.

Father McGrath was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Father Amyot, who had preached the eight-day retreat of the sisters. Father Gignac was Master of Ceremonies, while Father Venadam, organist, had an able choir in the persons of Fathers Serra, Kam, King and MacDonald.

Before the end of Mass, in a brief discourse befitting the occasion, Father McGrath stressed the contrast between this ceremony and those so often witnessed in our country. "Today," he said, "our minds go back to scenes we have witnessed in lands of faith, to many a little convent chapel at home, filled with relatives and friends, who could appreciate the greatness and the nobility of the sacrifice many a young novice was making. And as we reflect upon the contrast with this happy but lonely scene today, it comes home to us very forcefully that lands of faith are left behind forever. Thousands of miles from home; in the heart of a great pagan city, upon whose people the beauty and the import of this ceremony is lost, this young sister comes to Christ — alone. Neither father nor mother nor friends can be present to share with her the joy of this crowning event of her life of self-sacrifice and renunciation. But what matter since He is present for whose sake the sacrifice is made; what matter since He understands and will be her reward exceeding great!"

Father McGrath then spoke of the joys of mission life, of the abiding peace of soul that was the lot of the missionary priest or the missionary sister, "in spite of the crosses and trials with which God has seen fit to purify our little beginnings for Christ and souls in far-away Chuchow. It was truly a peace that was not of this world and all had found in China a greater happiness than they had ever known at home. It was also a wondrous source of consolation to feel that God had been pleased to accept the even greater sacrifice that parents and loved ones at home had made in our behalf. Some of them had preceded us into eternity; others, like ourselves in China, were awaiting the happy day when we should be

(Continued on page 61)

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:

When the members of our "Rose Garden" receive Holy Communion they are expected to remember to offer it sometimes for the intention that there may be more vocations for the Missions. What does this mean? It means that you are to ask Almighty God to give His Grace to more boys and girls which will help them to make up their minds to spend their lives in working for the salvation of souls in pagan lands. Often boys and girls wish when they are young to become priests or nuns, but they never follow out their early intentions. Vocation means a "calling." God calls some boys to be priests and some girls to be Sisters. His "call" is given in different ways; it may come from hearing a lecture, or a sermon; it may come through reading some spiritual book; it may come through seeing some ceremony in church; whatever way it comes, it brings the desire to help other people save their souls, and save one's own soul through helping others. Just at this time of the year there are many boys and girls looking forward to the end of their last year at school; I want you all to pray hard that many of them may heed God's call to become missionaries.

* * *

What has Father Jim been doing, 'tis so long since we heard from him? Well, I certainly owe you an apology, and I hope you won't be too hard on me. I have received heaps of letters; so many, in fact, that I have not yet found time to send certificates to some. I am sorry I cannot acknowledge them all in "China." Many buds wrote to me telling how much they enjoyed reading the story of Ruth Graves. The "Withered Rose" asks the prayers of the buds for her mother, who died some time ago. Things are going along fine with our Club, and now that Spring is here, we are going to expect a big busy season of activity for the Missions. I remember the buds every day in my Mass and ask God always to keep them faithful follows of the "Little Flower."

Your friend,
FATHER JIM.

Going to Help China.

"We have been reading 'China' and seeing how the poor Chinese children, and even grown-ups, do not believe in God. We feel sorry for them. A mission society was formed in our school, and we are sending you our second spiritual bouquet. We are all members of your Garden, and would like very much to get a letter from you. We shall try to do all we can in saving the pagans of China." Pupils of Brook Village School, N.S., Gertrude MacDonald, Secretary. I am always pleased to get letters like that, Gertrude, and I hope you got my letter all right.

Don't Read This!

I'm sure you've all read with much interest the articles in "CHINA" written by "Observer" from Lishui, China. Well, I had a letter from him a short while ago, and it ended like this: "A word to the members of your 'Rose Garden.' I know who Father Jim is. I have his picture here. Wouldn't it be the meanest thing in the world if I sent it along to somebody? Of course, that would not be playing fair; the next thing I know the editor of "China" would side with Father Jim and refuse to print any more of my articles." Well, I feel safe so long as that picture is away over in China, and if "Observer" gets the editor on my side I may be given an extra page or so for our "Rose Garden."

* * *

An "Island" Bud.

"I have received many letters from pen-pals, but I want Norma Mills to write me," says Elizabeth Gallant, Summerside, P.E.I. And I know Norma will read this, so be ready for her letter.

* * *

Francis DeCoste, Mabou, C.B.

"I would like to help the missions by sending you a dollar from my mite box. I want to join the 'Rose Garden,' too." Thank you, Francis!

* * *

Little Brother Helps!

"My little brother Johnnie helped me to collect those stamps," writes Anna Molloy, of St. Mary's, P.B., Nfld., as she asks to become a bud.



Pictures of some of Father Jim's little friends from Dundas, Ont., taken on happy occasions. Left to right: Lorna Grightmire, 54 Witherspoon St.; Helen Ouellette and Ita Denvir; Catharine Kent, 14 Hatt St.

Winnipeg Nurses Go to China

Early in March three nurses from this city left for the Chinese missions, where their work will be to help the ailing bodies of the pagan natives, as well as to bring spiritual consolation into their lives.

Possibly the first foreign missionaries to be sent from Catholic circles of the West, the departure of the three young ladies is an event of the utmost importance. The development of a native western clergy, and the entrance of western aspirants to the various Sisterhoods, has reached a stage where soon the needs of the prairie provinces will be taken care of by natives of the West. That the far-off mission fields would attract our own young men and women, is a thought which a few years ago would have seemed almost preposterous.

The young ladies have given themselves to a difficult and arduous life. Strangers in a strange land, they will be received possibly with suspicion and hostility. They will face the task of learning an ancient and difficult tongue, they must accommodate themselves to the established customs of a people fiercely proud of their heritage of culture and learning, which, vastly different from ours, is yet to be respected and honored. They will meet with conditions of climate and food which will completely change their habits of life; and they must deprive themselves of many little comforts to which western civilization has accustomed them. Not the least is the separation from loved ones at home, with the breaking up of ties which have bound members of a family so closely one to another. Yet, fully understanding all this, the nurses have volunteered their services, for which, by the way, there is no remuneration, and have undertaken a task before which many a man would quail. They wish no recognition of their sacrifice in giving up all, yet it would not be amiss to assure them that Winnipeg feels honored in having been the scene of their training, and in being the point of their departure for the Orient.

Much credit must be laid at the door of the Sisters of St. Joseph, from whose Training School for Nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital the young ladies graduated last year. There is no doubt that, under Divine Providence, the example of the good Sisters and the Catholic atmosphere in which the nurses received their training, had much to do with their decision to offer their services to God in the missions.

The Third Order of St. Francis, to the local Fraternity of which the nurses belong, and whose representatives they will be in China, is most justifiably proud of them. Father Vincent, who erected the Fraternity of St. Anthony here, will conduct the party across the Pacific, and will lead them to their future field of labor. They will be under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers in China, and the nurse who is already in the field there, Miss Bertha Buehler, is also a Tertiary.

May St. Francis Xavier and the Little Flower, the Patron and Patroness of the Missions, guide and protect the nurses in their work of love! — Editorial in "Northwest Review."

WHEN sending money to the Seminary for any purpose, please make cheques and money orders payable to
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

In making or remaking your WILL kindly remember the Chinese Missions.



Don't put off till tomorrow what you should have done the day before yesterday. Send your renewal to "China" TODAY.

TOASTS WITHIN THE MONTH

For some time past the "Sign," a national Catholic magazine published in the United States by the Passionists, has been carrying a commendable feature in the nature of tributes to persons who have done something worthwhile in the world. The current issue gives its first "toast" to His Holiness the Pope on the completion of ten years of a fruitful Pontificate, and the second is for Right Rev. Monsignor John Fraser, the first missionary in China from North America, on the dignity conferred on him by the Holy See.

STILL A PRISONER.

(Shanghai)—Father Avito, the Spanish Jesuit, who was taken prisoner by bandits over a year and a half ago, and who is still in their hands, has succeeded in getting a letter to his confréres in the Vicariate of Anking, Anhwei Province.

"For two months I have been on my back with fever," he writes, "and without a bit of strength. My head is swollen; so are my feet. I have tried several remedies, but nothing helps. Now I have some quinine. Let us hope that it will do some good. The bandits pay no attention to my needs. No one will even lend me a little money to buy something to eat. Our Lord, however, and Our Lady are taking pity on me. Here in my prison I enjoy a profound joy, and I am at peace in the hands of God, whose designs are carried out by men without their knowing it. Lately they have given me some letters which you wrote to me between March and October; may God grant to each one of you the joy they have given me and the good they have done me. I have also received my breviary, some reviews and ten coins. Many thanks for all. The medicines and provisions have been left at Mapou. The bandits are examining them before giving them to me. Whether I must die or not here in captivity, I bid you adieu. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the charity you have shown me, who on my part have done so little. Pray for me—I pray for you without ceasing. I assure you that I die happy; we shall meet in heaven. You may write to my family."

MATT TALBOT AND THE MISSIONS

Informed Catholics know about Matt Talbot, the poor Dublin workingman whose Cause of Beatification is to be introduced at Rome. His penances and mortifications, with fasts, heavy chains and wooden pillows, have been written about, but little has been heard of his mission work.

Before the Great War Matt Talbot did not earn more than $4 or $5 a week, yet he gave as much as $150 a year to the Chinese Mission Society for the education of priests—in addition to supporting his mother for a long time and contributing to other charities. His comparatively huge donations were revealed by himself one day in a dispute with a foreman in the yard where he was employed. Talbot said the foreman should subscribe more largely as he himself, a poor laborer, had given $150 a year. This was said in no boastful spirit, but as a stimulus to others. Talbot's sister relates that he told her he had "finished three priests and was at the fourth"—meaning that he had paid for the education of three and was then paying for the fourth.—Catholic Mission.

CHINESE PRIEST FREED BY BANDIT FRIEND.

Tatungfu (China) — Father Paul Fu, ordained last year at the seminary of Tatungfu, Shansi Province, China, was taken captive recently. Father Fu was making a trip through his mission when he heard horsemen coming quickly behind him. He immediately turned towards home, but as he fled he fell from his horse. He was captured, robbed of all he had on him in the way of clothes and equipment, and was to be held for a large ransom. There was in the robber band, however, one who knew the priest and had assisted at his First Mass. He made such a strong protest in the priest's favour that the rest of the band agreed to let him go without demanding ransom. He was released the next day and returned to his mission.—(Fides).

SPIRITUAL BOUQUETS.

We are most grateful to the teachers and pupils who have sent us Spiritual Bouquets in aid of the Missions and we are much encouraged by their worthwhile help.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from Feb. 15th to March 18th:

Over $10.00.

Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, $187.20; St. John's Church, Weston, $25.82; Estate Miss Rose Reid, Toronto, $25.00; Corpus Christi School, Toronto, $13.00; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, Que., $75.00; His Excellency Bishop MacDonald, $60.00; Miss Grace MacMillan, $25.00; Estate Sarah Ann Brady, $200.00; Gallagher Estate, $920.00.

Over $5.00.

Pupils St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, $10.00; A Friend, $10.00; J. M. Straton, $10.00; Rev. Wm. Fraser, $10.00; Rev. J. Dantzer, $10.00; A Friend, $10.00.

$5.00 and Under.

Mrs. E. Wallace, $2.00; M. E. Tuthill, $1.00; Miss Frances Scott, $3.00; Mr. V. Edwards, $1.00; Mrs. Don Beaton, $5.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; A Friend, Saskatoon, $1.00; Margaret and Agnes Bennett, $3.50; Regis J. Kelly, $1.00; Agnes Coghlin, $1.00; Mrs. James T. Clair, $2.00; Friends Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto, $2.50; Mrs. John Lyons, $1.00; Miss K. B. Andrews, $1.00; Pupils St. Martin's School, London, $1.75; Friend, Barrie, $2.00; A Friend, Toronto, $2.00; Teresa Cully, $2.00; Mrs. M. H. McMahon, $5.00; A. E. Redmond, $1.00; C.C.S. M.C., Orillia Unit, Guardian Angel School, $3.00; Mary L. Graffy, $1.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Rev. J. Emery, $5.00; Mother Superior, Dalhousie, N.B., $1.50; Marie Gordon, $1.00; Rev. Emmett Regan, $5.00; Mrs. Reta Daniels, $2.00; V. A., East Windsor, $1.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; N. H. Meagher, $5.00; J. F. Moynihan, $5.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Rev. D. W. Martin, $2.00; Mrs. Martha McDonald, $1.00; Mrs. Catherine Madigan, $5.00; Mary O'Connor, $1.00; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cavanagh, $5.00; Miss R. A. MacDonald, $1.00; Rev. K. J. McRae, $5.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Eastman, $2,00; Rt. Rev. L. N. Campeau, $2.00; Cecilia Macdonald, $5.00; Mrs. Brown, Toronto, $1.66.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

(Continued from page 58)

reunited for ever in our only true home above."

Concluding, the speaker referred touchingly to the last great triumphal Religious Profession. "Today, dear sister, you have come to Christ alone; your gift to your Heavenly Spouse is the gift of total renunciation of self for His sake. But there will be for you and for all who, like you, have renounced the world for Christ, another and final Profession when you will not come alone; when, in the presence of the whole Court of Heaven, Christ the Eternal Bridegroom, will accept you and the multitude of saintly virgins of all ages who once came to Him on earth as you come today. And your gift on that great day—the gift we all hope to lay at the feet of Christ—will be the gift He prizes most, the gift of precious, immortal, now pagan souls, for whom He laid down His life. What a source of joy throughout eternity to realize that, through your efforts, under God, pagan souls, who otherwise may never have seen salvation, will rejoice with you before the throne of God."

BUILDING FUND

P. W., Toronto, $5.00; Mary Smith, $1.00; M. J. S., Toronto, $5.00; Sister St. George, Ft. William, $4.00; Dona McDonald, $4.00; Miss Winnifred Tobin, $3.50; Adrian I. Macdonnell, $4.00; A Friend, Preston, Ont., $3.00; Margaret L. McNeil, $2.00; Senator John McCormick, $5.00; Mrs. J. L. Simpson, $5.00; Mrs. Crowe, $2.00; John J. Manley, $2.00; J. M. Dooley, $10.00; Miss Margaret Graham, in memory of her sister, $25.00; John O'Laughlin, $4.00; Sister Margaret Mary, Oshawa, $1.00; Evelyn Donegan, $2.00; Mrs. Margaret McNeil, $1.00; Mrs. J. Mahoney, $1.00; Helen Kennedy, $5.00; Yvonne Filion, $1.00; Alfred Boudrot, $3.00; Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, $1.00; Miss E. McGuire, $1.50; Mrs. D. Leblanc, $1.00; Rev. Friend, Toronto, $5.00; Mrs. Robt. Davis, $5.00; Ronald McKenzie, $1.00; Helen Boyle, $5.00; Mrs. F. Beaton, $1.00; James Cosgrave, $1.00; John Dermody, $1.00; A friend, Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q., $5.00; John C. Chisholm, $1.00; Kathleen H. Heafey, $5.00; Mrs. Charles LeScellen, $5.00; Timothy J. Toomey, $5.00; M. J. S., Toronto, $2.00; Mary Sutherland, $2.00; Miss E. Rankins, $1.00; Mrs. J. A. Rainville, $1.00; Mary Daly, $2.00; Mrs. Theresa Diemer, $1.50; James Condon, $2.00.

Miss Mary C. McPhee, $1.00; Mary Walsh, $2.00; Theresa Betz and Bertha Hemauer, $3.00; Mrs. N. A. Roy, $3.00; Mrs. A. Flanagan, $5.00; Mrs. J. J. Fitzpatrick, $10.00; Mrs. Mabel Hennessy, $3.00; Mrs. P. Beal, $1.00; Miss E. McDonell, $5.00; Miss M. A. Hynes, $1.00; W. A. Reynolds, $1.50; Kathryn McLean, $2.00; Mrs. Sylvester Halligan, $5.00; Cecilia McManus, $1.00; John B. Rahal, $1.00; Loretto Martin, $5.00; Rev. H. Brunet, $20.00; Mrs. Mary Kenna, $2.00; Kathleen Drouillard, $1.00.

Burses.

Miss Mary J. Kennedy, Canadian Martyrs Burse, $1.00; Mrs. J. English, St. Anthony's Burse, $3.00; Anon., Chicago, St. Francis Xavier Burse, $1.00; A Friend, Corunna, St. Anthony's Burse, $5.00; Friend, Portugal Cove, Nfld., Blessed Sacrament Burse, $5.00; Evelyn Donegan, St. Francis Xavier Burse, $1.00; Sadie F. McDonald, St. Francis Xavier Burse, $1.00; Mrs. P. Kelly, St. Theresa's Burse, $3.30.



CHINESE SHOP NOTICES.

A missionary in Shanghai writes: The common language here outside of Chinese, is "pidgin English." Some of the shop signs are very amusing.

On a milliner's shop in Szechwan Road is a sign, "Orders promptly excused," while over a furrier's is the sign, "Fur coats made to order, your skin or ours."

At another milliner's shop is the notice, "Ladies can have fits upstairs," and in a candy shop we read, "Try our candy, each piece made with tender care."

Over a transportation agency office: "Leave your luggage with us; we will send it in every direction." Over a dressmaker's shop: "Clothing of woman tailor; ladies furnished in the upper storey."

ENGLISH AS WRITTEN.

English as she is spoken in the Orient is not much funnier than English as she is written in America. A New York factory recently displayed the sign:

"Wanted—Woman to sew buttons on the fourth floor."

A near-by tailor advertised: "Fits guaranteed."

Mabel was on a visit to her aunt and grandmother.

"Grannie," she said, after her aunt had left, "how old is Aunt Dora?"

"I couldn't tell you, dear, without looking up the family Bible."

"Goodness!" gasped the child. "Is she old enough to be mentioned in the Bible?"

Two explorers of the Far North were relating their experiences to each other, and, naturally, drifted around to the subject of temperature.

"Would you believe it?" narrated the first. "In 1911 it was so cold around Baffin's Bay that if a man wanted to go downstairs in a hurry all he would have to do would be to throw a bucket of water out of the window and slide down on the icicle."

"Call that cold?" ridiculed the other. "Why, up in Greenland in the hottest days of summer we had to build a fire under the cow to keep her from giving ice cream."

"It's surprising how impracticable some learned men are!"

"Yes: there's Prof. Lingwist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then he went and married a woman who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgewise."

YOUTH PLUS

"Modern China is a young man's country, and the ancient conception that great age connotes wisdom is a thing of the past," declared Gen. P. H. Whang. General Whang exemplifies the new order of things. He is 6 years old, but looks 10 years younger.—Vancouver Daily Sun.

Editor: "Well, what happened to McTavish?"

Reporter: "Someone told him he could get his pants pressed free by letting a steam roller run over them."

Editor: "Why did that kill him?"

Reporter: "They forgot to tell him to take them off."

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

A few minutes later Willie returned and reported:

"Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

Comic Artist, (R.R.): "This joke ought to be good, I've had it in my head for ten years."

Heartless Editor: "Sort of aged in the wood, as it were."—Hummel.

Asked to pray for warm weather, so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a little girl knelt and said: "Oh, Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

An old Scot was smoking in the waiting hoom of a railway station. A porter said to him:

"Don't you see that notice on the wall—No Smoking Allowed?"

"Yes, I do," said the Scot. "But how can I keep all your rules? There's another one on the wall—Wear Spirella Corsets."

It was the duty of Janet, the maid, to tie up Jeff, the house dog, every night before she retired. One night she failed in her duty, and next morning found Jeff loose.

He had played havoc with the contents of the larder. When the mistress heard the news, she inquired:

"Has he eaten much, Janet?"

"Every blessed thing," replied the maid, "except the dog biscuits!"—Tit-Bits.

MA HAS HIS NUMBER.

Wife's Mother (to gardening son-in-law)—"I hope you're being careful when you dig up a worm, Richard. Remember it can feel and think just as well as you can."—Boston Transcript.

He: "My doctor told me he would put me on my feet within three weeks."

She: "Did he?"

He: "Yes, I had to sell my car to pay his bill.

A man stood up in a tramcar and offered a woman his seat. She fainted. When she recovered consciousness she thanked him. Then he fainted.

"So that new girl of yours is lazy?"

"Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught her putting popcorn into the pancakes to make them turn over themselves."—Jester.

A woman who did not understand the language of business went into the Bank of England and asked to consult someone about her war loan holding. The clerk to whom she talked happened to be rather a grave person. He inquired:

"Is it a case of conversion or redemption, madam?"

"Conversion? Redemption?" faltered the woman. "Er—pardon me, is this the Bank of England or the Church of England?

"Did you say the professor was absent-minded?"

"Absent-minded! Why he read an erroneous account of his death in a newspaper and sent himself a wreath!"—Passing Show (London).

"Don't talk to me about lawyers, my dear. I've had so much trouble over the property that I sometimes wish my husband hadn't died!"—Sydney Bulletin.

"Well, sonny," said the old boatman, "and what are you staring at?"

"Dad says you're an old seadog, and I want to hear you bark," was the reply.

"Do you know the difference between a woman and a telephone?"

"No."

"Well, both repeat what they hear, but the telephone repeats it exactly as it hears it."

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CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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PREFECT-APOSTOLIC OF CHUCHOW

The last issue of CHINA had just gone to press when the Seminary received word from Rome that Father Wm. C. McGrath had been appointed the first Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, our mission district in China. Through the medium of the Catholic newspapers of Canada the good news was made known to our friends everywhere, but only now does CHINA have an opportunity of offering its felicitations to the new Prefect-Apostolic. Right heartily do we congratulate him, for CHINA and Monsignor McGrath are intimate old friends—they were "brought up" together, we may say, and CHINA has profited much from their years of happy association. His frequent remembrances from Lishui are much appreciated, and in common with our readers we hope they will continue as during the past months.

* * * * *

Monsignor McGrath has always loved the missions. His priestly life has been finely dedicated to their service. In 1922 he voluntarily sacrificed his lot as a popular priest among his own people in Newfoundland and gave himself unreservedly to the more difficult work of a missionary institution then in its infancy. To that work he brought rare gifts of intellect and executive ability, and his record as editor, teacher, organizer and vice-president of China Mission Seminary is well known to our readers. Now, after a few brief months of actual mission experience in China, he has been given a high ecclesiastical honor. As the spiritual head and ruler of a large mission district he will have full scope for that energy and enthusiasm and love for souls which are so characteristic of him. His task is a difficult one; he has the assistance of only fifteen priests in caring for the spiritual needs of nearly two million Chinese people, and we bespeak for him and his priests the generous spiritual and material support of Catholics in Canada and Newfoundland. We add our own fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit will guide him in the reaping of the mission field of Chuchow—ripe already unto harvesting.

WORTH WHILE

On the first Pentecost the members of Christ's Church were few in numbers, but the Holy Ghost so strengthened and inspired them that their new-born zeal in a short time brought thousands unto the knowledge of God's will. After thirty years, Saint Paul could write to the Romans that Christianity was "spoken of in the entire world." From the earliest days it has been so—the Church rests not content with those she has, but she seeks to gain more and more souls, and she will be Catholic only so long as she continues to spread herself to new and wider pastures. The history of the Church is the history of her Missions.

In our own experience we have often heard the question asked: "Why bother with the Chinese? There's work enough to be done at home without going to China. Are not the missionaries wasting their lives and getting no returns for their efforts?" In the final analysis the question means "Are the Chinese worth working for?" It is to be regretted that many Catholics have the mentality which prompts such questions.

* * * * *

"Why bother with the Chinese?" Figures recently released by the Apostolic Delegation at Pekin answer the question and reveal the steady development of the missions in China during the year 1930-31. The statistics prove that the work for souls in China is decidedly worth while. In almost every feature of mission activity, notable advances have been made. The number of ecclesiastical divisions rose from 97 to 107. At the end of the 1930-31 period, there were fourteen territories already erected and under the jurisdiction of native Chinese Bishops. With the increase in the missions there was also an augmenting in the number of mission workers, and foreign missionaries now number 2,176. The number of Chinese priests has risen from 1,446 to 1,504. The number of Brothers, Sisters, Catechists, Teachers, Nurses and others, has increased in the same proportion. Aspirants for the priesthood show an increase of 790. The most significant increase is found in the number of Catholics. At the end of 1931, close to fifty thousand conversions had been reported of adults who received baptism after due preparation. Catholics now number 2,530,843. To realize the further spiritual returns that have blessed the work of the missionaries we must take into account the tens of thousands of baptisms administered at the point of death, and also the millions of Holy Communions received by the faithful with such admirable frequency.

* * * * *

Those who say that it is no use to work for the Chinese may imagine that the number of pagans in China is too great to hope for big results. Let those not forget that where it is a question of souls and eternal salvation, little results are very much worth while; yet who will say, after all, that results in China are not great? Would you not regard as distinctly encouraging the fact that in a pagan country there are more than two and a half million Catholics attended by an ever-increasing number of priests and religious, both foreign and native? There is no room for doubt that the Church is making marked progress in China. It is not our place to inquire into God's plan for China's ultimate conversion, but it is our duty to be up and doing, confident in the hope that God will give the increase, and we are sure that in the end a triumphant Catholicism will replace the age-old paganism of China and the Orient will reflect the wonderful mercy of a God who "will have all men to be saved."

The UNWISE SERPENT

OR The Conversion of Kong Oh



by REV. WM. C. McGRATH

Illustrated by Arthur Keelor

THE STORY.

HIS name is Kong Oh. He is a bright little lad, with ability far above the average, and is athletically inclined. Yesterday, in our football game with some of the pagan High School students he scored two goals, much to his own delight. On the whole, outside the schoolroom he is much like the other schoolboys. For they are all enthusiastic footballers, all cheery little companions whose chief delight is to try to help you with your Chinese words, and who tell you more in one day than you could remember in a month. When you see them at the altar rail in the morning for Holy Communion you feel glad you came to China. Kong Oh's home is in Lungchuan, about five days' journey from here, but he doesn't want to go home any more. He is afraid. On the few occasions on which he did visit home he returned sick and pale and generally broken up. So we are keeping him here, and next term he will attend the High School.

STRANGE things happen in China. In their daily work for souls missionaries are often brought literally face to face with the evil one. They feel his presence. They hear a voice. They see the hideous effects of possession or obsession on some unfortunate creature writhing beneath his fiendish power. Recently, in Northern China, things have happened "which cannot be told"; not on any wholesale scale, but as a sort of sequel to the story of obsession which appeared in CHINA, February, 1931, in the same locality, with the same priests concerned. It is not for us to pass judgment as to the explanation of all the strange things happening there. But they remind us, very forcibly, that missionaries in China are fighting no imaginary enemy. For the most part he is satisfied to remain invisible. But when too great a success bids fair to attend God's works for souls he cannot refrain from giving vent to a snarl of hellish hate or of venting his fury on some of the unfortunates who have so long been held beneath his sway.

It was Father Heier, S.V.D., who was concerned with the story already referred to. "While at home," he writes, "I often wondered if I should ever come in contact with a person in such a deplorable state as 'possession'. It did not take me long, once I got to China, to find that in this pagan land . . . there are fairly frequent cases of such possession, ranging from the mild to the very violent. I had secretly longed to meet one.

"Well, I have been blessed with such a case, so terrible and disheartening that I now pray, 'Lord, deliver me in the future from all cases of possession, obsession and queer doings of the spirit world'."

From the mild to the very violent! We do not know in what category you will place this little story, or whether you will regard it as preternatural at all. The facts I can vouch for. The explanation—well—judge for yourself.

Compared with Father Heier's experience this case is a very mild one. I thought so to-day, even while I regarded the earnest and at times almost frightened face of the boy who was telling his story. To him it was a very serious business, something which will haunt him till his dying day. For although it happened two years ago, his habitually happy expression vanishes and he becomes serious and fearful again, when you ask him how it was that he became a Christian. Perhaps the devil outwitted himself on this occasion. Certainly, humanly speaking, the boy's strange experience accounts for the fact that he is a Christian to-day.

One night about two years ago he startled the household with his screams. He had been sick with malaria, and at first they were disposed to attribute his fright to delirium. But in his case the malaria had almost run its course. He had been sick for two months, and at no time had he given vent to such a cry of terror as now escaped his lips.

"Father, father get a big knife and come quick. Kill him, oh, kill him!" The boy was almost hysterical with fright. When his father rushed to the room he saw him standing on the floor and struggling violently to free himself from some invisible embrace. "Oh, father, why don't you kill him, that awful big snake. He will kill me if you don't." But the father could see nothing. One thing was sure.

The boy was certainly awake. That night his father slept with him, to reassure him, but in vain. All through the night he sobbed and cried and implored his almost distracted parent to save him. The snake never left him, he told us afterwards, and his father couldn't do anything for him.

The next day the boy was in a terrible condition. Weakened after his months of sickness and loss of sleep, and still wild-eyed with terror after his experience the night before, he seemed on the verge of nervous collapse. His elder brother decided that something must be done, so he sought out the village oracle, a pagan fortune-teller, whose powers of prophecy the people regarded with great respect.

"There is only one thing to do," that worthy advised. "Only one thing can save his life. You must perform *Dong-Wong* at once or the boy will surely die—tonight." *Dong - Wong* is supposed to be an especially effective form of "devil-chasing" or pagan exorcism, not uncommonly employed by those whose days are spent in a sort of abiding compact with the evil one. If they are only allowed to live in peace, the latter can do as he wishes after death. Their hope does not extend beyond the grave. *Dong-Wong*, incidentally, can be put on for the little consideration of from $10.00 to $100.00, depending upon the social standing of the prospective customer or the magnitude of the issue at stake. This may have had something to do with the father's flat refusal to have any such ceremony carried on in his house. But he had heard that the priests condemned the practice, and may have been somewhat influenced by that knowledge.

"If you dare go through with it," he told the son, "I will abandon all the pagan rites and renounce the pagan religion." There was no ceremony; and the boy did not die.

During the day the snake did not return. But at night the boy was as bad as ever. In great numbers they came again, and although he screamed and told them of the physical pain their bites were causing him, nobody could see anything. "Look, father, look," he cried, "There!" The father looked, and there on the boy's arm, before his very eyes, was a well-defined black mark, a sort of bruise, as if the arm had been tightly squeezed with pincers. Another and another black mark was soon discerned on various parts of the body, and by this time the father himself was thoroughly frightened. Possibly this was the revenge for his refusal to have the *Dong-Wong* performed.

Next day he sought the help of his neighbours, and wondered if the "Seng fu" who had denounced *Dong - Wong* could do anything for him. A Christian came running to the mission, out of breath, and told Fr. Kam that the devil was in Kong Oh's house. Father Kam was skeptical. Malaria suggested fever; fever bespoke delirium. The boy was just "seeing things." Who wouldn't, with a temperature that goes as high as 104? "But, Father," the Christian insisted, "there is a big snake that nobody can see, and it leaves marks on the boy's body." Oh! That was different. Father Kam went and saw the marks, and to this day he is convinced that nothing natural could account for their presence. He interviewed the father. "Yes," he said, "we will help you. Don't have any superstitious practices, because they can do nothing to help your boy. On the contrary, promise me that you will throw all superstitious articles out of your house, and that you will be willing to study something about religion. If so, we can help."



RICE PLANTING IN CHINA
Notice how the plant is set under the water.

The man promised, and kept his word. He threw out the joss stick burner and tore from their places on the walls the image of the god of the kitchen and god of the household. And, meanwhile, Christians were sent to sprinkle holy water and say the prescribed prayers, according to the custom in China. The neighbours had gathered, and were horrified to witness the insults offered the gods. Terrible things, they said, were going to befall that household. The anger of the outraged deities would wreak a terrible vengeance.

After the blessing with the holy water, the boy felt quieter, more composed. But the end was not yet. That night his screams once more aroused the household. The snakes had returned. The following day one of the Christians asked him to leave home and come and sleep in his house. He did so, and slept peacefully, undisturbed. A few days later he was taken to the mission school, and from that day the snake bothered him no more. The story soon spread, as stories do in China, that the devil was afraid to go into a Christian home, and as the gods had failed to avenge the outrages heaped upon them, many of the people announced their intention of becoming Catholics. I do not know how many kept their word. Meanwhile, Kong Oh has been very happy since his conversion. His mother is also a Catholic now, and his father and brothers are catechumens.

Kong Oh would like to be a priest. But there are many difficulties. Those who have been victims of any kind of diabolical obsession are not permitted to enter the Seminary. His fear of being taken home never altogether leaves him. Sometimes in his dreams he cries aloud to his mother that she must not take him home because the boat is waiting to take him to the Seminary at Ningpo, and if he goes home, he cannot be a priest. Truly, strange things—consoling at times—happen in far-away China.

The Holy Ghost and the *Missions*

A TIMELY THOUGHT FOR PENTECOST

By Bernard Wuellner, S.J.

THE Holy Spirit is sometimes called the most forgotten Person in the world. Yet He should be particularly near and dear to all interested in the cause of the missions. His work in the world is not only to preserve the Church and to sanctify the Church, but also to guarantee her progress; and in this last office He is the great Missionary of the Catholic Church without whom no mission enterprise wins success.



Courtesy of "Jesuit Missions".

"Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts: All the earth is full of his glory." (*Is.* vi, 3.)

A missionary is one who is sent, a person who goes forth with the blessing of God to win souls to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Now, our Lord, after ascending into Heaven, sent the Holy Ghost to protect and guide the fortunes of His Church, to pour energy and holiness into it, to develop it until it should compass the world. Once the Master had advised the disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers to reap the whitening fields. He fulfilled His own advice, when He came home to the Father, by sending the Holy Spirit as that great Laborer in the world-wide field of souls.

EAGERLY the Apostles awaited the coming of the Holy Ghost, for our Lord had founded their confidence of success in the abiding presence of the Third Person in God. Then, in the roaring of the wind on Pentecost morning, He came and rested on the expectant group in the shape of fiery tongues. This symbol of tongues and of fire is most significant. The tongue indicates the teaching role of the Holy Spirit, for His tongue is the tongue that speaks in the wisdom and doctrine of the Church; and it is the fire of a Divine energy that quickens all the Church's activities for men.

He came, the true Tongue of God, to teach the infant Church and through her, to teach the world until the end of time. That has ever remained the single objective of the Church's efforts, namely, to spread the surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ, crucified and risen, true God and true Man. Into the corners of the earth the Church pushes her way, not out of any mere philanthropic motive, not because she believes white or western civilization superior, but because she is bent on her divine duty of dispensing the good news of God's goodness to all human kind.

Because the Fire of God, the Holy Spirit, urges her on, she never forgets and seldom lags in her missionary striving. The Church's missionary character shall endure till the end of time because the Holy Ghost shall be with her till the great finale. He is that uncreated Fire which will enkindle the world. He is that transforming Fire which fuses even the hard ore of human nature into its own likeness. He is that eager Fire which lights up the flames of Catholic enthusiasm for the interests of God.

A SHORT glance at the history of the Catholic Church evidences how well the Holy Spirit has done His missionary work. In apostolic times He leaps the barriers of lands and inland seas; His flame is heard crackling in the very strongholds of

(Continued on page 71)

A VISIT *to* SUICHANG

Rev. J. L. Beal

It was last May! I was called to the local yamen to discover that Suichang was calling Beh Kong (my Chinese name). It was bad news. "Mrs. Wong has taken a turn for the worse and is calling for the priest." "Fine! Will leave to-morrow on shank's mare." Now to find a carrier! The market-place was deserted because all available help was in the rice-fields. Finally an abbreviated fellow put in an appearance, and he was hired. For more reasons than following the gospel precepts, only the bare necessities for the journey were taken.

Singing in the Rain.

Five "li" from the city heavy black clouds drifted over, opened the throttle and shot the works. There were no open air taxis to call, so it was simply forward splash for another 65 li (22 miles). "Singing in the rain" may sound romantic, but it does not feel that way when trudging along with half a rice-field glued to your feet. The carrier lost his nerve or his footing, descending one of the inclines. When he pulled himself together he was asking himself, "Why did I ever grow up?" It was amusing to see him gathering his scattered load together and again tieing them into a bundle. But this incident was short-lived.

Rice Wine for Supper.

There were only 5 "li" of the journey left when I turned that million-dollar ankle of mine and a spill ensued. I must have been a spectacle walking up the main street, bespattered with mud and soaked to the skin. An extra suit of clothing was prohibitive to the miniature who was doing the carrying, and thus I sat in my dampness and dirt while hot tea was being prepared at the mission chapel. For supper I ordered hot rice wine, which staved off a cold. After supper the chapel personnel betook themselves to Mrs. Wong's to assist at the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and to recite their prayers. In the meantime the rain had eased off to just an occasional cloud-burst.

Streets Turn to River.

After celebrating Mass and administering Holy Viaticum to our devout patient, a boatman was hired for the return journey, but just then the unexpected happened. The rain came down in torrents, and in less than no time



Naturally, Father Beal is quite pleased. He is holding a cake sent to him by Mr. and Mrs. "Al" Smith of New York, from whom he hears occasionally.

the street was turned into a small river, rapidly gaining momentum. News came back that no boat dared to leave its mooring that day. But I had promised to be back in Sun Yang for Saturday evening, and so it looked like a return journey on foot, but before we could reach the one bridge that still spanned the river, the iron chains had snapped and it had gone hurtling down the mad torrent. There was now nothing to do but sit down and wait until the river adopted a more peaceful attitude.

Tension at Sung Yang

The Christians at Sung Yang knew that I had intended to return for Saturday evening. Several of them were on the outlook. A raft swiftly rounded the bend in the river, and just as it came into view it capsized with its three passengers. All thought that it was the priest who had gone down to Davy Jones' locker. But it was not so. Early Sunday morning I persuaded a raftsman to break away from his moorings and start for home. The tension at Sung Yang was broken when at 2.30 p.m. I put in my appearance at the mission, safe and sound, but badly in need of repair and a change of clothing. Thus closed one of the wettest weekends I have experienced since Prohibition.—Alumni Bulletin.

THE HOLY GHOST AND THE MISSIONS.

(Continued from page 70)

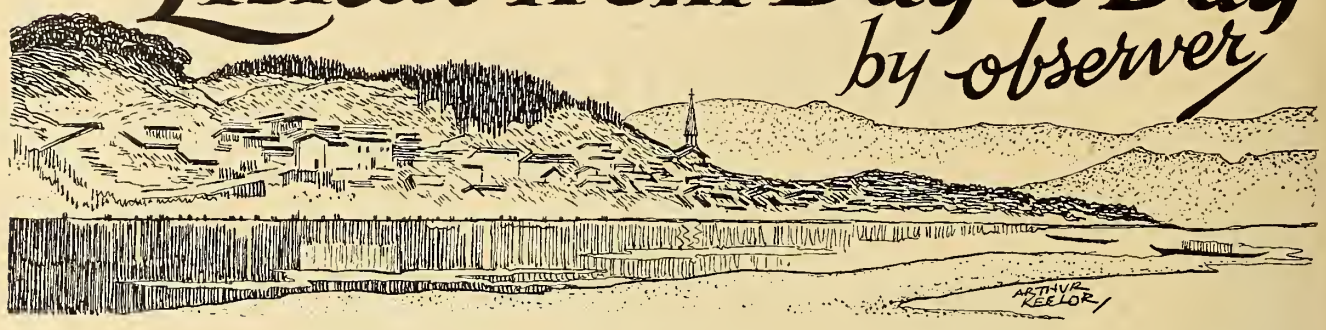
paganism; the red onrush of Divine Love levels the resistance of superstition, selfishness, ignorance, vice; and sparks caught up from the great Spark are so bright that Christians are glad to be tapers burning in Nero's gardens. Persecution tries to trample out the Fire. But ten years after Diocletian's frenzy the Church is so strong that Constantine recognizes it as the state religion. Schism and heresy try to divide the Fire so as to weaken it, but it preserves its unity under the successors of Peter. Barbarians and vandals vent their hate upon it; but the Fire appears triumphant in a universal Christian culture in medieval times. Political interference, hot-headed heretics, sluggish powers in the Church itself try to stay the Fire; but in vain. The miracle of the resurrection is renewed in the new glow of Catholic life in Europe after the Reformation, and in the far-reaching triumphs in the missions of the New World and in the Far East. The records of missionary activity in our own day attest how vigorously the Divine Fire is burning in the Catholic Church at present.

Come, then, Holy Spirit, the missions need Thee! Radiant Heart of God, fill the earth with Thy light and love! Flood the hearts of Thy faithful, that out of the overflowing of their charity and merits the non-Catholic world may profit! Come great Missionary, come, for Christ the Lord sends Thee!

—"Jesuit Missions."

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



"An earthquake a day for those far away", might well be adopted as a motto for the interest—or lack of interest—of home folk in the affairs of China. We are so accustomed to think and speak of China in terms of millions and to hear of her appalling disasters almost as a matter of course, that it is hard to expect people even to read about "small time" stuff in our small city in Chekiang.

* * *

That, of course, is the trouble with this "column". It is concerned for the most part with the story of very ordinary events. It is humdrum. Obliging as the Chinese people are, we find it difficult to persuade them to stage an earthquake every time we are short of copy. And yet "the play must go on", so here's trusting to your kindliness and tolerance, dear readers.

* * *

And so this month's instalment starts late in February on its way down the Wenchow River, five days from here to Shanghai, sixteen days across the Pacific, a week, roughly, from Vancouver to Toronto. Then Smitty, our trusty mailman, will one day bring home a long envelope with a Chinese stamp (25 cents postage now), and in due course a little Chev. car will take this and other copy down to the Garden City Press to my good friend, Mr. Bell. Then the editor works on his galley sheets and page proofs, etc., followed by phone calls to Adelaide 2112. "Give me Mr. Smith, please". Finally thirty thousand copies of CHINA will emerge from the bindery, with or without this biography of the monthly sheet from Chekiang. In China we shall know, about three months from to-day, if it has found its way into the pages of the greatest of mission journals.

* * *

Rumors are flying thick and fast these days. Bandit attacks on the city, attack by the Japanese on Wenchow—all such things are being noised abroad. But somebody is always crying "wolf, wolf", over here about something or other. Only a few days ago we received a message that paper money of the Bank of China would be worthless next day, but that there was still time to change it to silver. A store in the city was said to have received $40,000 for this purpose. A regular stampede ensued. The news spread like a prairie fire. From country and city people poured to that store, fought each other and struggled till it looked like a riot. It looked bad for a while. But the Mayor has just issued an edict that paper money is as good as ever, and all is quiet once more.

* * *

Father Boudreau has just arrived from Pi Wu Ka for a brief visit. He was appointed to that parish about two months ago, and has already worked wonders in transforming the old dilapidated house into a half respectable residence. As yet he has no furniture and takes meals on his makeshift desk. He has to fill up a huge water hole near the house and repair the crumbling wall around the property, and hopes in due time to be able to provide a church and school for the Christians. He is most enthusiastic over his prospects. The amount of work to be done there is simply tremendous. Apart from the necessary buildings his task is literally to hew a clearing place in that forest of paganism and establish firmly his little Christian community.

* * *

Father Stringer has been partly marooned in Shanghai, where he went to have some dental work done. The boats have been besieged by crowds of refugees trying to get away from the fighting zone. But he telegraphed that he was able to return by Ningpo. (Father Stringer tells you about it on page 74.—Ed.)

* * *

Under Father Gignac's capable guidance the new missionaries are making satisfactory progress in Chinese. We now know what this means: "Want day day up half day speak Middle Kingdom Woe, write Middle Kingdom character", in other words, "You must speak and write Chinese every forenoon". A few days ago class was interrupted for a few moments by the arrival of a gentleman with a live rooster under his arm. We did our best to look impressed as he extolled the merits of the bird, and then we went on with our lesson.

* * *

Everything we do here is a matter of great curiosity for the Chinese. There are times when one feels that a little less publicity would be desirable. At least that was the way one of our priests felt a few days ago when he went down town to buy a soutane. The scare about paper money was still in the air, and he entered a cloth store armed with 32 silver dollars, 16 in each pocket. The amount of material required for the soutane was 18 feet, according to the tailor. We should say six yards, but they don't use yards here. The usual crowd began to congregate. The foreigner was buying cloth. As the silver dollars were

unloaded one by one the racket could be heard half way up the street, because the shop has an open front. Clinkety clank — clinkety clank—thirty—thirty-one —thirty-two. The clerk tested each one as he received it by striking it on another as one would strike a tuning fork. Yes, they were all good. The thirty-two represent about eight dollars Canadian money at present rate of exchange.

* * *

Such publicity is unavoidable but undesirable, because the Chinese believe that the average missionary is a millionaire. They wouldn't think so if they knew of his worries to make ends meet and pay the cook and catechist and teacher and find the money to build the chapels and support the schools in the various missions where pupils pay nothing, or perhaps only a few Chinese dollars a year. But it is easy to understand their attitude.

* * *

To many of them that sum of eight Canadian dollars paid for a soutane is a very veritable fortune. And they think that those who can spend so much must be very rich. There are some people in this city who would have to work for 2,000 days—over five years—at the wages they receive to earn that much money. That is possibly the most extreme of all the cases of poverty and toil ever brought to our attention. But it is true. Here is the story.

* * *

There are two old ladies who are unable to do much active work, and to support themselves they make matchboxes for the local match factory. The rate paid by the factory for boxes is $1.20 Chinese, or 30 cents Canadian, for ten thousand boxes, which works out to be at the rate of one Canadian cent for 333 boxes. The factory supplies the wood cut to size and the thin blue paper. The workers must supply the paste.

* * *

The wife of one of our teachers who does some of this work herself in her spare time tells me that the fastest matchbox maker in the city has been known to turn out 800 boxes a day, and thus earn about ten cents Chinese, or 2½ cents Canadian, per day. I am putting the Canadian at 4 to 1, as it was last quoted. But the two old ladies in question, being slow to work, could only make about 130 boxes per day, and received for their work four "Dong Pah" each. A dong pah is about one-tenth of a Canadian cent, so they received two-fifths cent Canadian per day. At this rate it would take them 2,000 days, or nearly six years, to earn the $8.00 paid for that soutane.



A funeral procession in China where white is the color of mourning. Notice some of the women with hair loosed down their back. The umbrellas are used to conceal their weeping and sorrow.

* * *

This, we say is the most extreme case we have ever known. "Paste, paste, paste, in poverty, hunger and dirt". Add "cold" to the parody on the "Song of the the Shirt", and you have the Song of the Matchbox-maker. For even in mid-winter the sides of their houses are only bamboo lattice work, through which the damp, penetrating wind sings a chilling and dismal dirge.

* * *

The average wage at the match box factory for those old ladies and children who do other kinds of work is about twenty "dong pah" a day, 2 cents Canadian. Yesterday, when visiting the Christians, we met one of them. She entered the house while we were talking to her son. She was just back after her day's work. The first thing she did was to "put the kettle on." "Seng Fu Chih Tso"—the priests will take tea. I noticed that the stove was made from a five-gallon oil tin. The chickens roamed about the place at will. She told us that she had made twenty dong pah that day and seemed very happy about it. Her sons, she said, supported her, and this extra money enabled her to buy some clothes and a few little "luxuries". Luxuries! You don't know what poverty is at home.

* * *

It was about six o'clock as we left the house and the match factory was just closing. Workers were coming toward us, among them one little girl who looked about seven years of age, but she told us she was eleven. She was a perfect little picture, neatly and more colorfully dressed than the average Chinese child, who presents a very drab appearance. In one hand she carried her little lunch pail, and in the other the "hoo lu" or portable charcoal stove. A long braid of black hair hung down her back. Although Chinese she reminded me of one of the "Three Little Maids from School". She answered our questions cheerfuly and intelligently, told us that her work was to put the matches in the box, and that she had made 24 dong pah that day, but was paid only every ten days.

* * *

Some time I shall send you a detailed account of this match factory. The matches are sixteen times as cheap as in Canada. For five Canadian cents, the price of two boxes at home, you receive 32 boxes here, if you buy wholesale. And they are just as good.

News comes from Father Venini that he has completed a beautiful altar in his church at Lungchuan, gift also of the generous Toronto benefactor who supplied the funds to build the church several years ago. Soon after writing, Father Venini intended to go farther into the interior to oversee the building of a little chapel in one of his numerous villages.

IN TROUBLED *SHANGHAI*

Rev. D. Stringer

"If there is a Goddess of Excitement in China," writes Father Desmond Stringer, "It is she who has been dogging my footsteps every time I take a trip. I had occasion to go down to Shanghai in January to have some dental work done; when I set out, all was peaceful and quiet, but in Shanghai I found things were in a turmoil, and I was forced to stay there longer than I intended, owing to the difficulty of getting away.

"You have heard long ago, no doubt, about this new "thingimabob" over here. Most men at one time called it war—most do yet for that matter, but since no war was "declared," we'll have to find another name. On January 28th, the civic rulers of Shanghai declared a "state of emergency." Late that night the "war" was started. It might have ended quickly were it not that the defenders were on the job. Since the scrap was between the Chinese and Japanese, the authorities of the International and French Concessions went about their business in an efficient manner to protect the lives and property under their care. And how they did it! I wish you could have seen it for yourself. Barbed wire entanglements, sandbags, etc., on all sides and betwixt and between. As the trouble grew more serious, the implements of war increased. Bayonets, tanks, and armored cars; pill-boxes, machine guns, and what-nots; soldiers, marines, volunteers—and flags galore!

"And refugees! Thousands of them began to pour in from the "war zones." As in every war, the innocent are generally the greatest sufferers, so, too, here. Most of those people were poor before, but what they lost in the pell-mell rush from shrapnel and bullets left them poorer still. Downtown, especially, the streets, were swarming with refugees. Nearly everything on wheels was pressed into service. Rickshaws sped to and fro, loaded down with household utensils, bedding, and bits of furniture. Motor cars honked and rehonked their noisy way through the traffic. Wheelbarrows, slowest of all, were slower than ever, owing to the heavy burdens they balanced. I saw one luckless fellow tip his, and he had an awful time trying to recover his possessions amid the shouting and gesticulating of the others temporarily halted. On the sidewalks was the same confusion as old men and old women, boys and girls, jostled each other, carrying something hastily snatched up in the moment of danger. Mothers ran along with babies fastened to their backs, and fathers led their tots by the hand. The noises are better imagined than described.

"To me the strangest sight of all was that of a Chinese monk. He had several josh sticks (incense) implanted in his skull, and two or three little streams of blood were trickling down his face. On his back he carried some sort of shield with more josh sticks fastened to it. In his hands he carried a small round piece of wood, which he struck in rhythmic fashion. Altogether, he was a weird spectacle.

"Along the wharves of the Bund and the Quai de France the crowds were densest. Everybody seemed to be trying to leave the city at once. The congestion on the Chinese steamers was such as to be really dangerous. The crushing, pushing, elbowing, and squeezing was enough to provoke some new theory on space. When I finally managed to leave Shanghai the crowds were thinning out somewhat, but in going aboard my steamer someone managed to rip a few stitches out of my coat, knock the heel off one of my shoes, and ride into the boat on my feet; the last I would not have minded so much if they had not kept jumping on and off them. I was glad I was not wearing a tie, or I might have been strangled.

"One distressing incident I know of was that of a young foreign couple who had their home in the affected area. They, too, had to get out in a hurry. Their child—an only one—was sick with measles. In the disorder the child died, and it was a very distracted young wife who saw the newly-blessed grave filled up."



Bishop Defebvre, of Ningpo, loves the children and always finds time to speak a cheerful word to them. He is seen here (hands behind his back) watching some of the youngsters playing marbles in the school yard. Father King was on the job with the camera.

A DAUGHTER OF CATHAY

Woo Maria was a pretty girl. The moment you saw Maria you were struck by the sweet harmony of her features, her carriage in walking, and the peculiar, lovely, bronze-like bloom of her complexion, unsullied by art.

She was just a simple country girl, an only child of pagan parents. When a priest went to her district she was one of the first to enter the Church. She was then just fourteen, though she looked much older. If you only knew her before her Baptism, and then met her again, say a week after it, you could scarce believe it was the same girl. Great indeed is the transformation that the Sacrament of Baptism makes. For the body—in the case of adults—as well as for the soul, it is a re-birth.

Maria was but a year a Christian when Paulo came her way. As I said, she was a pretty girl, and she was a good girl, too. No wonder then that young Paulo was bewitched by the sweet enchantment of her smile—that the bark of his peace was wrecked on Beauty's shore. I should mention, of course, that while both were still babies-in-arms the thoughful parents had prearranged the future wedding. And well for both that it was so. Had it been otherwise—well you never could tell, for those great dark eyes of Maria set hearts a throbbing wherever they gazed.

Poor Maria! Well I remember the time I first saw her. It was April—a lovely day, just two years ago. In the country here everyone was busy with the silkworms. Everywhere you went you saw the gathering-in of the mulberry leaves. Already the trees were stripped almost bare of their first crop. As I neared the church on my way back from a sick-call, a glimmer of red in a wayside tree caught my eye. A closer glance revealed a little lady with checkered bodice and red trousers. She was gathering the mulberry leaves to feed the silk worms at home. I soon learned her name was Woo, and six months later, on the day we baptized her, we called her Maria.

I think I see her now, just as I saw her last. It was on her wedding day. The ceremonies were over, and the red trappings were carefully laid aside, and she was "at home" to her friends. And a goodly crowd she had that day. She was neatly dressed a la mode Chinoise. The upper portion of her dress was of a purple shade with high neck and long sleeves. Her Chinese trousers were also of a purple colour trimmed with green and silver, while her fairy slippers were red and trimmed with gold embroidery. For crown she wore her own black hair, bound up woman-wise and tied with a fillet of red ribbon. In every way she looked a queen—and a queen she was that day.

* * *

And now her reign is over. We buried her today at noon. God rest her gentle soul and comfort poor Paulo—left behind with an infant son, a living memento of her who lived and reigned with him, queen of his heart and home for one short year.—Rev. H. Sands, in the Irish "Far East."

WHEN sending money to the Seminary for any purpose, please make cheques and money orders payable to ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

In making or remaking your WILL kindly remember the Chinese Missions.



Don't put off till tomorrow what you should have done the day before yesterday. Send your renewal to "China" TODAY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from March 19th to April 15th:

Over $10.00

St. Michael's College students, $12.89; Crusaders, St. Thomas' School, Sudbury, $16.00; Pupils, Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, $15.00; Pupils, Separate School, Arnprior, Ont., $12.00; Miss Maude Nelson, $25.00; Pupils, St. John's Separate School, Kingston Rd., Toronto, $27.00.

Over $5.00

Teresa Gorman, $10.00; Dr. H. D. McManus, $10.00; His Excellency, Archbishop Forbes, Ottawa, $10.00; Pupils, St. Vincent de Paul School, Toronto, $6.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Timmins, $10.00; Angela Gibbons, $10.00; Pupils, Sisters of Notre Dame, Galt, Ont., $5.70; Pupils, Holy Angels' School, St. Thomas, Ont., $9.79; Mrs. J. Foley, $10.00; Pupils, St. Anne's School, Walkerville, Ont., $6.75.

$5.00 and Under

Mrs. Catherine Maddigan, $5.00; Mary O'Connor, $1.00; Rev. E. F. Gaetz, $5.00; Irene Robson, $1.00; Rev. G. A. Thibault, $4.00; Well-wisher, St. George's, Nfld., $1.00; P. W., Toronto, $5.00; Mrs. Dan. MacDonald, $2.00; Pupils, St. Ann's School, Brantford, Ont., $5.00; Patrick V. Power, $1.00; Pupils, St. Bridgid's School, Hamilton, $5.00; Mrs. W. M. Vale, $5.00; Anna McBane, $1.40; Mary Bonness, $1.00; Winifred Higgins, $2.50; Mrs. F. Fleck, $5.24; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hogan, $5.00; A. G., Toronto, $5.00; Grade One Pupils, Holy Angels' Convent, Sydney, $1.00; Sisters of St. Joseph, Sudbury, $1.00; Johnson Children, Paris, Ont., $1.25; Mrs. J. Fry, $1.00; Pupils, St. Mary's School, Kitchener, Ont., $3.50; Pupils, Convent of Mercy, Petries, Nfld., $1.25; Rev. D. D. McMillan, $5.00; Pupils, St. Francis' School, Smith's Falls, Ont., $5.00; Veronica Schenck, $5.00; Pupils, Separate School, Formosa, Ont., $3.25; Joseph Cruise, $1.00; Pupils, Sisters of Notre Dame, Owen Sound, Ont., $3.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Second Class, St. Lawrence School, Hamilton, $3.00; Sr. M. St. Agatha, Renfrew, $2.00; Mrs. Mary Sweeney, $5.00; Hugh McGreevy, $2.00; Harry Joanette, $5.00; St. Theresa's Convent, Margaree Forks, N.S., $1.50; Room One, St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, 75c; Margaret Donahue, $1.00; Alberta Cruickshank, $2.00; Mary C. McPhail, $5.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; St. Andrew's Convent, St. Andrew's West, $5.00; Mrs. M. E. Tuthill, $2.00; St. Joseph's Unit, C. C. S. M. C., St. Thomas, Ont., $2.88; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Pupils, R.C. School, Red Head Cove, Nfld., $1.50; Miss J. Sullivan, $1.00; Mrs. John Trainor, $1.00; Pupils, St. Brigid's School, Toronto, $2.08; Sadie MacDonald, $1.00; Lucy MacNeil, $1.00; Pupils, St. Ann's School, Eel Brook, N.S., $1.35; Donelda M. Crawford, $1.50; Miss M. J. MacGillivray, $1.00; Friend, St. Thomas, Ont., $1.00; Pupils, Junior Third "A", St. Basil's School, Brantford, $1.00.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Hello, Buds!

It surely is nice to see the fine summer weather coming along again, and I do hope you are all ready to enjoy the sunshine and the happiness it is meant to bring. How fast the time slips by—here we are in the month of May, the beautiful Month of our Mother, Mary.

To the members of the Rose Garden this month should be a very profitable one, spiritually, for I feel sure you have a very tender devotion to Our Lady, Queen of May. How much we should love the Blessed Virgin! She it was who gave us our dear Saviour, and she cared for him as an Infant and on through the years until the time came for Him to begin His Public Life, and then she, more than anybody else, shared all his joys and sorrows. In Heaven now she is pleased with us, her children, when we show an interest in the work which her Divine Son began on earth, the work of saving souls. If we would please our dear Mother, Mary, we have only to be good and be faithful to our prayers. Whenever you want God to give you something, it is well to ask the favour through God's mother; she can get favours from her Divine Son much easier than we might get them ourselves, and if you try during May to do something every day as a tribute to Mary, you can be sure that she will obtain many blessings for you. Ask her especially to bless the priests and nuns who are working in the Home and Foreign Missions, for one of Mary's sweetest titles is "Queen of the Missions".

On the 23rd of this month it will be seven years since the "Little Flower" was canonized. During the Holy Year of 1925, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, solemnly declared that Teresa Martin, the holy Carmelite Nun of Lisieux, France, was worthy of the honors given to Saints. In her short lifetime Teresa Martin worked no miracles or wrought no wonders; she was a "little" saint all unknown to the world, but she has been made known by God and given to the world to teach us all the "little way" of her life. She did ordinary things, but she always did them extraordinarily well, and that is the secret of her holy life. She wants all of us to be like her in her love of God and to save our souls by paying attention to small things in our lives in order to please Him. If we ask her, she will obtain many favours—"roses" she called them—for us, and on the anniversary of her canonization it would be nice if all the Buds of her "Rose Garden" would go to Holy Communion and offer It for the intention of obtaining a "rose" for the Missions. She delights in her title of "Patroness of the Missions." On May 27th I shall give all the members of our Club a very special remembrance at Holy Mass.

Yours for a very pleasant and holy Month of Mary,

FATHER JIM.

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91 New Gower St., St. John's, is the address of a new Nfld. bud, Patrick Hogan, who sent us nearly 3,000 stamps. Thanks for all the trouble you must have gone to in preparing those stamps, Patrick.

Mollie Kierans, 3979 St. Antoine, Montreal, would like very much to hear from Eileen Parker. Both Mollie and Eileen write nice letters to me.

"I am living at an Orphanage called after the Little Flower. I wish some of the buds would write to me. My address is Bertha Bonnar, Little Flower Institute, Little Bras d'Or, N.S."

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET FOR THE MISSIONS.

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	40
Way of the Cross	25
Holy Communions	35
Aspirations	1,300
Rosaries	95
Masses Attended	35

From the pupils of Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S.

HEARD THESE?

Q. What is the best thing to make in a hurry?

A. Haste.

Q. Define a sure-footed animal.

A. When it kicks it does not miss.

Q. Why did the rose-bowl?

A. Because it saw the cricket-bat.

Q. Can a man steal his own property?

A. Yes, he can steel his heart.

Q. Which has more legs, a cow or no cow.

A. No cow has five legs.

Sherlock Holmes!

That's the name I've given a correspondent from St. Lawrence, Nfld., who has tried so very hard to find out who Father Jim is. Best of luck, and I hope you can follow up the "clues" I've given you. But you must submit all "discoveries" to me first.

* * *

From Ottawa.

"I am writing this for a little girl, Laurie Latimer, 12 years old, who is sick just now and cannot write herself. In closing, I might say that I myself very much enjoy reading the letters, etc., in the Little Flower's Rose Garden, though rather past the age to qualify as a bud." Sometimes I get so many letters from "grown-ups" that I begin to think they are more interested in our Club than the boys and girls themselves. I rather like the compliments they hand out, too. You see, I'm a vain old fellow!

* * *

From Ireland.

A dozen new members have come to us from Loretto Convent, Coleraine, Co. Derry, Ireland. They would all like to hear from some Canadian pals. Maureen Bogues, Irene Bogues, Shelia McCann, Irene McCann, Melba McLaughlin, Irene McCann, Melba McKenna, Sarah McAlister, Nancy McAlister, Dodo Collins, Mary Wadden, and Bridget Wadden. It goes without saying that we are happy to welcome those young friends into our Garden.

* * *

Still Waiting!

The pupils from Greenfield must have given up hope of ever getting their certificates. Sorry to have kept you waiting—but accidents will happen. I've heard a lot about your interest in the missions, and I knew you would have lots of patience. I'm not forgetting you.

* * *

Write Again!

"I hope you are not going to be cross with me for not writing to you since I joined your Club," writes Mary Molloy, 11 Water St., Glace Bay. I will get cross, Mary, if you don't write me soon again.

SAY A PRAYER EVERY DAY FOR THE MISSIONS

"We receive the 'China' every month, and as soon as it comes I turn to the 'Rose Garden' page. Every day I am going to say a special prayer for the Chinese Missions. I am thirteen years old." This from Colleen LaFontaine, Tweed, Ont.



THEY'RE ALL PALS.
Left to Right: Jennie Rite, 226 Hatt St., Dundas, Ont.; Angela Haley, 587—15th Street East, Owen Sound, Ont.; Peggy and Agnes Kennedy and Marie O'Keefe, Water Street, Hr. Grace, Nfld.

"Sunset Rose" is the nice pen-name chosen by Margaret Rinneard, 26 Brock St. W., Oshawa, Ont. Margaret goes to St. Gregory's School, where there are very many buds. I see a lot of Oshawa mail before me now, and in a few days I hope to have certificates sent to those new members.

"We are ten little girls in our club and we would like to join your 'Rose Garden.' There are more among our 'minims' and they will join when they make their First Holy Communion. We are sending one dollar for 'China,' and would like you to send us some mite-boxes, too." Quite a while ago those little missionaries wrote me from St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, and only now am I able to print their letter as I promised them I would when I wrote them.

Louise Norman, Long Hr., Nfld., certainly knows how to get a letter from Father Jim. She writes such beautiful long letters that I haven't the heart not to answer her. She has interested many of her school-companions in the Rose Garden, and they are very proud of their certificates and pins. On the way home from the post-office, Louise lost one of the badges, and nothing would do but organize the other buds in a search



party till the missing badge was found. I have sent your letter to Father McGrath in China, Louise, and I am sure he will be happy to get it.

I have often been cheered by the letters from adult readers of "China" who commend the work of our Rose Garden. A lady in East Windsor wrote the letter from which I quote the following: "I want to thank you, Father Jim, for having given us the little sketch of the life of that saintly 'bud,' Ruth Graves. I have read it many times, and I think it is an inspiration for both young and old readers of your column. To my mind she is a real answer to the beautiful prayer with which the 'Little Flower' closes her autobiography: 'I would entreat Thee to choose in this world a legion of little victims of Thy love.' Generous little St. Therese, she would have legions enjoy the same Divine favour she received, and as God gives her her way I think we can well suppose this prayer is not unanswered."

Is Your Name Here?

Marguerite Walsh, 118 Bay Street, Sydney, N.S.; Margaret Jewell, Louisburg, C.B.; Marie Ann Murray, Sarcee Reserve, Calgary; Gertrude McCormack, 152 Main St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Margaret Campbell, 25 Union St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Helen Ouellette, 339 King Street, Dundas, Ont.; Margaret Merkley, Westport, Ont.; Beatrice MacDonald, 82 King Edward St., Glace Bay; Marie Maloney, Bay Bulls, Nfld.; Helen Malone, 47 Alberta Ave., Toronto; Mary Power, 255 Water St. W., St. John's, Nfld.; Clara and Irene Hollohan, Black Head, Nfld.; Muriel B. MacDonald, Pomquet, N.S. All of the above, and very many more—new and old members—are anxious to hear from other buds.

Sometimes I am asked whether boys are as acceptable as girls in our Club. Sure they are! Hundreds of boys are enrolled. Well, then, why doesn't Father Jim mention them more than he does? Here's one reason, and I hope it doesn't make the girls mad at me. I do my best to write personally to the boys (you see, I understand them better), and hence I feel they are satisfied if I do not mention their names in the Column. Now, with the girls I think it is different; they want me to publish their names since I do not write them personally as a rule. Here are a few of the many boys who have received their certificates lately: Billy Summers, 41 Pennywell Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Robert Watson, 614 Curry Avenue, Windsor, Ont.; John Page, 998 Jessie Avenue, Winnipeg; Douglas St. Denis, 100 Wellington, Windsor, Ont.; Ronald Chabot, Coniston, Ont.; Charles McDonald, 40 Baillie St., Hamilton, Ont.; Richard O'Brien 26 MacKay St., St. John's, Nfld.; George and Fred White, Little Flower Institute, Bras D'or, C.B.; Graham Chabot, Coniston, Ont.; John Nicholas, Box 395, Beiseker, Alta.; Samuel Murphy, 124 Bay St., Sydney, N.S.

From Fulford Hr., B.C., comes Caroline D. Gyves, who lives on a farm and is 13 years old—asking for pen-pals is Inez Linkletter, Box 492, Summerside, P.E.I.—from 173 Pleasant St., St. John's, Nfld., Patricia Rose writes and takes "Daisy" for a pen-name.

Marguerite Turano, 1272 Bloor W., Toronto, will have her two sisters join our Club when they are a little older.

Born in Saint John, N.B., Mary Tremlet would like to have some pen-pals from there write her at her new home, 380 Duckworth St., St. John's, Nfld. Thanks for those stamps, Mary!

Helen M. Dawson of Hr. Grace, Nfld., doesn't think her sister should have all the penpals, so she asks for Catherine McKee and other Ontario buds to write to her.

Mary A. MacIntyre comes to our Club with "Buttercup" as a pen-name, and wants to hear from some girls. Mary is 11, and lives in Georgeville, N.S.

"Dot" Grady, 255 Lake Street, Peterboro, should soon get a chance to have her baseball team in action; thanks for that nice letter, Dorothy!



A namesake of yours has also become a bud recently: Helen Grady, 86 London St., Toronto.

Mary C. Boudreau would like to hear again from Jean Taylor.

A bud in Corner Brook and another in Bridgeport, C.B., wrote to say that they got "caught" in school reading letters I had sent them, but when the teacher found Father Jim had a hand in it no further trouble developed. 'Tis best to be careful though, buds.

Monica M. Jackson, Box 8, St. Peter's, N.S., is delighted with all her pen pals; she has quite a number.

Jack Richards would like Vincent Bassi, of Toronto, to give him his new address.

Loretta Walsh, St. Lawrence, Nfld., would like to hear from Grace Podger, Francis Walsh and Gertrude Noonan.





Beauty Specialist: "Yes, madam, I remember lifting your face."

Client: "That's right. And now I wish you could lift my husband's. As soon as you sent your bill, it dropped badly."

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

"Do you want the shoulders padded, my little man?" inquired the tailor.

"Naw," said Willie, "pad the pants."

Patient—"What does it cost to have a tooth extracted?"

Dentist—"One dollar."

Patient (searching all his pockets) —"Would you mind pulling it half way for fifty cents, and I'll see if I can't finish the job myself."

Beggar—"Can you help a poor gent, mister?"

Passerby—"H'm—what kind of a gent are you?"

Beggar—"A indigent, sir."

Teacher—"Johnny, use the word 'miniature' in a sentence."

Johnny—"Is Minnie a chewer of gum?"—Boston Transcript.

He—"I dreamed last that—er—I proposed to you. What's that the sign of?"

She—"It's a sign that you have more sense when you are asleep than when you are awake."

Doctor's Wife—"You are always talking about women having no ability to manage things. Do you happen to remember that I started the first cooking school in the town?"

The Doctor—"I do, distinctly. It was just after that happened that I began to have good practice."

"Rufus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night."

"Nah, suh. We dun have to pos'pone it."

"How is that?"

"De Grand All-Powerful Invincible Most Supreme Unconquerable Potentate dun got beat up by his wife!"

"I'm very tired," said the lady at the head of the supper table, one Sunday evening.

"You should not be," said her minister, who had been asked to the evening meal, "you haven't preached two sermons to-day."

"No," said the lady, absent-mindedly, "but I listened to them."—Toronto Globe.

Chinese Patient (on telephone)—"Doctor, what time you fixee teeth fo' me?"

Doc—"Two-thirty—all right?"

Chinese—"Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but wha' time you fixee?" —Pointer.

Beryl—"Somehow I can't get Jack to propose."

Ruth—"Can't you give him a hint in some way?"

Beryl—"I do. Every time he lights my cigaret I blow smoke-rings toward him."—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (to small boy): "Well, my boy, what is your name?"

Small Boy: "Bill, sir."

Clergyman: "And how did you get that name?"

Small Boy: "My father says I came on the first of the month with the rest of the Bills, sir."

HOW TO SPEAK

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency.

Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations.

Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidity.

Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, ambiguous or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs, say what you mean; mean what you say. **And don't use big words!**

St. Peter—"How did you get up here?"

Latest Arrival — "Flue."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

An Ohio man who can speak six languages recently married a woman who can speak three. That's darn good handicapping.—Judge.

A tender heart is what causes a man to burst out crying when he reads that a corporation president has cut his own pay to $54,000 a year.—San Diego Union.

A firm of shipowners wired one of their captains: "Move heaven and earth; get here on Friday."

Just as they were becoming very anxious, they got the reply: "Raised hell and arriving Thursday."—Answers (England).

Book Agent (to farmer): "You ought to buy an encyclopedia, now that your boy is going to school."

Farmer: "Not on your life: Let him walk, the same as I did."

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."—Stray Stories.

"It is eminently essential," shouted the political speaker, "that our party should hang together."

"Hang together is right," yelled a harassed taxpayer.

"I mean," spluttered the speaker, "that we should hang together in accord."

"That's what I mean," replied the heckler, "and in a mighty strong one, too."

A new flower, discovered in Central Africa, is to be called Nifflidolliphantissianthemum. We hope not to have to refer to this again.—Detroit News.

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there's a hell."

"Marry him, dear, and between us we'll convice him that he's wrong."

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall, "the shorthand reporters are doing that."—Christian Evangelist.

CHINA

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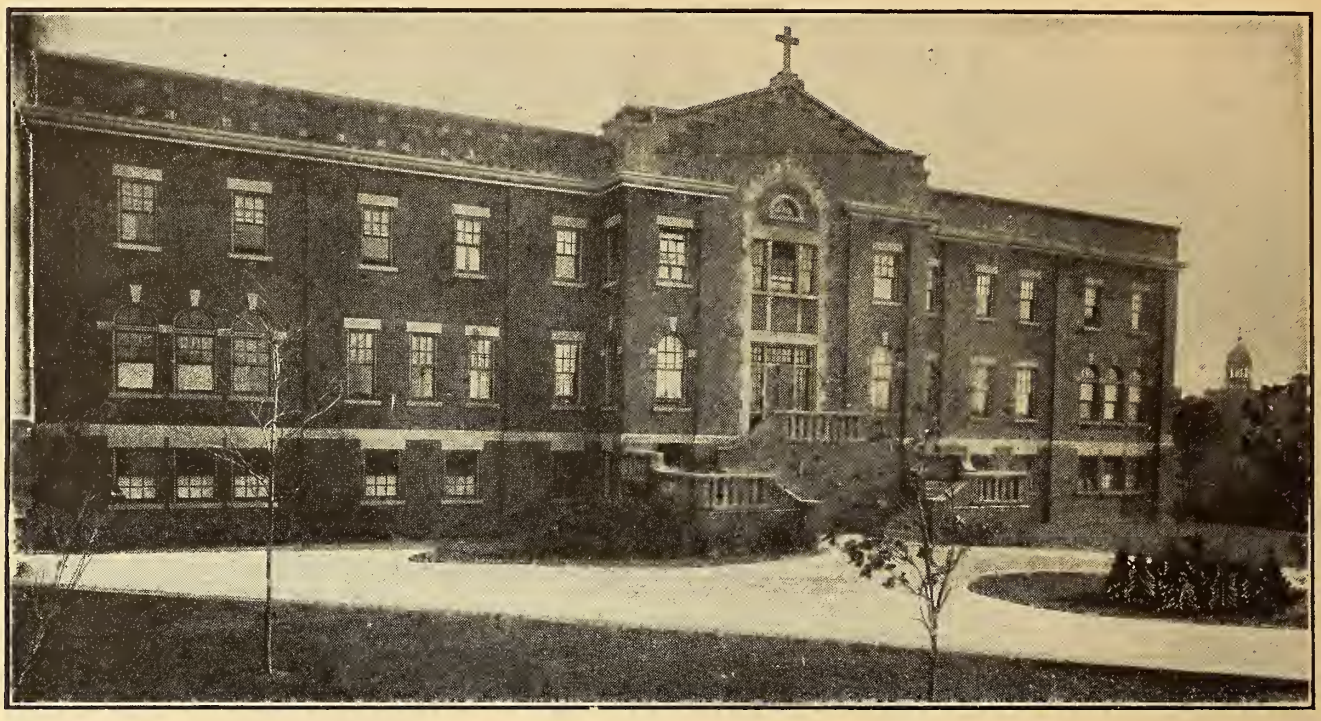
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CHINA

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JUNE, 1932



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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THE COST OF CONQUEST

Last month we gave some idea of the progress of the missions in China, noting with satisfaction that the spiritual returns from the labours of the missionary army were decidedly worth while. We did not then speak of the inevitable sacrifices and hardships which produced such splendid results. Anyone at all conversant with conditions on the missions must realize that the labour is prodigious and that the life of a missionary is one of continual striving against odds. This is the glory of the missionary, and the Divine Redeemer would not have it otherwise; for where there is generous self-sacrifice there God's blessings most abound.

The past decade of years has seen much disturbance in China—civil wars without end, famine, plague, and great floods. It has been a time of trial for the messengers of the Gospel, and they have paid their tribute even unto blood. It may come as a shock to many of our readers to learn that the number of priestly lives sacrificed for the conversion of China within the past ten years is more than forty. Half that number have met death within the past three years. Missionary annals sadly record them as having been "killed by bandits", "killed by Communists", or "died in captivity". What a tremendous offering for the missions of China!

Is it worth the cost? Many there are who will substitute the word "wasted" where we have written "sacrificed". Christ Himself and those Modern Martyrs for the great Cause would rebuke such persons, for in the Divine Economy "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians". From the very beginning the Church has honoured and glorified her martyrs, and she will never cease to do so. Far from considering the sacrifice of her missionaries as an appalling waste, she rejoices that there are found some worthy to follow in the footsteps of her Divine Founder Who "Himself gave His life a ransom for many". Even as the sacrifice of God's Son redeemed the world, and continues to effect the redemption of souls, so will the blood of China's modern martyrs continue till the end of time to be the means of saving countless souls in that vast land of paganism. During this month of the Sacred Heart pray earnestly for the missionaries of the Church that they may have the grace and strength to serve the cause of Christ zealously despite all opposition. Divine Providence has spared our district of Chuchow from any violence whatsoever, but our missionaries need your prayers that God may bless their efforts for the salvation of souls.

WILLS

It may be that the mission-education of adult Catholics has not yet reached a point where it can awaken the spirits of the wealthy members of our church, and make their enthusiasm such that they will realize there is no apostolate more beautiful or beneficient than that which is exercised in favor of missionary work.

A Toronto paper recently mentioned bequests by two Protestant gentlemen to the foreign mission activities of their churches. One left $8,000 and the other $25,000. Whilst there may not be many readers of "China" able to set aside such large sums to help Catholic foreign missions, yet we know there are some who will want to make the fullest use of the worldly goods they must leave behind. To such we recommend our mission work.

JUST TO REMIND YOU

From a financial viewpoint the publishing of a magazine is no sinecure. At the present time we know that even the very low subscription price of "CHINA" is not an insignificant item for many of our readers. Fifty cents is such a small amount that perhaps those who are in better circumstances may look upon it as too trifling to be of any importance to anybody. Half a dollar one way or another does not make a big lot of difference to the publishers. Granted. But what if that attitude were general among all our subscribers? Taken altogether our subscriptions make a substantial amount, but we need every cent of it, and more besides, to keep going. When your subscription is due, or already overdue, we would appreciate a renewal. "Our Patron" prints a little story which may bring home the point.

"A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: 'Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up.'

"Presently every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet.

"The preacher seated them and said 'Now let every man not paying his debts stand up.'

"The exception, a careworn individual, clothed in last summer's suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position.

" 'How is it, my friend,' asked the minister, 'that you are the only one not able to meet his obligations?'

" 'I run a newspaper,' he answered meekly, 'and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers, and—'

" 'Let us pray,' exclaimed the minister."

The *Eleventh* Hour

By OBSERVER

The Story of a Soul and a Remarkable Answer to Prayer



AS we write these lines a terrific thunderstorm is raging, the first real one since this year's band reached China. We have often heard heavier thunder at home, but never did a house shake as this one is shaking now. Each successive thunderclap threatens to bring it tumbling down about our heads like a house of cards.

Rain, in driving sheets, is lashing furiously against the window pane. The elements seem suddenly to have discovered a hostile presence in our little house that is built of stones and mud. They are straining every nerve to encompass its downfall. This is an atmosphere I always loved, ever since childhood days, when just such storms served to accentuate the cosiness and safety of a certain little home twelve thousand miles away. But to-day there is an added fascination, for it does not require a great stretch of imagination to see the fury of the demons in the fury of the storm. We have rescued a soul from their clutches, snatched a victim from their cruel grasp on the very brink of eternal ruin. To-day, in our little city of Lishui, to-day while the thunder roars and the lightning stabs and the angry rain lashes on the window pane, a life is slowly ebbing away. A man is dying at peace with God after a lifetime of paganism; dying a Christian, his soul resplendent in its white baptismal robe, because the charity of the Grey Sisters won his heart and prepared his soul for God's saving grace; because God's angels of mercy came to him in his darkest hour. His conversion is one of the most consoling answers to prayer that God had vouchsafed to bestow upon us since we came to China.

The story really begins with the advent two years ago of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception to Lishui and the cure of a very sick girl three days after their arrival. Hardly were they settled down in their new home when news came to them that a girl was dying in a house not far away. Three Chinese doctors had pronounced her case hopeless; had left her to the mercy of the gods and the well nigh fatal devices of well-meaning relatives and friends. The sisters found her nearing the crisis of typhoid fever, with a temperature of 104. She was in mortal terror of them, and shrank away when they tried to place the thermometer under her tongue. When they arrived, well-meaning friends were forcing the poor girl to eat a meal of meat, sweet potatoes and rice—at the crisis of typhoid fever. For three days the sisters nursed her tenderly through the critical stage of the disease. As they left the house Saturday evening they told the mother to let her rest, and said they would return Monday morning. Next morning after Mass, as they were leaving the Church, they espied the girl before the door, seated in a rickshaw, almost delirious with fever and excitement and surrounded by a curious throng of people. The mother explained to them that they thought it better that the sisters should see her, so they brought her along. Just what the sisters feared came to pass. After her ride back home over the rough cobblestones she had a hemorrhage, and it seemed that all their efforts would be unavailing to save her now. But God was with them in their efforts on this first case of theirs in this pagan land. And the girl recovered. The news spread throughout the length and breadth of the district, and ever since that day people have been brought to the dispensary in sedan chairs from as far as 100 li away (about 35 miles).

After her recovery, the girl came to Mass nearly every Sunday. A few weeks ago she stopped coming, so Father Kam and I went down to see the family to find out, quietly, what had happened. Her father had insisted that she stay home oftener on Sundays to help him with his work, and the girl was very much disappointed. He received us very politely, served tea and cigarettes, and chatted with Fr. Kam even about religion. At the time we remarked that the man looked very delicate, tubercular. It is that same man, the girl's father, who is dying today.

Critical Condition.

A few days ago he was taken with several violent hemorrhages. In spite of the girl's insistence on calling the sisters, it was the Chinese doctors who were called. Only after three hemorrhages, which they had vainly tried to stop, did she prevail on him to have the sisters come to the house. They diagnosed the case as the last stage of tuberculosis, with hemorrhage from the lungs.



Rice and Flour Mill near Piwuka.

His condition was critical owing to the loss of so much blood. For several days they visited the house, each time checking the hemorrhage. They felt they could only prolong his life for a few more days, as he was beyond medical aid. As they left Friday evening they asked him to report first thing Saturday morning. They warned him that the Chinese remedies he had been taking could do him no possible good.

Chinese Doctors Intervene.

Saturday morning no word came. The Chinese doctors had returned to the scene, jealous of the success of the sisters, and had warned the poor man that their medicine was doing him harm. He had once been an opium smoker, but had overcome that dread habit, and now the doctors told him that the sisters were giving him injections of morphine, and that if he continued their treatment and recovered, he would only be a drug addict for the rest of his days. In vain did the wife and daughter insist that it was only the sisters who could do him any good. The man listened to the doctors' warning and allowed them to apply their remedies once more. This "saved their face" before the people. Late Saturday afternoon, however, there was another violent hemorrhage, which seemed to foretell the end. Once more they failed him, and once more the daughter wanted to get the sisters. The man was terrified. But he felt that it was too late to appeal to the sisters now. He had played them false, had ignored all their warnings and gone back to the native medicine.

Another Crisis.

"It's too late now," he said. "They won't come. Father Kam is angry, and the sisters are angry." The poor man did not know what charity meant, did not know that there was no such thing as human resentment on the part of those gentle followers of the Master he was so soon to know. Quietly word was sent from the house, and great was the surprise and joy of the sick man a short time later when the sisters entered the room. He had expected they would have acted like any pagan doctor under such circumstances. Instead, he found himself once more face to face with the most gentle and considerate kindness, and a strange something stirred in the very depths of that poor pagan soul. Who were those strange women from a far-off country, who did not believe in the power of the gods, who went about doing good everywhere, and who treated him as if he were one of their very own! He did not know it, but at that blessed moment a greater crisis was at hand. The evil spirits that clustered around that bed of death saw and were troubled.

A Wonderful Change.

When Father Kam visited the sick man he was amazed at the change that had come over him. He found him disposed as never before to listen to a quiet exposition of the love of God and the value of his immortal soul. He wondered at the eager intensity with which he asked for baptism. God's grace had only been awaiting a propitious moment, and as the saving waters were poured on the head of that dying man, from beneath the ugly palimpsest of paganism the image of God once more stood revealed. The man was trembling, but it was not the weakness of death. A new life was his, a life that was to endure throughout eternity. Another victory had been won for Christ, another soul reclaimed for Him who died for our salvation.

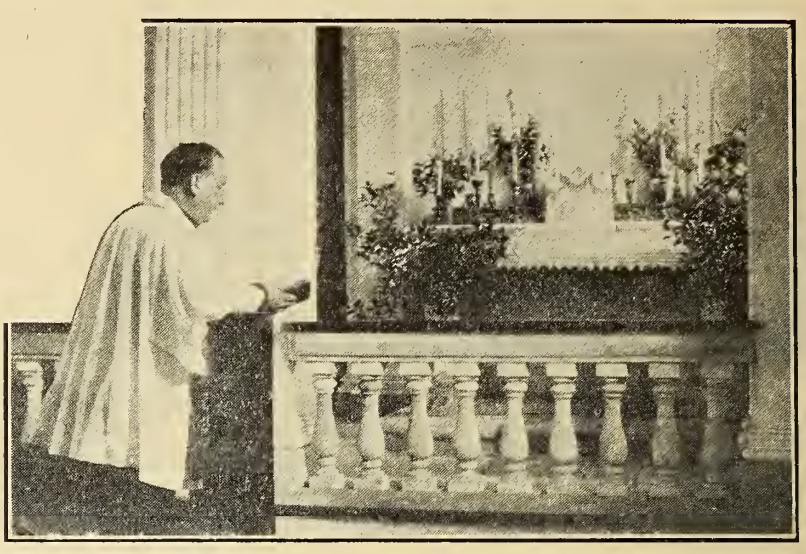
* * * *

Dear readers, it is at such moments that we thank God for China. If in the annals of eternity no deed should stand recorded but the eternal salvation of that immortal soul, then indeed could we feel that our work in China had not been in vain. From the first that case had been placed in God's hands. At Mass each morning, in the rosary each evening, we had asked God to grant that this sickness might not be unto the death of the soul. And God had heard our prayer. Compared with the miracle which took place in the darkness of that poor pagan home, how trifling and insignificant are the grandest works of man on earth! Compared with the sublime privilege of thus cooperating with Christ in the grandest work in life, how small are the sacrifices and privations of the missionary in foreign lands! Pray that there may be many such pagan souls led back to the loving Heart of our Divine Saviour. Pray for His missionaries, both priests and sisters, that He may sustain them in their efforts for the souls for whom He died.



"ALL SET" FOR YUNHWO
Father Serra with his carrier ready for a mission tour

In the VINEYARD *of* SUNGYANG



The repository in Sungyang Church on Holy Thursday.

Catholic Mission,
Sung Yang, Che.
April 6, 1932.

Our new school opened for its second term on February 27, and we now have 26 boys studying catechism and prayers. The schoolboys here were glad to see their picture in the March "China."

Today is **Ching Ming** Festival. The pupils have their Spring vacation, and those who live away from Sung Yang have returned home for the festival. On this occasion the Chinese visit the graves of their dead, place paper money and joss sticks upon the mounds, and afterwards have a big feast. It is Middle Spring now according to the Chinese calendar, but until recently the weather was anything but springlike. Yesterday the thermometer registered 70 outside the door, following an early morning rain and thunderstorm which lasted until nine o'clock.

I am alone just now, as Father Beal has left for the distant mission of **Yuo Shi Kan.** He will be absent about one month, visiting all the Christians in that remote part of the parish. I am kept pretty busy every day; I teach in the school every morning, and I take the youngsters for catechism classes in the afternoon. I enjoy that work, and not the least advantage of it is the opportunity it gives me to keep up my study of Chinese.

Visits Na Tang.

About the beginning of March I left on a mission trip to Na Tang, about 210 Chinese miles from here. I have been over roads and mountains in China, but these were the limit. When I reached my destination I was so tired and footsore that I could eat nothing, but I took some aspirin tablets and turned in for the night. For the five days I stayed in Na Tang I did all the preaching and teaching as there is no catechist in this place. The Christians and catechumens would gather together every evening, and around the table under the light of a smoky torch we would recite the catechism and the prayers. On Sunday afternoon I baptized two families, and gave them rosaries and medals and pictures to put in their parlours. After the baptismal ceremony all together knelt and recited the Chaplet of Our Lady. The following morning they all received Holy Communion and said many prayers in the customary Chinese chant-fashion. I knew they were very happy by their wonderful smiles and their hearty expressions of thanks to the priest. I had the consolation of reclaiming an old sinner who had been away from his duty for ten years, and he promised to walk the straight and narrow path for the future. The Christians asked me to get them a catechist who would come to them twice a month to help them along with their prayers and catechism, and I told them I would do my best for them. I hope to obtain a catechist for them during the summer. We have no chapel in this place but the services are held in the home of one of the Christians.

Holy Week in Sung Yang.

We had a wonderful Holy Week in Sung Yang, and a great crowd was present on Easter Sunday. Father Beal preached and I sang the high mass. We had to bring in benches from the school to accommodate the crowd. Sung Yang is coming along slowly, and it means untiring efforts and continual endeavours on the part of the priest to bring those people to a knowledge and realization of what the doctrines of the Catholic Church really mean. With the opening of the school in the old church building a great revival of interest in things religious was manifested. The school is a very effective method of propagating religion, and when well conducted and supervised the results are quickly evident. It costs us quite a bit extra to conduct this school but we know it is money well spent and we hope our friends at home will not forget us.

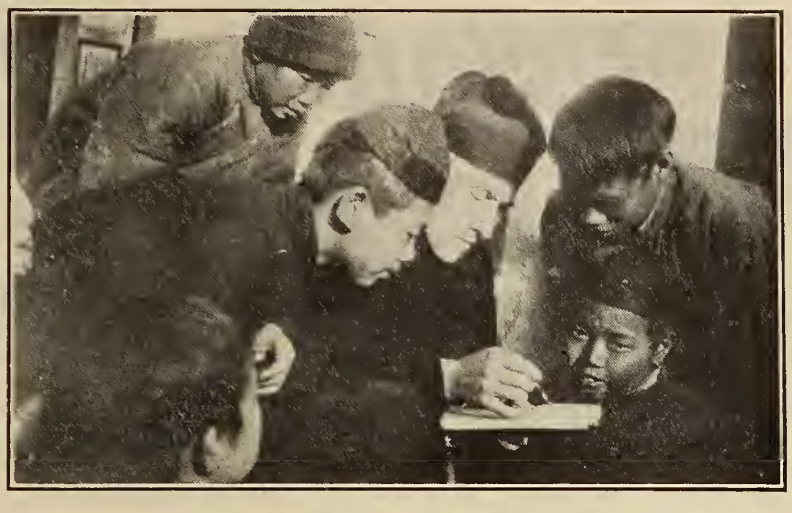
Sport Not Neglected.

The handball alley is well patronized every day and the boys are learning to play quite well under the supervision of Father Beal. I take a few swipes at the ball, but my arms get so tired I have to quit. Since I got the infection in my foot last summer my pedal extremities have not been very strong, and this, together with the results of a bump I gave my knee some time ago, makes handball as a sport out of the question for me. For the future I fear I will have to leave handball and the climbing of mountains to those who are younger and better able to stand it.

VINCENT MORRISON.

Up the WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAIN

By Rev. J. King



Father Joe gets some help with his Chinese lesson.

Although the sky was cloudy early Easter Monday morning, it did not deter Father Gignac, Father MacDonald and myself from going for a hike. Our objective was a visit to a Buddist temple on Ba Yuing San (White Cloud Mountain), about five miles from the mission compound. Three of our schoolboys were all excited over the prospect of accompanying us, and when we had prepared a little lunch, we set out through the north-western gate of Lishui. We took along our cameras and our umbrellas.

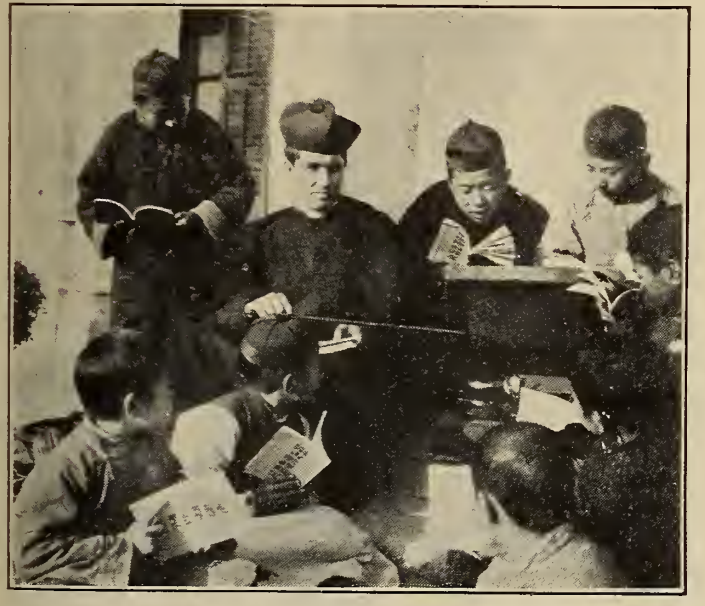
After passing through a little village, we had an excellent view of the fertile and well-watered valley. Fields of all sizes and shapes gave a crazy-quilt appearance to the scene. Most of them were flooded rice-fields. The sun had come out by this time, and from the fields came the croaking of many frogs.

One way to get up the Ba Yuing San Mountain is by a cobblestone path, and before beginning the climb we rested in the small open building which spanned this at the foot of the mountain. As we made our way slowly up the path we remarked on the wisdom of the Chinese monks in choosing such a quiet and cool spot to build their monastery, for, although the sun was risen high now, the air became cooler as we got further up. We marvelled at the centuries-old footpath which certainly must have cost its builders much sweat and hard labour. Tiny mountain streams trickled down the rocks to the valley below, and the sound of running water was as soothing music. I thought of Father Carroll's scripture classes when I saw places that reminded me of the Palestinian "wadis". We were glad when we reached another of the "resting places" along the mountain path. Not long afterwards we met a farmer driving an ox before him; apparently he had been working somewhere in the mountains, for many of those people till the land on the mountain sides and summits when they are unable to purchase or even rent a plot of ground in the valley.

Father "Chook" was the first to see the wall which surrounds the temple which we had set out to visit. What an ideal site for a community of Christian contemplatives! Here they could live in peace and contentment while labouring and praying for the conversion of this country's hundreds of millions of pagan souls.

The first temple gate we tried was locked, but entering through another, we came upon a monk and some caretakers, who per-

(Continued on page 91)

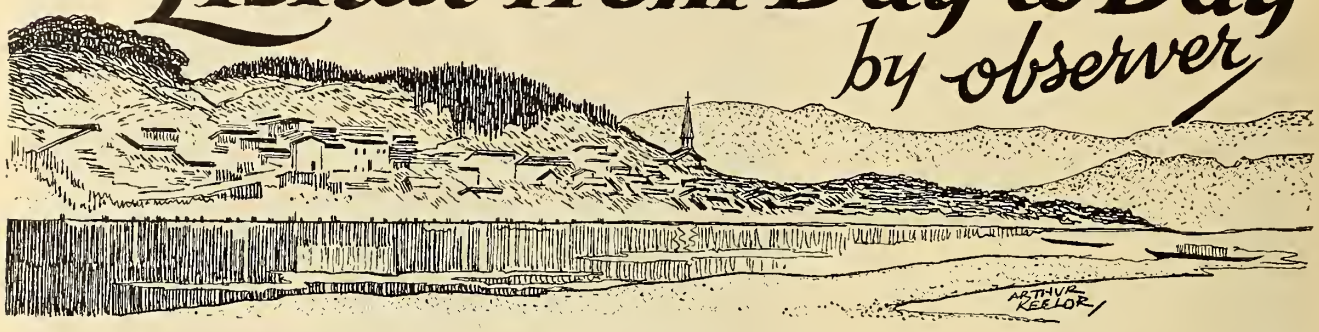


In China, Father Venadam finds use for his Victrola and his Gregorian music records. Here he is preparing his "Schola"—and they like it, too.

We were not surprised to hear that Father Venadam had been putting into practice in Lishui his knowledge and love of Gregorian Chant. A letter from Father Gignac tells praisefully of the efforts of the boys' choir during Easter. He writes: "The Easter musical programme was a revelation to us all, and to the Chinese as well. A choir of boys, ranging in age from 6 to 12 years, had studied diligently under Father Venadam's direction. When Benediction time came the boys marched out of their seats and arranged themselves about the organ. They were all nicely dressed in their Sunday best, with their hair combed and their shoes brushed—not shined—for they all wear cloth shoes here when the weather is fine. The singing would have delighted even the monks of Solemnes, the rendition of 'O Filii et Filiae' being especially well done in real Gregorian style. After the services the fathers and mothers of the ten choir boys were indeed proud of them, and lost no time in reminding their friends that they 'had a son in the choir'. The parents had 'big face' that day, and indeed the singing was the talk of the mission for days afterwards. Last year Father Stringer formed a good choir, and Father Venadam is continuing the work with his well-known enthusiasm for music."

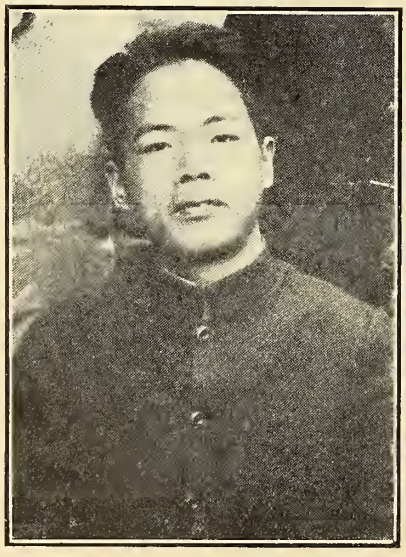
Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



At present (March 15) Fr. Boudreau of Piwuka, and Fr. Morrison of Sung Yang are making their missions. Fr. Serra leaves from here in a few days to visit the Yunhwo district. Fr. Stringer left yesterday on his way back to Lungchuan and upon his arrival Fr. Venini will leave to superintend the erection of a chapel at Kan Kou.

The "chapels" in most of our missions are just plain houses, some rented, some owned by the mission. And I do not mean houses such as even the poorest people might have at home. So far, thanks to the kindness of anonymous friends, two churches have been erected in the district and we hope soon to be able to start on another, made possible by a single donation from a friend down East who also wishes to remain unknown. But there are still many places where chapels are needed to replace the unsightly rooms where at present our priests say Mass during their mission tours.



THE MAYOR OF LISHUI
A graduate of Aurora University (Jesuits), Shanghai.

A serious epidemic of meningitis, which has long been reported from various outlying settlements, has at last reached Lishui. From what we hear it seems a very virulent type, many children succumbing within two hours after the first symptoms. The people are quite excited about it and we expect a big rush on the dispensary when the serum arrives from Wenchow.

* * *

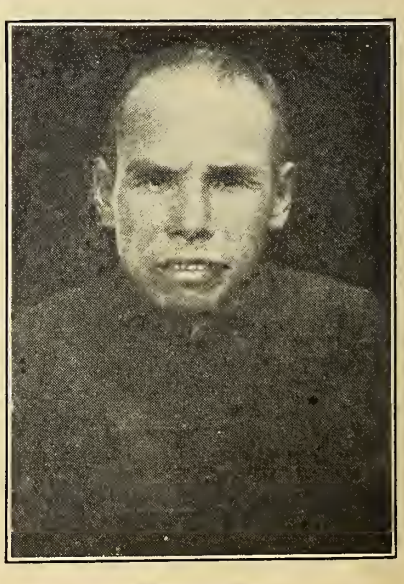
We are sorry now we did not get more particulars from Dr. McNevin in Toronto when visiting some of his cases with him a few years ago. At that time the epidemic was bad enough there. However, we are blessed in having two nurses in the Grey Sisters Community here and they will do their best to cope with the emergency. The Mayor just sent us a copy of his proclamation issued for the occasion and told us he had wired Nanking to send the necessary serum. We told him, in reply, that we were expecting a supply ourselves very shortly and should it arrive before his own to consider ourselves and our equipment in the dispensary at the service of the city. He has been very friendly with us at all times. Father Stringer brought him from Shanghai a battery for his radio which he had ordered some time previously, and we have a standing invitation to visit the Yamen and hear the news broadcast from Manila which comes in daily about 6.30 p.m.

* * *

Father Kam told me today that the people were boiling carrots and using the "carrot soup" to cure meningitis. So great is the demand for them that it is almost impossible to buy a carrot in the market place. God help the poor people! For the past year or more in various parts of the province that dread scourge has simply been mowing them down. Last year it was serious in Tsingtien district and Fr. Sharkey tells us that every one of the children he anointed recovered. That fact made a profound impression on the people. And it profoundly impresses us with the realization that on the mission field God's protecting arm is more powerful than serums or antitoxins when real danger has to be faced for the sake of His helpless little ones.

* * *

Just now I am reminded of a few remarks made by our good friend Dr. Kehoe, of St. Augustine's, on the occasion of a farewell dinner to our departing missionaries. In a most impressive discourse, which we shall long remember, he injected a vein of humor from time to time in order not to play unduly on already overwrought emotions. He reminded us that after some time in China we should begin to look like



MR. GHING
Manager of the Electric Light Plant and the Match Factory in Lishui.

the Chinese. And everybody laughed, of course.

* * *

But I should like to tell Dr. Kehoe that the beginning of that evolution is already upon us. Last night, in the reading room, four of the senior boys came to talk to us about the meningitis epidemic. Fr. MacDonald looked up from his Literary Digest (yes, we get it here) long enough to remark to me that those boys didn't look like Chinese at all. If those same four boys had been ushered into our Seminary some six months ago I feel safe in saying that not only would they have looked like Chinese to Father MacDonald, but that they would probably all have looked alike. Anyway, they certainly do look like Chinese, at least like the Chinese individuals they themselves happen to be, but last night I agreed with him because to me also they looked "different."

* * *

How explain it? Possibly at home the Chinese seem to incorporate into their facial expression some of the characteristics with which Western mentality and Western prejudice have seen fit to endow them. If we feel here that they do not look like Chinese, we mean the Chinese as we saw them then. We have come to know them as human beings like ourselves and have made the joyful discovery that they can mean as much to us as people in the homeland. It is only after you have spent some time in China that you fully realize the terrific and utterly unfounded prejudice against the Chinese people which exists at home.

A little experience of our own here will help illustrate what I mean. A few days ago Father Gignac, Father King, Father Wong and I went down to visit one of the pagan temples. Incidentally there is an old lady there who has spent over 60 years in the moss-grown, dilapidated old building. And a certain good mother who saw us from afar must have felt towards us as many of your friends and mine once felt towards the Chinese. We were coming up the hill towards the temple and her little boy, about six years old, was playing by the roadside. When she saw us approach she gave a scream and yelled to the little fellow to run for his life. Perhaps we looked like murderers. Perhaps she had seen a movie once in which "foreigners" were lurking in dark shadows or opening mysterious trap doors or wrapping long, clutching hands around the throat of some sleeping Chinese beauty.

* * *

For long years we have become accustomed to associating something sinister with the Chinese character. Even now there are those who feel that tunnels and trap doors are standard equipment in the average Chinese home. Movie thrillers from Hollywood have not yet been debunked to the extent of portraying the Chinese people with a little more consideration for the truth.

* * *

I just had to lay aside my typewriter for a little while, in the middle of the last paragraph. There was a timid knock on the door and four little chaps entered, pagan boys who are studying in the school. After Benediction to-day the Christian boys were asked to receive Holy Communion in a body Friday morning to ask God's protection during during this epidemic for themselves and for all the people. These little lads heard the request and knew they could not go. And they have just asked me: "Father, we would like to be baptised". They would like to be able to go, too. If you saw the earnest look on their little faces and heard them make that request I think you would find no room in your heart for any prejudice against them or their people.

* * *

I think most of our readers will agree that the Chinese do not figure to any great extent in serious crime in Canada. For the most part they are more law-abiding than many of the native sons in many a city you and I know. Once in a while, when too many hold-up men have got "clean away" the police feel the urge to do something to justify their existence or repair their reputation. They swoop down in force upon a perfectly harmless game of fan tan and load up old Black Maria with bewildered and unre-

(Continued on page 92)



Group of Christians and Catechumens at Lishui, Easter, 1932.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



But better days are ahead for "Bobby".

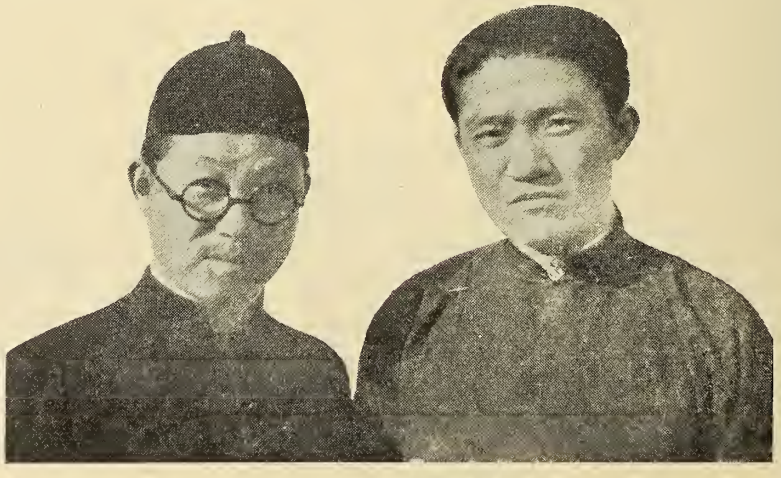
Monsignor McGrath and "Bobby" are real pals.

We now have a better understanding of what "Foreign dog" means in this part of China. Fr. Gignac and I decided to take pity on Bobby, the one-year-old setter belonging to the sisters and condemned by cruel fate to be a watch dog in their mission compound. "Watching" is not Bobby's long suit. He would far prefer a run on the barrens—if we had any barrens. The best we could offer him this day was a stroll along the river bank and he was quite enthused. Now Bobby hasn't seen many dogs in his time. Most of his life is spent behind high walls. And when we had to pass through the village and its canine population turned out "en masse" with bared fangs and bristling hair, Bobby was just plain scared, that's all. Just once, out of sheer terror, he made a pass at three of them who had come too close. The whole tribe fled as if the earth were about to swallow them up because Bobby is as big as any three of those mongrel curs, and could carry some of them in his vest pocket. We tried to induce him to follow up his advantage but in vain.

The kids were wild with delight and we enjoyed it ourselves. They gave all they had in the way of battle yells and words of encouragement to induce their doughty champions to force the issue. They were "spoilin" for a fight. But Bobby's one convulsive shudder, or whatever it was, had thrown terror into the ranks of the enemy. They had seen his bared teeth — just once. There was no fight, although half the population of Lishui followed us to the Mission. They were in good spirits and seemed to appreciate the way we encouraged Bobby to take up the challenge. I was sorry I couldn't speak more Chinese. A dog fight may not be a "touch of nature," but there was something about the prospect of this one which made "the whole world kin."

Thousands of miles away from home and friends, restless, unhappy. It never leaves him, that vague, unsatisfied longing for something far away, something he has really never known but which calls to him night and day. There is a void in his life which China can never fill, and day after day within the four walls of the mission compound he calls "home," he dreams of life, freedom, thrills. I know what it is. It is the tang of the crisp November air on the barrens thousands of miles away; it is the thrill which comes with that first faint scent, telling him that a covey is near, the nerve tingling anticipation of a "stand" with tail straightened and eyes and ears alert. For Bobby is a setter dog, one that would bring joy to the heart of many hunters I know. And he is fated—such is life—to pine within the cramped and narrow enclosure of a mission compound in China.

It does seem a pity to have him cooped up in the convent yard, just across the street from our mission. But cheer up, Bobby, good times are around the corner, and there are pheasants in the hills, and some day you and I are going to take a hike. Occasionally one runs across those wild pheasants while walking alone; they do not stir until you are almost upon them and then with a sudden whir-r-r-r and rapid, elusive flight they are away. Were Bobby there one might "run across" many more. Too bad it is so difficult to get permission to carry a shotgun. Could we but do so, Bobby would have a happier time; life wouldn't be so bad after all, even in far-away China.



OUR NATIVE PRIESTS
Father Paul Kam, Lishui, and Father Wong, Tsingtien.

FATHER GIGNAC'S MOTHER DIES.

The prayers of "China's" readers are requested for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Gignac, who died at Ridgetown, Ont., on April 29th. Father Gignac, now at Lishui, is the second of our priests there to lose his mother since going to China; Father Amyot's mother died at Ottawa last year. On both occasions Solemn Requiem Masses were celebrated at the Seminary for the deceased.

ST. BRIGID'S CRUSADERS FEATURE CHUCHOW MISSION.

St. Brigid's School, Toronto.

In accordance with our usual custom, Mission Day was held on Monday, May 2nd, to correspond with our monthly meeting of the C.C.S.M.C. Unit in our school. Two priests from China Mission Seminary were present, one of them being the guest-speaker for our final meeting before vacation. At seven o'clock we all attended Mass at St. Brigid's Church and received Holy Communion. Our Crusade meeting took place at 3 p.m. After the Crusade hymn had been sung and the Crusade pledge repeated, the President of our unit explained the intention for the month, which was "The Chuchow Mission."

Our programme was as follows: "Why We Should Be Interested in the Chinese Missions," a paper read by Joseph Dillion; "When Pa's Away," a recitation by Downey Kelly; "Our Baby," a humourous recitation by Laura Barry; "The Mission of Chuchow," an instructive paper by Neil Taylor; a vocal duet by Anita Gildthorp and Luella Hamra, followed by a violin solo by Margaret Kennedy; Marie Kelly read a paper on "China in General," and then we heard the Reverend speaker from China Mission Seminary tell us of the work our Canadian priests are doing in Chuchow. After hearing the report of the critic, the President of the Unit expressed the thanks of the members to the teachers and priests who had supported the Crusade work in St. Brigid's during the year, especially Father McGinn, who had organized the Unit.

EDITH C. JOHNSON,
Secretary.

HELP FOR THE MISSIONS.

Realizing the need for prayers in our work for souls here and in China, there is nothing which gives us greater encouragement than the co-operation of the schoolchildren all over Canada in offering spiritual works for our intentions. God is surely pleased with their work, and souls in China will reap the benefit. Below are tabulated a few of the spiritual bouquets that have come to us recently from the schools at Glencoe Mills, N.S.; Indian River, Ont.; Brook Village, N.S.; Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, and St. Brigid's School, Toronto.

Masses Heard	485
Holy Communions	372
Rosaries	899
Way of the Cross	966
Acts of Mortification	475
Visits to Bl. Sacrament	676
Prayers	8,426
Ejaculations	62,406

NOVENA AND FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION AT THE SEMINARY.

The annual Novena of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament was offered for our benefactors before the Feast of Pentecost, and on Pentecost Sunday the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours was concluded. We take this opportunity of reminding our benefactors (including subscribers to "China") that our students pray daily for their welfare and intentions; a High Mass is celebrated for them on the First Friday of each month; two Novenas of Benedictions are offered for them each year, and they receive a remembrance in more than eight thousand Masses annually.

WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAIN.

(Continued from page 87)

mitted us to visit the whole establishment, which consists of a group of ten or a dozen mud-walled and tile-roofed buildings of various sizes. We took some pictures standing before the very gods themselves, and those idols surely do look ferocious. 'Tis hard to understand how people adore such horrid-looking things.

We had left our belongings in the ka ting (parlor), and now returned there to eat our lunch. A monk dressed in a long white garment came in and offered us some real good Chinese tea. One of the caretakers insisted on keeping up a conversation, but we had to leave him to the tender mercies of Father Aaron, as he was the only one who could understand him and answer him intelligently.

As we prepared to leave we gave the bonze a few cents, thanked him for his kindness and bowed ourselves on our way. From one of the loftiest peaks we had a great view below us—the mountainside with its pine trees and its myriad beautiful flowers, down in the valley a few small villages and our "home town," Lishui, while in the distance we watched the meandering Wenchow River.

We descended by another footpath, and found our way home through many farms. The farms here are separated, not by fences, but by low mud and stone walls. The walk had been somewhat tiresome, but we had enjoyed our visit to one of China's many temples of false worship.



HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

Sure, the students welcome the fine weather because it gives them a chance to get at the manual labour on Thursday mornings. The smiles? Oh, well, somebody just remarked that the rest of the boys were working so hard that they couldn't spare time to help out the photographer.

From Day To Day

(Continued from page 89)

sisting Orientals. Rarely have I ever heard of any other "major" crimes on the part of the Chinese in Canada.

* * *

There is such a thing as overstating one's case, of course. It is not my purpose to prove that the Chinese are angels sent from Heaven. Rather is it to show that as far as the vast majority of the Chinese people are concerned there is really no reason for the opinion expressed by a good lady friend who heard I was going to China and who entreated me to take an automatic revolver and be sure I beat John Chinaman to the draw. Here in Lishui we are outnumbered to the tune of 8 to about 40,000. And we have no reason for concern.

* * *

And while we are on the subject, I might say "Give me the honest-to-goodness paganism of China in preference to the neo-paganism of America." Paganism, at best, is a dismal thing, a dark night of the soul in which fiends roam and wreck at will. But were it not for the danger of being misunderstood, we might say that the Chinese have at least come by their paganism "honestly". It is the gloomy heritage of the centuries. It is the unbroken spiritual night of a country which has never seen the Christian dawn. If the pagans of China are floundering, morally and spiritually, it is because they have never been lifted out of the mire. Not so the neo-pagans of the "cultured" West, who wallow proudly and from free choice.

It is now over 1,900 years since the Light from Heaven shone amid their darkness, and still they sin against the Light.

* * *

Chesterton in "The Everlasting Man" says they are not "at rest in a real paganism", but "restless in a rather irrational reaction from Christianity". He regards it as one of the strange marks of the strength of Christianity that since it came "no pagan in our civilization has been able to be really human".

* * *

We might perhaps add that many Christians in our civilization — those who have wandered from the sane mentality of the Church—also find it increasingly difficult to remain human. The much belaboured citizen of America to-day suffers—though perhaps not as greatly—from the "unhumanity" of rampant sects just as China has long suffered from the inhumanity of the un-Christian Western powers. The poor factory worker who is unable to buy his glass of beer is the victim of fanatics who have forgotten how to be human. The child in a crowded city who dare not play a game on Sunday afternoon is only too often driven to haunts of vice because bearded city fathers share the same religious lunacy. The "strange Chinese mentality" which surrounds us over here has never discovered the necessity of either prohibition or the uplifter, and yet a drunken Chinese is as rare as a white swan on the Wenchow River. And finally—since the Pacific rolls between us and the city fathers of Toronto —we all play tennis and football on Sunday afternoon.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM ST. COLUMBAN'S.

"No more sincere or better deserved congratulations have ever been extended by THE FAR EAST than those we now offer to the Right Rev. Monsignor Fraser, whom the Holy Father has raised to the rank of Protonotary Apostolic. This honor has been conferred on him in recognition of his valiant and fruitful missionary services.

"Those services would fill a long record. Monsignor Fraser went to China in 1902, the first secular priest from North America to enter that mission-field. He is a pioneer of pioneers. Not only has he labored long on the missions, but he has founded an organization — the thriving St. Francis Xavier Seminary of Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. He had much to do with the founding of St. Columbans, too. Under God, he is responsible for Bishop Galvin's entering the Chinese mission field in 1912. Twenty-two years ago he gave the inspiration that later led Bishop Galvin's first colleagues to join in establishing the Society of St. Columban. St. Columbans honor in Monsignor Fraser one of its very builders. May God bless him and all his work!"

We Thank Our Friends

The following donations have come to us from April 15th to May 20th, 1932:

$10.00 and Over.

A friend, Arnprior, Ont., $50.00; A friend, Trail, B.C., $10.00; Pupils, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont., $15.00; Pupils, St. Ambrose Convent, Yarmouth, N.S., $12.00; Mission Crusade Unit, Mt. St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $10.00; Mrs. D. Buckley, $25.00; Pupils, St. Agnes Convent, New Waterford, N.S., $13.00; Pupils, St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, N.S., $25; Pupils, St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro, Ont., $12.00; A Reverend friend, Toronto, $50.00; A friend, Antigonish, $15.00; Ladies' Auxiliary, A.O.H., St. Thomas, Ont., $25.00; Pupils, St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., $10.00; Holy Name Parish, Toronto, $171.00; Higgins and Burke, Ltd., Toronto, $10.00; Morrison Bequest, per Rev. J. J. McNeil, $12.00.

$5.00 Each.

J. H. Brophy, in honor of St. Therese; J. J. Carolan; Jacob Schweitzer; Miss S. McGowan; L. C. F. Halifax; Don Beaton; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan; J. J. Carolan.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

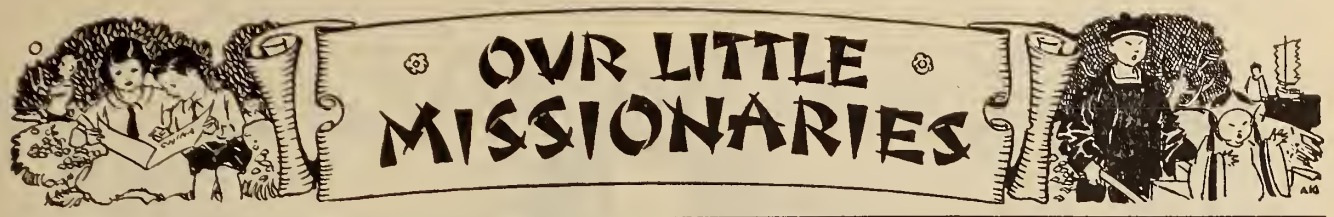
C.C.S.M.C. Unit, St. Mary's School, Barrie, $6.00; Pupils, St. Anthony's School, Apple Hill, $1.25; Pupils, Presentation Convent, Corner Brook, Nfild., $4.00; Pupils, St. Agnes School, Ottawa, $3.00; Boys of St. Mary's School, Hamilton, $6.50; Pupils, Our Lady of the Ascension Convent, Arichat, N.S., $2.00; Mary Devine, in honor of Little Flower, $2.00; J. Teeves, $1.50; Mary A. Beaton, $3.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Pupils, Presentation Convent, Harbor Grace, Nfld., $1.00; Alfred Goetz, $1.00; St. Albert's School, Sudbury, $3.10; Pupils, Sacred Heart School, Bishop's Falls, Nfld., $3.00; "Molly Bawn", Toronto, $2.00; J. Cree, $1.00; Primary Room Pupils, St. Catherine's School, St. Catharines, Ont., $2.00; Irene Robson, $2.00; Belle McDougald, $1.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; M.J.S., Toronto, $2.00; Pupils, Convent of the Annunciation, Cheticamp, N.S., $3.40; Miss G. D. Landriau, $1.00; Mrs. D. Gurney, 50c.; James Drohan, $2.00; Regis J. Kelly, $1.00; Mrs. J. B. DeFerrari, $1.00; John Leahey, $2.00; A. J. MacDonald, $2.00; Mrs. M. Gallagher, in thanksgiving, $1.00; Mrs. M. E. Tuthill, $2.00; Master John Timlin, 50c.; Mrs. R. Y., $1.00; Miss Marie Gordon, $2.00.

Building Fund.

A friend, $5.00; Frances Lynett, $1.00; Mrs. Mabel Hennessey, $10.00; Austin F. Hall, $5.00; Miss Eunice McFarland, $1.00.

Burses.

Friend, Chicago, in thanksgiving, St. F. X. Burse, $1.00; Jas. McCrea, Little Flower Burse, $5.00; College Street School, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse, $35.00; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25.00; J. J. MacDonald, Holy Souls Burse, $300.00; Friend, Hull, P.Q., Blessed Sacrament Burse, $10.00; Miss Christina Collins, St Anthony's Burse, $5.00; Eveleyn Donegan, St. F. X. Burse, $1.00; C. B., Toronto, St. Anthony's Burse, $10.00.



LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by
FATHER JIM

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Buds:

I'm in a fix right now! There's a whole lot I would like to say to you this month before you begin your vacation, but the Editor (the one who treats us so meanly sometimes!) told me he could give us only one page, and I had better leave most of that for the buds, for I see letters to the right of me, to the left of me, and in front of me piled high. (I hope there are none behind me.) As I reach for them now, I must leave things to luck, but I hope yours is among those that get mentioned.

On May 27th I offered Holy Mass for all the members of the Rose Garden that they may have success in their examinations, and to beg God's blessing on the Buds during vacation time. During the holidays, remember: "a prayer every day for the missions!"

Yours in the Sacred Heart,
FATHER JIM.

Doris Gignac, a bud from Ridgetown, Ont., has the sympathy of the members of our "Rose Garden" on the death of her mother. Doris has a brother, a missionary in China.

* * *

Elizabeth Gallant, Summerside, P.E.I., was "away off" in her description of Father Jim. She says Norma Mills is "the kind of a pen-pal to have," because she answered her letter so promptly. The holidays should be a time when many buds will get prompt answers to their letters.

* * *

Among the first buds from Conception Hr., Nfld., were Mary Baker, and Lillian and Agnes Keating. Rarely does a Newfoundland mail reach the Seminary without bringing several letters to Father Jim. I want to thank especially the buds in Long Hr., P.B., for their very interesting letters; newcomers from there are: Josephine Murray, Irene and Alice Bruce, Mary Hammond, Elizabeth and Mary King.

* * *

Ask Me Another!

"Father, who do so many priests in China wear whiskers?" Perhaps some of the priests concerned will read Clare Fraser's question and answer it. I would like to know the answer myself, because I hope to get to China some time, and I would want very good reasons before adopting the beard idea. Maude Lane's letters are appreciated by Clare, whose sister Sally would like to hear again from Agnes Botell. Address: Main St., Antigonish.

HOW NICE IT WOULD BE.

How nice 'twould be if knowledge grew
On bushes as the berries do,
Then we would plant our spelling **seed,**
And gather all the words we need;
And sums from off our slates we'd **wipe**
And wait for figures to get ripe.
And go into the fields and pick
Whole bushels of arithmetic.
Or if I wished to learn Chinese,
We'd just go out and shake the trees.
And grammar then in all the towns
Would grow with proper verbs and nouns,
And in the garden there would be
Great bunches of geography,
And all the passers-by would stop
And marvel at the knowledge crop.

—Anon.

* * *

Welland Scores at Last!

A long time ago came letters from an enthusiastic teacher in Welland, followed by a big list of fifty-three new members for the "Rose Garden." Father Jim apologizes for having kept them waiting so long for their certificates and badges.

* * *

Every month Father Jim receives a bundle of lovely Catholic magazines from Margaret Campbell, Glace Bay, and they are read with interest, Margaret. Thank you!

* * *

Rossella Heffernan, Box 176, Arthur, Ont., asks for pen-pals from Nova Scotia. The address you asked for, Rosella, is: Laurie Latimer, 328 Osgoode St., Ottawa.

* * *

Accidents Will Happen!

"Dear Father Jim:

"Please ask some buds to write to me, and I will answer promptly. I found out who you are from one of my school-mates, also a bud. She did not mean to tell me, but it slipped out accidently." Such is the luck of Agnes Rolls, 18 Field St., St. John's.

* * *

"Our Sister often speaks of your 'Rose Garden' in School; we pray for China every day in St. Ann's School; I want to become a bud and have some others write to me." Glace Bay is one of our strongholds, and the above is from Elizabeth Gouthro, 89 Lower King Edward Street. Isabell McLean, 702 Sterling St., Glace Bay, has also "heard a lot about the 'Rose Garden'," and comes to us with the pen-name "Daisy".

HAVE YOU SENT YOUR PICTURE TO FATHER JIM?

At left: Johnny Nicholas, Box 395, Beiseker, Alta. Johnny has two brothers and a sister in our Club.

Below, we have some buds from Dundas, Ont. Left to right: Helen Ouellette; Eva Cree, 325 Park St.; Marie McManamy, 72 Sydenham St.; Ita Denver; Rita Grightmire.

At right: John Timlin, 26 Auburn Ave., Toronto. John came from England two years ago; he writes me nice letters.





CONVINCING EVIDENCE.

Two hot-headed neighbors involved in a dispute went to court to have it settled.

Judge: "Mr. Brown, what are your charges?"

Mr. Brown: "Your Honor, I loaned Pat McGinnis a large kettle, and when he returned it, there was a big hole in it."

Judge: "Mr. McGinnis, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mr. McGinnis: "Yer honor, in the first place, I niver borried thet kettle; in the second place, when I returned it, the kettle was in good condition; and in the third place, the kittle had a hole in it when I borried it."—M. E. K., Ind.

Landlady—"So Mr. Newboard has found something fresh to complain about this morning."

Maid—"No, mum, it's the eggs."—Boston Transcript.

Old Lady—"Why is it you are always begging?"

Tramp—"Well, ma'am, 'twas this way. I was given a bum start. When I was a baby, a girl shoved me around in a carriage for a dollar a week, and I have been pushed for money ever since."

She was so dumb she thought noodle soup was a kind of shampoo.—Iowa Frivol.

A boxer went into the tailor's to order an overcoat. While he was being measured, the tailor enquired: "Do you want a belt on the back?"

The boxer turned around suddenly, his fists sparred, and said: "Look here, you, get on with the measurement or I'll give you a 'belt' on the jaw!"

Hotel Clerk: "I beg your pardon, but what is your name?"

Hughie: "Name? Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

Clerk: "Yes—that's what aroused my curiosity."

Axelrod—"Why don't you tell the proprietor if the steak is like leather?"

Gearnut—"He might want to charge us shoe prices then."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Fill her up," said the absent-minded motorist to the waiter, as he parked himself in the restaurant with his sweetie.—Lamplighter.

THE TALE OF A DOG.

A young couple were in China. One day they were served with a very tasty dinner, of the composition of which they knew nothing. When the Chinese cook came to clear the table, the young wife asked him in fun:

"I hope you did not kill a stray dog from the road to make our dinner, Chang?"

"Me no killee dawg," answered Chang. "Him already dead when me pickee him up."

Jock entered the shop where he had recently purchased a bicycle.

"It's about the bike, mon," he said.

"Hasn't it arrived yet," said the shopkeeper.

"It has," said Jock, "but where's that free wheel you spoke about?"

Wanted—Farm mule. Must be reasonable.—Ad. in the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing that you know nothing about the work."

"But you see, not knowing the work makes it so much harder for me."

Crab—"I say, old fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your finger-bowl?"

Grad—"Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?"

Customer: "I've brought back the bacon. It's bad."

Shopman: "Impossible, madam. It was only cured last week."

Customer: "Well, then, it must have had a relapse."

Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Casey, who occupied adjacent rooms in a city tenement, were having one of their usual squabbles. Suddenly Mrs. Murphy snatched Mrs. Casey's clock and threw it out through the window, saying: "It's wonderful how time flies."

Whereupon Mrs. Casey seized Mrs. Murphy's young son and threw him across the room, saying: "Aye, bedad, an' youth must have its fling!"

THE ROOSTER'S LAMENT.

The rooster leaned his head disconsolately against a barn door.

"What's the use of it all?" he said sadly. "Eggs yesterday, chickens to-day, feather-dusters to-morrow."

SOME PARENTS ARE SO CARELESS.

"Speaking of signs," writes W. P., "I remember once standing in front of a grocery store and noticing the sign, 'A Swindler,' on the window. Entering, I asked the proprietor if it wouldn't look better if, instead of 'A,' he printed his full Christian name.

"'No,' he said, 'it would look worse. My first name is Adam.'"—Boston Transcript.

"Above all," the doctor urged, "you must eat more fruit, and particularly the skin of fruit. The skin contains all the virtues and the vitamins. What, by the way, is your favorite fruit?"

The patient looked gloomy. "Cocoanuts," he said.

Abie: "Fader, dere is a customer in de shop vants to know if dose all wool unshrinkable shirts vill shrink?"

Father: "Does it fit him?"

Abie: "No, it's too large."

Father: "Vell, den, dey vill shrink."

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Youngster: "Mamma, here's the doctor to see the cook."

Mistress: "This pie is burnt to a cinder, Jane. Didn't you make it according to the instructions in the cookery book?"

Jane: "No, mum, it's me own cremation."

Horse Buyer: "How much do you want for that horse?" (Pointing at sleeping animal.)

Farmer: "£8."

Horse Buyer: "I will give you £2."

Farmer: "I would not wake him up for that."

Wife: "How do you like the potato salad?"

Hubby: "It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?"

A boot-black, having a little education, did not wish to simply write "Boot Black" over his door.

Instead, he wrote: "Pedal teguments artistically illuminated and lubricated at the infinitesimal remuneration of 1d. per operation.

SEZ HE!

Father: "Now, don't let hear any more American slang from you."

Son: "O.K., Chief!"

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FOR FUTURE APOSTLES

Many of our readers have told us of the pleasure and interest with which they have read the many articles appearing in "China" during recent months from the pen of Monsignor McGrath. During his years as editor, Monsignor McGrath did much to interest our Catholic people in the missions of China and now he presents to them in his own brilliant fashion many interesting facts of actual personal experience on the missions. We are pleased to publish in this issue a letter written by him to the students in our seminary (see page 104). We feel that its interest is not confined to missionary students alone, giving as it does an insight into aspects of mission life familiar to all who devote their efforts to the propagation of the Faith in pagan lands, and revealing conditions which we would wish to make known to all those who are interested in the work of our priests in Chuchow, so that, knowing the trials and difficulties which have to be met and overcome, friends of the Missions will be more apt to realize their serious responsibilities and Catholic duty towards the missionaries who have willingly given up all in order to share their Faith with less fortunate brethren in far-off pagan China.

To help the Missions is our happy privilege; to pray for vocations to the missionary life is a real way to help. Hundreds of Catholic students this summer will have to make the all-important, momentous decision which will determine the sphere of their life's activity; various channels of human endeavour will appeal to them—pray that many of our splendid Catholic boys will heed the Divine Vocation to the highest form of service in this world—the Service for Souls. It is consoling to know that God allows, even requests, His creatures to be the instruments of procuring His glory, and that through their own free co-operation with His grace. If Catholic young men but faintly understood God's desire that "all men should be saved", and if they realized what wonderful possibilities lay with them to further that desire, how ready they should be to hearken to His voice calling them to be "fishers of men". "Along the Mission Highway" is timely reading for those especially who are just now trying to decide their vocation.

The work of Catholic Foreign Missions is not for timid, ungenerous souls; it is a work that requires courage of a high order and an understanding of things at their real value. Thank God that among our Catholic boys are found not a few who are prepared to take Him at His word and devote themselves to the missionary priesthood. Difficulties there are, to be sure, but there are correspondingly great rewards, and a vision of the countless multitudes that "are now lying like sheep that have no shepherd" will inspire generous young men to spurn the wealth and honors and pleasures of this world and dedicate their lives to the service of God and be His messengers of grace and truth to the souls of their fellow-men.

TELL ME, LADDIE

Tell me, laddie, if at twilight, as you kneel in loving prayer,
Kneel within the college chapel, kneel before God's altar fair,
Does there ever come a message from the Silent Presence there?
Does the God of armies call you, as of old was called the maid?
Do you feel upon your shoulder quick the touch of mystic blade,
Do you join the ranks of knighthood in a secret accolade?

Lo, His foreign Legion musters, clank of armor, wave of plume,
Christ unconquered leaps triumphant from the darkness of the tomb,
While the fools who stood on Calv'ry thought the cross had sealed His doom.
Knew they as they crucified Him what a flag they had unfurled,
And the challenge that our Captain, dying bravely, bravely hurled—
"With this cross your only weapon, go and bring me back the world".
Knew they what a beacon light was lit, what cross-piece dipped in gore
Down the arches of the ages quick the mighty message bore,
That His Sacred Heart's last beatings were the muffled drums of war?
Did they see a mighty vision of an army clad in white,
Millions that no eye could number, clad in armor dazzling bright?
Was it that which made the mountains and the hilltops shake with fright?
As the dying eyes of Jesus sought the faithful loving few
And he heard the taunts and curses of the Romans and the Jew,
Did He see His Foreign Legion pass before Him in review?
Tell me, laddie, 'mong His heroes, did His glad eye rest on you?

—FATHER SHARKEY, Tsingtien, China.

THE GOOD THIEF OF CHUSAN

By
RT. REV. W. C. McGRATH

The Archipelago of Chusan may well be called the Thousand Islands of China. The water is not as clear as that of our lordly St. Lawrence, and typhoons have swept the islands bare of trees, but there is a striking resemblance in many ways. Father Amyot and I have just had occasion to pay a visit to Chusan.

Forty-two years ago a lady of the nobility in England gave up wealth and family and a life of social prestige and came to God's abandoned ones in China. Lady Berkeley she was then; Lady Berkeley she is still, but living in the obscurity of the little fishing village of Tinghai, and garbed in the simple robe of a Sister of Charity. With her is Sister Anne, of a wealthy English family, who was disowned by her people when she became a convert about twenty years ago. She has spent sixteen years in China. Her brother is also in China, working as a Protestant missionary. Occasionally brother and sister meet.

Pirates infest the countless islands of Chusan. I asked Sister Berkeley if she wasn't a bit anxious at times. "Oh, no," she replied, "the pirates don't bother us. They know that we often nurse their sick and wounded back to health, and they are grateful." It seems that word has gone round through the whole pirate domain that the Sisters are not to be molested. It is the same in Wenchow, near our own district of Lishui (Chuchow). You recall the story of how one of the boatmen approached the bandit chief last year when three of the Grey Sisters from Pembroke were on their way up the river and offered to sell three Foreign Sisters. The chief refused his offer with scorn and told him that the Sisters were to be left in peace. But to return to our story.

A year ago, during a terrible epidemic, the chief of the pirates in the Chusan district was brought to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Tinghai. He was a giant of a man, over six feet tall, broad and muscular. It was soon discovered that he could not live, and Sister Anne broke the news to him. He accepted it stoically, but with a tinge of regret that he would be obliged to give up his life as a bold buccaneer. "You know, Mo, Mo" (their name for the Sisters) "it is a great life. You always have enough to eat, even meat and vegetables as well as rice, and you don't have to work all day long in the rice paddies."

"But don't you know it is wrong to steal from people?" Sister Anne asked him. "You have been a very bad man all your life."

"Mo, Mo," he replied, "I never knew it was wrong. All my people were pirates for generations. My father often took me with him on his expeditions and taught me how to be successful. I never knew any other trade, and nobody before ever told me I was doing wrong." A glance at his muscular frame would convince you why none but the Sisters might even now take such a liberty. "And you know," he added, "I never allowed my men to harm the Sisters. You have been good to us. You always treated us kindly, and when my men were let out of prison you gave them a meal and three Ko each to buy rice and cigarettes. You are strange people from a far-off country who come to help the people of China, and if we harmed you, we would be bad indeed."

Daily he grew weaker, and daily Sister Anne spoke to him of the love of God and of Christ who died on the Cross to save all men. The crucifix impressed him tremendously. At the sight of it this hardened old pirate was moved almost to tears. "I want to be baptised," he repeated many a time, "because you tell me that this God wants me. Mo, Mo, the people who killed Him were worse than us, weren't they?"

One could not but think of another Clovis. This pirate of Chusan might have rallied his men in defence of that gentle Saviour on the Cross. "You know," he continued, "the pagan gods are terrible. But this is beautiful. A God who died for me, a God who wants me. Nobody ever wanted me before."

As he grew weaker the Sisters decided that baptism should be no longer deferred. Truly God's ways are wonderful. As the end drew near, this man, who was once the terror of the islands, became as gentle as a child. "Mo, Mo," he kept on repeating, "this is beautiful! this is beautiful. He died between two just such as I have always been; and He wants me. He wants me. . ." He kept the crucifix with him to the end, and as the soul of the good thief of Chusan went to meet its Maker words were spoken once more as they were two thousand years ago, this time unheard by earthly ears: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

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ON VACATION.

Since June 11th our students have been enjoying their summer vacation. At the close of the scholastic year two of our students received Minor Orders, thus bringing them near the goal of their ambitions. September will see our Seminary crowded—and overcrowded—again. Just about six weeks more, boys!

IDOL WORSHIP IN CHINA.

The Chinese are an extremely superstitious people, but they are capable of being intelligently religious when they become acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Until then all their offerings and ceremonies and ritual are performed, either to avert the sorrows that the supernatural beings might bring upon them, or for the purpose of putting the minds of their gods into such a pleasing state of satisfaction that they will be ready to send sons into the family and prosperity into the business, and riches and honour and a continued stream of blessings upon the home.

This popular and universal form of worship meets one everywhere and is practised by every class and condition of people throughout the country. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the common coolie who earns his living in the streets and the most learned scholar who has risen to the highest rank in his profession, men and women of all grades, good, bad and indifferent, all more or less believe in the idols and worship them.

That this is so, is evident from the almost universal presence of the idols. Every house has at least one, which is the household god of the family, whilst the more religious and devout will have several others as well. The cities abound with temples dedicated to certain well-known gods that have been built, some of them at great expense, and are kept in constant repair by the free-will offerings of the people. The villages, too, not to be outdone by the towns, have each of them at least one public temple where the people can make their offerings to their patron god, and where on the birthday of the idol the whole population gathers to witness the play which is performed in honour of it.—Sidelights on Chinese Life.

INFLUENTIAL CHRISTIAN.

Chengchow, China. — A Chinese gentleman, Mr. Tien, who made his language studies at the school of Father Pelerzi in the Vicariate of Chengchow, and later was sent to finish his studies at Louvain, has returned to China and has been made Inspector of Public Instruction for the Province of Honan. Mr. Tien spent four years at the missionaries' language school. He became a Catholic after the first year. At Louvain he studied philosophy and received the doctorate in Thomistic metaphysics. Besides being Inspector of Public Instruction for the Province of Honan, he has been made director of the Normal School of Kaifong. At this school there are 400 students.



One of our High School boys in Lishui—a splendid little lad. The "yews" he is holding grow in the mission yard; they are half lemon, half grapefruit, and Fr. Amyot makes excellent marmalade from them.

BROTHERS MARTYRED.

A glorious record from a missionary viewpoint has been set up by the Adons family, Hasselt, Holland. There were four boys in the family, all of whom became Franciscans, and all of whom were in due time appointed to the Vicariate of Ichang, China. In 1922, Julian, one of the four, was murdered, and in April of 1931, Marin, the second of the four, also won the martyr's crown. Until 1928 he had laboured at Yeh-sankwan, and from there Father Marin went to the city of Patong, which, during a recent civil war, he saved from bombardment and destruction. It was there, on Good Friday, April 3, he was captured, and a fortnight later yielded up his life—another victim for the conversion of China.—Fides.

LIFE IN LISHUI.

The following are a few excerpts from a letter from Lishui:

The Mailman Comes.

"This was a big day. There was mail for nearly everybody; it is amazing how a letter from home helps to get the day well started. Here, the mail comes late at night and is received by our gatekeeper. As a rule it is given out next morning at the breakfast table. The mail which brings "China" is particularly welcome, and we got ours today.

Changing China!

"Last week Father Kam and I went down to the Middle School to witness a football game. I got the surprise of my life. The School is like a small modern University. The two teams, dressed in "foreign" football togs, gave as neat an exhibition as one would wish to see. At this School they have tennis courts, basketball, and the most modern athletic equipment, with competent instructors for the pupils. China is indeed changing!

Pictures.

"Most of the priests have cameras, and we do our own developing here, but when we want extra good results, we send the negatives to Shanghai. Here is a letter from the accountant at the Photo Studio in Shanghai, which, in spite of its broken English, will give one an interesting, if pathetic, insight into the aftermath of the Sino-Janapese war.

The Letter.

"'I am informing you my unfortunate,' she writes. 'When the fierce and cruel Japanese army came over the North Szechuen Road into the Chapei for fighting, and throwing the bombs in everywhere by the aeroplane, my home is seated at there, all the furnitures are burned down by the fire, only my mother, sister and brother fled. I never dream I got this grief. I think my life is very poor, and how long I can get these furnitures again? Perhaps I shall be die in the sorrowful.'

"This poor family escaped well, judging by the accounts of wholesale slaughter. Fortunately, we were in ignorance of the conflict for a long while, and we were spared from any of its horrors."

JOSEPH LOPAHONG

the Lay Apostle of Shanghai



YEARS ago a deserted cemetery of twenty thousand graves lay less than two miles away from the Chinese quarter of Shanghai. The wide, neglected plain served for the depositing of rubbish. Behind a ruined wall beggars found shelter. There also children were left to be torn by wandering dogs until a good-natured pagan who had retained some vestiges of pity in his heart erected a little temple where a cistern-like depth was concealed by two trapdoors, and where the poor little creatures could at least die quietly and escape the ravaging dogs. It was a gruesome desert such as one finds only in China.

Today an extended group of houses occupies that very place: twelve two-storey and a number of one-storey buildings of most recent European style, with airy rooms, surrounded by verandas, and equipped with electric light and all modern conveniences. It is a symmetrically placed, pretty village within which an Angel of Mercy seems to have gathered all the misery of the neighboring city: the sick and the aged, widows and orphans, the blind and crippled, the insane and the victims of opium, sick prisoners, and other unfortunates. Every kind of poverty and human wretchedness is represented, and nearly two thousand persons are receiving shelter. Perfect order and cleanliness are everywhere in evidence. A little convent stands in the center of the group of buildings; it is occupied by sixteen Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, who, with a staff of ninety persons, carry on the work of this village of mercy. A church accommodating fifteen hundred people rises on the place of honor in front of the convent.

This village is the Saint Joseph's Home, one of the largest charitable institutions in the Celestial Empire. It was opened on March 19, 1913. Its founder and leader, the soul of the whole undertaking, is that magnificent man, Joseph Lopahong, the lay apostle of Shanghai.



Courtesy, THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

Cultured and well educated, speaking both English and French, Lopahong is one of the prominent men of the city. He is president of the Chamber of Commerce, director of the Street Car Company, of two great industrial enterprises and a steamship company, a member of the city administration and that of the French Concession. His charity has merited for him the title of the Chinese Saint Vincent de Paul, and his elevation to the dignity of a Knight of Saint Gregory. His is an important rôle in the great world of Shanghai, which may well be proud of this rich and efficient business man whose good deeds are the subject of comment throughout the city, and whom both European and Chinese hold in high esteem.

Joseph Lopahong descends from a family that for three hundred years has been Christian. He is a model Catholic gentleman whose charity is boundless. The institutions which he founded have grown into a little city. He devotes his personal services to the sick, and is active daily among needy families, in prisons, and at sickbeds, in the cause of charity and the spreading of the Kingdom of God. He knows also how to enthuse and organize others for this service. The Society for Catholic Action in Shanghai was founded by him, and he remains the soul of the movement. His daily work begins with Mass and Holy Communion, whence he derives the strength and inspiration for his labor of love.

When, about twenty-five years ago, the authorities at Shanghai contemplated the building of a hospital and poorhouse, it was regarded as a matter of course that the undertaking be entrusted to Mr. Lopahong. His position and business ability, together with his administrative talent and influence, enabled him to accomplish a perfect work.

To insure its success, he has placed it under the protection of Saint Joseph, in whom he has unlimited confidence. He contributed a part of his own fortune, and voluntary donations came in abundance, for no one could refuse this man who was so greatly respected and beloved. The old cemetery was acquired, and in its place arose the Saint Joseph's Home above described. Mr. Lopahong took the precaution of endowing the institution, since everything, including medical service and instruction of different kinds, was to be provided free of charge. The expenses, which amount daily to more than three hundred dollars, are paid from public money, private collections, and the proceeds from leased properties. Mr. Lopahong is at the head of the institution. Both he and the two doctors work without remuneration.

A few details may indicate the good that is accomplished at Saint Joseph's Home. From July 1st, 1919, to July 1st, 1920, three thousand four hundred and forty-one sick or otherwise helpless men, and eight hundred and four women, not counting poor children and the orphans, were admitted; and eighty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-four outside patients received free treatment. Children are instructed and given training for the trades in the workshops of the Home. A number of drug-stores for the poor of Shanghai are associated with and receive supplies from Saint Joseph's. In recent years a new hospital and eight drug-stores have been added to the number. In these different places five to six hundred thousand persons a year receive attention.

Despite the fact that the institution is supported mostly by the money of pagans, it has a pronounced Catholic character, which to Mr. Lopahong is the chief concern. In the above-mentioned period of a year, sixty-two adults, four hundred and forty-three children and one thousand three hundred and nineteen dying were baptized.

As catechist and a member of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society Mr. Lopahong is very active, and a favorite occupation of his is to explain the catechism to the sick and to children. His two oldest sons are enthusiastic assistants in his charitable works, and, like him, they visit the sick and the orphans. In addition he has won as co-workers two of Shanghai's prominent Catholic men, Mr. Tsu, the owner of an iron foundry and a dockyard, and Mr. Liu, a wholesale merchant and owner of a coal mine.

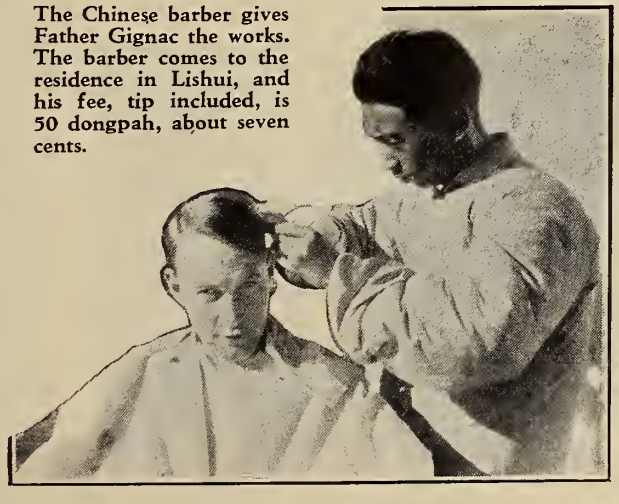
The management of Saint Joseph's Home does not nearly satisfy the burning zeal that is in the soul of Mr. Lopahong. His love embraces the entire city. He is the chief promoter of the Catholic welfare organizations, and has an agreement with the police and military authorities whereby he is immediately informed should anyone have been condemned to death. In that event he hastens to the prison to convert the prisoner, if possible. Sick prisoners are sheltered in his own home. He visits also heathen and Protestant hospitals to attend the dying. Doors are open to him everywhere. Heathen attendants in some of these institutions summon him of their own accord, and he is prepared to answer the call at any hour of the day. In associating with officials, learned men, or business friends, he speaks without human respect in behalf of his Faith. His words and example have converted many a heathen.

This man of many activities finds time to promote Catholic interests and to satisfy his urge to do good even outside of Shanghai. On Sunday his auto takes him to a city's poor district, or to some lonely section of surrounding country where there is no priest, and where he therefore delivers the message of the Gospel to the people. While on a business trip to Hangtschou, the capital of Tschekiang, on a side-street of the city, he accidentally came to a pagan orphanage. He presented his card and was permitted to go through the institution. Among the four hundred children many were seriously ill, and Mr. Lopahong requested the attendants to bring them to him, as he knew of an excellent cure. The result was that he baptized almost a hundred children. There are few priests in China who administer Baptism to so many as does Joseph Lopahong. He is planning to build a Church of the Sacred Heart in the same city of Hangtschou, where in 1720 Father Hinderer, S.J., had erected the first church dedicated to the Sacred Heart in China, if not in the whole world. It is due, furthermore, to Lopahong's influence that the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul were placed in charge of the municipal hospital of Peking and the municipal children's home of Wentschou. When in 1921 the famine began to rage in northern China, Lopahong travelled through the stricken regions and organized the gathering of funds for relief, then went to America to appeal to his countrymen for aid.

One marvels at the tremendous work that this one man accomplishes in behalf of suffering humanity and the propagation of the Faith in his native city and his native land.

In his family circle, a wife and nine children, Lopahong is an exemplary father and a most amiable host. It is a pleasure for him to invite bishops and priests to his home and to meals. Upon entering the reception-room a life-size picture of the Sacred Heart meets the visitor's glance. The drawing-room is consecrated to the Blessed Mother, and the dining-room to Saint Joseph. There is a chapel in the home, and each room is

(Cont'd on page 107)



The Chinese barber gives Father Gignac the works. The barber comes to the residence in Lishui, and his fee, tip included, is 50 dongpah, about seven cents.

ALONG the MISSION HIGHWAY

Some difficulties and consolations of life in China as told to our Seminarians.

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Ningpo, China,
April 27, 1932.

Dear Boys:

For a little while back things have been happening so fast around here that the Seminary and the students were crowded out of the picture for the time being. Only for the time being, I assure you. I have been more than busy, and have not written to you quite so often as I would have liked.

Now I know you would like to have my real impressions and reactions in terms of the mentality of the Seminary, a mentality which was but so short a time ago the common heritage of us all. I think it is advantageous for you all to know just how China affects a person and just what it is that you are to face for life when you have seriously decided to take up the work of the Foreign Missions. I know you will be interested in the facts, and here they are.



First Impressions.

You know them very well because I have already described them to you in my earlier letters. There is a mixture of glamour and loneliness and happiness and disgust all thrown together. Let us lay the supernatural motives aside for the time being and return to them later on. When one enters China first one is appalled by the squalor and the dirt in which so many of the people live. Fresh from home and the sanitary and hygienic "standard of life," it is a bit of a shock. For those who have always lived in the cities I daresay it appears even worse. I grew up in Newfoundland, and spent many of my earlier days in a fishing village, and possibly was prepared to take some of it for granted, although I must confess that there is no fishing village in Newfoundland or Nova Scotia which could quite prepare one for the sights and smells of China. The cods' heads and caplin fertilizing the fields were as the aroma of lavender and rose compared to the odours in some of the streets of Lishui and Ningpo. Then there is the food, which is so different, and added to that the occasional tinge of loneliness. On the whole, first impressions are most unfavourable.



Sister Genevieve attends a little patient at the dispensary in Lishui.

Becoming Acclimatised.

It is strange how we can come to take things for granted. When I saw Ningpo first I said to myself, "What a mess!" That was meant for the whole city. I had not yet seen Lishui. When I came back to Ningpo a few days ago and we went down the main drag I said to myself, "Gee, this is quite a burg." There were large stores with a great deal of foreign goods, and everything was bigger and wider and cleaner than in Lishui. Actually I was impressed. The residence here is palatial compared to our own. We felt that we were in touch with civilization again. And yet, back in Lishui, we did not mind the conditions after a little while. As a matter of fact, it was so pleasant to meet our own priests and to feel that where we were was really the only "home sweet home" we shall ever know again, that we felt quite an affection for the old house that shakes like a man with the palsy when Father "Chook" crosses the floor upstairs, and that has more rats in its walls than ever followed the

Pied Piper. After all, boys, you can reduce the essentials of life to very few things. Enough to eat, and a place to sleep where you are safe from the wind and the rain, and, above all, the comradeship that is engendered by a fellow-feeling among those who have all given up so much for the same common and glorious purpose. Let that never be taken away from us. Let it but remain and very little else matters. And, thank God, here in China that precious spirit of charity which has ever been the distinguishing mark of our little Seminary has come to mean more to us than it could ever mean at home. Boys, let me tell you that there are times, in spite of all the conditions I have described, when one experiences a feeling of happiness that one could never feel at home. That, of course, pertains to the supernatural side of our life, of which we shall speak in due course.

The Difficulties.

One of the difficulties is the language. At first it is discouraging—"like a cleric's first peep into the Breviary". But as one goes along, things begin to shape and there is a real thrill in realizing, after a little while, that one can carry on even a feeble little conversation with the schoolboys. "Unless you be converted. . . ." Really, as far as the language is concerned, we must become as little children again and start to stammer and stumble along.

Another and greater difficulty is the mentality of the people. Even if we do say so ourselves, most of us are of the kind who prefer to call a spade a spade, to say exactly what we mean and to take it for granted that the person to whom we are speaking will understand us in that way. In China, however, that simply isn't done. This "cachee" business, or the perpetual "my dear Alphonse" sort of stuff, would drive one crazy if one let it. It seems that one can never speak one's real mind again; that one must perpetually have recourse to roundabout methods and implied suggestions and all the rest of the bunk that will give you many a pain in the neck. You say to yourself: "Must I become a hypocrite for the rest of my days?" It is very discouraging. It makes one turn one's own mentality inside out. I think it is the hardest part of the whole business as far as the merely natural obstacles are concerned.



The writer on board a junk at Ningpo.

Another phase of this mentality is the utter failure on the part of most of the people to understand or appreciate the motives which have induced one to come to China. Let me give you an example. Since their advent to Lishui, the Sisters have done marvellous work among the sick and afflicted, and they have effected the cure of many a person who had been abandoned by the Chinese doctors. One would naturally expect not merely the formal sort of gratitude which we call mere show and affectation, but a sort of appreciation such as that kind of charity might elicit at home. But such is not the case. A few days ago one of the Chinese said to Father Kam that he understood the Sisters did not want any money for their services. This he found hard to understand. But he was ready with the explanation. "All the people realize," he went on, "that the Sisters want to have a big reputation. Fame, that is what they want." He could not rise to an appreciation of higher motives. It is the same towards the priests very often. Even the Christians have not that same feeling towards the priest as would be found at home in countries where the Faith has been strong for centuries. The people are easily offended, and when offended they sometimes show their resentment by deciding to stay away from Mass and the Sacraments altogether.

The Remedy.

As for this chief difficulty of the strange mentality, and its often unfortunate consequences, we must remember that we are dealing with a people with a tradition of centuries of paganism. The really marvellous thing is that they are not very much worse. Compared with the paganism of Rome, there is much that is admirable even in natural China. Compared with the paganism of Carthage and Moloch and the infant sacrifices, the paganism of China is almost a blessed thing. But in itself paganism—of whatever sort—is awful. However, the chief remedy as far as we are concerned is not to persuade ourselves of anything objective in paganism so much as to ask ourselves why we really came to China. And here we must touch upon the supernatural, or the answer to the whole question. My dear boys, if you are looking for appreciation, looking for sympathy, looking for comfort from human things—stay away from China. If you are not at least striving to reach the stage where you will derive your strength and your consolation from Christ in the Blessed Sacrament and learning to dispense with the consolations of creatures, then think twice before you ever take the Oath to our Mission Institute. I say if you are not *striving* to reach that stage of detachment from crea-

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from May 23rd to June 25th, 1932:

$5.00 and Over.

Children of Mary, Mount St. Joseph, North Sydney, $21.00; Crusaders, Holy Angels' School, Sault Ste. Marie, $15.00; Students, Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, $30.00; A Friend, Erinsville, $5.00; T. J. Smith, Toronto, $25.00; Crusaders, St. Vincent's Commercial School, Hamilton, $10.00; Pupils, Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S., $10.00; Pupils, St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, Ont., $6.00; Stuart M. Chapman (in thanksgiving to St. Therese), $7.00; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, $7.00; Crusaders, St. Martin's School, Toronto, $5.00; Mrs. Wm. Vale, $5.00; Friend, Montreal, $5.00; Mrs. W. A. Macdonald (in honor of St. Therese), $5.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; Rev. A. L. Cameron, $5.00; Pupils, St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, Ont., $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Frances Lynett, $5.00; Ladies' Club, Toronto, per Mrs. Harcourt, $25.00; Lizzie Masterson, $1.00; E. T. Drinkwater, $5.00.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

Miss Esther Kelly, $3.00; Separate School Pupils, Sunderland, Ont., $2.25; Margaret and John Page, $1.00; Mrs. J. B. Farrell, 50c; In Memory Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $3.00; J. E. Kavanagh, $1.00; W. T. Featherstonhaugh, $4.50; Mrs. Coffey, $2.00; Student Nurses, General Hospital, Sault Ste. Marie, $2.00; Mrs. J. Cree, $1.00; E. H. Demers, 80c; Magdalene Bauer, $1.00; Patricia and Kathleen Coyle, $2.18; Doyle children, Sunderland, Ont., $2.00; Pupils, Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Dalhousie, N.B., $3.00; Pupils, St. Edward's School, Kelligrews, Nfld., $1.00; Senior I and III Classes, St. Stanislaus' School, Guelph, $2.50; Leo Mallen, $2.00; Boys of Grade Four, Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S., $1.80; Mary J. Farrell, $2.00; Presntation Convent, Renews, Nfld., $2.50; A Friend, Barrie, Ont., $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Margaret McManamy, $2.00; Beatrice M. Caverley, $2.00; Pupils, R.C. School,, Great Jervois, Nfld., $1.00; Mrs. Crowe, $2.00; St. Stanislaus' School, Guelph, $4.00; Mrs. Peter M. Prince, $2.00; Catherine Downey, $1.00; R. J. Twohig, $4.15; per Francis Chadwick, $2.57; A. J. Macdonald, $2.00; Pupils, St. Patrick's School, Fort William, $4.27; Pupils, R.C. School, Keels, B.B., Nfld., $1.00; Mary A. Walsh, $2.10: St. Mary's School Girls, Toronto, 50c.

Building Fund.

"Bill," Toronto, $1.00; Helen Kennedy, $5.00; A Friend, Hamilton (J. M. D.), $10.00; Mrs. Mabel Hennessey, $3.00; Miss B. A. Doyle, $1.50; Pupils, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, $4.00.

Burses.

Mrs. P. Kelly, St. Theresa's Burse, $2.00; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25.00; A Friend, Portage la Prairie, St. F. X. Burse, 40c; Miss G. Meagher, St. Anthony's Burse, 50c; Gorman M. Wall, St. Anthony's Burse, $5.00; Mrs. F. J. Shea, St. Joseph's Burse, 30c.

FILIAL PIETY IN CHINA

The Chinese family is supposed to be bound together by a virtue that is unique in China, and which has never been looked upon with the same reverence by any other country in the world as in China. I refer to filial piety. There is no question but that this, as an ideal virtue, has been held up before the nation during the whole length of its existence. Confucius immortalized the subject by writing a book on it, and though it is wanting in the nerve and vigor of his other classical works, because it is from his pen it has, through successive generations, exercised a marvellous influence in keeping up the national belief in this virtue amongst all classes of society.

The utterance of the word "Hsiao" (filial piety), has an electrical effect upon any Chinaman in whose hearing it is mentioned. The ordinary citizen will discourse with you by the hour upon its beauties, and he will enlarge upon the excellence and nobility of the children that carry it out in ordinary life, especially when great obstacles exist in the performance of it. The man upon whose face profligate is plainly written with the pen of whisky and opium hears the word "Hsiao", and a softened look passes over it, and his eyes lose their hardness, and any goodness that lay in his heart is for the moment supreme. In fact, I have never yet met any one, scoundrel or honest man, who has not been moved more or less by the mention of this universally reverenced virtue.

The Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety.

Next in importance to the brochure of Confucius on filial piety is a book quite as widely known, which is entitled **The Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety.** A brief account of twenty-four famous instances of devotion to parents under various trying circumstances are given, and these are printed age after age, and read eagerly by the people. They are certainly most amusing reading, and they give the impression that whatever other qualities the Chinaman may possess, he is endowed with a strain of romance and poetry that explains how popular he can be when he lets himself go.

One of these stories is of a young lad, who acts in such a way as to excite the admiration of all who read his story. His mother had died and his father had married a second wife, who was exceedingly unkind to him. She had a son of her own by a previous marriage, upon whom she lavished all the love of her heart. After years of illtreatment, his father one day quite unexpectedly discovers the true state of the case, when he is so enraged that he drives his wife and her beloved son from his home, and he declares that he will never have anything more to do with them.

It is at this juncture that the filial piety that has immortalized the young fellow's name is conspicuously manifested. He so pleads with his father to forgive his stepmother that he is permitted to go and bring her home again, though he is quite conscious that her return means sorrow to himself.

He has successfully performed his mission, when lingering on the road he is seized by a band of robbers, who decide, for reasons not stated, to murder him. The stepmother hears of this, and filled with remorse and with gratitude too, she takes her own son to the robbers' camp and offers them him in exchange for the other, to be killed in his stead. The thieves are so impressed with the noble self-denial of both stepmother and stepson that they all agree to abandon their evil lives and to become honest citizens of the Empire, which they proceed to do at once and the band is broken up. — Sidelights on Chinese Life.

Building Fund

Allan Campbell, $1.50; Mrs. E. J. Gough, $1.00; A friend, Hamilton, $10.00; Mrs. Ed. Murphy, $2.00; Rev. Ed. Mulvill, $3.50; Don. D. Beaton, $1.00.

Burses

A friend, in memory M. H., Alberry Plains, P.E.I., $10.00; Miss Grace McMullen, Cayuga, Ont., $25.00; Miss Irene White, Toronto, $1.00; Miss Alice G. O'Neill, St. Andrew's N.B., $10.00.

ALONG THE MISSION HIGHWAY.

(Continued from page 105)

tures. Need I say that we shall ever fall short of our ideals? Need I say that there is no reason to be discouraged if we find at times that human indifference and human ingratitude dishearten us. We should not be human were it otherwise. But as long as we have the abiding conviction that our dear Lord in the Tabernacle is our one source of strength, and that we are coming here, not to receive anything from those poor benighted creatures, but rather to bring into their lives something of the love of our Heavenly Father, then our reaction to their indifference will not be that morbid self-pity which could easily make of ourselves spoiled little children, but a real commiseration for those who are ten thousand times more unfortunate than ourselves.

Strength from Above.

Is this too much to ask of us? What do you answer? Do you imagine for a moment that it depends upon ourselves? Do you think that if our success in China were to depend upon our own powers that any one of us should stay here five minutes? Do we not rather realize that when God calls us to this work He will give us grace more than ample to enable us to succeed, and if we go forward with confidence in Him, there cannot possibly be any failure, because it is His grace alone that will sustain us, and that grace will never fail.

I am speaking very plainly, boys, because I know what awaits you over here. Only God could ask of you the sacrifice you are about to make, and only God could bestow upon you, as He bestows upon all of us at times, the happiness which makes us feel that not even in our wildest flights of imagination could we think it was possible to be so happy in China. Thank God for China. Those are the sentiments of our missionary priests, to a man.

In spite of the obstacles and the discouragements which I have outlined just as they are, there is the grand realization that we are doing the Will of God and making an effort to do something that costs a great deal of effort and sacrifice for poor human nature. There are intimate feelings which one would hesitate to desecrate by transcribing them on paper, but you yourselves will know one day how very true it is that for those who have left father or mother or lands for His Name's sake the reward is a hundredfold, even in this life.

Why do I tell you all this? Because I want you to have, while yet in the Seminary, a concept of China which approaches the reality. Because I want you to feel, and thank God for it, that no matter what cynics may say, or no matter how well-meaning friends at home try to discourage you, there is no place in the wide world where God sustains us in His loving arms and lifts us bodily up towards a realization of our priestly ideals more than He does on the Foreign Mission field. Yes, boys, the day will come for all of you, let us hope, when you, too, will say with those who have reached the goal before you, and say it from the bottom of your heart: Thank God for China.

JOSEPH LOPAHONG.

(Continued from page 103)

under the protection of a saint. Joseph Lopahong is indeed an ornament to the Church in China. With a few more men such as he, there would be no fear for the future of the Chinese Mission. Naturally the enthusiasm of the missionaries for this extraordinary man is boundless. It is they who speak of him as the Chinese Saint Vincent de Paul. One of the French missionaries says: "Would to God we had such a Christian in France!" His praises are sung in the missionary magazines of all countries.

At the request of Bishop Reynaud of East Tschekiang, on January 8, 1920, the Holy Father made Joseph Lopahong a Knight of Saint Gregory. He is the first Chinese to receive this distinction. Well-deserved recognition was accorded him everywhere when in 1925 he journeyed through America on his way to Rome and the Holy Land. The Holy Father also gave him special honor. He has, furthermore, been made a member of the standing committee of the International Eucharistic Congresses. — The Christian Family.

If God has blessed you with an abundance of this world's goods you can show your gratitude by aiding His mission work.



Reverend Fathers Venadam, Gignac, Kam, and MacDonald with the little acolytes who add color to the Solemn Ceremonies in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Lishui.

Our priests will be glad to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for your intentions if you send your Mass stipends to the Seminary.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Buds:

I am sure you all know well the beautiful story in the Gospels which shows how our Blessed Lord loved to have little children around Him. One day, after Our Lord had been very busy preaching to the people and was feeling rather tired, a number of mothers brought their children to Him to receive His blessing. The Apostles, wishing to give the Saviour a chance to rest after his day's labour, tried to turn away those mothers with their children, but Our Lord did not like that and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

Always, Our Lord acts like that with children; He wants them to be close to Him; He wishes to bless them, and He is always very pleased when young boys and girls show their love for Him. During your time in school you were good to say your prayers every day and go to Confession and Holy Communion frequently; now you are away from school and your time is your own as you enjoy the long summer vacation. Are you going to keep just as close to our Blessed Lord during the holidays as you did during school-time? God certainly wants you to be just as good during the holidays as at any other time, but perhaps you are not going to find it so easy. But surely you are all going to try. Do your best, and that is all God expects of you. Nothing gives so much joy to our Lord as to have pure young souls pray to Him and ask His blessing not only for themselves but for those who as yet know nothing of God and His Blessed Mother. In school time you were all doing a great deal to help the Missions by your prayers and Holy Communions. Your help is needed just as much now. Don't forget, then, to say a prayer every day during vacation for the Missionaries and for the pagan souls they are labouring to convert. God will grant many graces to pagan souls if He is asked by His little missionaries of the "Rose Garden".

Things are going along just great with our "Garden", and I am delighted to have so many new members. I want to hear from everybody during the summer. Tell me how you are enjoying yourselves. Now that all the students have gone home, think how lonely poor Father Jim will be here and how much he will enjoy getting a big bundle of letters from the "buds" every mail.

Have lots of fun during the holidays—and remember what I have told you about being very good little missionaries during the summer. God bless you all.

Yours for a happy time,

FATHER JIM.

Lift up your eyes, ye toilers!
Lift up your eyes and see
The fields that are white with harvest
Waiting for you and me,
Waiting for you to reap them,
Waiting from day to day,
You to go forth and seek them
Me to lift hands and pray.

Harvests of souls! so beauteous
They won from Heaven our God!
Ravished Him from the Father
To dwell on this sin-stained sod.
And He calls us to help Him seek them,
To gather them to the Fold,
Sheep that He loves with His Sacred Heart
Heirs to glory untold.

Youth and Age! They are straying,
Ah how He yearns for them,
The precious fruits of His Passion
Beautiful souls of men.
They thirst for the Truth that will save them,
They cry out to us each day,
You to go forth to spread the word
Me to lift hands and pray.

Shall we turn from this "whitening harvest,"
Are we laggards that cry: "Not yet?"
Shall we see them die by the wayside,
Dying in vain regret?
Let us go forth and win them,
For the work of the Master is there
You with the cry of the Gospel,
Me with the yearning of prayer.

Take courage, dear brother, press onward!
Heed not the trials on the way,
Thousands of souls so precious
Wait you from day to day.
Sometimes the road may be weary
And clouds may obscure the sun,
But remember the Master is waiting
To give you the prize you'll have won.

Ruth Summers, Pennywell Rd., St. John's, Nfld., has saved a lot of stamps for the missions. She writes: "We always look forward to the arrival of 'China'; the articles by Father McGrath are very interesting, and I think the story of Ruth Graves, which was published some time ago, was just beautiful. Would you please ask some Buds of my own age (14) to write to me."

* * *

Donald Whelan, writing for 38 members of his class at St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, Ont., says some nice things about our Club, and says the Buds at St. Michael's are second to none in their interest in the Chinese Missions.

* * *

Good Detective Work!

Greenfield, Ont.

We have a priest-guest in our Parish from your Seminary. I was talking to him this morning, and I told him I thought he was Father Jim. He said I guessed wrong, so I am writing to you now **while he is here,** and you must answer **immediately,** so that I can find out. I thought I told you not to show my letters to anyone, and you did, because Father ——— told me everything that was in them; he knows every time I write you, and what not. I am Scotch, as you can guess by the name. I don't want to use too much paper and ink, so good-bye—and write **immediately.**

I remain,

An anxious Bud,

Margaret Cameron.

Well, Margaret's answer was in the mail less than an hour after I got the above letter. I hardly think it satisfied her, and perhaps she still says, "I hae ma doots".

* * *

From St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, came nice letters from Patrick McGarry, Oliver Plexman, and Dan Laberge. Hope to hear from you soon again, boys!

* * *

998 Jessie Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.

We are enclosing one dollar, which we have saved for the missions. We are delighted with our Little Flower Rose Garden badges, and we wear them to school. Please pray for us all.

Your little friends,

Margaret and John Page.



Margaret and John Page.

Bell Island, Nfld.

Many of the parents of the Buds to whom I gave your certificates and badges felt proud to have their children considered as little missionaries of the Rose Garden, and they told me they are going to have the certificates framed. We in Newfoundland have read about the honor conferred on Monsignor McGrath by His Holiness the Pope, and we are proud of our Newfoundland missionary to China. . . . . And now for some questions: Wasn't Father Doyle the famous "Beaver" of the Stamp Corner, and am I not correct in saying that Norma Mills, of Toronto, was the Bud who found out who you were? Please tell me if I am correct.

The above is part of a letter from Philomena Dobbin. Thanks for the letter, Philomena. I'm afraid to put in "China" the answers to your questions, but I hope you got the letter I wrote you. If Norma knows any secrets, you could try your persuasions on her. Her address is 628 Parliament Street, Toronto.

* * *

Lisahally,
Londonderry,
Ireland.

I am sending you some more names of those who want to become Buds. They want to get some pen-pals from foreign countries. We love to hear of the brave missionaries in China, and we pray for them. Kathleen Leonard.

We certainly are glad to add to our list of Buds from Ireland. How privileged they were to have the great Eucharistic Congress in their country a few weeks ago!

I want to ask the Boys of our Garden to write to John Timlin. 26 Auburn Avenue, Toronto, Ont. John is the young lad from England whose picture was published in our column last month. Since March he was confined to bed because of heart trouble, but now he is able to be up for a while each day. He has written me some beautiful letters; in one of them he begs me to ask some buds to write him, and it will be a pleasure for him to answer any letters he receives. How about it, boys?

Mount Carmel School,
New Waterford, N.S.

We certainly were all delighted when Sister gave us our beautiful certificates and pins from the Rose Garden. We thank you very much, and we are all going to pray every day for the missionaries in China.

* * *

144 West Main,
Welland, Ont.

I only wish you could have seen the excitement and joy of all the Buds when they received their badges, etc. They thank you for your letter. I can assure you that all of them are going to be very faithful to their promises. I hope to have a lot of new members for you when school opens in September. The Buds will be having their picnic in a few weeks, and they have asked me to invite Father Jim to come to Welland for the occasion.

Thanks, Buds, I am sure I would enjoy being at your picnic. I hope you have a real good outing, but I fear I would only spoil your fun if I were to show up.

* * *

Father Jim thanks sincerely the lady in Dominion, N.S., who sent him the package of religious pictures and articles for the missions.

* * *

225 Lake St.,
Peterboro, Ont.

There are some girls at St. Peter's High School who would like to join the Rose Garden, but they are awfully shy about writing to you, and they picked on me to write for them.

Dorothy Grady.

Well, Dot, I hope they are over that fit of shyness since you showed them my letter. Let me welcome those shy young ladies to our Garden in advance!

* * *

There is no vacation from prayer and spiritual good works. Always remember the missionaries.



Valeria and Bill Romkanyi, 20 Albert St., Oshawa.

11 Water Street,
Glace Bay, N.S.

I was indeed very happy to receive your letter, Father Jim. As soon as the girls heard I had a letter from you, they all looked to see if your real name was signed to it. . . . The young man who visited our school and told us about you did not say anything bad about you, but he said that every time anyone went to take your picture you always hid your face. . . . I hope to get some information from Father MacGillivray about you before the summer is over.

I always feel nervous during the summer with so many Buds down East being acquainted with students from the Seminary, but Father Jim is always careful to issue "instructions" that no "secrets" are to be given away. If Mary Molloy saw me once, she would not blame me for "hiding my face" when a camera is near. Mary Molloy, Bay Bulls, Nfld., is requested to write to her namesake in Glace Bay.

* * *

New Members!

Margaret M. Hogan, 26 Buchanan St., St. John's, Nfld.; Marie Granger, 598 Sherbrooke St., Peterboro, Ont.; Marguerite Currie, 64 Richmond St., Sydney, N.S.; Frances Solski, Box 119, Coniston, Ont.; Rita M. Stapleton, Hr. Grace, Nfld.; Mary MacIntyre, Georgeville, N.S.; M. Margaret MacGillivray, 294 Park St., Sydney, N.S.; Margaret G. Dunne, Hr. Grace, Nfld.; Mary Fogarty, 1348 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S.; Elizabeth Strong, 470 Pelissier St., Windsor, Ont.

To all the Boys and Girls of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden,"
Father Jim wishes a very pleasant vacation.

SMILES

Little Gertie had been told by her parents that whenever visitors called at the house it was her duty to pay them some attention.

Some few days later, when a Mrs. Daniel arrived for tea, Gertie was cautioned to behave herself.

Tea was just ready when the small girl sauntered into the room and remarked in her best drawing-room manner: "How do you do, Mrs. Daniel? So pleased you've come. I've just been reading about your husband's amazing experience in the lions' den!"

A widow who intended to succeed her husband as the manager of a country hotel advertised the fact in the local papers after this manner: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Smith, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

The editor of a paper received a long poem from a gentleman last week, and wrote to the lank-haired specimen a mild remonstrance.

"You must really send short verses," was the wind up of the editor's exordium.

The reply was:

"I enclose you a little thing, it is short and to the point.

"The Ballad of the Tradesman.

" 'Trust,
Bust!' "

Teacher (much exasperated by one pupil): "Look, here, are you the teacher in this class?"

Pupil: "No Sir, I'm not."

Teacher: "Then why do you keep talking like a numbskull?"

Doctor—You have nervous dyspepsia, same as Brown had. His was caused by worrying over his butcher's bill. I directed him to stop worrying.

Stranger—Yes, and now he's cured and I'm the butcher.

Roadside notice posted in New Hampshire:

"By order of the selectmen, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalk is hereby forbidden."

"Daddy, is to-day to-morrow?" asked the boy.

"Certainly, it isn't," answered his father.

"But you said it was."

"Whenever did I say that to-day was to-morrow?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, it was. To-day was to-morrow yesterday, but to-day is to-day, just as yesterday was to-day yesterday, but is yesterday to-day, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, which makes to-day yesterday and to-morrow all at once. Now run along and play!"

Mrs. Golde: "My husband adores smoking in his den. Has your husband a den, my dear?"

Mrs. Nyce: "No, my husband growls all over the house."

Salesman—"Did you like that cigar I gave you? For 500 coupons of that brand you get a banjo."

Clerk—"If I smoked 500 of those cigars, I'd need a harp."

Teacher: "Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct."

Little Bessie: "Dick."

"Who's Dick?" inquired the teacher.

"Our canary," little Bessie sobbed out. "That ol' cat went and 'extincted' him."

Teacher (teaching class alphabet): "Now, Mabel, what comes after 'g'?"

Mabel (after a pause): "Whiz, miss."

First Lady: "Been in the 'ospital, eh? Was yer surgical or medical?"

Second Lady: "W'atcher mean?"

First Lady: "Well, was yer ill when yer went in and they made yer well, or was yer well when yer went in and they made yer ill?"

An old conscientious lady who had wandered away from her party, came on a golfer who had lost his ball a half-hour before.

"Sir," she said as she spied the white pill in a gopher hole, "would it be cheating if I told you where the ball is?"

Two fellows who had been to a Burns dinner met the morning after.

"Well, John," asked one, "did you get home all right last night?"

"Oh, aye," replied John. "I was getting along splendidly until I approached the corner of the street near our house; then a great, big, lumbering policeman turned the corner first and tramped on ma knuckles."

"Why did you break off your engagement?"

"Well, we were looking over our new house when my prospective mother-in-law said it would be small for three persons, so I gracefully retired."

A professor was in the habit of letting his dog sit by his side at meals. One evening, when at a public dinner, a woman, wishing to attract the professor's attention, touched his sleeve. The professor, without looking up, mechanically took a bone from his plate, and said:

"Oh, get away with you. Take this out to the mat and eat it!"

Then, on the other hand, a bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another.—Boston Transcript.

Daughter — "Papa, I want to tell you some of the funny things Jack told me. He's such a joker."

Dad—"I know it. Last night he asked me to be his father-in-law."

"Speaking of animals remembering," said the tall, elderly man, "when I was a boy I once gave a circus elephant a stick of striped candy."

"Well?"

"After that, whenever that circus was to parade in the town, the barbers had to take in their striped poles."—Boston Transcript.

On the notice board of a wayside chapel it was announced: "On Saturday at 8 p.m. the annual mince-pie supper will be held. The subject of the sermon on Sunday morning will be 'A Night of Horror'."

Customer (from the country): "I'd like a dollar dinner, please."

Hotel Restaurant Waiter: "Yes, sir. On white or rye bread, sir?"

Wife (to returning husband at seaside resort): "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come! We heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you."

Keeper: "Hey, get away from that thar elephant, sonny!"

Sonny: "Aw, I ain't hurting him."

Wife of Lion Tamer: "As my husband is ill, I will take his place."

Circus Manager: "But you have had nothing to do with lions and tigers."

Wife: "No, but I know that my husband manages them quite well."

Manager: "Yes, he does."

Wife: "Then it will be child's play for me. You ought to see how I can manage him."

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Rev. John E. McRae, Rector

CHINA

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OUR WORK

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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Vol. XVI. SEPTEMBER, 1932 No. 8

CO-OPERATION

Twelve years ago St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary existed only as an idea in the mind of a zealous missionary priest. Today it is a flourishing Institute whose members are responsible for the Christianizing of a large territory in pagan China. For the past several years we have been able to send out graduates to the Field Afar that they might continue to carry out the great Command of Christ and "preach the Gospel to every creature". Once again the time approaches for the departure of young priests for the Missions, and the fortunate ones this Fall are Reverend Fathers McGillivray and McNabb. They will be welcome reinforcements to the fifteen priests already in Chuchow District.

* * *

We feel there is something of really great importance in this annual sending-forth of young Apostles—something so fine and so noble that we are loathe to allow the occasion to pass without drawing the attention of our many readers to its significance. At a time when everything seems to be wrong with the world, and when we hear of scarcely anything but "depression" and "conferences for material uplift", it is refreshing to realize that the work so dear to God—the work of Foreign Missions—still goes on apace. It is worthwhile to remind ourselves that this advancement has been made possible by the generous co-operation of our Catholic people, and each new departure for the Missions is a tribute to their whole-souled interest in the propagation of their precious heritage of Catholic Faith.

* * *

We like to think that the success of our Seminary has wider implications than a merely individual Institutional progress; rightly, we have come to regard Canada's Foreign Mission Seminary as an index and a reflection of the Spirit of Faith which animates our people at large; to them we look for the wherewithal to carry on our work, and our success is the measure of their generosity. In the past they have not failed us—and we have not disappointed them.

* * *

The Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland have reason to feel proud of their contribution to the Foreign Mission work of the Church. Our priests and sisters already on the missions are doing God's work heroically. The difficulties they have met and successfully overcome are not unknown to our readers who have been kept in touch with their doings through the pages of "China". The letters from those "over there" speak of trials and hardships, but they show also that spirit of determination and cheerfulness which is characteristic of all who labour for the salvation of souls.

* * *

We can have nothing but the highest admiration for those who have sacrificed so much in order to become "all things to all men". Were they seeking their own ease or comfort or personal advantage they would not have exchanged the luxuries and conveniences of Canada for the poverty and hardships incidental to mission life in China. Actuated by supernatural motives and holy ambitions they are content to "spend and be spent" to promote the welfare and spread of God's Kingdom on earth, and we are thrilled to know that they are *your representatives, sent to China because of your co-operation and maintained through your generosity to the missions.*

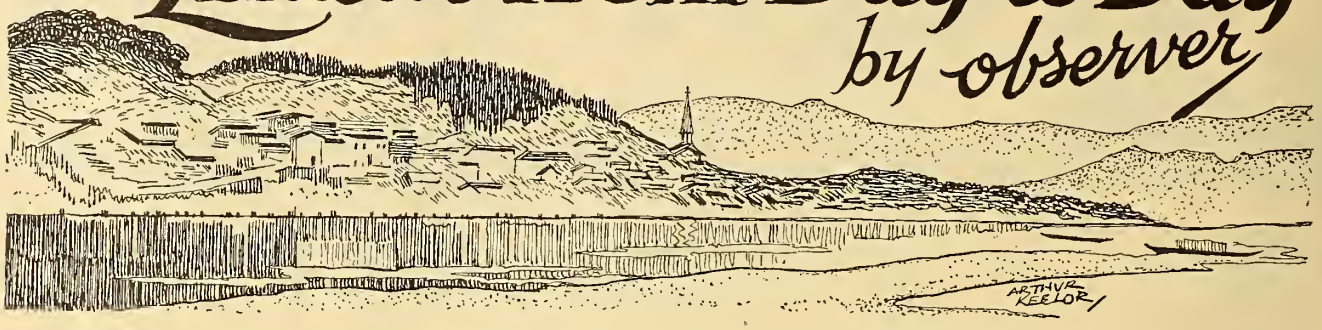
This feeling of "partnership" which exists between the readers of "CHINA" and our missionaries in Chuchow is something on which we set great value; not alone we in the Seminary, but our friends everywhere speak of them as "our" missionaries, and the reference is a very happy one. It is expressive of the co-operation which has meant so much to our Seminary and to our missionaries during the past dozen years of effort—a co-operation which tends to intensify and solidify our kinship in the Faith.

* * *

As the time draws near for two more of our priests to leave the Seminary and go into "active service" on the Missions it gives us an opportunity to reiterate our desire that all Catholics become imbued with that mission-consciousness which is best expressed in terms of *personal sacrifice.* In an article in this issue of "CHINA", Father Stringer declares that the work of propagating the Gospel is the concern of each individual Catholic as much as it is the Divinely appointed duty of the Church as a whole. The point is well made, and it is to this purpose that our words are directed —that YOU who read may think seriously of your obligations to your representatives, the missionaries. It is all very praiseworthy to feel proud of your Faith, to feel elated at the work done by others to propagate it, but when all is said and done the real test of sincerity is *personal action, personal interest* according to your capabilities. The tribute of a fervent daily prayer is possible to all our readers; if gladly given it will do wonders for our mission work, and secure all other needed help. We humbly ask if we may count on *your co-operation?*

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



We are now in Tsingtien, have been for nearly two weeks, with an interval of a few days I was obliged to spend in Wenchow hospital. Picked up some faint touch of one of China's many diseases. This one has been disarmed by the injections received before leaving Chuchow.

* * *

We are here two weeks, not from choice but because of the caprices of Old Man Wenchow River. He has been on the rampage for nearly a month and none of the little Chinese boats with pole and oar can make any headway against his ten-mile current. We've seen him rise fifteen feet in two days, during one of which Fr. Amyot and I were parked about 15 miles upstream, near the bank of the river, "somewhere in China." The rain started again and as it looked like an indefinite stay we decided to hit back for Tsingtien. In about two hours we came down the distance it had taken us a day's hard work to make against the stream.

"I ain't breakin' your heart,
Don't start breakin' my heart,
River, stay 'way from my door."

We played that record last night, on Father Sharkey's little portable gramophone. The setting was perfect. A very indifferent baritone was beseeching the river to stay 'way from his door and for the time being he was voicing the feelings of us all. As he sang, the fawning, treacherous waters were lapping, oh so gently, at the city gate.

* * *

Some years ago, on just such a night, the waters of the same river were lapping against the same city gate. It was Monsignor Fraser who told me the story, years ago in Canada, when we were trying to "get things going" in those old pioneer days. He told me of a night in Tsingtien—which to me was then but a meaningless name—when the people went to bed a bit anxious because the water had risen to the gates and it was still raining.

* * *

This morning the catechist here told me the story again. On that night the whole village was swept away. Remnants of houses were carried downstream and before the screaming, affrighted villagers realized what was happening the roaring waters had cut off their retreat to the nearby mountain. The catechist was one of the few survivors. He had been working at rice in an abandoned temple and was asleep in an upper "room" when the flood gates of Heaven were loosed and Tsingtien vanished in the darkness.

* * *

But last night the rain stopped and today the people are breathing easier. For only a slight drizzle is falling and the river is just holding its own. Were the rain to continue heavily for one more day and night it would be holding many things that are not its own, some of which might be our precious belongings if not our precious selves.

* * *

For a few days there were five of us here, Fathers Venini, Amyot, Sharkey, Gignac and myself. We have succeeded in eating Fr. Sharkey out of house and home. During my few days stay in Wenchow Frs. Amyot and Venini got a break, two days sunshine, which lowered the river sufficiently to enable them to make the grade to Chuchow.

* * *

But since we returned it has rained steadily and we do not know when we shall get away. The roads along the way are impassable and sedan-chair carriers (here they have the open air variety only) will not move as the narrow mountain paths are too dangerous they say.

* * *

Only today we learned that Smoky Bill, the champion flagpole sitter is going to put on an exhibition in Shanghai. Perhaps we shall sit him out, here in Tsingtien. There is nothing for it but to possess one's soul in patience. Such is one part of missionary life in China.

* * *

Yesterday we sent an S.O.S. call to Chuchow, by long-distance telephone, telling them that rations were low and that we had bought the last tin of condensed milk in Tsingtien city. They went to work fast and the sisters came nobly to the rescue. Today the "boy" arrived from Chuchow; he made the trip—60 miles—in six hours and he brought a very cheerful looking hamper. So we can "hold that line" for another while. It is easy coming downstream, hence the speedy trip.

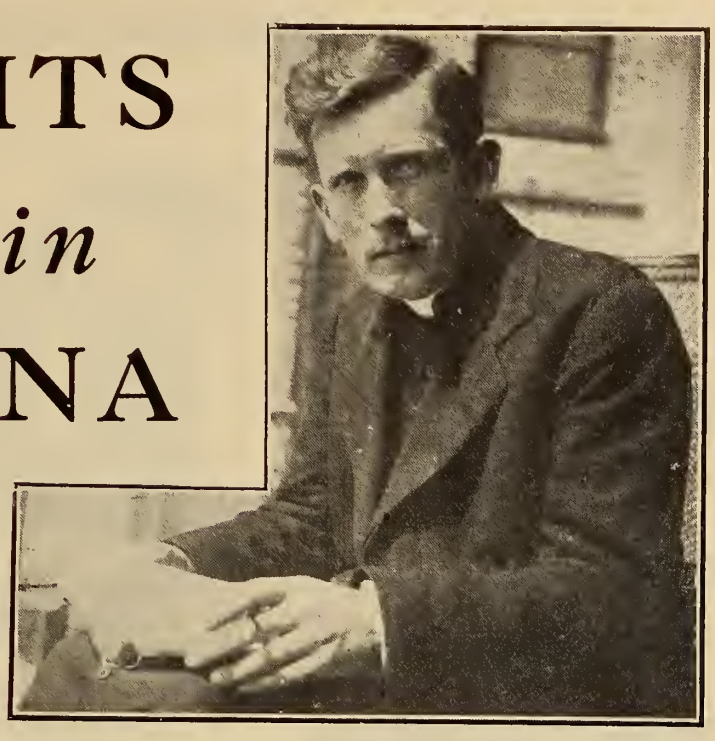
* * *

Our "friend" the bandit chief is dead. He met his death two weeks ago at ————, before a firing squad. I say our "friend," because he it was who refused to capture our three Canadian Sisters when a treacherous boatman offered to sell them, to be held for ransom. He was a "gentleman of the old school" of banditry, not the Red variety. He never allowed one of his 2,000 men to damage a mission chapel anywhere in the district.

* * *

As he was being led to execution he shouted, "I am not a Communist. I am not a Communist. And when you put me to death I will return as a mandarin." Like so many other around here he believes in the Transmigration of souls.

SIDELIGHTS *on* LIFE *in* CHINA



By

REV. DESMOND STRINGER

It is extremely difficult to comprehend the Chinese mind, especially on matters religious. The spiritual and material elements are so mixed as to make one wonder how they exercise any influence at all. When the people start to put a new "dress" on a god, they first cover his eyes with bits of paper in order that he won't "lose face", in other words, that he may not be embarrassed! Then they have a celebration, a sort of "coming-out party", for the deity in his gaudy regalia. I was told of a case in which the Dragon figured. It seems that some priest was building a church and dug the foundation on a day which commemorated one of the numerous Dragon feasts. Simultaneously an inmate of a house across the road took sick, and the priest was blamed. He had either injured or broken the back of an innocent dragon that was reposing in mother earth. There was quite a hullabaloo about it all, and digging was suspended until the said dragon's back was on the mend. How did they know when it was better? Why, when the man got better! Another case was the excavation of a roadway through a mountain. After thousands of dollars were spent in the work, it had to be all undone because the *spirit of the mountain* was disturbed. What a mentality!

Often I have heard the East described as the "mysterious", the "enchanting", the "dreamy", etc. Possibly it is so to the favoured few whose greatest worry in life is how to spend money. Oftentimes something we rave about in poetic language loses all its charm when it falls under our notice day after day. Some of us can see romance in being nearly frozen to death—that is, when we are thinking it over beside a cosy heater. Or else we may laugh to death thinking how close we were to being run down. Life in China is full of hard work, sweat and toil, and it is not considered menial here to have to do manual labour. Blue skies, grey skies, laughs and sighs, cries of babies, barking of dogs, angry gesticulating, roaring merriment, idle lounging, shrieking fifes and rattling boilers, banging of drums, perfume of flowers, stenches from hovels, choking dust, soaking rain, blistering heat, shivering cold, contempt for the gods, respect for their powers, and so on in aeternum—such is life!

But the souls that move through it all, ah! and each soul is for the missionary a Midas which changes everything into gold, and for such treasure as is to be found here who wouldn't stoop to gather it even though hands were stained. It isn't "mysterious" nor "enchanting" nor "dreamy", but it's chuck full of *romance, thrills, fights* with none other than the Archenemy of Michael! Satan is too cunning and crafty to try the same old gags once he finds their effectiveness is beginning to be lost—it doesn't matter to him whether he is worshipped in wooden gods or in the spirit of a cat or a dog, as long as he is worshipped. They say that if you give a man enough rope he will hang himself. To me it appears this is just what has happened to the devil, because in keeping his Satanic self before the minds of these poor souls he has kept also in their sight the existence of a future life, however distorted it appears. So, all in all, it isn't a great wonder that the religious and domestic life of the country is such as we find it. To imagine for a moment that the powers of evil will relinquish their stranglehold without a most venomous and determined resistance would be folly. But every life given, every drop of blood shed for Him is for Satan a mortal thrust. It seems a pity that all Catholics do not use to the full the "arms" at their disposal. If they only knew! We all know that it is the mission of the Church to preach the Gospel. It is the business of each *individual* Catholic! It is human nature to wish to see results for energy expended—tangible results, I mean. And possibly this explains the weak current of much of our endeavour in matters spiritual. Let every Catholic go to Mass and Holy Communion twice a week throughout the year for the intention of spreading the Faith and one can easily visualize the result.

CHINESE CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

The Mission Intention for September is "Catholic Action in Mission Lands."

JAS. F. KEARNEY, S.J.
in "America"

The little "bun boys" frequent the mission compound at Lishui and offer their wares at two dong-pah per. They find an occasional customer among the school boys, and on special occasions the treat is "on the house", all around.



IT need surprise no one to learn that the social question in China is not precisely the same as in Europe or America. The problem of the workingman, that is, of the factory worker, has only of recent years begun to assume anything like cardinal importance in this part of the Orient, for the simple reason that even today, of the approximately 485,000,000 Chinese, 350,000,000, according to some—about fifty-three per cent. according to others—are still peasants. It is difficult to obtain precise figures, but there are probably some thirty millions of people other than farmers who might be counted among the working classes. Of this number scarcely more than two millions toil in the factory. And yet this comparatively insignificant group, as Father Bernard, S.J., of the "Hautes Etudes" at Tientsin points out, may be capable of exercising an influence out of all proportion to its number; for the Bolshevist theory has always been that the proletariat, the city workingman, must take the lead, and then the peasantry will fall in behind.

As a matter of fact, the Red menace at present comes from the interior of China and has already conquered the loyalty of whole districts of peasants; but whether China is ultimately to become Communistic or not, may depend on the two million factory workers largely concentrated in the great cities, such as Shanghai, Canton, Wusih.

We shall try to give a brief sketch of this group, and then speak of the Catholic solution as it may be applied to China.

China is sometimes called the "employers' paradise," for the labor here is unbelievably cheap. What is the condition of the factory worker? Despite notable exceptions, if we consult available statistics it is in general very bad. The ordinary working day is twelve hours, rarely eight, sometimes fourteen. At noon there is usually only one-half hour for rice. While some factories give Saturday afternoon and Sunday off each week, it must be remembered that the country is still largely pagan, and hence there is no such thing as a universal Sunday rest. The Tenth of October is a national free day, and there are a few others, from three to five, for instance, at the Chinese New Year, which the Government is now trying to abolish in favor of the Western New Year. Women workers, of whom there is an undue proportion, have in general even fewer holidays. Children under twelve years of age are often forced to follow the regular twelve or fourteen hour program, and that for the night shifts as well as day shifts.

At the instigation of the International Bureau of Labor, the Chinese Government, then at Peking, promulgated on March 29, 1923, a provisional regulation for the protection of workers in industrial establishments. Employers were forbidden to hire boys of less than ten and girls of less than twelve years of age for factory work. It limited the working day of youngsters under seventeen to eight hours, and forbade them to be put on night shifts. However, as no official sanction was imposed and in the meantime civil war overthrew the Peking Government, these regulations can hardly be said to be in force today. The present National Government at Nanking between October, 1929, and March, 1930, passed a number of excellent laws insisting on an eight-hour day, the exclusion of children under fourteen from the factories, forbidding night labor for women and for children under sixteen, insisting on the sharing of profits, obligatory instruction of apprentices, etc., but as yet the Government has not sufficient authority to enforce such laws throughout the country.

For the most part the salaries seem to an American unbelievably small. They vary of course in

different sections, but in 1927 at Canton the average monthly wage of a factory hand was seven Chinese dollars—the par value of which is less than one-half that of a United States dollar—while the maximum went up to fifteen dollars, very rarely to thirty-six dollars. The woman worker received one-half or two-thirds the wage of a man; though many young girls working for the British Cigaret Co., of Shanghai, make twenty dollars a month, equivalent to between four or five dollars in gold. According to the **Revue Internationale du Travail** for December, 1924, children were frequently hired in the rural districts by giving two dollars a month to the parents for each child. The food and the lodging of these children were so poor that their factory life was little better than slavery.

Lest one should draw unwarranted conclusions from the above it must always be remembered that if wages are low, so are prices; and yet with the cost of living continually on the rise it is not to be wondered at that intelligent Chinese leaders should be anxious to remedy the situation as far as possible.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen's famous "Economic Demism" has precisely for its aim the solution of the social question, and though he realized that the time had not come to solve it, because China had not as yet sufficiently developed industrially, still he looked forward to the day when his successors might seriously take up the task of solving it, and laid down principles according to which he believed it might be handled. In fact, when, in 1923, he gave his series of conferences on the peasants and laborers of Canton, the result was that more than 300 syndicates, or workingmen's associations, were formed in that place and 200 more in the nearby city of Hongkong. Unfortunately during the civil strife of the succeeding years the Communists exerted a strong influence over the workers, and these syndicates have in general become quite radical, even when not Communistic. According to official statistics in 1929 there were a total of 1,007 syndicates registered, representing 1,901,442 men.

If only two million laborers are represented it is evident that the vast army of labor in China is not at all well organized yet. The present syndicates have no very definite aim and no carefully thought-out program for collective action, because the very poor classes do not yet understand the meaning of a labor union. Yet the activities of these bodies are increasing year after year and are beginning to take on a greater and greater importance in the national life. For instance, the number of strikes during the past few years, for political reasons, for increase of wages, and sympathy strikes for discharged fellow-workmen is rather astounding, and in many cases far from praiseworthy. There is need of intelligent and high-principled leadership today in social questions above all.

According to the recent report of Justice Feetham, Shanghai is China's largest industrial centre, fifty-three per cent. of the total number of cotton textile spindles in China being situated here, while spinning, flour milling, and ship-building likewise flourish.



Bishop Defebvre samples the wares of the "bun boy." Monsignor McGrath looks a likely customer, too.

Moreover, it is still in its infancy as a manufacturing centre, and so the local social question will become more and more pressing as time goes on. From here it may well be that the movement for a satisfactory solution may also come, and local Catholic leaders are not overlooking the fact.

What, then, of the Catholic attitude in face of the labor situation in the Orient? Because of the peculiar circumstances here it must be confessed that Catholics are not nearly so far advanced as in Europe or America in this matter. The question of applying to China the fundamental principles of Leo XIII on the condition of the workingman by means of promoting Catholic economic associations, came up at the great General Council of the Catholic Church in China in Shanghai in the year 1924. The principle of workingmen's associations was, of course, definitely approved, but it was decided that because of the troubled conditions at the time, a false beginning might bar the road for future social works.

Msgr. Auguste Haouisee, S. J., the new Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, believed that an important Catholic impetus could be given to the solution by joining actively in world-wide commemoration of the Fortieth Anniversary of Leo XIII's labor encyclical. He wished that the Chinese Christians of the important industrial centre of Shanghai, menaced by the dangers of Socialism and Communism, should be made familiar with the social doctrine of the Church.

The first meeting of the four-day celebration was held in the native Chinese city. It was a solemn affair, well attended, and destined solely for leading Catholic employers and factory superintendents. His Lordship in a stirring address first refuted the accusation that the Church is the enemy of the workingman, showing that it was precisely the Church which insisted on the application of the great principles of justice and charity upon which the solution of the social question in every country depends. After explaining to these Chinese employers the dignity of the worker and of work sanctified by Christ in person, and that if there was an inequality among the classes it was like the dignified inequality of various members of the human body, he warned his hearers above all to oppose the growing menace of Communism, pointing out Russia herself as a sad example. He exhorted them to treat all their employees and servants in a truly Christian manner, giv-

(Continued on page 124)

The Devil *in* China

by observer



One of our esteemed correspondents, a very dear friend of mine, has asked if Observer in his chats would tell something about the worship of the devil in China. As to the nature of the devil worship and what the Chinese believe regarding the evil spirits I shall treat in due course. Meanwhile, it might be of interest to all our readers to hear something of the instances in the past where the devil has actually been put to flight by the prayers of faithful Christians and the sprinkling of Holy Water. Such instances abound, and even in our own district today we have had the most consoling evidence of the fact that in China the day of miracles is still with us. In Tsingtien district, for example, Father Sharkey had the consolation of seeing an epidemic of meningitis arrested by the sacrament of Extreme Unction. In Chuchow we have seen children seriously ill of meningitis recover after being anointed and pagan children in the same vicinity succumb although not so seriously affected. These are the things which sustain and console the missionary and make him feel that God is very near him in his feeble efforts to wrest from the power of the evil one the souls for whom Christ died.

The story which I shall now tell you took place many years ago in the village of Cham-ham, near Chinchow. A pagan family was subjected to a relentless and terrible persecution on the part of the evil spirits. Invisible hands overturned and broke the furniture of the house without any warning, and often there would suddenly appear in the middle of one of the rooms a great blazing fire where a few moments before there had not been even a spark. Meanwhile, as the fire blazed and the family cowered in terror the most hideous and awe-inspiring figures appeared from nowhere and took shape on the paper pictures hanging on the walls.

Superstition in Vain.

There were many other forms of diabolical persecution, and the father of the family spared no pains to avail of the most effective forms of superstition with a view to delivering his family from this relentless terror. He appealed at first to the Bonzes known as the Hochans, those who adore the great idol *Foeh* and preach the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. They are the authors of those fantastic and ridiculous fables which they brought into China with their idols about 70 A.D. In this instance the Hochans failed miserably to dislodge the powers of evil, so the man appealed to the *Tsay Kongs*, or Bonzes of a higher order. They came to the house and performed all the superstitious ceremonies at their command but only to their own confusion. The smashing of the furniture still continued and the diabolical apparitions were just as terrible as before. There were three of them at first and they attributed their failure to a lack of numbers so summoning seven more they once more essayed to rout the devil who openly mocked them and their exorcisms. Great crowds flocked around the house as the ceremonies went on, but it was only a comedy absolutely devoid of the least result as far as the devils were concerned. By chance there happened to be a Christian among the number of the spectators one day. He could not but be struck by the mockery of their proceedings and in a loud voice so that all might hear he proclaimed:

"How greatly the people of this house are to be pitied. They are spending a great deal of money on all these ceremonies which can do them no good. If they but had recourse to the God of the Christians who is the Lord of Heaven and earth and the terror of the demons they would soon have peace and it wouldn't be necessary to spend any money to procure it." The people paid little attention at the time to what he said, but they couldn't but be struck by the vigor of his denunciation.

The bonzes continued their ceremonies but the devil held firm and

openly mocked them, and finally when the Tsay Kongs had to admit defeat the distracted pagan householder had recourse to the Sao-Says. The latter were very proud at being called to settle such a difficult case. Proudly they marched to the house and with great boasting proclaimed that they would very soon put an end to the wiles of the evil spirits. But pride goeth before a fall. Scarcely had they entered the house when a shower of stones came tumbling down upon them and it was impossible to begin their ceremony. They beat a hasty retreat and made no further efforts to deliver the poor family from their affliction.

The man was desperate. His friends advised him to leave the house which, they said, was haunted because of some crime. He would find peace in some other section of the village. But even this plan was useless. The spirits followed him and the same manifestations continued. And it was at this juncture that he met the christian who had so loudly proclaimed the power of God but a short time before.

"Aren't you the man" he asked, "who made mockery of the bonzes in my house and pretended that the God of the Christians alone could help me?"

"I am," the man replied, "and it is up to you to prove the truth of what I have said. In your neighbourhood there are many Catholics, full of piety and fervour; call them and some other christians of the village to come to your house and pray all together to the God Whom we adore. God will hear their prayers in your behalf. As for me, I am only a sinner, only one recently converted from paganism and I would not dare go alone to your house because it would be presumption for me to ask God to work such a miracle. But I am sure that the prayers of my fellow christians will be heard and you will have reason to know the power of the only true God. Don't be alarmed at the number because it won't cost you any money, or even a banquet."

The man listened and appeared to be impressed but the hour of his conversion was not yet at hand. He made no attempt to enlist the help of the Christians of the village. A few nights later the demons returned in force and the man, beside himself with fear, hastened at midnight to the home of this christian, made him open the door and implored him, in the Name of the God Whom he adored, to come to his assistance at once. In vain did this humble soul entreat him to wait till next day when he could summon the help of the more worthy members of the faithful. He would not be denied and insisted that an attempt be made then and there to see if the devils feared this unknown God.

Recommending himself to God the poor man hastily took his beads and some holy water and betook himself to the scene. The family was huddled in terror in one room and as soon as he entered he knelt and once more prayed God to show his power to those who did not believe in His Name. Seizing all the idols and the other objects of superstitious worship which the pagans would not dare to touch he made a huge fire and consigned them one by one to the flames. He then blessed the house with the holy water and asked them to promise that if the trouble ceased they would all study the doctrine of the Catholic Church. They promised, and from that moment the house was troubled no more.

Faithful to his promise the pagan began to observe the fast and abstinence of the Church and came each morning and night to prayers. The next time Father Barborier arrived at Cham-ham he had the happiness of baptizing him and his whole family.

Another Case.

A young pagan woman came to pay a visit to her parents who were both Christians and fell suddenly ill with a strange and violent malady. They were very much alarmed and sent for the catechist Paul, a man of great zeal in his work for souls. They didn't say a word to the daughter but when they entered the room she suddenly addressed them:

"You have sent for Paul, and in a great hurry. He will not come for a long time, I know."

As a matter of fact the catechist was away on a mission trip at the time and they could only leave a message for him and nobody could tell just when he would be able to come. One day, when nobody was even thinking about him, the sick girl suddenly rose up and spoke, in the plural:

"Let us go, let us go! Paul is coming and we mustn't stay".

GODS

The gods of other people
Are dressed in silver and gold;
They live in beautiful temples,
They are never naked or cold.
But my God is naked and shivering,
His home is wind-swept and raw.
My God is a little infant
In a manger filled with straw.
The gods of other people
Are objects of fright and fear—
They clasp in their hands a weapon
Their face is a hellish leer.
But my God, He is so different,
His face is so sad and sweet
That one could not help but love Him
And kneel at his crucified feet.

FATHER SHARKEY

Her parents ran out of the house to see if it were true, and lo and behold, there was the catechist on one of the streets of the village, but in a place where he could not possibly have been seen from the house. As soon as he entered, the girl said that she felt completely cured.

"What was the nature of your illness?" he asked the girl.

"For some time past", she explained, "creatures like men, but with a terrifying countenance, seemed to be binding me in chains and I was not able even to speak for myself. As soon as you approached they fled and I felt free again." She asked to be instructed in the Christian doctrine and some time afterwards both herself and her husband were baptized.

There are cases where the simple blessing with Holy Water is not sufficient to drive away the evil spirits, and they have declared defiantly to the missionaries that they are not afraid of Holy Water. Yet the contortions of the possessed persons and their look of agony when Holy Water was sprinkled on them showed that it made them suffer and caused consternation among their tormentors. The recent startling things that have happened in the north of China in the territory of the Society of the Divine Word show that there are still, as there were in the time of the first disciples, those evil spirits who are not to be cast out except by prayer and fasting. A well-known Vicar Apostlic related this as his own personal experience:

"One day, the feast of the Epiphany, in the village of ————, they brought me a possessed person, bound and carried by his friends because he had refused, absolutely, to come to see me. I held my cross in my hand and told the afflicted man to invoke the name of Jesus. He turned his head away and screamed, in a terrible voice:

"Why has he thrown me into Hell? Why has he thrown me into Hell? He is unjust; He is unjust!"

"God is just!" I replied." If He has condemned you to Hell it is because of your pride."

"The demon then confessed before all present that God was just but he added that Jesus Christ could not save him. At the same time he burst forth into terrible screams, alternating with shrieks of fiendish laughter. I ordered him to leave the man. He refused. I then asked several of those standing by to hold the man while I pressed the cross to his lips. Immediately the devil left him. The man afterwards studied the Christian doctrine with great zeal. He is now a Christian and the devil has not bothered him any more."

There are times when the devil does not content himself with private posession but makes use of an unfortunate individual to deliver a message to the public and to prescribe the route of processions that are to take place in his honor. Here is indeed a most remarkable story which shows that while the devil is all powerful among the unfortunate and benighted slaves who adore him he trembles and is afraid in the presence of even the humblest christian.

In the vilage of ———— there were held regularly three great pagan processions, at fixed dates; the 28th of the third moon, the 7th of the seventh moon and the 10th of the eighth moon. The remarkable thing about those processions is not the elaborate ceremony and the gorgeous effects which cost a tremendous amount of money but rather the weird manner in which the devil regularly indicates the way it is to go and the idols that are to be carried.

Some time before one or other of the feasts some individual pagan is possessed by the devil. One time it is a rich merchant, another time a poor coolie or small tradesman. On the fateful day he suddenly leaves his elaborate mansion or his poor hovel as the case might be and runs around the streets like a raving maniac. He is impelled by some utterly irrestible force and is utterly oblivious of all that is going on around him. Throngs of people follow but he seems to be unaware of their presence. The villagers are quite accustomed to such apparitions and they recognize the man at once by his haggard and wild appearance. He knew what was going to come to pass. They would follow him and see.

"The *Tong Tsay* is here. The *Tong Tsay* is here," they cry. "See the possessed one who announces his arrival."

They follow him and suddenly the possessed man enters a pagoda. Hardly has he crossed the threshold when he is seized by some invisible power and thrown violently on his back. He is frothing at the mouth. His eyes, which had been rolling wildly during his mad march through the streets are now staring fixedly at the temple roof. He is rigid. For about an hour he remains in this position. Then he "comes to life" again and rising slowly goes and sits down.

There is an awed silence among the crowd. The *Tong Tsay* (the devil in him) speaks in a very loud voice but his words convey no meaning. He is speaking in the mandarin language, unknown by the individual when he is in his ordinary senses and unknown by the vilagers themselves. But a professional sorcerer —the *Ta-Po* has been waiting patiently and now he stands beside

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Horseshoes a la Chuchow—and the little fellow makes a dead ringer.

"JUST SINGING IN THE RAIN"

Last night when retiring to bed, everything was as it should have been. It was raining steadily but not heavily. About one fifteen a.m., I had to perform the important household function of letting out the cat. At that time there was nothing unusual; it was still raining. Later during the night I was awakened by a violent downpour of rain, but I soon went to sleep again, lulled by the constant tapping of rain drops on the tiled roof.

Whether my clock rang or not I couldn't say—I didn't hear it. About five thirty I wakened, stretched, got a cramp in my foot and sat up. Ye gods, there was no floor! I looked down where the floor had been last night, and saw myself looking at myself. Water, water everywhere, seven inches of it. Everything that could float was bobbing around quite merrily. Gingerly enough I prepared and dove out of bed. B-r-r-r, but that water was cold on the feet, and dirty (no, the water). Half of Lungchuang was in the house! Yet it is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good, for outside I could hear the shrieks of merriment and laughter of the kiddies.

I splashed around to see what the damage was and found it slight. On account of the ever-present dampness we keep everything raised about sixteen inches from the floor. This proved the salvation of all articles of value. Of course, my everyday shoes, a pair of Chinese slippers and such like were soaked through. A valise or two suffered a like fate. A regular river was flowing between the house and the Church. About seven o'clock the rain let up, and in an hour's time the water had drained out of the house. I put my socks and running shoes (which were saved from the water) under my arm and waded out to the Church to prepare for Mass. During Mass the rain commenced again, and by the time I returned to the house it was filling up with water once more. Since the kitchen is much lower than the house it was impossible to use the stove; all the available firewood had floated off to divers places. Luckily we have an oil stove and this came in handy in preparing our combined breakfast-dinner meal.

During this time the rain came down in sheets and I had nothing else to do but watch the water creep up slowly. The cat was utterly disgusted and showed it by constant meowing. The experience was entirely new to him and he didn't relish it a bit. When the thunder began to peal I decided we were in for a deluge, and made preparations to move upstairs. Happily the thunder proved to be a sign of the end. The rain gradually stopped and the water began



VERITABLE LIFE-SAVERS
Showing you some of the sweet potatoes grown in Lishui. Can Prince Edward Island match them in "cobblers"?

to recede. At twelve o'clock the floors were clear again. At three in the afternoon I was able to go to the Church.

Later a Christian came along and told me of the only casualty so far known. A woman, whose husband is a "lauda" went down to his boat to see if he was safe. How she got there I don't know for the water in the streets was more than knee deep. Her husband was not in the boat but at a friend's. She jumped into the boat and in so doing broke the rope that held it, and away went boat and woman on the angry waters of the flood. No one has yet heard whether or not she has been saved. This is the first flood in a long time in these parts. I hope they are not having flood worries in other places in our District.

—D. E. Stringer.

THE DEVIL IN CHINA.

(Continued from page 122)

the possessed man and translates his message for the crowd. The devil declares that a particular idol in this temple is to be carried to such and such a place. Then he declares sulkily, that he (the idol) does not wish to leave the temple at all. Then it is that the monks must play their part. They go on their knees and implore him to touch the heart of the idol and induce him to deign to accept the honors they are preparing for him. The possessed one relapses for a moment into silence, He prays, as it were, and then gives a final answer. If it is favorable he tells which pagoda it is where the worship must be paid.

Fear of the Christians.

Sometimes, in the middle of his discourse, the *Tong Tsay* stops abruptly. A christian has entered the pagoda. The demon has felt the effect of his presence and has lost his voice through fear. Weakly and timidly he then announces that there is among the crowd an adorer of the true God. and he avows, piteously, that he cannot make any reply in his presence. It would be hardly possible to imagine a more complete confession of impotence and defeat. Had he the power how gladly would he drive this intruder from the scene. But he is powerless, and in order to induce the christian to depart this proud demon grovels before him and implores him, fawningly and obsequiously, to allow him to continue with his message to the people.

Once the possessed man's mission as interpreter of Hell has been completed, the mask is dropped. He becomes once more the peaceful merchant or the poor coolie-farmer and returns quietly to his place of abode.

* * *

If such stories are of interest, dear readers, we shall tell you more from time to time. For us there is method in the telling because we need your prayers. We should like to impress upon you that in China today the devil is still supreme in his tyranny over 500 millions of people. Pray without ceasing that we may be able to wrest still more souls from his grasp and restore them to the loving Saviour who died for their salvation.

CHINESE CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION.

(Continued from page 119)

ing them every opportunity for fulfilling their religious duties, even suggesting that the whole household servants as well as members of the family, should come together for common prayer in the evening. To meet a crying local need, he urged likewise that a Catholic association be founded for little Christian apprentices who are obliged to work for pagans.

On the following afternoon a special session for female workers was held in the Catholic village of Zi-Ka-Wei, and before a large audience his Lordship explained how to sanctify one's labor by performing it in a spirit of faith, hope and charity, after the example of the Mother of God. Next day the workingmen in the same village were assembled, and he explained the true meaning of equality and inequality, the end and nature of their work, holding up Christ the Divine Workman, as their model.

The final exercises, opened to the general public, were held on Sunday, May 17, in the great church at Zi-Ka-Wei. Four bishops from neighbouring vicariates were present with Msgr. Haouisee in the sanctuary, while the Rev. Paschal M. D'Elia, S.J., spoke of the nature of Christian work. He showed how labor was first intended as a Divine gift to man, then became after the Fall a punishment and a stimulus; that while despised by the pagans it had been restored by the "Word made a Workman." The laborer could thus be proud of having Jesus the toiler for a model and companion. The orator then dealt with the reciprocal rights and duties of employer and employee, the necessity even in China of the Sunday rest; of the important duty the workman had to labor honestly and conscientiously, and of the employer to give a salary which would permit the worker and the family to live decently.

The lamentable condition of many of the workers in China was emphasized, especially the impropriety of having women and children toiling long hours in the factory. Father d'Elia recalled also to the laborers that they must not waste their salary in gambling, to which there is a particular temptation here, but to think constantly of their family interests and provide for their own old age, for unexpected illness and the education of their children. Employers were shown how the family life of their employees would be seriously injured by forcing women and children to work at night. Both groups were finally exhorted to strive for a closer union instead of a separation of the classes, to help bring to this pagan land a truly Christian solution of the social question.

Many copies of Leo XIII's encyclical, translated into the vernacular, were distributed, and a message from Pope Pius XI, who sent his paternal benediction for all Chinese Christian workers, was delivered.

In the past the Catholic attitude towards the social question in China has been not so much theoretical as practical, consisting in building orphanages, old-age homes, and hospitals for the solace of innumerable human beings who would otherwise perish miserably. That may not be enough for the future. The gospel of Young China on the social question is the "Economic Demism" of Sun Yat-sen, and his affirmations and conclusions, not really socialistic according to the intention of their author, must be interpreted in the Christian manner day in and day out, else they are liable to fall under the complete mastery of evil-minded men who will use them to spread a Communism which Dr. Sun did not at all intend.

Because of the small number of Catholic workers there is a particular difficulty in forming Catholic syndicates. The principal work in the near future will be to make the wealthier Christians understand more and more clearly the duty they have of thinking of the needs of their neighbor. The traditional unity and discipline of Catholics should make it possible for them to give a definite Catholic interpretation to the principles of the Founder of the Chinese Republic, and by means of their Catholic Youth and Catholic Action organizations they should be able with time to elaborate a definite social program that will do credit to themselves, to their nation, and the universal Church to which they belong.



We have our suspicions that the member of the Lishui "orchestra" at left can make as much noise as any of the others.

FIRST CANADIAN BISHOP FOR CHINA.

We offer our congratulations and best wishes to the Right Rev. A. Lapierre, who on August 4th, amid the splendours of the Catholic liturgy, in the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, many high dignitaries of the Church and a great throng of clergy and laity, in the mighty Basilica of Montreal was consecrated Bishop, being the first Canadian raised to that dignity for the Chinese Missions.

He will leave this month for his far-distant Vicariate, Szepingkai, in Manchuria, taking with him ten newly-ordained priests of the Montreal Seminary for Foreign Missions. Ad Multos annos!

THE WANDERING STORY-TELLERS OF CHINA

The story-teller, or, as he is popularly called by the Chinese, "The Narrator of Ancient Things," is really the historian of the common people. Without him, the history of the past, and the story of the great men that lived in ancient times, and the deeds of heroism, and the revolutions of dynasties, would all be lost in oblivion. The great mass of the Chinese are absolutely illiterate, and cannot read the books that contain the stories of the past. The story-teller comes in to supply the lack of learning, and he recounts the tales of great battles that were fought in the dawn of Chinese history, and he tells of the struggles that the Empire has had with the warlike tribes that lay along the northern frontiers of China, and in vivid word-painting he describes the heroes and sages that have played so mighty a part in the building up of the Middle Kingdom. It is entirely due to him that the past lives in the thought and imagination of the men of to-day, and that men's blood is fired and their passions moved at the thought of the great deeds that their fathers in days gone by were able to accomplish.

These men are accustomed to come out every afternoon when the weather permits and take their positions in some well-known public resort, and recount their stories to the groups of people that very soon gather round to listen to them. Their favorite place is in front of some popular temple towards which the roads converge, and where incessant streams of people pass and repass without ever ceasing their flow. Some of these are always sure to stop awhile and listen to the stirring tales that never seem to lose their attraction for the Chinese.

Some of the most popular of these are taken from a standard work, half fiction and half history, called "The Three Kingdoms." This book contains a description of the times when three great rivals, occupying three different sections of the country, were contending for the mastery with each other (A.D. 221). It is written in a very delightful style, and is crammed full of adventures of the most exciting and romantic description from the first page to the very end.

The story-teller has an inexhaustible store of adventures, and romances, and love scenes, and great episodes in history upon which to draw. He has also the free use of his pictorial powers in drawing the scenes and pictures with which he would stir the imagination and the enthusiasm of his audience. Many of these men are real artists in their profession, and they can hold their hearers spellbound whilst they give a realistic picture of some stirring event that happened ages ago, or of some great catastrophe in which a dynasty disappeared amidst scenes of carnage and bloodshed, and the new one came in to the sound of music and amidst the rejoicings of a nation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from June 26th to August 10th, 1932.

$10.00 and Over.

Boys of 5th and 6th Grades, Daniel O'Connell School, Montreal, $18.00; Pupils, St. Rita's School, Toronto, $11.50; Pupils, Stella Maris School, Inverness, N.S., $13.15; Bureau Des Missions, Grand Seminary, Montreal, $50.00; Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro, $10.00; Crusaders of Mount St. Vincent's, Halifax, $12.15; Estate Annie Kearns, $500.00; Ferdinand Gour, $20.00; Girls, St. Anthony's Academy, Cornwall, Ont., $23.90; St. Peter's School, Peterboro, $11.50; Little friends of China Mission, $12.25; Rev. Chas. O'Gorman, $10.00; Estate Angus Alex. McCormick, $100.00.

$5.00 and Over.

In Memory Wm. Bennett, $5.00; Girls of St. Clare's School, Toronto, $6.05; Pupils, St. Ann's Academy, New Westminster, B.C., $5.00; Pupils, St. Columban's Convent, Cornwall, $5.60; Pupils, St. James School, Toronto, $5.00; Client of St. F. X., in thanksgiving, $5.00; Miss Fagan, $5.00; Sunday School Pupils, St. Stephen, N.B., $8.50; Rev. K. McRae, $5.00; Holy Family Convent, West Bathurst, N.B., $8.50; Crusaders, St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, $6.00; J. J. Carolan, $5.00; Villa Teresita, Newcastle, N.B., $6.60; Mrs. M. M. McMahon, $5.00; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.00; Henry Joanette, $5.00.

Miscellaneous Amounts.

Mrs. Brown, 50c; Room 3, Holy Family School, Toronto, $4.40; Holy Rosary School, Toronto, $1.60; St. Ann's School, Brantford, $1.30; Room 1, St. Patrick's School, Toronto, $2.00; R. C. School, Trinity East, Nfld., $1.00; Mrs. J. Cree, $1.00; Miss Sara M. Gregory, $1.00; Junior Class, Whitby Separate School, $2.23; Room 5, St. Joseph's School, Hamilton, $2.40; St. Mary's School, Ottawa, $1.83; Mrs. E. Wallace, $2.00; R. C. School, Port-au-Choix, Nfld., $1.06; Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S., $3.25; Irene Robson, $2.00; Mrs. C. H. Lombard, $1.00; St. Peter's School, Fort William, $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Mrs. Jones, $1.00; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, $1.00; J. A. Sullivan, $2.00; J. B. Lanigan, 50c; Anonymous, $2.07; Mrs. P. J. O'Hara, $1.00; Friend, Bay Roberts, Nfld., $1.00; St. Martin's School, London, $2.60; Mrs. Cavanagh, $1.00; Alex. McKay School, Halifax, $4.00; St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, $1.30; Mr. Cavanagh, $2.00; Kinkora Separate School, $1.55; Friend, Barrie, $1.00; J. M. Collins, 86c; A. J. MacDonald, $1.00; Nora Gallagher, $1.00; C. O. Curley, $2.00; St. Joseph's Academy, Barrie, $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Margaret Bain, $1.00; R. C. School, Otterbury, Mr. Grace, Nfld., $1.00; A. J. MacDonald, $1.00.

Building Fund.

Dan. J. Rankin, $1.00; Genevieve Hearn, $1.47; Rev. Jas. A. Wylie, $4.00; Rev. A. K. MacDonald, $2.00; Adam Pataski, $2.00; Friend, Alexandria, $2.00; Rev. B. P. Malone, $4.00.

Burses.

Mrs. E. Merchant, Blessed Sacrament Burse, $10.00; St. Joseph's Burse, $10.00; St. Jude's Burse, $10.00; Junior Third Boys, St. Malachy's School, Ottawa, Sacred Heart Burse, $3.00; Dan. J. Rankin, Holy Souls Burse, $1.00; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25.00; Anonymous, St. F. X. Burse, $1.00; Bequest, Mrs. E. Brennan, St. F. X. Burse, $50.00; Jas. P. Gillis, Immaculate Conception Burse, $1.00; Children, College St. School, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse, $65.00; Irene White, St. Theresa's Burse, $1.00; Rev. Sister St. Stanislaus, McPherson Burse, $5.00.



Teeth are things you have out just before the doctor decides it was your tonsils, after all.—Houston Chronicle.

A New Yorker was spending a night at a "hotel" in a Southern town, and told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early.

The porter replied: "Say, boss, I reckon yo' ain't familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawnin', all yo' has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo' bed. Den we comes up and calls yo'."

"Did you deliver that message?" said a clerk to his messenger boy.

"Yes," was the reply; "only the man doesn't live in Grove Square, but in Queen Street, and not on the ground floor, but up three flights of stairs, and not in the front room, but in the back room; besides, his name isn't Johnson, but Thompson, and he isn't a man, but a woman!"

Captain — "If anything moves, shoot!"

Sentry—"Yessah; an' if anything shoots, Ah move!"—Fifth Corps News.

"Now, Minnie, what do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?"

Minnie: "Sticky!"

Theatre-goer: "Can you change these two K stalls for to-morrow night?"

Clerk: "We haven't got the same seats. You can go to L."

"You are lying so clumsily," said the judge to the defendant, "that I would advise you to get a lawyer."

Indignant One—"Why don't you put Wet Paint on that bench?"

Painter—"I did."

Auntie: "Well, John, and how do you like your new baby brother?"

Four-year-old John: "Asleep."

Customer: "The first time I buttoned that coat which I got here, the seam in the back split."

Salesman: "Well, that shows you the buttons were sewed on good."

Teacher: "Johnny, how old is a person who was born in 1894?"

Johnny: "Man or woman?"

"Arthur darling, will you grant me one little wish?"

"Certainly, darling. It cannot be too little."

She (on trans-Atlantic steamer): "Did you notice the enormous appetite of that monster man at dinner?"

He: "Yes; he must be what they call a stowaway."

Young Buyer at Fair—"But aren't these shoelaces rather dear?"

Hawker—"You see, they're real mohair, miss. It's a risky job hunting the mo!"

"So Ethel returned your engagement ring?"

"Yes, she mailed it to me and she had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package: 'Glass, handle with care'."—Advocate.

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."

Old Gruff: "Good! It's about time we had a little peace."

A clergyman advertised for an organist. One of the answers read as follows:

"Dear Sir: Noticing you have a vacancy for an organist and choirmaster, either lady or gentleman, having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position.'

Dear Old Lady: "No, I'm afraid I know very little about golf. I couldn't even tell one end of a caddie from the other."—Humorist (London.)

Collector — "I'd like to get some action on this bill to-day!"

Mr. Brohke — "All right. Put it on the floor and I'll dance a jig on it."

"Our romance began in a most romantic way. My wife saved me from drowning. She's a magnificent swimmer, you know."

"I notice you don't go out very far now."

"No. I don't know if she would save me again."

Two druggists were talking about one of their confrères.

"He is a great druggist," said one.

"He is," admitted the other. "But don't you think he makes his chicken salad a little too salty?" — Hudson Star.

"How is Dub getting on with his golf?"

"Pretty good. He hit a ball in one to-day."

He: "Dearest, do you think you could live on three pounds a week?"

She: "Yes, but no longer."

"Are there any bill collectors coming to your door?"

"More than I care to admit."

MacDonald—"That's a poor blade you've got on your safety razor, Sandy."

MacTavish—"Well, it was good enough for my father and it's good enough for me."

"Can you take me on this afternoon, doctor?" inquired a timid little lady over the telephone.

"Sorry I can't," the dentist apologized. "I have eighteen cavities to fill, and these will take all the afternoon."

And then the doctor hung up, and turning from the telephone he slung his bag of golf sticks across his shoulder and walked away.

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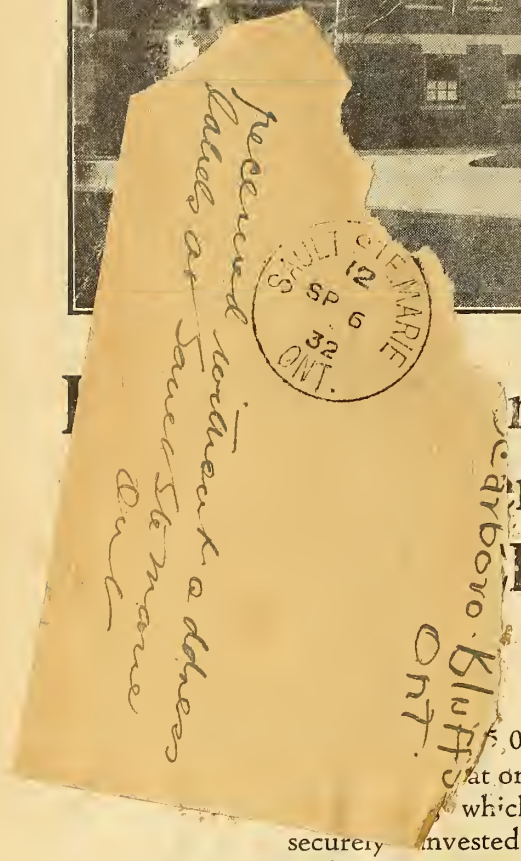
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OUR WORK

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses and devotions offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

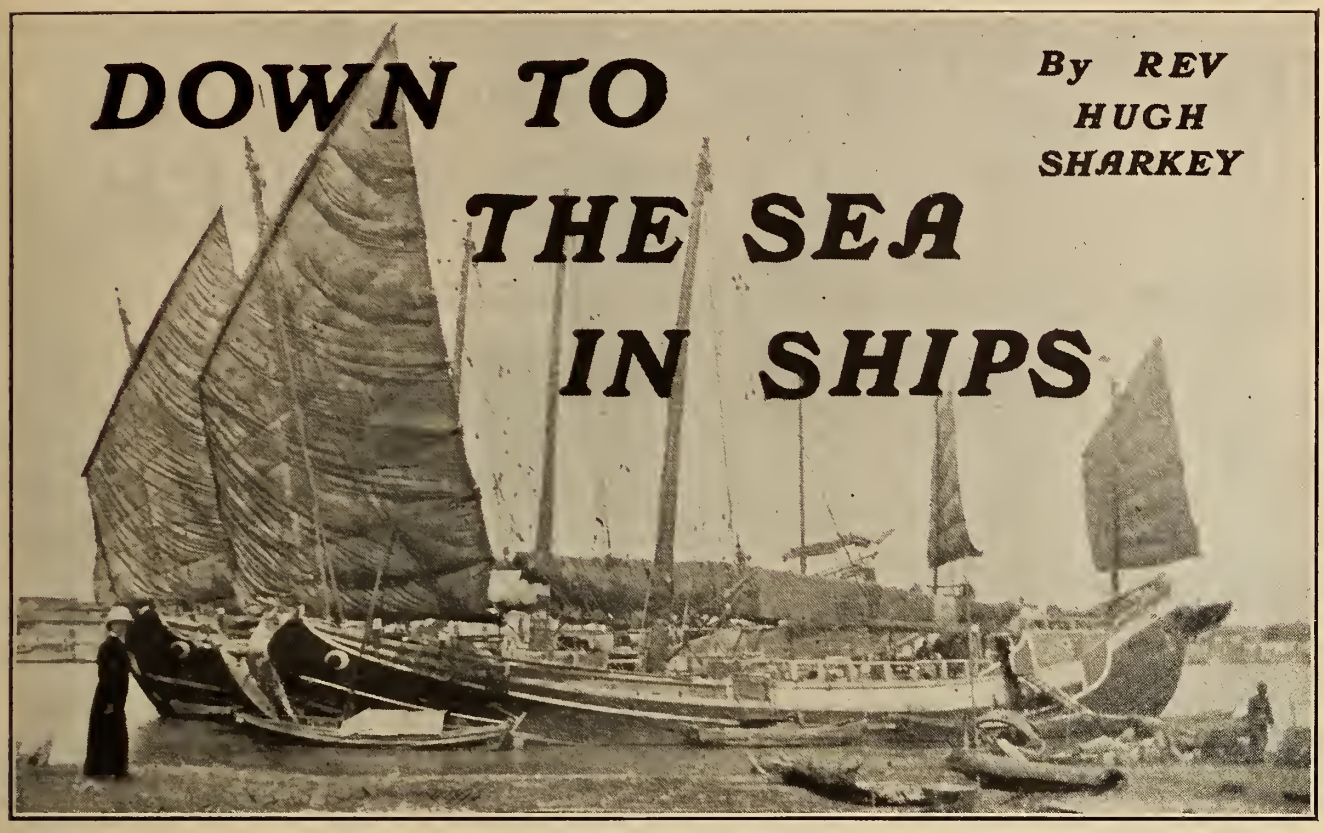
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DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

By REV HUGH SHARKEY



In Canada, the days of wooden ships have passed away, and with their going has gone much of the romance of the long ago. The schooners, the clippers, the frigates, have given way to the great, white, trans-Atlantic, trans-Pacific liners of our day. But my heart is still with the three-masted schooners, the graceful frigates, the swift-sailing clippers of days now gone by; moss-covered, barnacled hulks of the port of old St. John, with their mass of sails and rigging strong with the smell of the sea and of far places. They seem to blend more beautifully with nature, and fit more perfectly into the picture of the sea in its manifold moods, while about them clings that romance and adventure that speaks of buccaneers and the Spanish Main, of Devon smugglers, of Roman galleys and Viking warriors, of Columbus and Cabot setting out on their perilous voyages into the unknown Western Sea.

But in China—age-old, unchanging China—the days of wooden ships are with us yet. The junks of China, famed in song and story, redolent of the past, still go down to the sea. They are the selfsame class of junks which in the time of Christ crossed from far Cathay to Rome, laden down with jade, spices, tea, silks and pottery. They are the selfsame junks within whose darkened, evil-smelling holds the intrepid French missioners secretly entered the forbidden land. They are as old as China herself, picturesque, graceful and mysterious. One would not be at all surprised to see flying at their masthead the black flag with its skull and cross-bones. Certain it is, that there is many a pirate's rendezvous within the maze of islands that form the archipelago of Chusan.

The junk is formed like a giant fish. The bow of the boat represents the wide-open mouth of the fish, and two monstrous eyes add to the realistic design. From the prow, the main part of the vessel is shaped like the body of a fish, curving to the stern, which is high and represents the uplifted tail.

Painted in gaudy colors, the junk looks indeed fantastically beautiful. To see one under full sail, gracefully tacking or running before a stiff breeze, is to see a thing of beauty and life—such a scene as Whistler would have loved to paint. Churning up the water about it, it slips over the waves, the sea-gulls fluttering and circling about its rigging.

Monsignor McGrath and myself, armed with our cameras and our limited knowledge of Chinese, boarded a couple at Ningpo, determined on a more intimate acquaintanceship. We were rowed out to them in a sampan, and we mounted to the high deck by means of a rope stairway, which was slung out at the side of the vessel. The crew, a jolly, simple bunch of men, were very kind and very inquisitive, and showed us all there was to be seen. We thanked them in our best Chinese and offered them cigarettes. In true Chinese fashion, they refused them several times and then accepted them, protesting how unworthy they were to do so. They were very interested in the mechanism of Monsignor's camera, and were delighted to have their pictures taken with us. We took down the names of the two junks, and promised the crews they should have some copies of the pictures when we next passed through Ningpo.

It gave me a thrill as I stepped onto the deck of the first junk. It was a mass of rigging and canvas, but everything was quite clean and in order. There was about it all that unmistakable tang of the sea. It brought back to both of us, I am sure, visions of Saint John's, Newfoundland, and of Saint John, New Brunswick—

"Where the tides meet on the rips,
And the ships go down."

I think that I would more than enjoy a trip on one of those junks. Stoutly built, they would stand the

(Continued on page 139)

RECLAIMING the STRAYED SHEEP

Father Boudreau in a novel manner tells of the difficulties encountered during a visitation of his parish of Pi-wu-ka.



Rev. Bernard B. Boudreau

I WAS always given to understand that story books and white lies added to history, but had no appreciable value. What may be true of one place may be false of another. Illusions are subjective, and have an objective origin. The poor Irish immigrant arriving in New York with not a soul to look up to, finds his dreams shattered to bits, the books read, the long letters received, and newspaper articles extolling the New World just lies, lies, lies. He becomes sick and tired of thinking, dreaming. He looks up all the "ad" columns, goes for a job, and gets disgusted. Throws up his hands, No Use! Thus far the ailment is all subjective. Soon he will rid himself of it with the proper remedies, and only to face an objective, almost fatal sickness, an absolute strangeness. He learns the truth. His sickness disappears. He is rubbing elbows with the rich and the poor. He knows his business. He likes his job. He has learned the truth.

I took up my charge here at Pi-Wu-Ka on January 1st. I knew and understood the location I was to work in, but not the inner workings of the Parish. I was not long in getting the place repaired and looking sensible. I soon had my plans made out for my visitations. I was anxious to get the Christians also patched up and looking sensible. I got all my records in order after one month of chasing around. It is really marvelous how this place has existed up until now. I began my Easter Mission tour and visitations early, and with a stranger Catechist for convenience sake. It was more or less of a success. Imagine looking for James. Is he baptised, married, or what? Who in the name of creation is James? Or who is Mr. Hou? When baptised, by whom, and where? Then you come to the marriage records and find that James is married, but to whom, how, when, and where, is of no concern. Then you look at the "Defunct" book. Half are not in. Some are marked dead who are still alive. Some are marked "about to die". I ask the Catechist: "Why are not all the dead jotted down here? Any reason?" "Well, you see, Spiritual Father, they are not Christians any more, and there is nothing more to find out about them." The mission, by the way, is fifty years old or thereabouts.

"Venerable Old One, what is your honorable name?"

"My despicable name is Leaf."

"And how old are you this year, Mr. Leaf?"

"I am miserably spoiling my 67th year."

"How grand! You still keep looking quite young. You have many sons?"

"Yes, I have eleven mouths to feed."

"When were you baptised?"

"I am an old Christian. My whole family is baptised, even to the grandsons."

"The blessings of God upon you. But how is it I have not met you until now? I have made three missions before now. I have been stationed just a short distance from here and still I have not seen you."

A brief silence, then Mr. Leaf minutely exposed his tale of woe, and how himself and all his family had been away from Christianity for eleven years.

* * *

"And what is your name?"

"You are too polite. My name is Big Water."

"I mean your family name?"

"Leaf."

"How is it I have not seen you until now?"

"Oh, I am kind of lazy and cold. I have forgotten all my prayers."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

Any children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Two."

"Wife Christian?"

"No."

"Got dispensation?"

"No."

"Children baptised?"

"No."

"Why?"

"My folks would not allow it."

A long tale. A wrecked life, tossed, shaken, and trampled upon by the devil. All away from the church for twenty years. Himself a miller, bought and sold three wives. His father, a former Catechist, now a fortune teller, teacher, and on the 1st and 15th of the month offers his little sacrifice to idols.

* * *

"How is it I have not seen you as yet?"

A little laugh and half grunt: "Oh, I am very busy."

"What do you do?"

"I am a farmer."

"Why do you not come to Church on Sundays?"

"Well, to put it brief: I had my prayerbook stolen from me one fine Sunday. I thought it was a pretty dirty trick to do. So I told the Catechist I would come no more!"

"Bravo! Three cheers! You are staunch, resolute and brave!" I took note that he had half an ear on one side. "Well, Mr. Hou, whenever you get your fifteen-year account in order we can talk business. How about it?"

"Oh, I will come next Sunday." I have not seen him yet.

"Well, my good Catechist, how many are there like this here?"

"Ah, Spiritual Father, there are many; but you see these people do not know their doctrine very well. With many it is their pride. Here is another Christian. We will speak to him."

* * *

"What is your precious name?"

"My cheap name is Forest."

"And, Mr. Forest, what is your important occupation?"

"I used to be a Catechist. I taught school for Father. . . I am cold and lazy now. I have a big business. I am a Vaccinator, and I travel much."

"Whole family baptised?"

"Yes."

"All living?"

"No."

"Who is missing?"

"My wife is dead some years. I have two sons now. One died some time ago. I am quite alone. Both my sons have gone the way of all flesh."

"Are they dead, then?"

"No. I mean they have gone bad."

"Oh, you mean they have gone the way of some flesh. But come, you are old, your head is silvered, and alone. How about going back your ten years, and fixing it up with God?"

"I will come next week or so." He has not yet made an appearance.

* * *

"Who is this man, Mr. King?"

"He is a poor fellow. An official weigher by trade. He sold his son. Now he is having a lawsuit to get his son back. There is a sort of blindness coming over him and so needs his son's help. He has two sons. The older gambles and smokes opium. All are baptised, and have not been to church for . . ."



Some false Gods adored by the Chinese.

"Oh, how do you do?"

"Well! Where is the Spiritual Father going?"

"I am just getting acquainted with my good Christians. Where have you been hiding yourself? Three missions I have made before this, and living here now some months, and I have not seen you at all."

"Ha! Ha! You are wasting your time. I am well on the road to perdition."

"You are very cheerful about it anyway. Did you ever think of walking another road?"

"Oh, I knew doctrine and prayers at one time, then there is this thing, and that thing, and market days, and travelling . . . but my daughter is good. She will come to Church."

"But presently you interest me. Until Sunday, then, good-bye!"

* * *

"It is time for supper, Mr. King. Let us go back home and check up on our tour. We have been very busy, and you look tired. I think to-day has been a good day. Do you think these people whom we have seen, and those down-hearted ones, and those bitter ones, and those good ones . . . in short, what is your summary?"

"Huh, the Spiritual Father is much too polite. I have no brains. I was always quite stupid. You see, Pou Kung, many of those we have seen are very childish. For instance, the true reason for Mr. Leaf being away so long is that Father . . . would not allow him to sacrifice to the idols for his dying son. Mr. Forest was caught in the act of worshipping an idol, josh stick in hand, and so lost his job as a Catechist. Mr. So-and-So, whom we saw at the north corner of the town, has two wives and is quite prosperous. Mr. River is all right. He righted his wrong. The others we saw with him do not come to church out of sympathy for Mr. River. Most of them have their little josh-stick bowl."

"What have you been doing all this time, Mr. King?"

"Every Saturday, I call all the Christians, but they do not come. They are always too busy. I have tried every possible system of coaxing and all of no avail. Now that the Priest is here they will probably come."

"I have been here some time now and two-thirds have not showed up. How do you account for that? I send you around still to call them!"

"Do not ask, Spiritual Father, it is all an old sickness. It is pretty hard to bend an old tree. But there is one remedy we can try. Give some of them a few biscuits when they come for Mass. Those that



H. Murphy J. Kelly J. Leonard L. Hudswell W. Matte

Our seminarians now studying theology at the College of Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy.

live far away, buy a bowl of macaroni for them."

"Let us go to bed. It is late now and I am tired. See you again in the morning."

* * *

Chiulung is the first and oldest place in the whole district. In the town bearing the name there is not one Christian. What Christians there are live five, ten and fifteen li away. Being more than fifty years old one would expect to find a flourishing, healthy mission. You meet the old-timers ready to spin almost unbelievable yarns and stories. I doubt most of them. They will tell you how Father . . . did this, and how Father . . . did that, and how Catechist so and so was no good, and how Catechist so and so never did his work. They will tell you about all the Christians there were in the old days. I am very much interested here because there is a combination of Russianism and Deadism. There is everything in the line of spiritual drought, and downright laziness. Each one you meet is supposed to be the lamp-post light of his place. I am certain of the lamp-post, but not so sure of the light.

"To-morrow, Mr. State, we shall begin a very thorough visitation and bar none. I took you along to help me because you have never been stationed here and consequently there is no feud or old sore. Have a good sleep, and think well where we will begin. Good-night."

* * *

"My, it is a bad start. The signs are very poor. You were the only one at Mass. What do you think?"

"I don't think, that is what it is, and it is that!"

"Please elucidate. It is darksome."

"The Spiritual Father will see by evening."

* * *

Our first stop: "Is Mr. Millet in?"

"No! but I will get him."

"Mr. Millet, this is the new Priest. He is stationed just 12 li away and very anxious to meet all his Christians."

In answer there was a grunt plus a dirty look. The Catechist told me this was one of the oldest Christians.

"I say, Mr. Millet, by whom were you baptized?"

A grunt for an answer.

"How long have you been a Christian?"

Another grunt.

"I will be at the chapel this evening. Will you be there?"



His Eminence, William Cardinal Van Rossum, the great Prefect of the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, died recently while on a visit to his native Holland. In addition to directing the Foreign Missions of the Universal Church, Cardinal Van Rossum filled many important posts in Rome.

Still another grunt.

"Is it not that Mr. Millet has a cold, for he seems to want to cough?"

Grunt four.

"Come, my Catechist, we are disturbing him."

* * *

"Mr. ....." and no farther. Certainly not wanted. Our presence was dangerous. Such bitterness. I told my Catechist: "Bricks and stones may break our bones, but names will never hurt us."

"Father, it is useless. They are all alike at this end of the town."

"No! I am determined to at least have a look at them. Let us go on."

* * *

"Here is a Christian, I was told."

"No use!" came a shout from the doorway.

"No use for what?" I yelled out. "I am thirsty, have you a cup of tea?"

"No use! Let us go to the next place."

"Fine people these, eh? So sociable that way."

"Golly, we have been walking for some time, and nothing yet! Say, Catechist, do your stuff. Lend me some of your catch words."

"Ah, the Spiritual Father is understanding."

"Yes, understanding my hat!"

"Let us go to So and So, maybe he will have dinner for us."

"Right you are. I am victim of a Chinese stomach just now."

We had a wonderful dinner at Mr. Tang's. He had chicken, eggs, fish, pork, rice, vegetables, little sweet fruits (dried). We smoked after. Talked matters over. Decided to go home early, as we had just a few more calls to make.

* * *

Of the fruits of the day Mr. Liu was the first to come. He had been a long time away. He has a very bad cold.

"Well, Mr. Liu, how are you?"

"Well."

"I suppose there will be many here this evening?"

"Yes."

"Are your two brothers coming, as they said?"

"No."

"Are the ladies next door to you coming?"

"No."

"Are the two young gentlemen down your street near the store coming?"

"No."

"Is the man who makes bean-curd coming?"

"No. He is going to see a play."

"Hm-m."

* * *

"Ah, Mr. Tang! You are just in time. Did you meet anyone on the way here?"

"I met a few Christians, but they were all going to see the play. They said they had no time to come to-night."

"We will have night prayers, and confessions after."

Three people made the mission. One who, after three askings, had refused to go to the sacraments, committed suicide two weeks ago. He hanged himself in despair.

* * *

"What are some of your suggestions, Mr. Catechist? You are Chinese and understand your people well."

"Well, Spiritual Father, formerly the fruits here (as there are a few fruit trees) were divided among the Christians. On Sundays they used to be served lunch and on . . ."

"Never mind the belly. I want suggestions to get these people back."

(Continued on page 138)

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



Greetings to the old students after their well-earned holiday and here's a welcome handshake to the newcomers for this year. They are starting out on the road that will one day lead to China and their hopes are high. We know they will soon feel at home in their new surroundings. It doesn't take anybody long to feel at home in St. F. X. Seminary. Here's wishing them, and the old guard, a happy and successful year.

* * *

Father Hugh Sharkey has been appointed Parish Priest of Tsingtien (Greenfields) with Fr. John J. MacDonald as assistant. The name "Greenfields" evokes memories. Take off the "s" and you have Greenfield. Just put "Ont." after it and you are back in good old Glengarry. And Glengarry in my mind will ever stand for kindliness and princely hospitality. Just a word of greeting to Fr. Gauthier and my many priest friends there and the hope that we may meet again.

* * *

Here, Fr. Editor, are two items for Ripley: 1. Our town has lifeboats instead of a fire brigade; 2. I am writing this instalment by hand because it is too hot to use a typewriter. It is too hot to make any kind of effort, but the items for the great journal must be on their way. So excuse everything.

* * *

However, they say we've weathered the worst of the heat. Here's hoping. We are emerging fairly well from the ordeal, but some of the priests look as if they could stand three good square meals and a touch of rouge. Soon old sol will resume his accustomed role of friend. During the merciless, cloudless, breezeless days of late he has been a relentless foe. The only thing that saved our lives was the 50-foot well where we keep our bottles of boiled water in "the old oaken bucket", the Lishui frigidaire.

By the time you read this our retreat will be over, the first retreat in Chuchow. In former years our priests all went to Ningpo. We are hoping to have Fr. McGoldrich of St. Columban's as retreat master. Through his many splendid articles in "The Far East" Fr. McGoldrich is already well known to all at the seminary.

* * *

Our last instalment found us "possessing our souls in patience" in Tsingtien where we had been held up for two weeks by floods. How did we make out? Well, we finally made a break and got within 30 li of Chuchow before the boat was stopped again by further floods. This 30 li (10 miles) we walked in a veritable downpour. That's a very trifling walk. Fr. Venini reels off 30 miles a day many a time. He's our long distance champ.



Before prayers each evening the Catechist brings up the news about town. It helps to get our ear attuned to Chinese. But we haven't yet reached the stage where we can dispense with the services of Fr. Gignac as interpreter. Fr. Gignac is our professor of Chinese.

* * *

Last night the old man (I don't mean Fr. Gignac) was all excited. "You can't buy a coffin in town," he said. "They can't make them fast enough to cope with the cholera epidemic." The coffin-maker opposite his house had sold four that day.

* * *

I never thought it possible that there would be a shortage of coffins in Lishui. There are coffin-makers everywhere. And they never stop work. Their shops are piled high with those huge, heavy boxes. But any infectious disease reaps a grim harvest in China. Isolation and sanitary conditions are unknown, and cholera just mows the poor people down.

* * *

And the way those poor people die! When they are almost in their agony their relatives have recourse to the most barbarous attempts to keep them alive. The dying man is allowed no peace. The soul-caller is summoned and for hours keeps up his dreary, high-pitched incantations to which all the crowd respond in chorus—*"Way Lee! Way Lee!* come back, come back."

* * *

That alone would be bad enough, we think. But the cruel part of it is that they feel obliged to make the most unearthly noises, if possible taking the sick man by surprise. Somebody will sneak up behind him and without any warning give a terriffic blast on a trumpet right in his ear. Another will explode a long string of those little red firecrackers—hundreds of them—right beside his "bed."

* * *

Of late we have been awakened by those firecrackers at all hours of the night, like the sharp rattle of machine gun fire. So we know that a great many people are dying. The pitiful futility of it all!

* * *

Our brave sisters are doing heroic work in the dispensary. There are from 150 to 200 patients daily and there is a great run on medical supplies. Many dying babies are brought along and while unable to cure their bodily ills, the good sisters do infinitely more. They feel that if they never accomplished anything more it would be well worth the long journey from Pembroke to Chuchow to open the gates of Heaven to so many little "thieves of Paradise." Were it not for the sisters, few, if any, of those pagan children would receive baptism.

(Continued on page 139)

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

Subscription: 50 cents per year. Editor, REV. A. CHAFE Circulation: 29,000
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Vol. XVII. OCTOBER, 1932 No. 9

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Although we are fully cognizant of the present universal economic depression we make no apologies to our one hundred thousand readers for presenting at this time a strong appeal for financial assistance for our mission work. The following facts are our justification for doing so.

Eight years ago Saint Francis Xavier Seminary opened at Scarboro Bluffs with 13 students in attendance. Today it has 15 priests in China under Monsignor McGrath, four priests at the Seminary, one at the Canadian College in Rome, and two ready to sail for China this month.

During the summer the College of Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy, offered to take eight of our students annually, free of charge, to make their course in Theology. This institution is devoted solely, as we are, to the education of priests for the Foreign Mission Field. Their generous offer was gladly taken advantage of, and early in September five young men who completed their philosophical course with us were sent to Genoa to continue their studies.

At the re-opening of the Seminary on September 13th, we had thirty-two students (besides our priests) housed in a building originally designed to accommodate 20. The result is that many of those young men have to be placed two in a room intended for only one. Our little Chapel is sorrowfully overcrowded. Two years ago we had hoped to add to our building; we had plans prepared, but lack of funds and our unwillingness to burden ourselves with a huge debt prevented their execution.

We have a mission field in China at our disposal, we have the young men who are inspired with the desire to become missionary priests, but we have no place to accommodate them. Thus it happens that we have been compelled to refuse students who wished to give themselves to God for work in China, and we shall be forced to refuse more every year UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT IT.

To our friends we appeal for funds to enlarge our Seminary, and for assistance to take care of the large expenses we shall have to meet this year in providing for a record number of students. We know that multitudes of our helpers have been sorely stressed during the past three years, so we appeal especially to those who have funds that they can dispose of without jeopardizing their own interests. It is due to our benefactors that we have a Seminary at all. It is owing to their unstinted generosity and faith that we have reached the point where their faith has been realized in the results. We pray that God may ever make us worthy of the sacrifices of our benefactors.

It is foreign to our policy to weary our readers with appeals for this and appeals for that; we have no particular wish to assume the role of beggars—even though we be but "beggars for Christ", but the fact is that we have need of help and we must make known our needs to our friends, confidently expecting that Divine Providence will inspire those whose means permit to come to our assistance.

We need enlarged accommodation at our Seminary, and need it in the worst way if we are to continue to make progress in our efforts for the salvation of millions of pagan souls. To our readers, rich and poor alike, we present the facts and ask them for their spiritual and material assistance, reminding them that, before God, they shall not be without their reward.

"That even one soul should be lost through our tardiness, through our lack of generosity; that even one missionary have to halt because the means fail which it may be we have refused him, is a responsibility of which we have not, perhaps, thought too frequently in the course of our life."

POPE PIUS XI.

FATHER SHARKEY RETURNING TO CANADA.



For some time past, His Excellency Archbishop Duke of Vancouver has sought the services of one of our mission priests to look after the spiritual interests of the Chinese residing in Vancouver. As we go to press we learn that the honor has fallen to Father Sharkey to begin this new work, and he is now on his way across the Pacific.

Father Sharkey's home is in Saint John, N.B. For the past three years he has done excellent missionary work in China, and very recently was appointed Parish Priest of Tsingtien. His experience in the mission field will be invaluable to him as he enters a new field of missionary labour nearer home.

MISSION SUNDAY.

The second last Sunday in October has been designated by the Sacred Congregation of Rites as a day of special prayer and effort throughout the whole Church every year in behalf of Catholic Missions. Our Holy Father the Pope desires that this Mission Sunday be observed in every diocese and parish in the world in order that Catholics everywhere may be brought to understand better the work which missionaries are striving to accomplish in all countries in the midst of privations and hardships. It is a day of prayer and of action, of propaganda and of organization, set aside to awaken the dull spirits of many Catholics and to render more alive and active the enthusiasm of those who realize that there is no apostolate more beautiful or beneficient than that which is exercised in favour of missionary work.

To all the faithful who receive Holy Communion on Mission Sunday (October 23) and pray for the conversion of infidels a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, is granted.

TWO GREY NUNS GOING TO CHINA.

The Mission Band going to Chuchow this month includes two Sisters from the Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont. Sisters St. Juletta and St. Angela will be welcome and valuable reinforcements for the Community already doing marvelous work among the Chinese in Lishui. They leave Vancouver on October 22nd. Although not taking part in the official "Godspeed" which will be tendered at St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday night, Oct. 16th (see back page), we feel sure that those two heroic missionary Sisters will carry with them the best wishes of all our readers. and we wish them "bon voyage".

A GOOD START.

Our students made the three-day Retreat at the opening of the scholastic year on September 13th. The Retreat was given at St. Augustine's Seminary by Father Augustine, C.P. On Sunday, September 18th, Mr. Hugh McGettigan was raised to the subdiaconate for the Chinese Missions, and Mr. Craig Strang received Second Minor Orders. Class work is now in full swing, and it is a fine sight to see all our students walking across the field every morning to attend the lectures at St. Augustine's Seminary.



PRIESTS AND STUDENTS AT CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SEPTEMBER, 1932



OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY, PRAY FOR US.

RECLAIMING THE STRAYED SHEEP

(Continued from page 134)

"With a little money they can be induced to . . . "

"Money for doctrine! Money for prayers! Money for Christians! You are not mad! Argue with me. I would like suggestions."

"Suppose, my good Catechist, I get new benches, repair the edifice, whitewash it, make it look inviting, get a new Catechist, one who has never been spoilt, they will come, eh? Food and money unnecessarily, no! no! And then maybe if I build a nice little meeting hall, with lots of pictures, and books, a paper or two, the young men will come from curiosity. Give them a little tea, tobacco, maybe a cigarette. A conversation will begin. Gradually we will win their confidence, and their conversion. What do you think of that?"

* * *

"It is one way to gain favor, eh? What do you think, Catechist; feed the youth, then you get the children and the old men? It is logical. The army is filled with young blood. Young blood is holding important, responsible Government positions, and maybe . . ."

"But, Father, to come down to earth, for now, the best suggestion is prayer. Induce the Christians under your care to get together and make novenas to the Sacred Heart which has bled so for man."

"Indeed, prayer is first in logical order or in any other kind of order; but I must get the Christians together before I can tell them that. What I want is to get them here to talk to them. I have much to tell them. If we want light we must co-operate: 'Whatever YOU ask in my name . . .'."

* * *

"Father, I overheard this afternoon some Christians say that they would really return if they had a good place to sit down and talk. Maybe the end room could be fixed up in some sort of way."

"Good, we shall visit and speak with these Christians in the morning."

* * *

"Ah, you are Mr. Liang? I did did not see you the day of my visitation." I told this gentleman very politely: "I wonder, since you are an old-timer, if you would lend a hand for the time being."

"Sh-sh, Father, he does not like to speak of religion."

"I leave in the morning. Will you come this evening for a chat?" And so he walked away.

Thus ended what was supposed to be a proposition.

* * *

"My good Catechist, what do you think of it now?"

"I have already expressed myself to the Spiritual Father." He sighed heavily: "It is no use!"

"Are you sick? No use? Who told you?"

"You say, a part of a coin you will not give, lunch you will not serve, and you do not say for certain what you are to do."

"Right you are. The pagans nearby find time to come for a chat, and the Christians are too . . ."

"Ah, you have started a suggestion."

"What! you have been sleeping all this time!"

"Pardon me, Spiritual Father, I have been thinking, mostly about some of the things you have said. What I would like to say now is, let us begin this evening on those pagans who come to see you."

* * *

After supper, in walked a rather old fellow with a little son. We exercised on him. "Have you had your rice, sir? And you, little fellow, did you have your fill?"

The little fellow answered for his father as well: "Two bowls I had," and he tapped his little punched belly up and down.

"It is a grand night. There are so many stars out. Look at that bright one next to the moon. Notice how it outshines all the others. It beckons to us, as it were. You seem to want to grab for it. Funny, isn't it? Did you ever stop to think where it came from, any star in fact? I bet your intelligent little son knows."

"Yes, I know. The other night the wandering story-teller told all about the things suspended from the sky, and guiding the spirits."

"I can tell you more than that story-teller. I can tell you where they really come from. By the way, Sir, did you ever think of adoring God?"

"I do not know God, how can I adore him? Furthermore, I am not young any more, and I am happy and contented now. Excuse me, my wife is all alone to-night. I must go home."

(Concluded on page 139)

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

(Continued from page 131)

buffetting of the waves, and a few weeks' voyage on board one would not be without its fill of adventures.

There is something indeed typically symbolical of China in the junk—something typically symbolical of this ancient, conservative, unchanging land. As the junk stands out in striking contrast to the modern liners of other countries, just so does China stand out in striking contrast to the other nations of the world. The gaudily painted junk, with its strange shape and monstrous, staring eyes, symbolizes perfectly this most ancient of nations, which has come down unchanged through the centuries—this land of pagodas and pagan temples, of heathen idols and quaint customs, of idolatory and superstition.

The junk symbolizes China's ship of state, which comes sailing out of the ancient past, on into the future. Christianity's part in that future is of paramount interest to us all. God forbid that, like Russia, she should become shipwrecked on the reefs of Bolshevism. And yet, just such a danger is imminent for this nation of four hundred million souls.

Beside the Tiber stands God's beacon of Truth, a guiding light to all the nations; and the nets of Peter the fisherman sweep the seven seas for souls. Pray God that China may follow that guiding-light on to a glorious future in Christ, and that His missioners, His "fishers of men", may save many, many souls.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from August 6th to September 20th, 1932:

A. J. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. Alex. McNeil, $3.50; Rev. W. V. McCarthy, $10; St. Bridgid's Sunday School, Parrsboro, N.S., $2; J. J. Carolan, $5; Veronica Doyle, $1; Anastasia Colbert, $2; Mrs. A. Laurin, $1; S. E. S., Toronto, in thanksgiving to St. Theresa, $1; Mrs. Bennett, $5; Anonymous, $4.80; Children, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, $4; Mrs. Peter Donovan, $5; Miss M. Murphy, $4; Agnes Coules, $1; C. A. Cameron, $1; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Miss A. L. Bayer, $4; Mrs. K. J. Howard, $1; Mrs. Kane, $5; Miss Kent, $1; Miss McGarry, $25; Miss L. Spielmacker, $2; Mrs. Hitchen, $1; Thos. G. Whalen, Jr., $5; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, $2; Friend, Sault Ste. Marie, in thanksgiving, $1; Subscriber, Farrellton, P.Q., $1; L. C. F., Halifax, $13; Irene Robson, $2; Rev. M. J. McGrath, $25; Rev. M. J. Foley, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Miss Stringer, $5; per Mrs. Knight, $5.15; J. J. Carolan, $5; Mrs. Baker, $5; Pembroke Pilgrimage Fund, per Rev. Jos. E. Gravelle, $100; Rev. Fr. Grenier, $3; Friend, $10; A. J. MacDonald, $1; P. W., Toronto, $5; B. V. M. Sodality, Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont., $10.03; Mrs. J. A. Langmuir, $110; Elizabeth Teevens, $5; Friend, Toronto, in mem. of Mother, $2; The Misses Scott, in hon. of St. Anthony, $1; Leo. H. Dever, $5; M. J. S., Toronto, $2; John J. Manley, $10; G. Lynes, $5; Crusade Unit, Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown, $10; Dr. E. J. O'Brien, $1; John Connolly, $2.50; Rita Connolly, $1; Mrs. Coffey, $2; John McCormick, $5; A Friend, $2; Madeline Smith $2.

Building Fund

Joseph Robillard, $3; Evelyn Donegan, $1; Mrs. Thos. Rowland, $1.

Burses

Miss Lelia O'Gorman, St. Anthony's Burse, $2; Mrs. Madigan, Holy Souls Burse, $5; Margaret Malloy, Little Flower Burse, $2; Rev. F. Monaghan, St. F. X. Burse, $1; C.C.S.M.C. Unit, Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse, $25; Angus F. Rankin, Holy Souls Burse, $1; Friend, Chicago, in thanksgiving, Sacred Heart Burse, $1; Sister St. Stanislaus, McPherson Burse, $3.

(CUT OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY)

To (See back page)

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO.

I would like to help you pay the travelling expenses of your 1932 Mission Band going to China, so I am sending you the enclosed donation

of ..... dollars.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Those Who Stay Behind

To the Parents of Departing Missionaries

"Great though our tribute be to those who go, greater still must be our homage to the dear ones who stay behind, and especially to the ageing fathers and mothers of these boys. It is not unlikely that a Missionary career was not the life they had dreamed of for their sons. Perhaps they dreamt that their lads would be near them in their last hour. Is it hard to sympathize with the first shock at contrary news? The Recording Angel alone knows the unseen tears, the heartbreak and the final triumph of Faith. Spare a prayer, then, for the Mothers and Fathers of the Missionaries who go."

FROM DAY TO DAY.

(Continued from page 135)

Our readers must feel that some people get to Heaven easily. In fact we have heard people make that remark in reference to such children. However, we should rejoice even if it were true that those who arrive at the eleventh hour receive the same reward as those who have so long borne the burden and the heat of the day. But the reward of Heaven is not like the penny which "every man receiveth" in the gospel parable. It isn't the same for all. "Star differeth from star in glory" and so it is with God's saints. And what a reward awaits all those kind friends of ours whose charity has made it possible to have Heaven placed within "easy reach" of so many of God's abandoned little ones, future gems in their eternal crown of glory.

RECLAIMING THE STRAYED SHEEP.

(Continued from page 138)

To make a long story short, our system failed. The reason is this. You see it written all over the faces of the pagans nearby. The moment you mention the advantages of being a Christian they snicker, the upper lip goes into a curl and they say: "Yes?" The Chapel is there. Some Christians do not come at any time. The Missionary forbids them to go to plays, and they go. The Missionary exhorts them to renounce the devil, and they don't. "What is the difference!" the pagan wants to know.

"Mr. Catechist, I think we will pack up early in the morning and go home for Easter. Together, after Easter, we will return."

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Sometimes buds may wonder why their letters do not appear in "China" for quite a while after they write to me. Please remember that the letters appearing in this issue came in at least three weeks ago. They had then to be taken to the printer to be "set up" in type. It often happens that, after being "set up", there is no space to include them all in the following issue, and then they must wait over another month.

* * *

Anna Campbell, aged 10, is in Grade 6 in the Glace Bay School, and asks for pen-pals of her own age. "Aster" is her pen-name, and her address is 776 Mechanic Row, Glace Bay, N.S.

* * *

Louise Norman, Long Harbor, Nfld., got service when her name appeared in our column asking for pen-pals. "China" reached her, and the following mail brought her a letter from Rosella Heffernan, Port Arthur, Ont. A long newsy letter from Louise told me about the letters that have since been exchanged between those now fast friends. And, by the way, Louise, I don't object to being called "Uncle Jim". I got as much "kick" out of it as you did.

* * *

Mount Carmel School,
New Waterford, N.S.

"Dear Father Jim:

"We, 46 boys of Grade Four, wish to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden and help the missionaries and the poor pagan Chinese by our prayers. Many of us get 'China' at home, and now that we are members of your Club, we are going to be more interested than ever. We wish you and all the priests every success. We enclose a little offering."

Thank you, boys. Make yourselves right at home with us, and let us hear from you once in a while. I'm sure the Glace Bay buds are going to be mighty interested in their very own missionary, Father McGillivray, who is going to China in October.

* * *

From Dornoch, Ont., we have Edward Casey, Joe Casey, Paul Vasey, Norman Moran, Lena Desjardine, Gloria Hayden, Mary Malone, and Josephine Hayden.

NEW MEMBERS.

Anxious to join with so many others to do their bit for the missions are: Mary Roach, George St., New Waterford, N.S.; Dora Bubanko, Box 19. Crowland, Ont.; Audrey Gates, 66 Kenneth Ave.. Oshawa, Ont.; Agatha Corcoran, Piusville, P.E.I.; Susie Byrne, West Mines, Bell Island, Nfld.; John McLellan, 132 King's Street, New Waterford, N.S.; Myles Murphy and Willie Cahill, Bell Island, Nfld. And, of course, they would like very much to hear from fellow-members of our Club.

* * *

Margaret Collet, 507 Albert St., Peterboro, Ont., is going to prove anything but a "Thorn" in our Rose Garden, to judge by her letter. Even if I were a "composition teacher", Margaret, I couldn't find anything in your letter to "censure"—so let's have another one soon. Between yourself and Dot you ought to get those other High School girls over their "shyness". We have lots of High School pupils in our Garden, and I hope some of them drop you a line.

For Dorothy Grady, Peterboro: The answer to that "very important question", Dot, is "I don't know; it certainly was not I." But you have me curious now as to how you are going to link Father Kam and Father Jim together. You'll write again, eh?

* * *

We extend a hearty welcome to our Club to twenty-two new buds from St. Ann's Academy, New Westminster, B.C. Thanks to Marcia Dorgan for her encouraging letter. Our buds from the West are "right in there" every time.

* * *

Very glad to hear from an "old reliable" like Margaret Reynolds of Antigonish, and to know that her work for the missions is as constant as ever.

* * *

To the Buds who have sent used stamps from time to time for the Missions I am very grateful. For their information I would say that only the higher values of Canadian and American stamps are worth saving at all.

Hello, Buds:

I suppose most of you have just about forgotten the happy days of holidays now, and are "all set" for hard work in school. When all is said and done, 'tis great to be back to school again, though, isn't it? Meeting all your chums again, and having lots of fun together.

Well, Father Jim is trying hard these days to make up for lost time away from our "Garden". Oh yes, I had a vacation, too, and believe me I sorely missed the daily mail from all you Buds. Those new members who have not yet received their certificates and badges can be on the lookout for them soon.

From now on I'll be entirely at your service, and I hope you're going to keep me right at work. No "unemployment" for Father Jim, remember, and I want all the young boys and girls who read "CHINA" to become members of our popular and fast-growing Rose Garden.

This is the Month of the Holy Rosary, and I know you will often offer your Beads for the Missions. Remember especially those brave priests and sisters who leave Canada for Chuchow on October 22nd.

Yours,
FATHER JIM.

I am very grateful to Mary MacInnis and Margaret Coin for the lovely spiritual bouquet they sent. I also want to thank other Buds for spiritual offerings made for the missions, and for stamps which they so kindly saved and sent. The spiritual bouquet from Senior Fourth Class at St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, was much appreciated.

TWO LETTERS.

Sacred Heart Convent,
Spring Garden Rd.,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a cheque for sixty-five dollars, the "sacrifice pennies" of your little missionaries, the children of College Street School. They would like this amount to be added to the Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse. Would that their mite could increase a hundred times, as they are very anxious to see this burse completed. Though the present does not seem very bright, they are hoping to see their desire accomplished in the not-far-distant future. Assuring you of their prayers for success in your great work . . . . . .

St. Joseph's Convent,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find post office order for six dollars, the proceeds of Mite-boxes in our school. The Mission intention for one month was "The China Missions." . . . .

Sec'y, C.C.S.M.C.

Annie V. St. George, Marystown, Nfld., takes the pen-name of "Rose", and says she finds the articles written by our missionaries for "China" very interesting.

---

144 West Main,
Welland, Ont.

"We have just begun our instruction classes again after a long holiday. Although some of the buds did not write to you during the summer, they assured me they did not forget the important part—the prayers and Holy Communions for the missions. Am sending list of new members for the Rose Garden . . . M.O'S."—Thanks for the pictures. I will try to have them in next month's "China."



Marie Anne Murray, Sarcee Reserve, Calgary, and Mary Duncan, Seaforth, Ont.

GRANDMA'S HEAVEN.

When I am risen from the dead
May I in glory stand;
A crown, perhaps, upon my head,
But a needle in my hand.

I've never learned to sing or play,
So let no harp be mine:
From birth until my dying day
Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed to the end
To plying useful stitches,
I'd be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches.

Contributed by Aileen Hyde,
1236 Dufferin St., Toronto.

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

China is the largest nation on earth.

China's area equals that of the United States and all her dependencies with enough left over to make twelve states the size of Pennsylvania.

China's population is one-fourth that of the entire earth.

China's population is over 450,000,000.

China's history began about 2500 B.C. A contemporary of Babylon and Chaldea, it has seen those powerful nations rise and fall. Always great, China has not yet reached the height of its development.

The Great Wall of China, the world's most stupendous engineering marvel, was begun 200 years before Christ.

The Catholic Church is represented in every part of China.

Franciscan missionaries, contemporaries of Marco Polo, made a systematic attempt to christianize China in the 13th and 14th centuries.

St. Francis Xavier attempted to reach China, but died in 1552 on Sancian Island, off the coast of China.

One out of every 180 Chinese is a Catholic.

There are 75 bishops, 2,000 foreign and 1,400 native priests, 700 brothers, nearly 4,000 sisters, native and foreign, caring for the spiritual interests of China's 2,500,000 Catholics.

Six native Chinese priests were consecrated bishops by Pope Pius XI on October 28, 1926.

There are over 450 advanced primary and secondary schools maintained by the Catholic Church in China, having government recognition. The total number of Chinese Catholic schools is over 11,000. The pupils in these schools number nearly 270,000.

The preparatory, minor, and major seminaries in China have in attendance nearly 5,000 students. Of these an average of 100 are ordained priests each year.

Among the letters that I enjoyed most were the big, long, newsy ones from Mollie and Agnes Maynard, Thorburn Road, St. John's, Nfld. It was a real pleasant duty for me to write to them, and I hope they will hear from many of the Buds. A sister, Catherine, and a brother, Philip, are also Buds.

---

34 Daly Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

"Our teacher has been telling us about your Rose Garden, and we wish to join it. This morning our class appointed me as Secretary. Am sending you the names of the 35 girls in the class, and we will be very glad to receive our membership certificates and badges. We are all in Senior LLL in St. Joseph's Girls' School. We are trying to fill our mite-box to help the missions, and every day in school we say the prayer for the conversion of China. Sincerely yours,

"Sadie Zahab."

I am very happy indeed to have such a splendid class added to our list of Ottawa buds; your certificates, etc., will reach you soon. May God bless you all for your interest in the Chinese Missions.

* * *

Boys of Room 1, St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, Ont., who have recently joined the Rose Garden. They would like to have letters from other boys. Here they are: Michael Nevins, Anthony Bruchezzi, Frank Bozzo, Anthony Baratta, Frank Bliss, Ken. Bowlier, Teddy Blanchard, Frank Petrone, Raymond Roussell, Donald Frost, and Louis Barbison.

* * *

North Bay, Ont., adds to its already large list of buds the names of Clementine and Adrienne Turgeon (389 McIntyre St.) and Ella Cliche (393 Worthington St. E.). Write to them, buds.

* * *

Dornoch, Ont., again. And this time we have Dennis Kieffer (White Violet), Bernard Sweeney (Blue Violet), Billie O'Neill (Bachelor Button), and Georgina Desjardines (Lady's Slipper).



Rose and Mary Castanza, 275 Bloor Street, Sudbury, Ont.

NONSENSE



Prospective mother-in-law: "My daughter can play the piano, sing, dance, act, swim, paint, pilot an aeroplan, drive a car, and what can you do?"

Prospective bridegroom: "Well, I can cook, darn, and possibly do a little spring-cleaning."

Teacher: "You weren't here yesterday, Charles."

Charles: "I went to a funeral."

Teacher: "Was it a close relative?"

Charles: "No he lived ten miles north of here."

During the hearing of a case, the judge was being disturbed by a youth who kept moving about in the rear of the court.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "you are making a good deal of unnecessary noise. What are you doing "

"I have lost my overcoat and am trying to find it," replied the offender.

"Well," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits in here without half so much fuss."

Perfume maker in Paris has been ordered to pay his wife $5,200,000. Of course it would not be right for him to cut her off without a scent.

The clergyman had returned to the town of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, afte a few years abroad. The people among whom he had been a favorite flocked to hear him preach again.

When he went into the pulpit and commenced to speak they were all mystified by the following sentence:

"I am quite glad to see so many Cowes faces before me again."

A gentleman was put sorely out of patience by some blunder of a new groom. "Look here!" he cried in anger, "I won't have things done in this way! Do you think I'm a fool?"

"Sure, sir," said the groom, "I can't say, sir. I only came here yesterday!"

First Boy: "My dad has a fine cedar chest."

Second Boy: "That's nothing; my dad has a wooden leg."

Referring to George Washington, an American said to a Scotchman: "He was a great and good man sir. A lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," the Scot replied, "I presume he talked through his nose like the rest o' ye!"

Mr. Spink: "I need a button on this shirt."

Mrs. Spink: "Well, call up the laundry; I'm tired of telling them."

The pugnacious clubman glared around the room. His confreres tittered, as they listened to him. But the self-possessed little hustler was not afraid to speak.

"There," he shouted, "take it or leave it. I'm an independent self-made man . . ."

Before he had time to finish the sentence one of the older members of the club called out: "We accept your apology."

"It must be awful to be a debt collector. You must be unwelcome wherever you go."

"On the contrary, practically everybody asks me to call again."

Smith: "There are two periods in a man's life when he is most interested in his personal appearance."

Atkins: "When are they?"

Smith: "One is at twenty, when he watches the hair coming out on his upper lip, and the other is at forty, when he knows that the hair is coming out on the top of his head."

British Guide (showing places of interest): "It was in this room that Lord Wellington received his first commission!"

American Tourist (suddenly interested): "How much was it?"—Tit-Bits.

Hostess: "Aren't you afraid your husband will neglect the cat while you are away?"

Gambler's Wife: "Oh, no. Bill always likes to see plenty in the kitty."
—Boston Transcript.

Kitty: "It must be five years since I saw you last. How much older you look. I should hardly have known you."

Catty: "Yes, it is a long time. If I had not remembered your coat, I should not have recognized you."

"Pardon me, sir," Mrs. Portly addressed a fellow train passenger, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next stop? You see, I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this three times."

"Hello, Johnny," said the neighbor, "can I see your father?"

The little boy thought for a while, then said, "I'm afraid you can't, sir. He happens to be wrapped up in his work at the moment."

"Oh, what's he doing?" asked the neighbor.

"Papering the living room," Johnny confessed with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Lawyer: "Then you say that this man was drunk?"

Witness: "I do not. I merely stated that he sat in his car in front of the excavation for three hours, waiting for the red light to turn green."

He married a spinster who owned over a thousand head of poultry.

Robinson: "How came she to marry him?"

Smythe: "Just like a woman. If she can't get a man by fair means she will by fowl!"

Worried Old Gent: "I fear my hair is coming out very badly. Can you recommend something to me to keep it in?"

Breezy Barber: "I've just the thing, sir. You can have an excellent cigar-box, empty, for sixpence."

Question: How do you make a maltese cross?

Answer: Stick a pin in him.

Judge (to prisoner): "I can see the villian in your face."

Prisoner: "I think that's a personal reflection, your honor."

Workman: "Mr. Brown, I would like to ask for a small rise in my wages. I have just been married."

Employer: "Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our workmen outside the factory we are not responsible."

Gladys: "Do you see that young man standing over there next to the flivver with golf pants on?"

Harold: "I see the fellow, all right; but where is the flivver with the golf pants on?"

Tramp (in a coffee shop)—"Ow much for coffee?"

Waiter — "Twopence sitting at a table, a penny standing at the counter."

Tramp—"Anything knocked off if I stand on one leg?"

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at
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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16th, AT 7 p.m.

The sermon for the occasion will be preached by Rev. Joseph Ryan, J.C.D., Rector of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Hamilton.

The Ceremony will be broadcast over Station CKGW, Toronto, from 7.15 to 8 p.m.



REV. SISTER ST. JULETTA



REV. SISTER ST. ANGELA

CHINA

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NOVEMBER, 1932



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OUR WORK

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in colleges and in our Seminary.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses and devotions offered by our priests and seminarians.

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3. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

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MISSION INTEREST

Mission Sunday for 1932 has come and gone. In preparation for its worthy observance a letter was sent to all the directors of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith by its President, Archbishop Salotti, and through them to all Catholics, "reminding them of the beauty and significance" of mission-work and insisting on "the supernatural motives which should urge everybody . . . to participate in the most noble of all apostolates." We hope, and we believe, that this annual day of prayerful co-operation and propaganda on behalf of Catholic Missions is going to show results as the years go by. It is "CHINA'S" big task—and humbly we say it—to help keep before the minds of Catholics in Canada and Newfoundland the efforts of foreign missionaries and their crying need for more helpers in the Field Afar and more generous support from Catholics "at home". We feel that it is too much to expect that there will come a day when such "propaganda" as we are privileged to assist in will be entirely unnecessary; too much to expect that a time will come when Catholics everywhere will regard assistance to the foreign missions as a natural consequence of their own possession of Faith. We must go on month after month pleading the cause of the missions and trying to awaken in the hearts of our people an understanding sympathy for the plight of hundreds of millions of fellow human-beings who are without the knowledge that leads to eternal salvation.

What a consoling thing it would be if every day in the year could be termed a "Mission Day" for all of us as far as our circumstances permit. The words of Archbishop Salotti serve the useful purpose of bringing to our notice the vast possibilities for missionary advancement when we all begin to realize the spiritual power that is ours, and which can be used to bring down blessings on the mighty work of the Foreign Missions. "At the foot of the altar, in the presence of our Eucharistic Lord, let all Catholics meet and prepare for apostolic work. Through prayer rising from every quarter of the globe, together with Holy Communion, the faithful will be fired with zeal for the growth and increase of the Mystical Body of Christ, i.e., the Church, which is the specific object of the work of the missionaries who toil until death overtakes them in foreign lands.

"That is also the object of the prayers which Catholics should offer up to God. They should beseech Him to enlighten every mind with Faith in Christ. They should ask Him to unite all nations with their diverse races and tongues into one people who will adore one and the same God and profess one religion. The more fervent and widespread the prayers offered up the more speedy and complete will be the universal reign of Christ.

"The faithful should learn the beauty of that evangelical truth that has transformed nations and renewed the world. They should understand this sacred duty of the Church to spread the Gospel. Let all learn that by the sacrifices of the missionaries seeds of new life are sown in pagan soil and the hopes of Christendom are raised, because the world was not created to live in vice and error, but to rise to the heights of Faith and light that purify and elevate the soul.

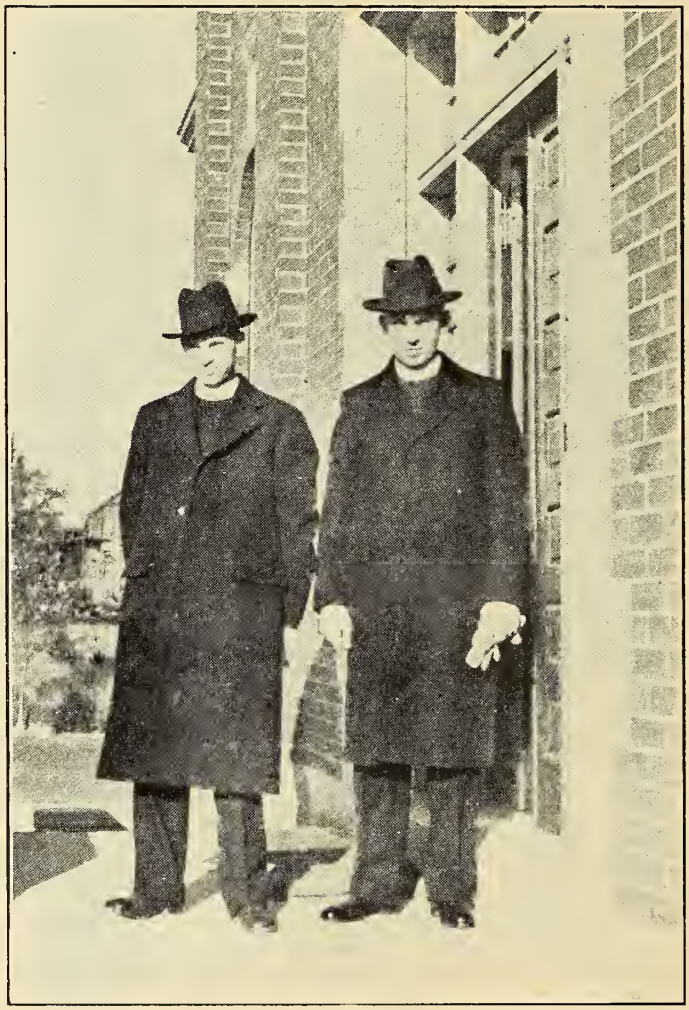
"May every Christian become a zealous worker and propagandist of the missionary ideal, resolved to fight the good fight by word and action."

We may be prejudiced in the matter, but it is our conviction that too many Catholics are lacking in interest and charity towards their brethren who are wandering far from God; they forget that Christ their Saviour is to be served in His desolate ones, especially in the souls that are most abandoned on earth —the wandering sheep of paganism. They fail to realize the depths of the agony which rent His Sacred Heart as He hung on a cross bleeding and dying for the souls of men. They read or hear of the thousands of souls who die in pagan lands every day without ever knowing the One True God, and the figures have no meaning for them. Yes, there are too many Catholics who go their way forgetting that those abandoned souls have a claim upon them on every ground on which they themselves hope for life eternal through Christ. In China alone there are almost half a billion pagans—suffering, heavily-laden human souls. Men and women and children, living and dying ignorant of the Cross of salvation—and too many of us go our way forgetting.

Missionaries Leave for Chuchow

THAT events in connection with the Missions have a strong appeal to our Catholic people was well demonstrated on Sunday night, October 16th, when a huge congregation filled St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, to witness the Ceremony of Departure which marked the official sending forth of Reverend Fathers McGillivray and McNabb as missionaries to China.

Singing a beautiful motet the boys of St. Michael's chancel choir led the procession from the sacristy. It was indeed an inspiring sight as the seminarians and priests made their way through the aisles of the crowded Cathedral, with the two young missionaries preceding their Excellencies, the Bishop of Hebron, Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., and the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto, Neil McNeill, D.D., who officiated at the Ceremony. Entering the sanctuary, the Archbishop intoned the "Veni Creator", which was continued by the Seminary choirs of St. Augustine's and St. Francis Xavier's under the baton of Father Ronan. At the conclusion of the congregational singing of "Come, Holy Ghost", Reverend Dr. Joseph Ryan, Rector of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Hamilton, preached the farewell sermon, a forcefully eloquent discourse on the "Triumph of the Church". Going back over the ages to the very foundation of the Church, and tracing its institution and its works, the reverend speaker pointed out the strikingly missionary character of God's church as she spread to the ends of the earth, whilst she endured attacks and persecution from within and without and successfully overcame them all. Today the Church is being persecuted and hindered, yet she goes on to newer and greater triumphs; when she is being refused and despised in Spain and Mexico and Russia, her faithful sons lessen not their efforts, but carry the Truth to far-away nations, and those who were fortunate to be present at the departure ceremony were witnesses of another triumph for the propagation of our holy Faith. It was a triumph for the Church in Canada to have more of her sons leave for the foreign missions; it was a triumph for the young priests about to realize their great ambition; and it was a triumph for their seminary to see such fruits of its establishment. To the vast congregation and to the thousands who were "listening-in" all over Canada, Dr. Ryan appealed for whole-hearted support for the missions, emphasizing that further conquests of souls depended on the attitude of the individual Catholic. Feelingly addressing the missionaries, Dr. Ryan paid tribute to their sacrifice and heroism, bade them farewell, and asked the blessing of God on their journey and their future labours in Chuchow.



Father McNabb and Father McGillivray as they stepped out of the Seminary door to go to St. Michael's Cathedral for their Departure Ceremony.

The departing missionaries stood before the great Gothic altar and faced the congregation whilst their Seminary companions sang the touching farewell hymn. All present were visibly moved as the strains of the "Farewell, Brothers! Farewell!" penetrated to the farthest corner of the Cathedral.

The missionary crosses having been blessed, Archbishop McNeil placed them on the missionaries, and after they had repeated their oath of fidelity to the missions they lay prostrate before the altar as His Excellency charged them to go forth on their great mission of saving pagan souls. Then the Archbishop, who had been a member of the Episcopacy years before those missionaries were born, gave them his solemn blessing. The ceremony proper concluded with the singing of the Itinerarium, the official prayer of the Church for those about to undertake a journey. Solemn Benediction was given by His Excellency the Archbishop, assisted by members of China Mission Seminary, after which the congregation received the blessing of the two missionaries.

Fathers McNabb and McGillivray left for Vancouver on Sunday night, and sailed for China on the "Empress of Britain" on October 22nd. Early in December they will reach their new home in Chuchow.

The Seminary wishes to express its thanks and gratitude to the Rector and staff of St. Michael's Cathedral, to Father Ronan and the Choirs, and to Station CKGW, Toronto, through whose courtesy the ceremony was broadcast.

BIG DAYS *for the* YOUNGSTERS

By
REV. JOSEPH KING

IT IS a sad fact that many little Chinese babies are exposed to the horrible fate of being either drowned, suffocated, or abandoned to die of hunger and exposure by parents who have no compassion or pity for the weak and helpless little ones. Millions of pagan children, of course, escape that fate, and it is the usual custom to give a name to a baby before it has reached the age of one month. If it is a female child it is brought before the image of the god Nainai; if a male child, it is brought before the ancestral family tablets in order that its wee head may be shaved for the first time.

This event in the early life of the little pagan child is surrounded with much ceremonial; candles are lighted, incense is burned, a sacrifice of thanksgiving is offered, and the friends and relatives are cordially invited to partake of a banquet. The eats served at this banquet include pickled ginger and preserved eggs which have been dyed red. The guests present gifts to the child, and nothing is left undone which can add to the wee one's happiness.

When baby has reached the age of one year another sacrifice of thanksgiving is offered, and more presents are given by the guests who have assembled again to partake of a banquet, and this time to witness the important choice of a future occupation for the young person, and, strangely enough, the one-year-old is supposed to make the choice himself. Here's how he does it!

A large sieve resembling those which are used by the farmers to winnow grain is brought in and laid on a table whereon burning candles and smoking incense are already prepared. Into this sieve is placed a miscellaneous collection of articles —money scales, a pair of shoes, a mirror, a ruler, a Chinese pen, stationery, a few books and the much-used abacus. Baby is brought and placed right in the midst of all those things. Everyone present then steps up to have a "look see", for this is thought to be the all-important event in baby's life. The Chinese think that whatever article the little one first picks up from the sieve will determine the occupation or profession he will follow later on in life. In most cases baby tries to grab and hold everything at the same time.

Great as those two aforementioned days may be, the New Year festivals are for those almond-eyed tots, as well as for the grown-ups, the greatest of all celebrations. All dressed up in their finest, the boys strut out with their fathers to visit their friends. Those visits bring them many little gifts such as a few cents or a few trinklets.

Ordinarily the Chinese child is not the recipient of much attention. The boys are much more favored than their sisters; often parents may be seen looking after the baby boy in good style, but the lot of the baby girl is by no means an enviable one. This may be explained, perhaps, by the fact that only male children are eligible to continue the ancestral worship in the family. Naturally, parents do not set such value on girls who cannot continue this very dear form of remembrance when the parents are no more.

It saddens one's heart to see so many innocent little ones living in such an unhealthy pagan atmosphere. If only more of those dear, lovable young children could have the advantage of a sound Christian education how the number of Catholics in China would increase! Many of them who sincerely ask to be baptized have to be refused because their parents or guardians object. Would to God they might realize that human souls are so precious in God's sight.

When we meet our young friends on the street the majority of them call us by name; this is equivalent to a friendly salutation. For some reason or other there are a few who always appear to be frightened at us; quite a number attempt to repeat what they have heard us saying. For the most part they are real typical boys and girls full of fun and merriment. Many of the boys who attend our parish school soon learn to serve Holy Mass extremely well.

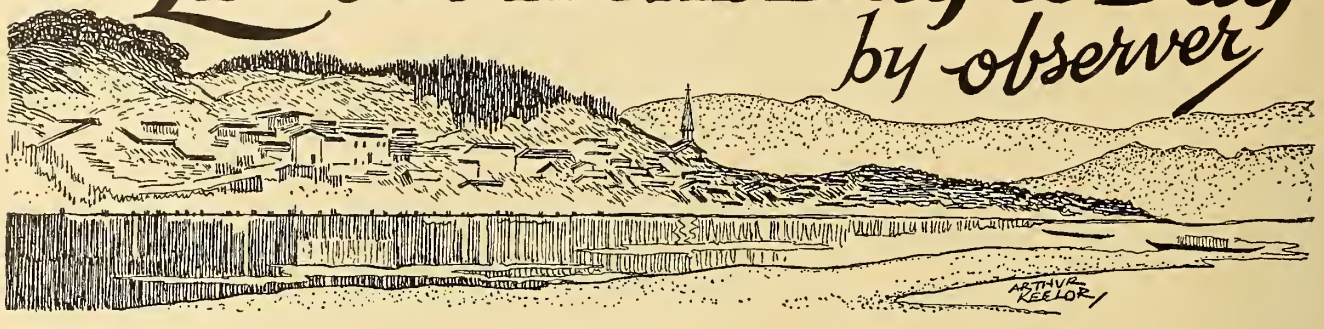
"Suffer the little children to come unto Me," is our Blessed Lord's request; dear friends back home, pray for us that we may be the humble instruments to lead many of China's pagan little ones to the source of those graces and blessings which are so necessary for all of us.



"Mm-m-m, 'tis good!"—and those happy little schoolboys in Lishui know it.

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



A few days ago we decided to try to escape for a while from the summer heat, so a little excursion was arranged to the pagan temple at Neh Ming San, about half an hour's walk from the other side of the river. We prepared a lunch and started out to "make a day of it", Frs. Gignac, King, Venadam and myself and three of the "boys" from the mission. The first stage of the journey was a short trip across by ferry.

* * *

Fr. Editor, of course, will not be able to publish all the pictures we took on that occasion. I had to risk losing my passage to take one of a large live black pig (all the pigs we see are black) suspended from a long pole carried by two men. He was "legs up", fore and hind legs securely "lashed to the mast" and it seemed that about four or five miles of a sort of straw-rope bandage was slung around his back and up over the centre of the pole. After this description I dare say it will be necessary to publish the picture. (Necessary or not, you will see it on opposite page.—Ed.)

* * *

At the temple we were received very politely by the monks and a servant brought basins of hot water and small face towels so that we might refresh ourselves after our walk. This was followed by the usual bowls of tea. The place was delightfully cool in comparison with the Mission Residence, so we settled ourselves to do some reading and answer a few letters from the folks back home.

* * *

With the help of Father Gignac (our Chinese Professor) we deciphered a notice on the wall which informed us that to refrain from killing animals was the highest virtue. To offset this negative morality it urged the reader to buy animals and keep them alive and well cared for. It enumerated the following: Cows, horses, pigs, sheep, chicken, ducks, turtles and shrimps. It would be rather difficult, we thought, to keep them all.

* * *

In return for kindness to animals it promised long life, riches, children, freedom from trouble in court or with the soldiers and from death by fire or water. While economic conditions make it impossible to live up to this advice, the Chinese still regard kindness to animals, with the possible exception of the mongrel house-dog, as a very great virtue. In Hangchow, on the famous West Lake, we saw many water snakes that had been given their liberty by individuals desirous of obtaining some favor from the gods. In Shanghai the bird-sellers who congregate near the race course do a fairly good business with people who are anxious to liberate a thrush or a canary once in a while.



We spent the day in the temple, enjoyed two meals and received very courteous and efficient service from the boy whose task it is to see to the welfare of visitors, and returned home about sundown in a downpour of rain. The ferry was just returning as we reached the landing and we noticed that one of the passengers had a water buffalo "in tow", literally. The buffalo was swimming beside the boat and the passenger was holding him by the horns.

* * *

It wasn't what you'd call an exciting day, but at least it afforded escape from the heat for a while.

However, don't run away with the idea that life is too prosaic over here. Within the last month we have had two big events in town, movies and a travelling show. It was the first time movies ever had been shown in Lishui and the travelling salesman—for such he was—who operated a little hand-cranked movie machine must have cleaned up quite a harvest. He was a real nice man, didn't charge anything for his performance. All you had to do was to buy four packages of Red Lion cigarettes and you received a nice little red ticket admitting you to the show. And the man who ran the other show, a sort of miniature circus with one trained horse representing the animal section, was also out to help the people. As a side line he carried the most wonderful medicines, which were yours for a mere consideration.

* * *

Well, they're here at last. We thought for a while that 10,000 miles would be sufficient to place us out of reach of travelling salesmen, but no. "Step right up, ladies and gents." No haven so remote as to be free altogether from the gentlemen who fill "long felt wants" for humanity.

* * *

We didn't attend the movies but stood a treat for some of the boys and next morning after breakfast we asked one of them to tell us all about it. He was wild-eyed with excitement as he recounted the ad-

ventures of our hero and the many tight spots from which it seemed there was no possible means of escape. We could have told him to put his money on the hero, come what may, but he told us that for a while things really looked bad.

Our hero, by the way, was just a rugged, honest Chinese without an enemy in the world. One day, for some reason known only to the producers, he took his wife for a little stroll right into the middle of a bandit stronghold. When all seemed lost he knocked over six armed men, grabbed a horse, and taking his wife under his arm, leaped into the saddle. On all sides his way was barred by fierce looking bandits armed to the teeth, but urging his noble steed he charged right into the guns of the enemy. Five more bit the dust even as the echoes of his horse's hoofs were dying away. I forget how many he killed altogether, but anyway, the boys got a great thrill out of it and agreed that honesty was always the best policy.

* * *

We shudder to think of what might happen if the market over here were opened up for some of the old serials of twenty years ago, now reposing in film cans somewhere in America. I dare say it will come in time—not, let us hope, in our time.

Of late we have been awakened at all hours of the night by the sound of exploding fire-crackers and screaming bugles accompanied by the rattle of drums and sound of many voices. This means that many people are dying and it is so because of an epidemic of cholera which has been raging in many parts of China for the past few months. The poor people are fighting it as best they know how and when a patient becomes seriously ill, the bugles and fire-crackers are brought into play as a last resource. What a hope! Might as well try to stop a forest fire with a brass band!

* * *

Read Fr. Stringer's article (on page 155) for details of this procedure. The person he calls the "High Ejector" is in great demand these days — or rather, nights. And it is bad throughout the district, too. That we gathered from Fr. Morrison, Pastor of Sungyang, who has just arrived for retreat. "Must be a lot of sickness around", he remarked last night. "We passed dozens of straw boats on the river, high and dry".

* * *

At this point you will want to know what possible connection there can be between sickness and straw boats high and dry along the river. Well, it is just a step further in the superstitious means employed to drive the devil away from sick people. When they feel he has been ejected by the means indicated above they prepare a nice little straw boat, about two feet long, fit it up with mast and sail, put some rice and watermelon seeds aboard as food for the devil and then set it adrift on the river. He is supposed to take his departure in the boat.

* * *

Father Morrison was quite casual about it. All our veterans get that way. To us the idea of the straw boat was quite novel but they all tell us that we are approaching the stage when everything will be commonplace. Then there will be nothing to write about and Observer may have to cancel his page, and that will be one break for readers of CHINA. (A bad break which we hope they will not have to experience for a long, long time, Observer.—Ed. Note.)

THE TRIP TO NEH-MING-SAN



Above: Fathers Gignac, Venadam and King have lunch in the grounds of a pagan temple.



Above: A passenger on the ferry.



Left: A Chinese version of "This little pig went to market" — alive, but not kicking.

WOMAN *in* CHINA

Infancy
Education
Foot-binding
Marriages

By REV. ANTHONY VOLPERT, S.V.D.
in "The Christian Family"



Pictures, courtesy of "The Christian Family".

IN China a bow and arrow or a little red flag is frequently seen outside the door of houses in cities and villages. The bow and arrow denotes the birth of a boy—*da-hi*, or "great joy"; the little red flag tells of the coming of a girl—*siou-hi*, or "little joy". This seems to be a very ancient custom, for we already find mention of it in the book *Li-tyi*, the Book of Rites. On the sixth day after a birth, relatives and friends may expect to be invited; for the birth of a son is always celebrated with great rejoicings, and sometimes also, that of the *first* daughter; but never is there celebration in the event of subsequent female offspring. About eight days later, a simple name is bestowed upon the child by the grandparents or, in case of their death, by the mother herself. The boys generally receive names with some superstitious meaning—for instance, *Lin-dshu* ("Stay here"), *Shuan-dshu* ("tied up"), or the like. The boy is also given the name of *Kui-nu* (or Yato) which means *girl*. This is done to deceive the evil spirits who like to seize the boys (so it is believed, because the people themselves also prefer them). The girls sometimes receive pretty names, such as *Tsuin* (Pretty), *Mei* (Beautiful); but in other instances they are given contemptible ones, as, for instance, *Bien* (Crushed one), *Loeng* (Abandoned one) and many another.

Although the girls are not so welcome as the boys, their parents, nevertheless, love them and watch over them. As far as my observation during many years has extended, infanticide or exposure of new-born girls is by no means customary among the rural population. True, exposed children are sometimes found, but I believe these are, in most cases, illegitimate children. Among these, boys also are found. It may also happen that parents, in case of great poverty, will try to rid themselves of their new-born child, but in most cases of these instances they try to find someone to adopt the baby. In the cities, the custom of child murder may exist, but I believe that here, too, there is question only of such as are born out of wedlock, who find no place in the family.

Educating the Chinese Girl

The education of the girls, like that of the boys, is very meager. The parents do not trouble about the bringing up of their children. As soon as the little ones are able to walk, they run about and play with the older ones. The parents see to it that they have enough to eat, and provide them with warm clothing for the winter. Otherwise, they do not bother about them. In summer the girls sometimes wear a small embroidered apron and, when they grow up, trousers. In winter, they wear dresses all wadded, and gay calico dresses on feast-days.

At the age of seven or eight, the girls assume the office of nursery-maids in the family. All day long, these girls may be seen dragging about a baby brother or sister, at one time carrying it on their back, at another placing it on the bare ground. But mother need not fear, for baby is in good care when in charge of its prudent little sister. When they are a little older, they share in the cares of the household. Since the introduction of the hair-net industry in many places in Shantung the little girls are also employed in this work. But the general occupation of the little girls in Shantung is the plaiting of straw braid. In East Shantung, the women and girls are occupied all day with making lace. Usually, several of them gather together under the shade of a tree, or at the open door, and work very diligently.

Foot-binding

The fashion of foot-binding is general in China. As early as the period toward the end of the Tsin dynasty, edicts were promulgated against this deplorable practice, and a fine placed upon it, but all was of no avail. Lately, schools for girls have been opened in many places, in which the girls and young ladies are emancipated from this ancient custom. A few years ago the students of the province of Honan sent out a proclamation in which they declared they would not marry any girl with crippled feet. In this way the custom is gradually being abolished among the wealthy. But the rural population still continue to practice it. At the age of six, the mother compresses the feet of her little girl with tight bandages that hinder the growth. This cruel process is extremely painful, and the poor child cries day and night. Often the little toes rot off, and not seldom the children become lame. The health of the children generally suffers much from the want of proper exercise during this period. But the mothers are inexorable on this point, and console the girls with the prospect of a good marriage and a good mother-in-law in consequence of their pretty feet. After about three years, the pain ceases and the bandages are removed from the feet, from which all the life has been squeezed out. The girls walk on their heels; but they do not find so much difficulty as might be supposed. In general, they are quite at ease, and run and play about merrily. In rainy weather they sink deep into the mud with their stumps that serve them for feet. The ordinary Chinese still thinks it excessively vulgar to have large feet, and the girls who have not had their feet cramped up in their infancy find it no easy matter to get married.



Four young Chinese brides who were married a year ago at Ningpo. They and their husbands were orphans raised by the Holy Childhood Association.

How They Are Married

The marriage of her daughter is a matter of great solicitude for the mother. She desires an "eligible" for her daughter; furthermore, she wishes to have her near home, yet not in the same village. It is not uncommon to betroth children in their early youth — sometimes, shortly after their birth. On the other hand, parents often wait until it is possible to effect a really desirable alliance. In East Shantung the parents expect a large sum of money from the bridgegroom. Young widows are sold by their parents-in-law. People of rank do not accept any money but presents only. A go-between, in most cases a woman, is generally employed for the preliminary arrangements. Much cheating is done in these bargains over marriageable merchandise. There is a story told of a go-between who wrote, ostensibly in praise of the beauty of the bride-to-be: "Raven hair no pock-marks." In Chinese writing no marks of punctuation are used; therefore, the legend was understood as being intended to read thus: "Raven hair; no pock-marks." But when the bride-groom came to look upon his spouse for the first time unveiled, he discovered that she was bald and that she was literally *covered* with pock-marks. Astounded and enraged over the deception which had been practiced upon him by the mediatrix in the affair he accused this go-between of falsification. However, the latter merely laughed, and replied that she had stated nothing but the exact truth in the matter—namely, that she had written: "Raven hair—no! POCK-MARKS."

When the bargain is concluded, the parties are affianced. Each party receives a copy of the marriage-contract, and neither can thereafter draw back. The bride-groom is bound, moreover, to possess his bride, living or dead. In the event of the bride's death before her marriage, her body is claimed by the groom, and is buried from his house. In the district of Antchiu the daughter of an opulent family had been betrothed as a mere child to the son of a rich neighbor. But when the time for the marriage arrived, it was found that the bride was afflicted with leprosy. The family of the bride-groom now wanted to declare the marriage contract null and void. But the bride insisted upon its ratification. A lawsuit followed, in which the bride won the case. In the meantime, the bridegroom had already entered marriage with another. But in spite of this, the bride was taken to his house. But after a short time she died. The mother-in-law, to escape the annoyance of her presence, gave her poison that killed her.

Usually, it is the mother who makes the first advances and arranges the articles of the contract and the rest. The young people are not consulted, nor are they at liberty

(Continued on page 154)



THIS OFTEN HAPPENS
When one of the students gets a letter from the priests in Chuchow it soon becomes common property, and one is lucky to be "next" on page umpteen as it makes the "rounds".

FROM OUR MAIL

Dear Father:—

Herewith one dollar renewal subscription for two years to your splendid publication. Our dear Canadian priests and nuns in that far-off Mission are brought very close to us at home each month when our gayly covered copy of "China" arrives. The contributions from those "at the front" seem like personal letters to each of us, and the spirit of courage and optimism which they breathe is indeed a lesson we can take to heart in these trying days. I would not willingly miss a single copy of "China".

I am enclosing also one dollar as contribution to the work of the Seminary.

Sincerely,
E. M. L.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from Sept. 20th to October 19th, 1932:

A friend, $25; Mrs. J. H. Summers, in thanksgiving, $20; In memory of M. A. M., Toronto, $10. Anonymous, $25; L. C. F., Halifax, $10; Estate Mary Byrne, per W. Huber, $50; Rev. Henry Brunet, $30; Miss Loretto Martin, $10; M. M., Toronto, $5; Mrs. John Graham, in thanksgiving to St. Francis Xavier, $5; Mrs. T. J. O'Neill, $1; Edmund P. K. Howe, in thanksgiving, $1; In memory, Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $4; Thos. J. Kennedy, $1.50; Mrs. Healey, $1; Mrs. Walkins, $1; Miss Alice Carney, $1.50; Miss T. N. Braniff, $1; G. McK., $1; Mrs. J. Freeman, 50c; St. Nicholas' School, Miscouche, P.E.I., $4.25; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Miscouche School, P.E.I., $6.34; Miss E. M. Lister, $1; Nora C. Gallagher, $1; M. M., Toronto, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; J. J. Carolan, $5; Miss J. A. Kenny, $2; A friend, Greenfield, Ont., in thanksgiving, $5; Miss Mary McDonald, per Mrs. J. V. McC., $3; In memory of Mrs. M. Lavigne, $5; Mrs. P. M. Prince, $2; A friend, Parkside, Sask., $5; Miss Helen Boyle, $1; Mrs. Crowe, $2; Mrs. Angus MacDonald, $5; St. Mary's Academy, Summerside, P.E.I., $2; Morrison Estate, $10.

HAVE A SMOKE?

The few of us who make use of the privilege of smoking during recreation period had a rare treat recently when Father Venadam sent from Lishui sample packages of some twenty different brands of cigarettes which may be purchased there. The Chinese certainly "know their smokes", or at least they give them some fancy names. We can't even hazard a guess as to which brand is "kindest to your throat" or which one the inhabitants of Lishui would "walk a mile" to secure, but you can picture some stalwart walking into a store and asking for a package of "Rats", "Lobsters", or "Lucky Birds". Our mission museum is the richer now by samples of the following cigarette brands from Lishui: "Lieu Ma", "Tatung", "Swallow", "Capital", "My Dear", "Ruby Queen", "Fragrance", "Tse Tsung", "Lucky Bird", "Red Seal", "Hatamen", "Hung May", "Golden Glow", "Cloud and Dragon", "Pearls", "The Rat", "Peony", "Lobster", and "Red Lion".

WOMAN IN CHINA

(Continued from page 153)

to marry according to the choice of their heart. Yet, in most cases, the marriages turn out to be happy.

On the day marked for the marriage celebration, the bridegroom, surrounded by musicians and men carrying banners, leaves his father's house in a gaily decorated palaquin, to call for the bride. The bride, in another palaquin with gay curtains, covered with brilliantly colored silks and ribbon streamers, awaits him. The whole procession, considerably augmented by men carrying tables, chairs, boxes, and all kinds of household utensils, moves away. The bride is adorned like a queen. When the procession has once more reached the house of the bridegroom, he alights; and the bride, led by two women, follows him into the court. Here, on a table, incense and offerings are burnt. The bridegroom, led by his father and accompanied by his relatives, kneels down before the table and prostrates his face, nine times, to the ground, to "adore heaven and earth". The bride stands back of him, but does not prostrate herself. Such is the ceremonial of a pagan marriage. Afterwards, the bridegroom conducts the bride to the bridal chamber. Here he climbs on the bed and walks up and down on it several times. The mother-in-law then rolls a small bundle of straw into the room, and places it on the bed. In some places the father-in-law rolls a round piece of wood on the bed, and afterwards carries it away in his arms like a baby. The bride now sits on the edge of the bed while the bridegroom goes out to rejoice with his friends who await him in the men's apartment. During the whole day the bride observes silence, and must subject herself to the taunts of her neighbors who have free access to the room, all day, to satisfy their curiosity. In some places it is customary to throw bran at the bride. Bran means *Futsi* ("happy children"); by the way of a pun. In other places chestnuts and prunes are placed in the pillow and in the spreads—all of which things are intended to have reference to progeneration. In the evening, finally the bride is relieved from the annoyance of the *"nau-hi-fang"*—that is to say, the tumult of the bridal chamber. During the course of the evening the husband returns, and a dainty dinner is set before them. This is their first meal together.

"DEVIL-EJECTORS"

By REV. D. STRINGER

"Our Motto: Service with Absolute Bedlam."—"Hear our Noise, Second to None." These would serve as good advertising slogans for the class of gentlemen I will designate as "Devil Ejectors". The term may not be found in a dictionary, but it describes fairly accurately a "business" not uncommon in this part of the Celestial Empire.

First, let us find a sick person. Then let us presuppose that he has in vain gulped down, or chewed, or inhaled, or rubbed on quantities of cure-all medicines before he permits himself the luxury of the services of Devil-Ejectors & Co. Thus, the stage being set, let us settle down to view the performance.

From afar come the strains of rattling boilers, screeching circus-like thingimabobs, tooting of horns—all blended together in the harmony (?) we love to let others hear. As the "Ejectors" come into view we notice at once that one individual keeps apart from the others; this is none other than the "High Ejector". Preceded by a banner-bearer and the "orchestra" he walks along, serious of mien, crowned with a conical hat, and evidently conscious of the furore he is creating.

Crash! Bang! The all-night programme has commenced, regardless of whether the sick person is already in view or not. I saw the "Ejectors" go to work once on a man who lived just across the street from us. To all appearances the poor old fellow was just about due to join his ancestors. As medicine had failed him (and his mind had almost failed, too) the logical conclusion was that the devil was in him. Entering the sick room the High Ejector takes his place in the middle and the members of the "orchestra" range themselves along the walls, plenty of elbow room being allowed for each one. The High Ejector begins his incantations, shouting a sentence or a stanza. This is followed by a blast (literally) from the musicians. Another stanza, another blast; then an ensemble with such noises as can be made only by pounding boilers, rattling pans, and thumping drums all at once; whirling, gesticulating, and performing all sorts of antics, the High Ejector attempts to lay hands on the luckless devil. Suddenly, silence. Again the noisy pantomine is repeated, and so on all through the night. If the devil could be disheartened at the noise and hence flee from the sick person, no doubt this form of healing would be at a premium everywhere. In the case I mention, the sick man took it all as peacefully as if he were sleeping through it.

Some time in the early hours of the morning the High Ejector succeeds in laying his hands on the troublesome devil and everyone then hustles outside the town to the accompaniment of noisy drum-pounding and horn-blowing. Just how they know when it's time to "grab" the devil or get him on the run I couldn't tell you, and I wouldn't like to ask embarrassing questions. Anyhow, the sick man got well; the devil knows when to give in so that he may more surely ensnare his victims for the final great struggle.



A BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN CHINA.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

"Better late than not at all", so I offer congratulations, sincere and hearty, to Jeanne O'Malley, Eastview, Ont., on winning a $2,000.00 C.W.L. Scholarship. Jeanne and her sister have always manifested keen interest in our Club, being among our early members, and we are all very delighted at her wonderful success. . . . Kathleen Hollohan, Black Head, Nfld., thinks Father Jim "not fair" to leave her name out when her two sisters got mentioned. Here you are, Kathleen, and thanks for the stamps you sent. . . . Glad to hear again from Ita Denver, Dundas, Ont. . . . Another old friend, George Nicholas, writes to say he has moved from Beiseker to Bow Island, Alta., and sent along a subscription to "China". He tells me his parish priest saw me in Ireland. I have been mistaken many a time for an Irishman, George, but never had the good fortune to set my foot on the Emerald Isle. Perhaps I will, sometime, and maybe I will meet some of those Irish "buds" who joined our Club within recent months. . . . Marcella Doyle, Box 190, Arthur, Ont., takes the pen-name "Teresa" and asks the buds to pray for a favour she would like granted. . . . Patricia Disley writes on behalf of the pupils of Senior III., St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont., and says "we have already formed our Little Flower Club to help the missions by our prayers and Communions, and our pennies will find their way into the China Mission mite-box." Twelve more boys and twenty-one girls gives Sudbury a large membership. Welcome, and congratulations on your mission work. . . . Mary Walsh, 32 Henry St., St. John's, takes "Rose" as a pen-name, and says she always likes to read the Rose Garden pages when "China" arrives. Good for you, Mary. . . . Norma Mills, Toronto, would like Father Jim to visit her school. Perhaps I have been there, Norma, "in disguise". I have not forgotten to pray for your intentions, and if I ever catch up on my "gardening" I may answer your letter. . . . Mary Anita Flaherty and her cousin, Annie Flaherty, Alton, Ont., joined our Club on the Feast of the Little Flower. I surely enjoyed their newsy letters. They asked for pen-pals, of course. . . . Kathleen Kervin ("Rose Red") and her sister, Eileen, are interested in the Missions. Writing from 150 Brock St., Oshawa, Eileen hopes there is room for her in our "Garden". Sure thing, Eileen, and now I won't have to tell Kathleen why I omitted her name before. . . . Walter Reid, 191 Copeland St., North Bay, heard a lot about China when Father Fraser spoke at North Bay, and Walter says all the boys and girls up there are answering Father Fraser's appeal for prayers for the missions. . . . Here Father Jim wishes to apologize to those who have had to wait some considerable time for their badges and certificates, and he explains the delay by saying that the long summer months brought much mail as usual, but he being away from the Seminary, it had to remain unopened. Then it was a case of "first come, first served." Even the most recent members will have their certificates, etc., when this issue of "China" reaches them. Many of the buds who frame their certificates and wear their badges to school are doing a lot to spread devotion to the Patron-

PRAYER

O Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, who hast merited the title of *Patroness of the catholic missions throughout the entire world,* be mindful of the ardent desire thou didst manifest while on earth to *plant the Cross of Jesus Christ in every land and to proclaim the Gospel till the end of time*: we beseech thee, according to thy promise, *help Priests, Missionaries, t h e w h o l e Church.*

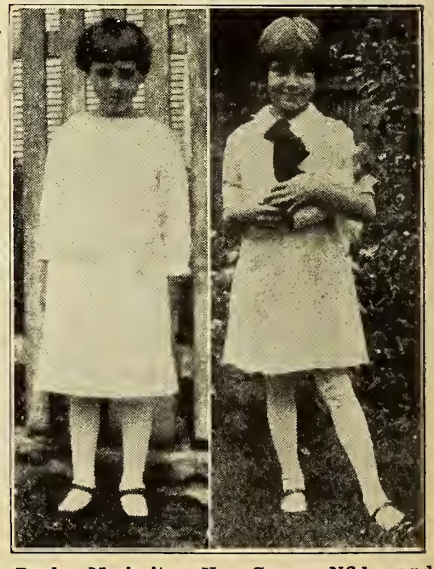
300 *days Indulgence*

O Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, *Patroness of the Missions,* pray for us.

(100 *days Indulgence*)
Pius PP. xi
(*Bref. Ap. July 9, 1928*)



Francis and Wallace Furlong, 24 Allandale Rd., St. John's, Nfld. Close contact with mission students has made them real mission enthusiasts.



Paula Moriarity, Hr. Grace, Nfld., and Margaret Rinneard, 26 Brock St. W., Oshawa. Two good friends of our club. We've heard much of Paula's efforts to "place" Fr. Jim.

ess of the Missions and to interest other young friends in praying for the priests and sisters in China. . . . Mary Keeping, Marystown, Nfld., says she is "longing to hear from some pen-pals". Some of the other Marys in the Club would do well to satisfy her longing. . . . Margaret Gerrier is a new member, and she says she just must have a letter from Mary King, of Long Hr., Nfld. Margaret's address is 19 East Street, Summerside, P.E.I. . . . One of our most faithful correspondents is Mary McAskill, of Mt. Stewart, P.E.I. Mary tells me she likes writing letters, and begs some of the eighteen-year-old buds to write to her. "I see there are an awful lot of buds trying to find out who you are. Well, I have that over, anyhow." With this "bait" Mary should catch lots of enquiries. Your picture will be published some time. Thanks for sending it along. . . . Margaret McPhee, New Waterford, N.S., and Kay Delory, 158 Bartlett Ave., Toronto, are new members looking for pen-pals. . . . From Montreal comes a letter from an adult: "My little nephew, one of your 'buds', is so enthusiastic about your page that many of us have become intensely interested in the good work of your Club and offer congratulations on the success it has achieved in arousing mission-interest among the young people."

Dear Buds:

I am more than pleased with the large numbers who are daily adding their names to our Rose Garden membership. Things are going along fine, and you have kept me so busy that I am not yet caught up on my work. As a "gardener" the approach of the cold weather will not mean "unemployment" for me at all, and I am glad.

Perhaps many of you had the privilege of "listening-in" on the sermon at St. Michael's Cathedral when Fathers McGillivray and McNabb left for China last month. They are somewhere out on the great Pacific Ocean now, and I am sure when they reach China they can count on the everyday assistance which all you little missionaries are going to give them by your prayers and Holy Communions.

This month of November the Church asks us to keep in mind the souls of our dead. Pray often for the Souls in Purgatory and you will be storing up merits for yourself against the time when you will need someone to pray for you. Remember especially the "buds" who have died since our "Garden" first began.

Good wishes to you all from

FATHER JIM.

A LETTER FROM FATHER VENINI

To His Little Missionary Friends Who Read "China"

I AM sure that after having studied China in your geography classes you are all familiar with this celestial kingdom and will be interested in hearing something about the peoples, customs and beliefs. To most people in the Western World China is a far-away land of such strange customs that one is inclined to believe very readily tales told concerning its inhabitants that have no foundation in fact. But we do rightly think of it as a land of mighty walled cities, of lofty pagodas, of quaint, curved temple roofs, resting upon brilliantly colored bracket cornices, of curious customs and strange products, precious silks and satins, fragrant teas, beautiful porcelains and lacquered wares.



REV. JOSEPH VENINI,
Pastor of Kankou, Che., China.

We may think of it, too, as a land of topsy turvydom, where one's surname comes first and christian name last, where your friends when they meet you, shake their own hands rather than yours, where left, instead of right, is the side of honor, where one begins to read at the back of the book rather than the front and finds the "foot" notes at the top of the page. It is a land where dessert comes first at the feast and soup last, where men dress in silk and satin gowns of brilliant hues, and where, until the recent revolution, they wore their hair in long braids. This description of China will give some idea of the difference between their ways and yours.

Weird Beliefs

The beliefs of the people are still stranger. The ordinary Catholic school boy, who studies his five-cent catechism well, knows more and has far clearer ideas about the creation of the world than any of the dark-haired sons of Han. According to some Chinese historians, the first man, called *Pankoo,* came into existence some two hundred thousand years ago. Others held that there were three kings who lived simultaneously and were the first inhabitants of our globe, and this no less than ninety-six million years ago. From these three monarchs descended others who taught the people the use of wood, fire, iron, etc. The idea of one God, Creator of all things, does not even get passing mention. The false gods of mud and clay have usurped His place. There are a great many sects among the Chinese, followers of Budda, of Confucius and of Tao-tsu. Some profess not to adore idols, but one of the first things that attracted my attention after arriving in China was the great number of temples with their hideous idols. Once we visited one of the largest of them in Chuchow and amongst the idols we noticed one particularly ugly black fellow. Our guide told us that it was erected to the memory of a foreign gentleman who died in China. He must have been a negro. The origin of these idols is told in many fictitious stories. A few of the most popular of them are Foo, Kwan in, Tsow chen, Tchen hwang and Long chen, and I shall tell you something about them in next month's "China".

THE WRITER.

When Father Fraser returned to China in 1925, with him were Father Serra and Father Joseph Venini. Father "Joe", as we all know him, began his missionary work as pastor of Lungchuang. Recently he has been appointed to the newly-opened parish of Kankou. In times past the readers of "China" have enjoyed articles written by Father Venini, and now the younger readers are being especially favoured. After you read his letter I want you to stop a moment and say one Hail Mary for Father Venini that God may bless his mission labours.

NONSENSE



The sailor was recounting his experiences to the dear old lady, when she interrupted him.

"But what rank did you hold?" she asked.

"Ship's optician, lady."

"Ship's optician! I never knew there was such a rank in the navy. What did your duty consist of?"

"Scraping the eyes out of the potatoes," the sailor replied.

"I wish you'd come down off your high horse," her husband growled.

"Oh, Bill," retorted his ultra-modern wife, "why do you insist on using such old-fashioned expressions? Why don't you learn to motorize your thinking?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Father (sternly) — "Young man, do you think you can support my daughter on forty dollars a week?"

Nervy Suitor—"I'm willing to try, sir—if that's the best you can do."

A man journeying homewards in the early hours found a belated reveller vainly endeavoring to insert his key into the keyhole.

After the eighth attempt the man approached and said: "May I assist you?"

"Shertainly—hic—not," replied the man with the key. "S'out of question."

He returned without success to his attack on the keyhole.

"Well, I'll knock for you?"

"Mos—mos — hic — decidedly not," said he of the key; "let 'em wait."

"I've just shot a dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't very pleased."

A little fellow sat on a doorstep crying bitterly. Presently a sympathetic old lady came along.

"What's the matter, little boy?" she asked.

"Got my new pants covered with dust," sobbed the boy.

"But they're clean now, dear," continued the woman.

"I know they are," wailed the lad.

"Then why do you still cry, child?"

"Cos mother wouldn't let me take 'em off while she beat the dust out."

Irritable Old Man: "Say, does this car always make this racket?"

Chauffeur: "No, sir; only when it's running!"

An author says he would not enjoy smoking a cigar which he had smuggled into this country. Duty before pleasure?

Landlady: "Yes, those are ancient fossils on the wall over there."

Guest (sampling steak and handing it back): "Yes, you can hang this one back again."

A Spaniard, an American, and a Scotsman were discussing what they would do if they awoke one morning to discover that they were millionaires.

The Spaniard said he would build a bull ring.

The American said he would go to Paris and have a good time.

The Scotsman said he would go to sleep again to see if he could make another million.

"Could you help a poor man who has just come out of prison?"

"You should be ashamed to own it."

"I didn't own it, mum. I was only a lodger."

James came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

James snickered.

"Barque," exclaimed the teacher harshly.

James (obediently): "Bow-wow."

Mrs. A.: "How can Mrs. Bromley afford to keep three servants?"

Mrs. B.: "Oh, she plays bridge with them every Saturday evening and wins back all their wages."

A sailor stuck his head in the door of the public bar and said: "Does anybody here want a fight?"

Nobody said a word and the sailor repeated: "Does anybody here want a fight?"

One man broke the silence and said: "No, Jack; no one wants to fight in here."

"That's good," said the sailor. "Then it's safe to come in."

Modern Village Smith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  A stubborn auto stands;
The smith, an angry man is he,
  With trouble on his hands.
The carburetor seems to be
  The cause of all his woe;
He tightens half a dozen bolts,
  But still it doesn't go.
He sits beside the road to give
  His brain a chance to cool,
He ponders on his training
  In the correspondence school.
And then he starts his job once more,
  And just by chance 'tis seen,
The cause of all his trouble is
  He's out of gasoline.

—Schoolmate.

Teacher: "And you don't know which letter comes after 'H'?"

Willie: "No, Miss."

Teacher: "What have I on each side of my nose?"

Willie: "It looks like powder from here, Miss."

Little Eric wanted to go to the swimming baths with the bigger boys, but his teacher, thinking him too small, refused permission.

"It wouldn't be safe," he said.

"But I'm a good swimmer, sir," said the boy.

"Can you swim a length?" asked teacher.

The boy did not appear to grasp his meaning, so the teacher, seeking to make it clear, said:

"Can you swim from your desk to the door?"

"Oh, no, sir!" Eric replied. "There's no water there."

"Man Proposes," and woman makes him stick to it.

"What! Another new dress? However do you think I can find the money to pay for it?"

"Darling—I'm not inquisitive."

"H'm! Severe headaches and pains in the neck. What is your age, madam?"

"Twenty-four, doctor."

"H'm! Memory affected, too!"

Mrs. Newly-Rich was recounting to an acquaintance the thrilling events of the night before, when the house had been burgled.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "we were eating our soup——"

"Then, of course," interrupted the candid friend, "none of you heard anything."

It isn't a woman always getting the last word that nettles a man; it's her delay in reaching it.

Teacher: "I must write your mother a note thanking her for this lovely apple."

Johnnie: "Would you mind thanking her for two, please."

"Now," said the hypnotist, "I shall make this man forget everything."

"Hold on," yelled a man in the back row, "he owes me $10."

Friend: "Say, there's a bunch of people outside waiting to be presented to you. Among them is a bishop who says he married you some time ago."

Film Actress: "Gee, I'm practically certain I never married a bishop.



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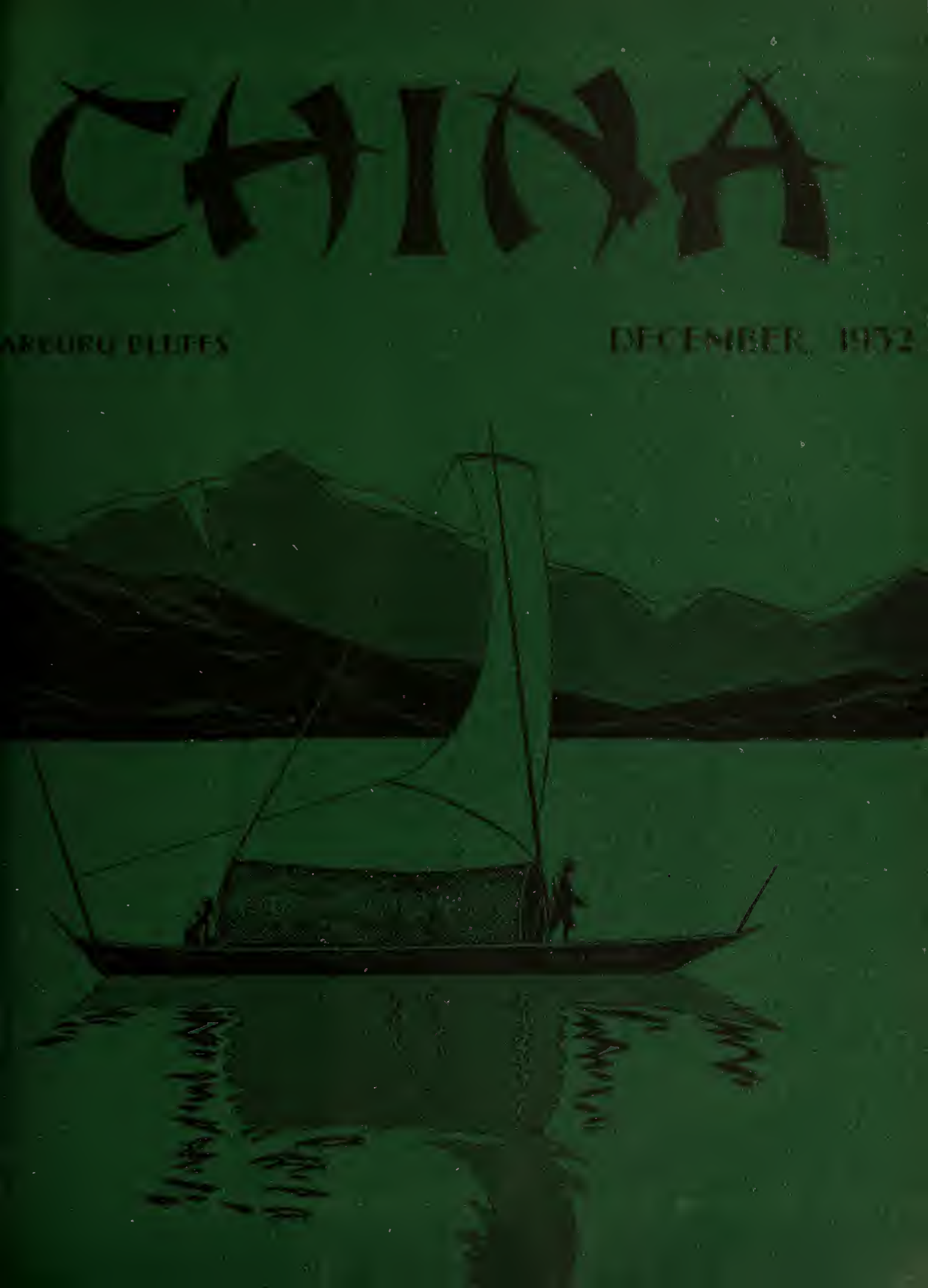
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DECEMBER, 1972



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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A Christmas Contrast

About all that's left to us of the disappearing year is the Feast of Christmas. And that means much to all of us. Even now, what people are pleased to call "the spirit of Christmas" is in the air, so to speak. We suppose that in a Christmas edition our readers expect to find some extra space devoted to the subject, but we are in the position of one whose chief interest concerns a land where there is very little of what we know as Christmas; true, we are writing for readers to whom December 25th is the "big day", and hence when we speak of the Feast we have no option but to stress those facts which give to it its real and true significance in our Catholic lives.

* * * * * *

Beneath all the talking about Christmas, and all the writing about Chrismas, and all the celebrations and decorations incidental to the season, we really feel inclined to ask just how much consideration is being bestowed on its essential characteristics—its spiritual and Christian aspect. Surely it is but stating a truth to say that there are many—too many, alas!—who regard Christmas only as a time of increased commercial activity, just another holiday season that quickens the pulse of business, an occasion for having a "good time" as the world understands that phrase. Unfortunately, there are many to whom the Feast means just that, and nothing more. But we direct attention to the Gift which Christmas is meant to commemorate.

* * * * * *

To us the Nativity of the Lord, the Incarnation, means Redemption, for Christ was born to give us salvation by His death. He came to earth that we might get to Heaven, and the manifold helps He gives us on our journey are the fruits of that blessed first Christmas night. Our Faith, and all that it means to us and to the whole world, is the result of that first Coming of God to man, and if we set proper store on our priceless heritage we shall be mindful at this Holy Season of our sacred privileges and gifts. Unlike the inn-keepers of Bethlehem, we shall make our hearts and our homes a welcoming place for the Infant and His Mother, and as we welcome them our minds will instinctively turn to those millions of souls who are denied the benefits of Their coming, those millions of unhappy pagans who have yet to hear and hearken to "the tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people". Contrast our lot with theirs and we shall realize that we have something to be thankful for; and may the contrast bring us to the realization that we can help, and to the determination that we shall help, to bring Christmas and its Divine Gift even to far-off China, where so few adore the new-born King.

* * * * * *

To aid you in making the contrast, let the following words of Father Heneghen sink deeply into your mind. Writing in the Irish "Far East", he says:

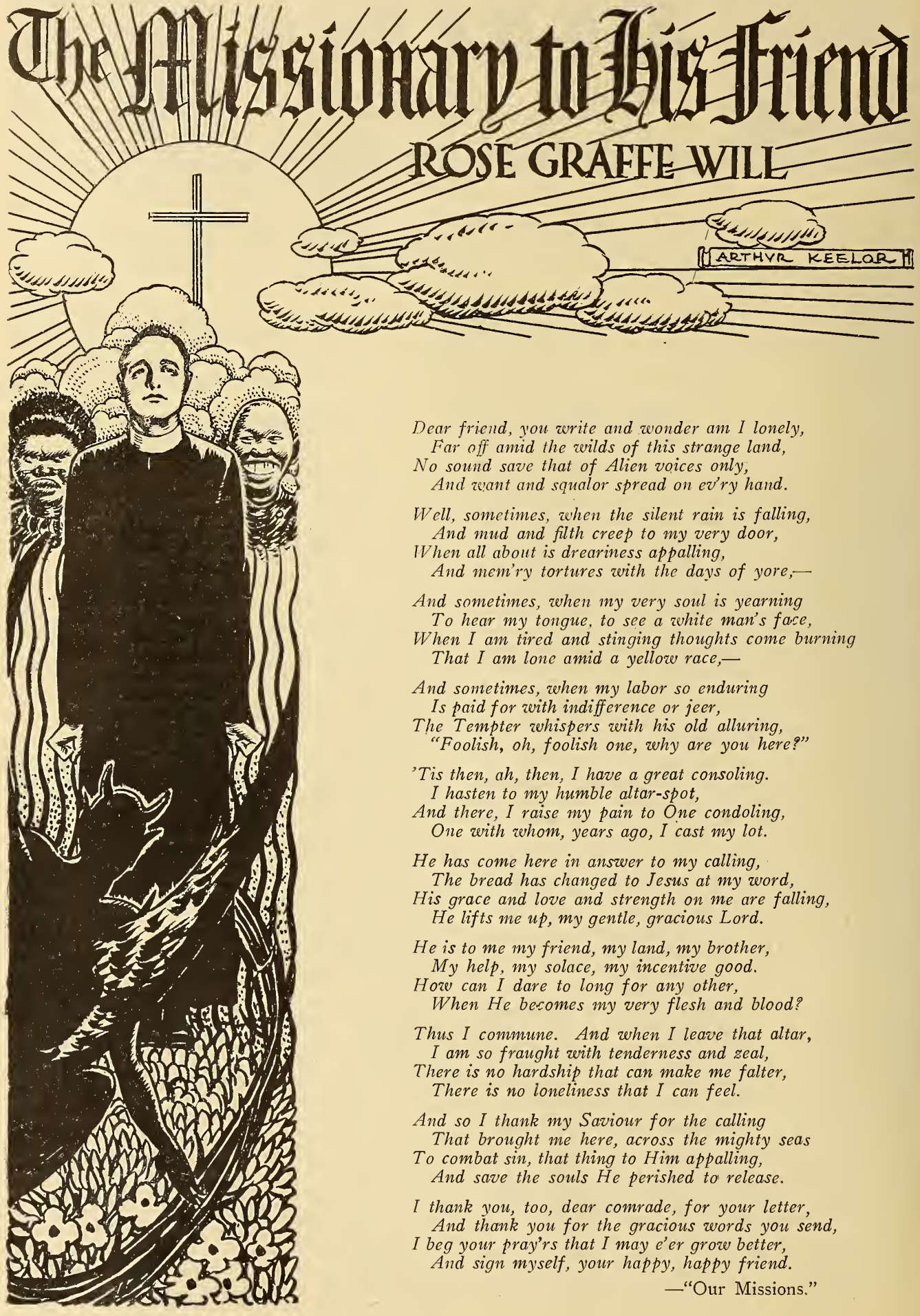
"Shut your eyes for a moment to the countless blessings of faith by which you, who live in a Christian land, are surrounded. Pass along those crowded streets in a Chinese city, where the incense-stick burns before every home in honour of a cruel deity; hear in the heavy incense-laden air of the temples the prayers which these poor men and women, in ignorance and fear, are offering to the god. Those temple walls are soaked with cries of souls in anguish, with prayers uttered in despair of spirit, the cry of the human heart for its God and its Helper; but no prayers are said in the Name of Him through Whom alone salvation comes to men, no vision of a Mother of men floats in the gloom. Watch those people when death has come into their homes; look into those eyes, troubled by an immortal soul, which do not look beyond the morrow, and have never heard of a Saviour, kind and gracious, Who came for the sorrowing ones of earth.

"Those men and women in the city, those people toiling from morning till night in the fields—are all under the same doom; not one city, but thousands, not a hundred, but millions of souls in the same plight. Imagine the loneliness of a priest in this sea of paganism! The paganism of China envelops, grips and holds the soul in its embrace; here is the battleground for our Missionaries.

"Imagine yourself for one vivid moment living in some pagan land, and as you rise from your knees from this dream of horror before the Crib, thank God for the gift of Faith, but do not let the awful vision pass until you have burnt into your soul a mighty resolve to work and pray for the Missions. Prayers and sacrifices offered for the conversion of pagan souls will widen and deepen our own spiritual lives and make us more appreciative of the good things of Christ."

The Missionary to His Friend

ROSE GRAFFE WILL



Dear friend, you write and wonder am I lonely,
Far off amid the wilds of this strange land,
No sound save that of Alien voices only,
And want and squalor spread on ev'ry hand.

Well, sometimes, when the silent rain is falling,
And mud and filth creep to my very door,
When all about is dreariness appalling,
And mem'ry tortures with the days of yore,—

And sometimes, when my very soul is yearning
To hear my tongue, to see a white man's face,
When I am tired and stinging thoughts come burning
That I am lone amid a yellow race,—

And sometimes, when my labor so enduring
Is paid for with indifference or jeer,
The Tempter whispers with his old alluring,
"Foolish, oh, foolish one, why are you here?"

'Tis then, ah, then, I have a great consoling.
I hasten to my humble altar-spot,
And there, I raise my pain to One condoling,
One with whom, years ago, I cast my lot.

He has come here in answer to my calling,
The bread has changed to Jesus at my word,
His grace and love and strength on me are falling,
He lifts me up, my gentle, gracious Lord.

He is to me my friend, my land, my brother,
My help, my solace, my incentive good.
How can I dare to long for any other,
When He becomes my very flesh and blood?

Thus I commune. And when I leave that altar,
I am so fraught with tenderness and zeal,
There is no hardship that can make me falter,
There is no loneliness that I can feel.

And so I thank my Saviour for the calling
That brought me here, across the mighty seas
To combat sin, that thing to Him appalling,
And save the souls He perished to release.

I thank you, too, dear comrade, for your letter,
And thank you for the gracious words you send,
I beg your pray'rs that I may e'er grow better,
And sign myself, your happy, happy friend.

—"Our Missions."

Blessed Francis de Capillas

The first missionary known to have shed his blood for the faith in China



FRANCIS FERDINAND DE CAPILLAS was, as his name suggests, a Spaniard, and he seems to have been born about 1608. Blessed with devout parents, he preserved himself unspotted from this world, and at the age of seventeen received the Dominican habit in the famous royal convent of the Order at Valladolid. In 1631, when no more than a deacon, having offered himself for the foreign missions, he was sent by his superiors to Manilla in the Philippines. After his ordination and the completion of his studies, he was assigned to the Cagayan district of Luzon. Here, under that burning, tropical sun, he spent his next ten years, labouring among a people largely given over to idolatry, and striving at the same time to lead as rigidly an observant life as in the great priory at Valladolid. To his prayers he added penances, offering all up for the conversion of sinners. Ever ingenious in discovering further means of mortification, notwithstanding the heat, he would shut himself up in his little room, and then, rolling back his sleeves, positively *invite* the mosquitoes, with which the place is infested, to come and do their annoying work. His bed consisted of a wooden cross, and even upon that, at night, he would lie down only for a few brief hours.

Part of his duty during this period, consisted in looking after a hospital, and we may well imagine with what regularity and fervour he fulfilled this obligation. It is hardly to be wondered at that a religious, so full of holy zeal, was burning with desire to shed his blood for the faith. Nor will it cause any surprise that his superiors, now confident alike of the purity of his intention and of his virtue, at last acceded to his request and allowed him to set out for the dangerous Chinese mission. In company then with a veteran, Father Francis Diaz, O.P., the future proto-martyr reached Fogan, in the month of April, 1642. On their way they picked up Father John Garcia, another member of the Order, who had been recuperating in the Island of Formosa, and who, previously to that, had been working single-handed over a vast area in China, where he had broken down. All went well for a while, a mandarin being in power who regarded Christianity with favour. The missionaries, therefore, were enabled to do immense good, spreading the faith in every direction. For six years Blessed Francis laboured in this distant land, extending his activities from Fogan to Moyan, and even to Tingteu, preaching, catechising, and administering the sacraments.

Then, alas! came a revolution, and anarchy prevailed. The Manchu Tartars, seizing the opportunity of extending their territory, obtained possession of the whole huge province of Fokien, and as soon as Fogan fell into their hands, persecution began. The Tartars, of course, made out a case for themselves. They asserted that the faith of these Christians taught children to disobey their parents, wives to despise their husbands, besides forbidding (as it certainly did) the Chinese worship of their dead—and, in any case, the masters of this new religion were foreigners. Warned in time of the approach of this horde, the Fathers fled for their lives, and hardly had arrived at Tingteu before they heard that the standard of the Tartars was floating over the ruins of their church in Fogan. Here, however, the advance of these savage people was stayed by opposing Chinese forces; but unfortunately, in the course of the war which continued, Blessed Francis fell, in the very performance of his sacred ministry, into the hands of the Tartars, who carried him off as a prisoner to Fogan.

Confronted with all the old false accusations, dragged from one tribunal to another, and then subjected to the most terrible tortures, the saintly missioner bore every fresh trial with such heroic composure that his persecutors actually thought he must have some talisman about him. Offers of pardon, to be sure, were also made to him; bribes, the promises of wealth and rank, were held out before him, if only he would renounce the Christian faith and cease outraging the Chinese gods. Tortured, and thrown back into his horrible dungeon, he must have lain there half dead. But when he came to himself, he continued to show such patience, that his very gaolers appar-

(Continued on page 171)

ALL in the DAY'S WORK

By REV. J. L. BEAL, Sungyang

NO doubt you are all familiar with the period of the summer solstice known as the "dog days". Just what influence that dog star has on these despicable Chinese quadrupeds known as dogs seems difficult to explain — but an influence there is, and a morbid one at that. Last week I was called to the local telephone office to answer a rush call. One of our brightest and most promising students was seriously ill. Yes, I would go to see him immediately.

Having inquired at three "taxi stands" for a chair, and finding none available, I had to rely on good old shank's mare. After two and a half hours of brisk walking I covered the eight miles to the home of the sick student to find all much distressed in the household. In very few minutes the room was put in order and those present were invited to leave the room while I heard the boy's confession. He was in a highly nervous condition, due partly to the medicine he had taken and also his fear of dying without the priest. It was the first case of rabies I had encountered, although at the moment I did not know the nature of the boy's illness.

My words of comfort were useless to change his state of mind, hence confession was rather difficult. After continued exhortations sufficient matter for absolution was obtained, and then the penitent became more reconciled. During the entire ceremony of the Last Anointing he continued to froth excessively from the mouth. I was at a loss to explain his outbursts of rage and wild vociferations against his poor mother, who is the personification of meekness and kindness. Know him as I did, this conduct puzzled me.

The local chief of the medical profession called in during lunch time. He told me that the boy had been bitten by a dog some six weeks previously and after a few applications of "Cure-All" he apparently had improved. The dog had died within a week or ten days, and all thought the matter ended there.

His mother, ever anxious and solicitous, asked if he cared for a lunch. "Yes, you have starved me now for three days," he shouted. A lunch was immediately brought, and he ate rabidly fast as one devoid of his senses. Little did I think it was a death hunger. Before I left the home the boy was resting quite peacefully, and he asked for my blessing. Six hours later I learned of his death.

The family was in very poor circumstances, and I made another trip next morning to arrange for the funeral. A coffin was purchased for eight dollars and carriers engaged for the next day. When all necessary matters were attended to I rushed back to Sungyang to see how the masons and carpenters were getting along with the construction work on our new mission residence. My arrival was sudden and unannounced and I was not surprised to find them all taking life easy. "We can play when the boss is away" is the same in every language. The boss' job in China is to be on the job.

Early next morning I left by chair to celebrate mass and obsequies at Chu-Z-Ca. While still some distance from the chapel several friends of the deceased came out to meet me, and with a continuous wail and lamentation accompanied me to the chapel. It was the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Mother, and at that early hour many came for confession and Holy Communion. During the Mass many pagans came in to "look see". I made use of the opportunity to preach my first panegyric in China. It was well past ten o'clock when we had breakfast. Let me say right here that Chinese breakfasts do not register with me at all. After taking tea and something that looks like a first cousin to a fried egg I

(Continued on page 171)

SUNGYANG

Girt round by the eternal hills you lie
Nestling upon a wide expanse of plain,
A city of tiled roofs and cobbled streets
Encircled by its emerald fields of grain.
A pretty picture 'neath the golden moon
When day has sung its "ite Missa Est",
And silence settles o'er a sleepy town
Touched with the magic wand of loveliness.
You who, perchance, were old when Rome was built,
You who are young now Rome has passed away,
Fool would I be if I, presumptive, thought
That I could sing your glory in a day.
Let other cities boast their right to fame,
Let other places claim they are more fair,
You have a narrow street where stands a house,
And He who made the world is living there.
You have a home that is the home of all,
And of that home this wonder may be said,
The Bread one eats becomes one's very Host,
The Host one eats becomes one's very Bread.

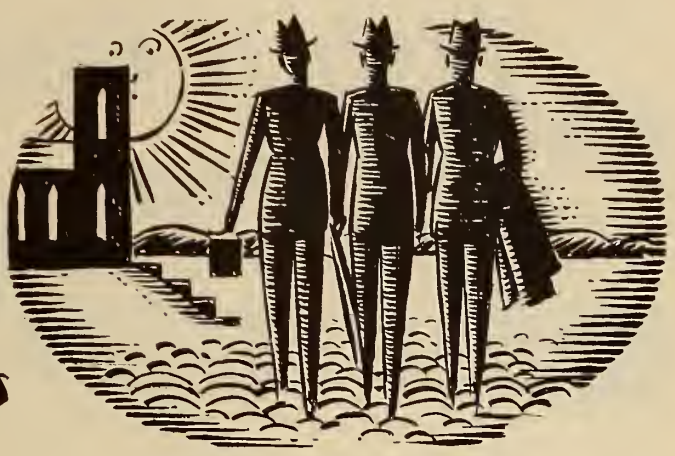
—Father Sharkey.

(Written at Sungyang and dedicated to Fathers Morrison and Beal.)

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

A CHINESE DRAMA

IN 3 ACTS — A TRUE STORY



(Illustrated by Arthur Keelor)

FOREWORD.

Still is there honor among thieves in the land where ways are dark and tricks are not always vain. Certainly, there was nothing vain about this trick played on three guileless foreigners. It worked well. But hush!——

THE CURTAIN RISES.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Grounds of St. Paul's Seminary, Ningpo.
(April 26, 1932.)

Benediction time, and three foreigners with hats, coats, umbrellas and cameras arrive at the chapel door.

Father Amyot:

"It seemeth good to me, my worthy friends,
That our attire be safely placed
While we do enter here."

Father Sharkey:

"Hast spoken well—e'en so; take thou our things
And place them where they're safe from itching hands,
Lest hatless, coatless, home we wend our way,
And no more pictures from those distant shores
Should grace the pages of our monthly CHINA."

Father Amyot departs and places everything in a room nearby. Scarcely have the priests entered the chapel when a figure approaches stealthily. He has trailed the foreigners for many an hour and now, at one fell swoop, he hopes to earn a year's salary or more.

The Stranger:

"For many a weary day I've toiled and groaned
To carry foreign dogs in my poor rickshaw;
For one small Ko I've labored for an hour,
And oft, 'neath blazing sun, my daily wage
Hath been but ten small coppers in
Their foreign coin computed.
But now—if gods be kind—I'll have my day,
And with the proceeds from their precious wares
Will hie me to a rousing fan-tan game
And there recoup my losses to Fan Teh.

He hurriedly grabs two cameras, a coat, and á breviary. Startled by the sound of footsteps, he leaps over the wall and is away. Benediction over, Father Amyot goes to the room to collect the belongings.

* * * *

Act 1. Scene 2.

Father Amyot (returning):

"Grim tragedy doth all our footsteps dog;
Full well should I have known! (I who long enough
Have spent 'neath Chinese skies to grow this beard
So oft made object of your heartless jest).
Yet just for once, thought I, I'll take a chance
And lo! the luck's against us.
Your breviary and coat, Observer bold,
Your camera and mine, oh poet from Saint John,
All, all are gone, and now are on the way
To be redeemed in some poor Chinese pawnshop.

Father Sharkey:

"Oh, say not that 'tis so, oh whiskered seer,
Alas for teeth that bite the hands which feed.
From Canada 'neath healthier skies we come
To help the heathen of this wretched country.
Speak not to me, Observer, of their gentler traits
While my good Kodak, gift of friend at home,
Is taken from me with such callous boldness,
For it was worth 200 Mex. or more,
And I must hie me to Shanghai to-night
And never—yea, I fear it—never more
May such a camera click beneath my fingers."

* * * *

Act 2. Scene 1.

Mission Residence, Ningpo, two days later. Father Amyot enter's Observer's room to lend him his breviary for the third time.

Father Amyot:

"Take thou this book and at thy leisure read;
Mine is the fault that robbed thee of 'pars verna'."

A knock sounds at the door, and Father Buch enters, breviary in hand.

Father Buch:

"This morning ere the light of day had dawned
This book was left beneath the Mission window.
Full glad I am that this at least returns
And shows that spark of honor still remains
Even with those who steal for their profession."

Father Amyot:

"See now, Observer, the grace of this fair land,
For had you but been waylaid in New York
Your book would now be in the Hudson River."

Observer (thoughtfully):

"Oh, yeah!" (He can think of the cutest things).

* * * *

Act 3. Finale.

The Mission Residence next day.

A servant enters to tell Observer that the stolen property has been located in a pawnshop; he has seen a document certifying that $29.00 Mex. were paid to the thief whose name the pawnbroker will never reveal. Father Amyot goes with the servant to negotiate for the return of the goods. He is greeted aimably by the proprietor of the shop and, in spite of his feelings, must observe the amenities of Chinese etiquette.

Pawnshop Proprietor:

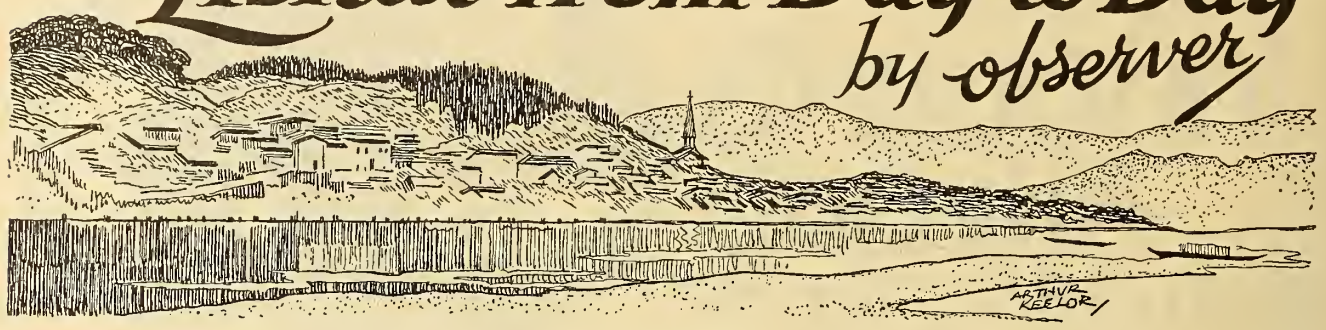
"Ten thousand welcomes, friend from foreign shores,
Deign not, I pray, to enter my foul mansion.
Only to-day most worthy goods of thine
Were brought by friend whose name has just escaped me;
They tell me, too, that you are bearing gifts
To give to my unworthy self—how could you?
In gratitude, accept these things of yours
So out of place in my vile house of traffic."

Father Amyot pays $34.00 for the articles and leaves, smiling. But if looks could kill!——

THE END.

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



A correspondent wants to know why "all missionaries in China wear beards". We answer that it isn't that bad, and back up our assertion with the camera. Take a look at the picture of our priests on the next page and you will note that the bearded gentlemen "of the old school" have fallen on evil days. Led by Fr. Serra and Fr. Amyot, the Van Dykers are putting up a valiant last stand, but their cause is hopeless. Already they are outnumbered by 10 to 5, and we hope to roll up a much more formidable score as the men from Scarboro Bluffs arrive year by year. It is not too much to hope that in Chuchow the beards will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

* * *

This picture really represents a historic occasion, the first time since mission work in this district began that a retreat was held at Chuchow. Formerly the priests made the rather long journey to and from Ningpo each year.

* * *

By the time you read this the men you see in the picture will be scattered to the four winds of Chuchow, and even farther, because Father Sharkey will have arrived in Canada to prepare for his work among the Chinese in Vancouver. The evening that saw the close of our retreat also witnessed a little farewell dinner to himself and our retreat master, Father McGoldrick of St. Columbans. Father Sharkey was formerly pastor of Tsingtien (Greenfields), the first place in our district to extend an annual welcome to new arrivals from the homeland.

* * *

Those of us who arrived last year will always have a "warm spot" in our hearts for Father Sharkey and Tsingtien. It was there we were gradually thawed back to life after three weeks of suspended animation during the coldest spell China had witnessed in years. Father Sharkey had a stove, actually, and came gallantly to our rescue with all the foreign food in his possession. What was left after our stay he put into our boat for the journey up river.

* * *

He always sent us the Saint John papers, too, from Tsingtien and plenty of reading matter to beguile an occasional hour at Chuchow. The greatest fault we could find with Fr. Sharkey was his utter inability to keep anything for himself.

* * *

Fr. Boudreau proposed his health that evening, and we agree with his remarks that the work in Vancouver is really going to be harder than the work in China, work that is utterly devoid of the glamor that even the most hard-boiled feels at times over here. However, it is a work of supreme importance. Only too long have the Chinese in America been neglected and allowed to imbibe any and every religious or irreligious doctrine. We have seen some of the baneful results already in the school laws promulgated by Nanking, and we know only too well that there are in the Chinese Government today many American-educated men who "discovered" on the other side of the Pacific that religion was not only unnecessary but harmful.

* * *

Father McGoldrick, by the way, thinks he's a pretty good retreat-master. "I feel sure, Reverend Fathers," he said that evening, "that I have preached the best retreat ever given in Chuchow." (Applause and laughter.) We do say that his retreat was most inspiring, and it is with great enthusiasm and hopes running high that our priests return to their missions.

* * *

Yes, the priests will be scattered, alright, when you read this, preparing to celebrate Christmas in many poor little chapels among the lofty Chekiang mountains. Father Amyot and Father King, for example, will be in their newly-opened parish of *Wong-Da,* and they won't be able to come down and pay us very many week-end visits. Here's how they get to *Wong-Da.*

* * *

Two days by sampan to Wenchow; four hours by motor "house boat" to *Geu Way,* from which place they take a sort of half junk, half sampan, for the three-day journey up rivers and canals to *Oh Keu* (I am coming as close as I can to

Some who Love Missions

and who know
their great need
of financial assistance have
had the idea of making

Their Last Will

a proof of life-long interest in the work of saving pagan souls in China.

MAY WE SUGGEST
THIS AS A TITLE
to be included in a
Catholic Will?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese missions.

CO-OPERATION

Mr. A.—"Who else should we remember this Christmas?"

Mrs. A.—"What about the China Mission Seminary?"

Mr. A.—"Oh, oh! I nearly forgot those missionaries. Had them in mind when I started this list, too. Thanks for reminding me."

ARE YOU FORGETTING?

those Chinese names). From there, some fine morning, they will be transferred, bag and baggage, to bamboo rafts and six hours' poling will bring them to *Taw Oh,* with luck, just about in time for dinner. Then follows the final stage of the journey, a 9-mile walk to *Wong Dah,* all the baggage being transported on the shoulders of *Tan Tan* men, or carriers.

* * *

A five days' journey up river by sampan from Chuchow, and two days' walk will take Father Venini into virgin territory, his home in the newly opened parish of *Kan Kou,* where he has just built a small chapel and residence combined, and where there are as yet but two Christians. Father Amyot will have about forty Christians for a start in *Wong Da.*

Fr. Stringer will be parish priest of Lungchuang, with Fr. Wong as assistant, while Fr. Gignac, our former Professor of Chinese (don't know what we're going to do without him, as a matter of fact) will replace Fr. Sharkey in Tsingtien. With Fr. Gignac will be Fr. John "Chook" MacDonald. To them will fall the welcome task of greeting our new missionaries this year when they strike "home soil" for the first time. As Fr. Jim McGillivray is in the band, it will be a sort of double-header St. F. X. reunion, that of St. F. X. Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs and St. F. X. University at Antigonish.

* * *

With the appointments made this year there will be seven parishes opened up in the Prefecture of Chuchow. When we took over the district six years ago there were only two priests for the whole territory, and it was impossible, physically impossible, even to administer the last sacraments to all the Christians. We feel very happy over the progress that has been made and grateful to Divine Providence that we are also able to respond to Archbishop Duke's request for a priest to work among the many thousands of Chinese in Vancouver.

A GOOD IDEA

Mr. M.—"What did you say, Mary, about giving something to the Missions this Christmas?"

Mrs. M.—"I was saying it would be a good idea to share what we have with them. They depend on people like us to help them, especially at Christmas."

Mr. M.—"Well, to make sure we will not forget, I'll get a money order for a few dollars and send it to Scarboro Bluffs today."

We take this opportunity to extend to our readers and friends throughout Canada and Newfoundland our best wishes for a very Happy Christmas. Although separated from you all by such a vast distance we feel that you are really very close to us when we whisper your names during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Neither length nor breadth nor height nor depth nor thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean can separate those who are living members of the Mystical Body of Christ. And this year, in many a little chapel, as we welcome the King of Kings on Christmas night, our thoughts—and our prayers—will be with you all at home.



PRIESTS AT FIRST RETREAT EVER HELD IN LISHUI, SEPT., 1932

Seated: Rev. Fathers Stringer, Amyot, McGoldrick (Retreat-Master); Msgr. McGrath, Rev. Fathers Serra, Morrison and Venadam. Standing: Rev. Fathers Kam, King, Gignac, Sharkey, MacDonald, Beal, Venini, and Boudreau.



THE CHINA BOY—By A. J. M.

(From a lady correspondent in St. John's, Nfld.)

I have often had the pleasure of reading your "China". Invariably I turn first to the "Nonsense" page, and then settle down to enjoy the interesting articles from your missionaries, such as "Lishui from Day to Day". When I was small I owned a book on China and liked it very much—it was so unusual, so different from our own place, and yet in some little things there is always a likeness. Anyway, I intended to arrive there some day and paddle up the rivers in one of those sampans—or is it junks?—and I really hoped that there might be one of those famous Mandarins left in some out of the way place, and—well, you know how it is; he might present me with a little piece of jade ornament, a famous costume, or one of those dinky little teacups as a souvenir. I suppose we must all have dreams. You know to drink real Chinese tea in a real Chinese cup with a real Chinese Mandarin and his wife—and then be given the cup, well, there are some who appreciate such dream-moments.

I had heard that in China they have a lovely way of cooking ducks, but I don't think I would like the ancient eggs if they are really cooked the way we read about them. However, we do not worry about little things like that; we are of the type willing to see China on rice, with a party thrown in here and there, of course.

China appeals to us as a country with a great future when it shall become Christianized. It is so inexplicable that the pagans are so slow to accept a religion which has wrought such wonders in the West and brought it to its greatest fruition in the short span of not two thousand years; a religion which has conquered slavery and converted savage warriors into artists, teachers, writers, builders, doctors, everything except destroyers.

This little article comes under the strange heading of "The China Boy" just to recall a little Eurasian

(Continued on page 171)

A WAY TO HELP.

We feel sure that many of our readers realize how difficult it is in these days to procure help for our missionary work at the Seminary and for our priests in China. We should like to draw your attention to the fact that Offerings for Masses are a real need with our missionary priests; it would help things very considerably if we could keep our twenty-one priests constantly supplied with Mass Intentions. If you wish to have the Holy Sacrifice offered for any intention and you send your stipend to the Seminary, the Intentions will be promptly cabled to our missionaries in China. We are grateful to the friends who have remembered our priests in the past by sending them Mass Intentions.

* * *

TO BE ORDAINED.

On December 21st, Rev. Hugh McGettigan will be ordained to the Priesthood for the Chinese Missions. The ordination will take place in Saint John's, Nfld., His Grace Archbishop Roche having graciously consented to perform the ceremony which will give China Mission Seminary its third Newfoundland priest.

* * *

BACK FROM CHINA.

We were glad to welcome at the Seminary Rev. Hugh Sharkey, who spent a short holiday with us preparatory to taking up his new work among the Chinese in Vancouver. With the exception of Monsignor Fraser, Father Sharkey is our only priest who has been recalled from the Missions for work in Canada, and during his stay with us he was often the centre of gatherings as the students kept piling questions at him about life in China; his talks and lectures have added to the enthusiasm with which we all look forward to our turn to "go over".



The Sad Christmas of the Pagans.

All in the Day's Work

(Continued from page 166)

called it quits and gave orders for the procession to start out to the place of burial six li in the country. The chair men were marshalled into line and away we started. The September sun was blazing down, and my two escorts were grumbling at the extra forced march. However, we soon reached the grave-side and the final finishing touches were added. The mourners performed their part of the ceremony by sprinkling holy water on the coffin in order of seniority as it was being placed in its final resting place.

The hot sun proved too much for me; a sickly weakness came over me, and an old Christian led me to a pagan house quite near, to have tea and a rest until the others followed. This home was a good distance removed from the mission trail usually taken by the priest on mission tours, hence I was a stranger in their midst. When the usual barrage of questions was answered, my Christian friend laid aside his pipe and proclaimed to the household who I was and what had transpired during the past two days. He repeated my sermon practically verbatim, and added that since the family of the deceased was financially embarrassed the priest had supplied the coffin, which, by the way, is of major importance in China. The pagans were practically bereft of speech at such unheard-of generosity, and expressed the hope that some day they might have the good fortune of belonging to such a charitable organization of which I was a minister. It was indeed gratifying to see the expression of joy and happiness light their faces as he unrolled the sermon much more lucidly than I had first pronounced it. It all helped to soothe my throbbing headache.

Such, dear readers, is an incident that is all in the day's work here on the missions. Difficulties and trials are often our lot, but they are mercifully tempered with consolations and rewards which come from the knowledge that we have been instrumental in bringing souls to our dear Divine Lord. It is a wonderful life after all.

WE THANK OUR FRIENDS.

Gratefully we acknowledge receipt of the following donations from October 19th to November 11th, 1932.

Mrs. R. H. Brooks, $2; Mrs. C. S. Garroway, $2; Helen T. Kelly, $5; Mrs. Dennis Feehely, $2.50; Claire Smyth, $2.25; Rev. W. J. Smith, $5; Friend, $5; May B. Lapointe, $3; Friend, Montreal, $25; Mary A. Murray, 50c; Modest Van Hee, $1.50; J. M. Dooley, $10; Mrs. Catherine Oakley, $2; Herbert Cottingham, $2; Adam Pataski, $2; Annie McGoldrick, $2; Mrs. James O'Toole, $10; Agnes Lynch, in thanksgiving, $5; Mrs. A. Lehaye, $1; Mrs. F. W. Kremer, $2; Pupils, Grade 8, St. Agnes' School, New Waterford, N.S., $1; Rev. F. J. Ryan, $3; St. Michael's Cathedral, per Rev. Dr. Muckle, $40; Mary M. Kerr, $1; Miss Emma Cyr, $5; Mrs. Julia Herbert, $1; Pupils, St. Mary's School, Collingwood, $1.71; Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $20.15; Kathleen Bird, $2; L. A. M. Melaney, $10; Margaret Gallagher, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; M. H. McMahon, $5; Mrs. W. E. Hennessy, $1; Mrs. Julia Pendergast, 50c; J. J. Carolan, $5; Miss Cecilia Hynes, $10; Irene Robson, $2; In memory of Mrs. Nyland, $2; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Margaret Rowland, $1.70; School children, Calumet Island, P.Q., $2; Mrs. Francis Koughan, $1; S. B. McNeil, $1; Friend, Mildmay, Ont., $50.

Building Fund.

Mrs. B. L. Hennessey, $3; Mrs. V. Robertson, $1; Genevieve M. Rainville, $10; Miss Eunice McFarlane, $1; Wm. R. MacDonald, $1.50.

Burses.

Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25; Crusaders, Halifax, Students' Burse, $5; Philip A. Sniderhon, St. F. X. Burse, $22.50; Mrs. J. A. McKenty, Sacred Heart Burse, No. 2, $5; J. O'Loughlin, St. F. X. Burse, $4.50; Mrs. P. Kelly, Little Flower Burse, $2; Miss Irene White, Little Flower Burse, $1; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $20; Holy Souls Burse: St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, $2; Mrs. Florence M. Stewart, $3; Mrs. Anna B. Duffy, $5; Helen Crowley, $1; R. L. S., St. F. X. Burse, $1; Miss Ella T. Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $5.

THE CHINA BOY

(Continued from page 170)

who lived in this city, an almost startlingly good-looking little Oriental, whose features and the colour in his cheeks and eyes made him decidedly "different" than other pretty little Chinese whose pictures I have often seen, for instance, those boys with the water-melons shown in the November "China". He went by the name of "the China Boy". It brought thoughts of an artistic teacup, or a bridge with a bit of sky in the distance, or water falling, or—anything, except the eternal sameness of everything. "Me no servee ricee, me only servee wine." Perhaps an altar boy.

BLESSED FRANCIS

(Continued from page 165)

ently were struck with sympathy as well as surprise. The story goes that they allowed faithful Christians secretly to bring him food, thus frustrating the wicked plan of his persecutors, that he should slowly die of starvation.

A few words of the Blessed Martyr have come down to us—on what authority, I know not; but words worthy of being handed down, for even if he never actually uttered them, the saint would now surely endorse them from his throne in paradise. He is reported to have said in prison to his Christian visitors: "If Our Lord wishes to leave me here all my life, I shall be well pleased; if He wishes to call me to Himself, I shall be still better pleased; let Him do with me whatever He wishes. One thing only I beg of you: Ask God to give me strength in my torments, so that I may glorify Him by my sufferings, as I am no longer able to make Him known by my words." And when he stood before his judges, he replied to their false accusations: "I have had no home but the world, no bed but the ground, no food but what Providence sent me from day to day, and no other object but to do and suffer for the glory of Jesus Christ, and for the eternal happiness of those who believe in His name."

Meanwhile Fogan became a beleaguered city, and in one of the first assaults on it, the chief mandarin was killed. This incident infuriated the military governor, and sending for his Christian prisoner, he sought to lay upon him the responsibility for the siege of the city. Blessed Francis may well have guessed that his end was at hand, and prepared himself for immediate death. He was condemned, and the sentence seems to have been carried out at once. With one stroke of the sabre, his head was severed from his body, and the first of the many known Martyrs of China had shed his blood for Jesus Christ. Thrown out by the Tartars, the remains of the Martyr were preserved incorrupt, and when found by the Christians, reverently buried. Later on, when further troubles were being experienced, the Fathers of the Order disinterred the body and hid it, no one knows where; the head of Blessed Francis, however, they managed to have taken first to Manilla, and then to Valladolid, where it is venerated as a precious relic at the present time.

—Irish "Far East."

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Westport, Ont.

So many boys and girls are joining your interesting club. I want to be with them, too, and I hope some of them write to me. **Audrey Tobin.**

Sulphide, Ont.

Although not a member of your Rose Garden, for three years I have been corresponding with one of your Buds, Marguerite Dawson, Harbor Grace, Nfld. I want to be a bud myself now, and will take "Morning Glory" as my pen-name. I hope Marguerite answers my last letter soon. **Alda Langevin.**

Perth, Ont.

I still have a lot of pen-pals who write me such lovely long letters. I am sending one dollar to help your missionary work. It isn't very much, but I know every little helps. **Mary M. Kerr, Box 47.** Thank you very much. Mary. Always glad to hear from one of the "old reliables" like yourself.

Bay Bulls, Nfld.

Nearly every family in Bay Bulls subscribes to "China", and all are interested in your Garden. I have seven sisters but only one brother. My pen-name will be "Shamrock". My sister Eileen is taking "Blue-Eyes" for her pen-name. **Mary and Eileen Maloney.**

Glace Bay, N.S.

Saint Therese is my favourite saint, and I am happy to ask you to enroll me as a member of her Missionary club. Please ask **Margaret M. Hogan.** St. John's, Nfld., to write to me. **Annie McLellan, 71 Union St.**

Long Harbour, P.B., Nfld.

I am eleven years old, and to me the most interesting thing in "China" is the Rose Garden. I am in Grade VII in school. If I lived handy to the Seminary I believe I would find out who Father Jim is. I am sending the name of a new bud to you, **Sarah Pretty.** Would like to get a letter from some buds in Canada. **Lizzie M. Murray.** Don't forget that picture you promised to send, Lizzie. Long Harbour must have quite a few buds now, eh? Give them all my best regards.

Toronto, Ont.

I always like to read "China", and now I promise to fulfil the conditions required for a member of your club. I will often say a prayer for you, too, Father Jim. **Vincent Brady,** 104 Brookdale Ave. You are very welcome to our club, Vincent, and I thank you for your nice letter.

New Waterford, N.S.

I am thirteen years old, and go to St. Agnes School. Nearly all the pupils here are in your club, and I don't want to be left out. Do the buds have to send you their pictures? **Marguerite Rice,** 510 Warren Ave. Well, Marguerite, although you do not have to send me your picture, wouldn't it be nice to let us all see you? Thanks for the stamps you sent. Once again, let me remind the buds that two and three-cent Canadian and American stamps are of no use to us.

Hamilton, Ont.

Having read your Rose Garden pages so often I thought I would at last "join the force" to help the missions. I am twelve years old, and go to St. Thomas Aquinas School. **James Flynn.** Welcome, James, and now that you're with us, how about some more of the boys following your example? There's room for lots of boys in our Garden, and admission is easily secured. Just fulfil the conditions which are noted on the top of this page. Let's go, Hamilton!

Windsor, Ont.

Elizabeth Strong makes an earnest appeal for some buds to drop her a line. She is 14, and in 3rd Form High School at St. Mary's Academy. Address: 470 Pelissier Street.

Beech Grove, Que.

After much hesitation I have at last decided to write my first letter to you and ask you to receive me in your club as a "Wild Irish Rose". **Eileen Muldoon.** Even without that pen-name, Eileen, we would know you were Irish. 'Tis not so hard to write once you have "decided", is it?

Toronto, Ont.

I am sending you my picture and I want to become a member of your Rose Garden. My sister Catherine and I will try to fulfil the necessary conditions of membership. **Josephine and Catherine McDermott,** 113 Wright Avenue. How about your picture, too, Catharine?

New Buds.

Rita Murphy, Box 90, New Waterford, N.S.; Laura Dominic, 64 Fisher St. E., North Bay, Ont.; John Burke, 221 Earlscourt Avenue, Toronto; Alice Young, 6 Hillside Avenue, Glace Bay, N.S.; Anne Dowe, Marjorie Morrissey, Mary Grace and Rita Hughes, all c/o 146 Goulburn Ave., Ottawa; Edward and Rita Lecuyer, 121 Nicholas St., Ottawa.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

I thank you very much, Father Jim, for the beautiful certificate and pin you sent. I think they are just lovely. **Annie MacIsaac.**

Here is another bud anxious to join your club. I am 15 years old, and have been in this Sanatorium since July. We have been getting the "China" at home for years, and I always read it, especially your pages. My home is in Summerside. I am on the same sun-porch as Annie MacIsaac. We have a great time together. **Phoebe Des Roche.**

Attention, Buds!

You've read the two letters above from Charlottetown. Now I want a good number of our members to write to those two buds at the Provincial Sanatorium, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Your letters will help to cheer them up and brighten their days of illness. And the approach of Christmas is a nice time to write, too. You won't forget now, will you? Father Jim will be grateful if you write them.

CHINESE GODS

Last month Father Venini promised to tell you something about the strange Chinese gods. Here are a few of them.

Foo

Foo was supposed to have been born in India and his cult was introduced into China as a result of a dream of one of the emperors. For many centuries this cult languished but was revived by a later emperor who brought one of Foo's bones from India and commanded that the prisoners were to adore it as the price of being set free. For the sake of their freedom they did so for a while but then fled away. They were captured, however, and a part of their head was shaved so that they might be easily recognized. They fled again, were once more captured and this time their whole head was shaved. At certain intervals of the day, at the sound of a bell, they were obliged to assemble for adoration of the bone of Foo. This is said to be the origin of the bonzes, or pagan priests, who shave their heads and accompany their chants with the ringing of bells.

* * *

Kwan In

Kwan In was a young girl who was caught in a burning temple and burned to death. She afterwards appeared to her father in a dream, telling him that she had been saved from the flames by catching hold of the branch of a tree, and had been changed into a goddess. She therefore commanded him, as king of the city, to erect a statue in her honor and order it to be adored by his people. Her wish was carried out and a statue, with many eyes and arms, was set up, to denote that she was to oversee the whole world and render assistance to all.

Tsow Chen

Tsow Chen is the god of the kitchen. He was a schoolmaster's cook. Among the pupils of his master there was a poor boy to whom Tsow used to give the leavings from his master's table. This poor boy afterwards became rich, and wishing to recompense Tsow Chen, he sent for him, only to find that he was no more. Nothing daunted, in order to show his gratitude, he named Tsow Chen the god of his kitchen.

* * *

Long Chen

Long Chen is the name given to two snakes which in the days of the emperor Song were found near an imperial temple. There came a great drought; the people sought aid from these reptiles; their prayers were heard and rain fell in abundance. And so the snakes from thenceforth occupied an honored place in the gallery of the gods. Such are a few of the gods before whom millions of Chinese bow daily in adoration. There are others too numerous to mention. As a matter of fact, the life of the average Chinese is one long continual act of superstition. Next month I will tell you of some strange Chinese customs.

"THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST—THE MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY!"

By Bessie C. Byrne

"MOTHER, how sweet the name, gently and softly I whisper it, lest my very utterance fall harsh upon the sacred memories entwined about each golden letter that spells so sweet a word.

"No wonder they've hung it round with garlands. May we not be sure it was the first word that graced the Infant Lips of Christ, Our God, and King Divine?"

I love to think of that day in the long ago when methinks the Heavens opened wide their portals and the very Angels stopped their Song of Praise to listen in wonderment at what might be the first human word their God would speak upon the earth—the God of Majesty before whom they had for centuries bowed a lowly adoration, and in Whose sight the very Heavens trembled.

But lo! the word they hear is the sweet gentle name of MOTHER, and could they be sad it would only be because they never knew the happiness of having that sweet gift of God to man—A MOTHER.

That first word lisped by the Infant Lips of God-Made-Man brought a thrill of joy to Mary's Heart, and ever since that sweet name stammered by baby lips has gladdened Mother's hearts all the world over and made them forget they ever suffered pain.

And oh, how like the Virgin Mother at Nazareth is the noble generous heart of the MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY.

For she guides the steps and trains the heart and mind of ANOTHER CHRIST, Who will go forth to redeem his people, and carry the gift of Faith to those who have it not; and carry to bleeding, breaking hearts of Magdalens all the world over the precious Balm of Christ's Own Healing.

But oh, if there is in that Mother's heart a glad joy at being chosen to be the Mother of God's Anointed One, so surely is her soul, as Mary's was sword-pierced by the ever-present vision of the parting that all too soon must come and the Mother's heart knows a pain that none but God and Mary understand.

And, if it were not for the generous self-sacrificing hearts of the MOTHERS OF OUR PRIESTS AND MISSIONARIES, the world would cry in vain for God; and breaking hearts would break, and never know the healing balm that only Christ's Anointed ones can bring.

So, GOD BLESS YOU, DEAREST MOTHER, and bless you abundantly, and yet more, and may He Whom you received from God and gave back to God be your Bright Crown of Joy in Heaven where God will take you near and close to His Sacred Heart for your goodness and your self-sacrifice, and in memory of His Own Blessed Mother, Who was—THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST—THE MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY!



In this picture you see some of our most enthusiastic "Buds." Yes, they are from Welland, Ont. Congratulations to Miss Mary O'Sullivan, who keeps the work going so well.



The chief salesman of a certain London firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

"Who is that shouting?" asked the manager.

"That's Mr. Hill talking to Edinburgh," replied his secretary.

"Then why on earth doesn't he use a telephone?" asked the manager.

"No suh, Ah ain't got no use foh dem airplanes. Ah stays on terrah firmah, and mo' firmah de less terrah."

A woman went to the bank and, not finding the cashier who usually waited on her there, asked where he was.

"Out of town," said the assistant.

"Gone for a rest?" asked the woman.

"No, to avoid it," replied the clerk.

McTavish was on holiday, and one day he entered a barber's shop for a shave.

The barber was cheerful and trotted out topic after topic to start a little chat.

Nothing doing! McTavish was as dumb as an oyster.

At last the operator asked point blank if his customer was always so silent, or if he was ill.

McTavish said never a word, but silently pointed to a big notice on the wall above a telephone. The notice read: "All conversations must be paid for."

"I see the jury acquitted the girl who killed her employer, on the ground of insanity."

"Yes, and quite right, too. Anybody who kills an employer these days is certainly crazy." — Farm Journal.

Two ladies in a car disputed concerning the window, and at last called the conductor as referee.

"If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold, and will probably die."

"If the window is shut," the other announced, "I shall certainly suffocate." The two glared at each other.

The conductor was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man with a red nose who sat near. These were:

"First, open the window, conductor. That will kill one. Then, shut it. That will kill the other. Then we can have peace."

First Guest — "I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel "The Palms". I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

Second Guest—"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."

The Magistrate: "The prisoner says he had two glasses of 'double brown'. What is this 'double brown', Sergeant?"

The Sergeant (sadly): "Not wot it was, your worship!"

Sambo, carrying a crate of eggs, tripped and fell headlong, with dire consequences. His friend Rastus, happening along just then, threw his head back and shouted with laughter.

Rastus (gargling) — Ho-ho-ho-ho! Dem yolks, dem white, dem shells! Ho-ho-ho-ho!

Sambo (after watching him a moment)—Boy, shut yo' mouf so Ah kin see who yo' is.

During one summer a baronet, well known as a sportsman, arranged a cricket match between a team of his guests and a local club, and, in the absence of any more capable umpire, a footman was called upon to officiate. The baronet went in to bat, and the second ball he received was stopped by his leg. "How's that?" cried the bowler.

Turning to his master, the footman said half apologetically, "I'm sorry to say, 'Not at home,' Sir John." "Not at home!" said the baronet. "What do you mean by saying that?" "Well, then, sir," replied the footman, "if you will have it, I mean that you're hout!"

"Last night, madam," said the tourist, "you informed me that the Duke of Wellington once stayed in this hotel. Is it a fact?"

"It is, sir," beamed the landlady, "a solemn fact! He slept in the very room you had last night."

"Was it just the same as it is now?"

"Just the very same."

"Same bed in it?"

"The very identical bed."

"And the Duke of Wellington slept in it—he actually slept in it?"

"Ain't that what I'm tellin' ye? He actually slept in the very bed you 'ad last night!"

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the tourist. "No wonder they called him the iron duke!"

She—"He's so romantic! Whenever he starts to speak to me he says: "Fair Lady."

He — "Shucks! There's nothing romantic about that. That's just force of habit. He used to be a conductor."

"Some of you pedestrians walk about as if you'd bought the streets."

"Yes, and some of you motorists drive about as if you'd paid for your cars!"

The buttonless husband contemplated his jacket which he couldn't do up. It occurred to him that he might get something done by a little appropriate sarcasm .

So, as he was just about to go shopping with his wife, he remarked:

"Oh, by the way, remind me to get some needles and thread when we're out, dear!"

His wife gave him a dazzling smile.

"You silly, extravagant boy," she cooed, "you can always borrow mine, you know!"

Messenger Boy (to newsboy) — "Who's the swell guy you were just talkin' to, Jimmie?"

Newsboy—"Aw, 'im an' me's worked together for years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."

Real Estate Agent: "Well, what do you think of our little city?"

Prospect: "I'll tell you, brother. This is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

In the American advance during the final days of the war, a sergeant ordered an unbleached private to go into a dugout and clean out any Germans that happened to be there.

The colored gentleman blanched a bit, swallowed his Adam's apple, and then said, huskily, "Ef you sees three or fo' men cum a runnin' out ob dat hole, don't shoot de fust one."

Employer—"Isn't it rather strange that your grandfather should be seriously ill every time there's a big football match on?"

Office Boy—"Yessir. I sometimes wonder if he's shamming."

Mrs. Thompson (learning to drive) —"Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

Thompson—"Isn't it?"

Mrs. Thompson—"No; I can't see anything but the car behind."—Cincinnati Christian Advocate.

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JANUARY, 1933



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
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St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

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RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

Whether times be difficult or whether they be otherwise, it makes no difference in the purpose for which missionary institutions such as ours were founded; our work is of such a nature that there can be no change in our outlook, there can be no curtailing of the forces involved, there can be no slackening of effort, for we are urged on by the reality of a Divine Commission, and we measure not our gains in terms of the material. Whilst we look forward with hope and confidence to the days that lie ahead, it is meet that we be grateful to God for the favours and blessings He has granted us during the past twelve months. By His grace we have made progress. In the matter of vocations we are happy to report a new enrollment record; never before have our limited accommodations here been so overtaxed, and promising young students have come to us from every Province in Canada and from Newfoundland; cheerfully and fruitfully they are preparing themselves for the big work to which they have so generously devoted their lives. For the first time we have been enabled to have some of our students pursue their theological course in another Foreign Mission Seminary, a sign of the expansion of our work. The number of our priests has been increased by the ordination of Father McGettigan, and two priests have been added to the forces on "active service" in the mission field. The outstanding events of the year for us were the appointment of Father McGrath as the first Prefect-Apostolic of our own mission district of Chuchow, and the elevation of Father Fraser to the dignity of a Protonotary Apostolic. Since Monsignor McGrath's appointment new parishes have been opened in Chuchow, and our mission Institute has been entrusted with a new field of labour in Vancouver, B.C. Taken all in all, 1932 has seen us develop to such an extent that we can face the coming year with renewed vigour. It may well be that the darkest shadows of "hard times" are still in the future, but, nothing daunted, we go forward trustfully, and, according to our means, however limited or curtailed, we will continue to make progress as we follow Christ in the path of missionary service.

* * * *

It has always been our feeling that the readers of "CHINA" are so closely associated with our missionary efforts that they are interested, individually, in all that pertains to our well-being. We would not have it otherwise, for we know that our very existence as a missionary Institute depends, in very great measure, on the loyal co-operation given to us at all times by our readers. They are the friends who have made our success their concern, and we acknowledge with sincere gratitude the assistance so generously given us.

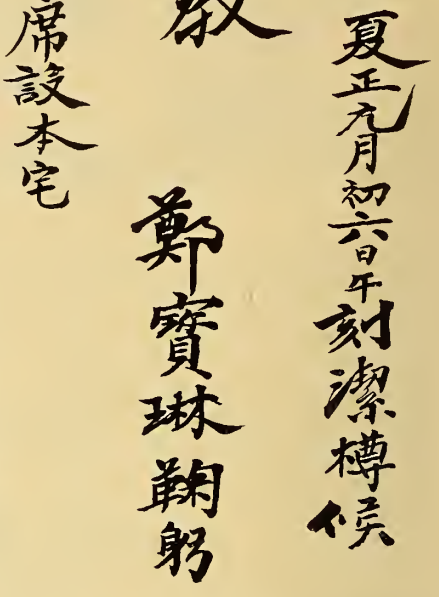
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In presenting to our readers this brief resume of achievements during the year just ended, it is well for us to remind them that the future progress of our work depends on their continued interest. If there are some Catholics who do not see any sense in being interested in foreign missions it is just because they fail to understand that the foreign missions are a duty imposed on us all by Christ our Saviour. From the Pope down to the humblest layman this mission-duty extends; as earthly Head of Christ's Church the Sovereign Pontiff has a grave obligation to promote the spread of God's Kingdom, the Bishops of the Church have likewise that solemn duty, and so has each individual priest. Now missionary priests are the chief instruments of spreading the Faith among pagan peoples, and it is the duty —and the privilege—of Catholic people to do all in their power to provide a sufficient number of missionary priests for the salvation of the heathen. The need of the pagan world is for priests to preach the Gospel and to instruct unto salvation. Our Seminary is maintained for the specific purpose of providing missionary priests for China, and in carrying on that work it is essential that we have the whole-hearted support of the Catholic laity. By their active interest in aiding the Seminary, the Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland are discharging their mission obligations in a practical way. Facing the New Year we are prompted to appeal for a fuller participation in mission work on the part of all Catholics, and to the readers of "CHINA" we suggest that 1933 be made a real missionary year, during which every family that receives "CHINA" will participate, as far as their means permit, in the serious business of supporting Foreign Mission endeavours.

* * * *

Not as a mere matter of form, but in all earnestness and sincerity we wish our many friends a VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR. May 1933 bring encouragement and heavenly blessings in abundance.

The Trials of a Strange Tongue



By REV. DESMOND STRINGER

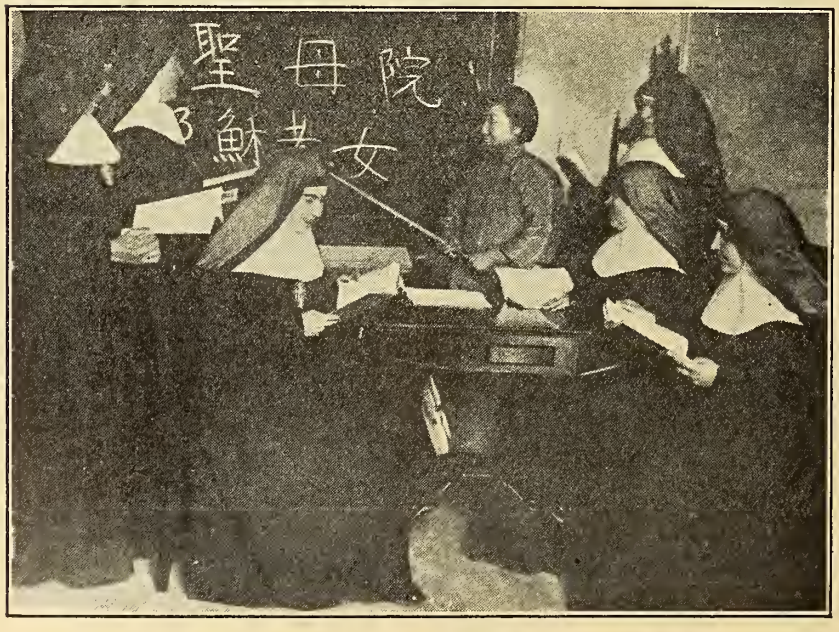
Our district has no tower of Babel, but that is as far as the difference goes. It seems to me that here there are more sounds which emanate from the human throat than any dictionary could hope to catalogue. Mandarin is the official language of the country, but I am told even that varies from place to place. But in this article we are only interested in our nook of the woods; I want to give you an idea of the bogey that confronts us here, of the headaches it gives us all in trying to dispose of it. Throughout our Prefecture there are no such things as roads. There are paths sometimes one foot wide, sometimes three feet, which are for the greater part of cobblestone. The smoothest surface is that of the river, and it has many rapids. One couldn't use an outboard motor on it with any safety (for the propellor). Lack of communication means isolation, and isolation of peoples breeds peculiarities of speech.

Some time ago I was on a riverboat coming back to Tsingtien. Beside me was a native of the city in which I resided. A man from the port we had just left began to speak to him. You can imagine my surprise when they were unable to carry on a conversation—they couldn't understand each other's "woa" (our term for dialect).

Boatmen, carriers, and others whose business takes them around the country pick up the peculiarities in language of the various places they stop in. But take the man who travels little or none at all. He knows the "woa" of his own locality and that is all. Once while I was in C—— a terrible uproar started near me. It was a fight. Now I don't mean our kind of fight with black eyes and noses bleeding. This was the "Geneva" type, a rapid-fire affair. The object of such a contest is to see which entry can curse the other and that other's ancestors with most effectiveness. At such a time one hears many terms that are not found in any book. In this particular case a referee was not found until some minutes had elapsed. When he silenced the two he began to ask them the cause. It turned out that they were from different places and, not understanding each other too well, a misunderstanding promptly cropped up.

The farther apart two places are the more pronounced is the difference in language. In this city (Lungchuang) the language differs quite extensively from that of Chuchow. A few examples will give a clearer idea. To eat, chi and tieh respectively; water, shui and ü; cold, lan and tseng; where, cha-di-fong and dz-dah; boiling water, kwen shui and pei tong; mother, mei and nian; look, mon and tsiu. In the one place certain words terminating in "n" are, in the other, pronounced as "eu"; the "i" sounds become "z". Hence a dictionary is of use only in finding the meanings of any given characters. Thus one cannot invite another priest to come and preach a sermon or two to one's Christians. Some will understand, but I doubt very much whether in that few would be numbered one woman or child.

Turning to the written word, much the same difficulties are encountered, but in a lesser degree. The printing press from which we



To learn first and then to teach is the programme to be followed by all missionaries who wish to instruct the Chinese in Christianity. These Sisters are learning the language from their little Chinese mistress. Chinese has its difficulties because of the many characters and because of the number of tones. Still, Chinese is not the most difficult language—if that is any consolation to the learners.
Fides Photo

buy many of our doctrinal books is situated a great deal farther north than are we. Not a few times, in reading over the text with a Chinese native to this city, he will point out several characters and tell me they are not used locally. In preaching or instructing our flocks we cannot take the "Catechism Explained" and read to them. We cannot take the New Testament and read it from the pulpit as is done in Canada. One must translate it into the local dialect. If we could preach in the Mandarin tongue, most of our problems in this category would disappear. But it is not feasible, for the people will not understand. In many parts of our Prefecture an individual missionary will find that he must learn several "woas", for he has chapels to visit which are often quite distant from his headquarters.

Tones are another source of difficulty. There are four of them, and any given romanization may be pronounced in each tone, meaning something different each time. The characters themselves are different, which makes the reading of them rather easy. But when one gets two different characters with **apparently** the same sound, then the trouble or the fun starts. For instance, take the words "to kill by shooting" and "to compel". The romanization for both is "ch'iang-pi". They are distinguished by tone, and by "tone" do not understand bass or tenor or the like—nothing so easy as that. Context, however, clears away many of these hazes.

The study of the written language is very interesting. Chinese is a "picture" language, and the dissecting of the various characters brings out many traits of the race. As regards grammar and syntax, some authorities hold there is none. Which to study first, the written or the spoken language, is also a debated question. With us circumstances call for the mastering of the local "woa" as soon as possible; for there are two million people waiting to hear what life is all about.

Perhaps it might be interesting to our readers to take a lesson now in etymology. The majority of the characters I have so far met with which contain the symbol for "woman" have not a too-complimentary meaning. For instance, the character for "jealousy" is made up of the symbols for sickness and woman; another has it stone and woman; "covetous" is wood and woman; "mutual slandering" is two women; "tranquility" is hand and woman (woman well in hand); "peace" is house and woman—evidently the Chinese think that if peace is to be preserved women must be kept in the house.

The study of the characters reveals that human nature here was, and is, much the same as anywhere in this little world. A word meaning "to covet" is made up of two symbols which signify "being in the presence of wealth". Chinese have their little mannerisms, too. Did you ever see a man trying to keep patience by drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair, or by tapping his foot? The word "patience" is made up of hand and beard; so if some day you see an old patriarch scratching his chin, it's best to be going. As yet the most humorous word I have met is one for "surprise". It put me in mind of the story carried some years ago in the "China" about a Scotsman who became a Mandarin. This word for "surprise" is made up of "to receive" and "seldom". Of course, well, I couldn't help noticing the report of the Building Fund. One time during a Retreat the Master told us the word for "recreation" was well coined, for many needed re-creation after it. If he should chance to read these lines he will be glad to know some old Chinese sage who probably never heard of God is of the same opinion, for in seeking to form a word for "recreation" he put together parts meaning "to scatter the heart".

The word for "good", however, I have purposely left till the last, and I put it in for two reasons. First, to show that not all characters with the symbol "woman" are uncomplimentary, and, second, because of the interest I first had in it. The word for "good" is made up of woman and child. At first I wondered whether or not there was an old, old, very old tradition being expressed by it, and I was a wee bit disappointed when I read the standard interpretation—woman and child, the two things a man loves best, hence "good". But even so, the thought persisted in my mind, "woman and child, woman and child", and I thought of the Woman and Child and the promise that was made at the dawn of Mankind's work-day, a promise that was "GOOD"—yes, and Divinely Good!

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations received from November 14th to December 15th, 1932.

Estate John Ryan, $1,000; Friend, $15; Miss C. Gallagher, $2; Crusaders, Sacred Heart School, Sioux Lookout, Ont., $3; Mrs. J. F. McNeil, $1.50; A. J. MacDonald, $2; Harry Joanette, $5; Little Missionaries, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, $1; Pupils, R.C. School, Portugal Cove, Nfld., $1; Rev. F. P. White, $10; Rev. Chas. D. McRae, $10; Rev. Fr. Kiggins, $2; Mrs. Chas. Brownlee, 55c; Mabel Hennessy, in thanksgiving, $5; Nora C. Gallagher, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; M. J. B. and F.L.P., in honor of B.V.M., $2; in memory Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $2; Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, $10; Jeanette McDonnell, $1; Rev. D. A. McPhee, $5; Philip Grub, 50c; Mrs. J. L. Simpson, $4.50; Miss Cecilia Rowan, $2; Mrs. Jos. F. Perry, 50c; G. A. Noonan, in honor St. Anthony, $1; Mrs. Donald Faillon, 50c; W. A. Downs, $2.50; Thomas E. Marley, in thanksgiving, $5; Mrs. Wm. Vale, $5; Simon T. Nader, $1; Kathleen Bird, $1; E. Malloy, $2; Friend, St. Joseph's Parish, New Germany, in thanksgiving, $5; Lena Schmorleiz, 50c; Rev. D. D. McMillan, $10; Mrs. Crowe, $2; P. J. Kealy and Miss Mary Deane, $2; Edna A. Blainey, $2; Rev. B. P. Malone, $5; J. Angus McPherson, in thanksgiving, $5; John Heyden, $10; the Misses Pender, $2; L. McG., in thanksgiving, $3; Mrs. R. Y. Zurich, Ont., $2; Mrs. Mary Reardon, $1; Mr. and Mrs. John McHugh, $1.50; Mrs. C. Wickett, $2; Rev. Wm. McCabe, $5; Helen McLean, $1; Friend of the Missions, Hamilton, $1; Agnes Donley, $5; Mrs. Briget Clark, $3; Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Morrissey, $2; Leo Bona, $2.70; Mrs. P. L. Fielding, $5; Estate Thos. Coleman, $90.15; a Friend, Mt. Stewart, P.E.I., $2; Mrs. J. V. Quinn, 50c.

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BUILDING FUND.

Teresa Harrison, $4.50; Mabel Webster, $2; Friend, St. Catherine's, in thanksgiving, $5; A Friend, Finch, Ont., $20.

Introducing Ourselves in Wong-Da

By Rev. Wm. K. AMYOT

Changing One's Address on the Missions Has its "Ups and Downs" as Father Amyot's Letter Tells Us

Catholic Mission,
Wong-Da, Cke.,
October 11, 1932.

Dear Father ——:

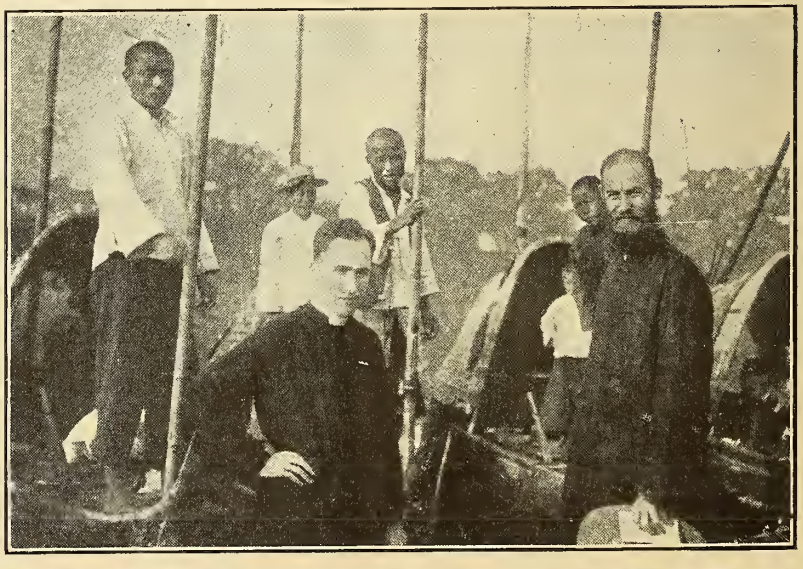
Well, here we are, Father Joe and I, safe and sound up among the Chekiang Mountains. We left Lishui on Thursday morning, Oct. 6th, taking the steamer via the Canal route to *Jeuh-an.* We very fortunately had fine companions enroute, for Bishop Defebvre, Father Prost, and Father Sing were going along to the *Ping-Yang* section. It took us only three hours to get to the mission from the city of Wenchow. The time passed quickly, for both the Bishop and Father Prost were well acquainted with the various places along the way. The mountains are very pretty in places, and as we went we noticed some excellent waterfalls, and some large temples, chapels, etc.

Jeuh-an.

At *Jeuh-an* we were not slow to accept the Bishop's gracious invitation to dinner. After looking over the mission quarters we said "au revoir" to our companions, and as it was still early, Father King and I went to "explore" *Jeuh-an.* It is a larger place than Lishui, boasting many canals and some fine stores, while they have electricity that does service all night long. We climbed up a wall near a small pagoda for a "look-see". The regular steamer, the *Jui-Ping,* was in harbour. It makes the trip to Shanghai every other Tuesday. 'Tis said that things can be sent direct from Shanghai to *Jeuh-an* without having to go through any customs. The drying of fish and work with bamboo seems to be the main occupation here at this time of the year.

A False Alarm.

The boat carrying our baggage came in a little after 5 p.m. and tied up for the night at the back door of the Mission. About 11.30 p.m. I heard excited shouting down close to the boat, and my first thought was that some barbarians were attempting to rob our baggage. One boat had moved off and the crew shouted to others: *"lee, lee, qua-si-ya, qua-si-ya".* This resulted in a rush being made by five or six other boats, a banging of oars, quick rowing, and much shouting all round. It surely sounded like something was in the wind, but the boats finally cleared up the canal after a great deal of bumping and pushing. The mission, of course, is outside the wall of the town, and the soldiers are inside, so the place is pretty exposed. When I got down to our boat I found only another man there chatting with our *law-dah,* or boatman. Quiet reigned the rest of the night. Friday morning the tide didn't start in till 10.30, so we had lots of time to get everything stowed away in the boat before making arrangements to be towed to *Ping-yang-ka.* We got away about 1



Fathers King and Amyot setting out from Lishui for their new home in Wong-Da.

p.m., being the only extra boat in tow on this trip. The winding course of the river rather lengthens the journey, but it gave us a good chance to see lots of the country. Hills, dotted with few trees, come right down to the water's edge, and terraced fields were visible everywhere on the mountain-side. The rapids in this river are mere rips over the stones, no real drops anywhere.

Pushing Onward.

We pushed on by moonlight to *Wu-Zee,* and slept there that night in the chapel. Left early in the morning and at 2.30 p.m. we reached *Oh-Keu,* a small village. We were able to arrange for a room in a pagan's house, and we said Mass on Sunday before beginning our raft-trip up the tributary stream. We saw plenty of goats going up, but it was too early and too dark to make use of our cameras. When the sun did come out we were in the more open part of the river.

Early Monday morning we pulled up at *Dah-Oh,* and carried all our things to a restaurant on "Main Street". It would remind one of a Jewish picnic or a repetition of the Tower of Babel as preparations were being made for a new allotment of baggage loads. It was awful, but finally we straightened things out. In this section, loads are paid for by weight.

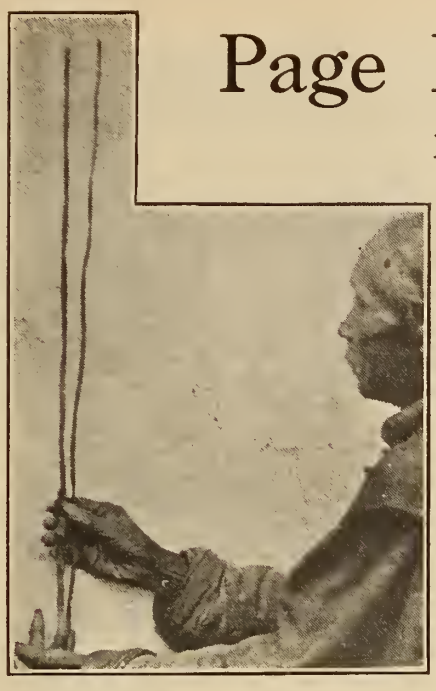
Before setting out at noon we had dinner at *Dah-Oh,* and the room was filled with spectators, as is usual in China, all anxious to get a peek at those "queer foreign gentlemen". *Dah-Oh* is the bigger of two large towns in this valley, and it even has soldiers. From the last town a long steep ascent begins, and it lacks the usual stone "stairs", rising in a gradual slope. The mountains about this place are exceptionally rugged and pretty. One large rock was very like a huge sculptured dog.

"Home" at Last.

Just after three o'clock we reached *Wong-Da.* Thank the Lord there were not too many people about; those who were on hand popped off firecrackers and then just looked and looked and looked. We were glad of our tea then, and Father King and our "boy" were happy we had reached our journey's end. I didn't feel tired till the next morning, and then—oh, boy!

I think they must be having school up here in the chapel since Father Kam wrote to them. The catechist was busy next morning when I started to "stir the pot", and already things have begun to move. People were occupying our little mission quarters when we arrived, but we got them to move all right. We have already begun to repair the place, but I fear it will be impossible to build a complete new chapel right away, as some of the people expect us to do. We have a farmer-cook, but he's willing to do his best so we won't starve. Am making arrangements now about a sacristan, and we have the masons busy doing some very necessary repair work around the place. Bricks have already arrived, and I have ordered some wood for the roof, etc. So far we have not been able to unpack anything owing to lack of space. The man we brought along with us from Tsingtien proved a lifesaver, as he speaks the local "woa", or dialect. The next business is to take an inventory to find out just what's what here. Father King remarked that the windows were all well because they had no "panes". We will have to send to Wenchow for panes.

And so for now I'll have to sign off. Hope those few random remarks will be of interest; they give a fair idea of the work entailed in moving into a new home on the missions. We are confident that things will go along well here once we get them organized, and until you hear from us again remember in your prayers the two missionaries "at home" in Wong-Da.



Page Mr. Ripley

By Observer

A short time ago Mr. Ripley of "Believe It or Not" fame, visited China. Among other things he discovered that there had once been a man in China whose fingernails grew to be 18 inches long.

Mr. Ripley, why didn't you come to Chuchow? We could have shown you plenty. We have cities that keep public lifeboats in the town hall instead of fire fighting apparatus; we could have told you about a chapel in our district that was burned down by a flood and reposing on my desk at the present moment is a photograph, yes, Mr. Ripley, a photograph of a Chinese whose fingernails, which he kept wrapped up in tubes for the most part, were not 18, but 25 inches long.

Do I know if it is a genuine photo, you ask. Yes, I do. I know the man who took it, Father Legrand, of Hangchow, and the old candy seller—for such he was—who held the all-China record for digital longtitude, if I may so express it, offered to sell him the nails for $300.00 to make medicine.

The picture, I'll admit, is not a very good one. Father Legrand takes the blame for that. But the story about selling the nails. Thereby hangs a tale.

Father Legrand happened to hear that the old man had been offered $340.00 by the local drug store for his nails because they were supposed to be of great value in compounding prescriptions. What was his surprise then one day when the old boy himself appeared at the mission, nails and all, and offered to sell them for $300.00.

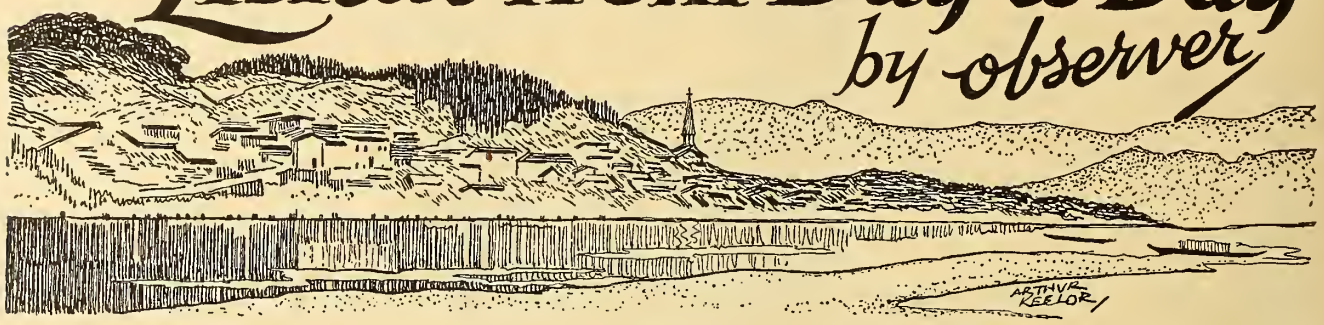
"But the druggist offered you forty dollars more," he said. "Why, then, do you come to me?"

"The druggist," replied the old man, "wants to pull them out by the roots, but if you cut them off they are yours for $300.00."

Now, that's a true story, believe it or not, and above you can see a copy of the picture, fingernails and all. Some other time we'll tell you about the chapel that was burned down by the flood, if you can't figure it out for yourself meanwhile.

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



JANUARY, 1933! Any signs of the "good old Canadian winter"? We're picking oranges in the garden over here while the boys are shovelling off the rink, or romping home to victory (?) in the Inter-Seminary hockey series. Well—almost! To be exact, it is 5 a.m. over here the next day when the hockey sticks are clashing at 4 p.m. in Scarboro Bluffs. And nobody picks oranges that early in the morning. But oranges we have, in our own garden, and a goodly crop at that.

* * *

There are about 75 fine peach trees, too, which bear fruit in July and August, and in one of our mission stations, Chulong, in Fr. Boudreau's territory, there is a fairly good pear orchard. At present we are negotiating for the purchase of a piece of property as extension to the mission grounds in Yunhwo, about 40 miles from here. The new property contains one of the finest pear orchards in the district. This is a fine fruit belt. The only thing is that most of the fruit is smaller and a little more like the wild stuff than the better cultivated variety at home The pears, however, are of monstrous size, almost as big as grape fruit. But they taste woody, and are very fibrous in texure. But they make good preserve.

* * *

You'd have laughed, alright, if you were here last night. The picture of this year's students at the Seminary had just come by mail. Mr. Wong, the catechist, was in for the evening "Chinese chat", so we had to show him all the handsome young men who are preparing to be priests, over here later on. We noticed that he wasn't particularly impressed, but, of course, he was very polite in a non-committal sort of way. "That's Mah Kung," he said, pointing to Dr. McRae. He had met Dr. McRae here in Chuchow, and recognized him in the picture.

* * *

"But the others, Mr. Wong, are there any others you recognize?"

"Tung Tung Yang, Tung Tung Yang. All all same, all all same." They all looked alike to him. A few years ago a Japanese girl student at Toronto University was asked how she liked everything. "Oh, it's all very nice," she replied; "the only thing is I can't tell one person from another. You Canadians all look alike." And we always thought (at least I always did) that it was the Chinese who "all looked alike".

* * *

At this point I should like very much to put a question to you, dear reader, that is if you care to read on. It is this, and I am very serious about it:

If you were over here in China now, seated at a desk, pounding out a few "thoughts" on a little typewriter, and you felt that the greatest thing you could accomplish would be to induce people at home to pray for the work of the Missions—if such were the case, WHAT WOULD YOU WRITE ABOUT?

* * *

That is the position, precisely. We mustn't talk shop all the time, of course. It could become terribly boresome and ill-timed. There are so many things to write about over here, strange things, weird things, funny things. But at times—let me confess it—we seem to be just "fiddling while Rome burns" if we speak of anything but our direst need of all, the need of prayer and more prayer from all our friends at home. Our priest friends above all! What power is theirs when they offer the Holy Sacrifice! Can't you see Satan cower and shudder as they plead for us, place ourselves and our labors for souls before God in the Memento of the Mass!

* * *

Dear friends, that is not rhetoric; that is not imagination. That is something more than a mere metaphor. It is a living reality. Satan does live over here; it is his very kingdom. Not a single missionary in China but sooner or later will come face to face with his evil power, face to face with himself. He roams through China "for the destruction of souls", and how soon he would "sift us as wheat" were it not for the power of prayer and the help it brings us from on high.

* * *

And our friends in convent and cloister, those consecrated souls who also belong to God alone. What power is theirs with their Heavenly spouse, power to obtain from Him precious graces that

(Continued on page 13)

Some who Love Missions

and who know
their great need
of financial assistance have
had the idea of making

Their Last Will

a proof of life-long interest in the work of saving pagan souls in China.

MAY WE SUGGEST
THIS AS A TITLE
to be included in a
Catholic Will?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese missions.



Above—At Lishui, in hot weather garb, Fathers MacDonald, Venadam and Venini enjoy a chat after Retreat.

Sisters Catherine, Daniel and Genevieve spare time off to face the camera.



Left: Father Sharkey (wearing sunhelmet) says goodbye to Fathers Beal and Serra the day he left Lishui for Vancouver, B.C., where he is to work among the Chinese.



Well-trained catechists are the hope of the missions. They are the indispensable "right-hand men" of the missionaries. Here you see the Lishui catechists. The picture was taken during their Annual Retreat held in Lishui last September. Seated are Fr. Serra, Msgr. McGrath, P.A., and Fr. Kam.

Evenings at Sung-Yang

Due to extensive building operations in the Mission the opening of school this term had to be deferred. The school has been converted into a carpenter's work-shop, the hand-ball alley is being used for preparing lime, the remaining available space for storing logs, stones, etc. Last week a number of the carpenters and masons asked to sleep in the mission. They explained their boarding-house mistress found it too difficult to be preparing breakfast so early, early meaning before 8.30 a.m. I pointed out that we had certain set rules for all living in the mission and that these must be observed. They all expressed their willingness to observe the rules. Later I suggested to the boss having a class in Doctrine four nights a week and music three nights to relieve the tedium of remaining in after supper. They were pleased to see the priest interested in arranging a programme for their benefit.

Tuesday evening was set for the opening of class. The Ka-ting (parlor) was well lighted for the occasion. I brought over enough Edgeworth tobacco to last us an hour. I acted as Chairman, made the opening remarks, and stressed the serious obligation resting on each one of saving his soul. All those present seemed anxious to learn something about this obligation. The catechist was called on to give the history of Creation. They were eager listeners as the Bible story was told in their own dialect. I then asked one of the masons if he had any difficulties to ask about. Why, yes! How could that Person he calls "Tien Chu" (God) make the world if he did not have mud and sand? I assisted the catechist with the explanation. One of the younger carpenters wanted to know who planted the trees in Paradise? Another fellow felt like shouting "Eureka". He at last had a satisfactory explanation for the lump in his throat—Adam couldn't swallow the apple. The Doctrine on Original Sin was accepted without difficulty. One fellow said that Adam was deserving of a severe punishment for offending God, having a nice place to live in and no work to do, sure of his rice every day.

The class was suddenly interrupted at this point. An elderly lady came in much excited saying her grandchild was seriously ill, and could we do anything for him. I asked her to bring the child to the mission. In a few minutes the mother and husband came in; when the wraps were removed there was revealed a pale little figure on the point of death. It was hard to tell the mother that her child would soon die but I consoled her by saying I could do something for its soul. They both wanted the boy, their only child, to be happy in the next world. Almost as soon as the Formula of Baptism was pronounced the child emitted one gurgling sound—as if in gratitude — and then closed its eyes to sleep in the Lord.

The poor mother was overcome with grief, and gave vent to her feelings. This was an unusual occurrence in the mission at that hour of the evening, and it very favorably impressed the workmen. Several are already listed as Catechumens. I hope all will persevere in their good intention.

J. L. BEAL.

Oct. 8, 1932.



REV. HUGH M. McGETTIGAN,
the third priest from Newfoundland to be ordained for the Chinese missions, was raised to the Holy Priesthood at Saint John's, Nfld., by Archbishop Roche, on Dec. 21st. Father McGettigan comes from a family that has already given a priest and three nuns to the church. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. McGettigan, reside at 28 Leslie Street, Saint John's.

A FRUITFUL INVESTMENT.

How to meet expenses in such an institution as ours is always a difficult problem. Relying as we are on the free-will offerings of the public at large it often happens that our bank account is overdrawn. Once in a while we get an encouraging "lift" by the receipt of a substantial donation. Recently, such a donation came very timely when a cheque for one thousand dollars reached us from the executors of the estate of the late Mr. John Ryan, of Ottawa.

Mr. Ryan has made fruitful use of his earthly possessions. His generous remembrance of the foreign missions not alone eases the burden of those charged with the administration of our Seminary, but it also secures for the deceased donor an unceasing remembrance in the masses and prayers of the priests and students whom he has helped to carry on in their noble work. Well-to-do Catholics who remember the missions in their last wills are laying up for themselves treasures in time and in eternity. God rewards those who "do good for His Name's sake". We beg a prayer from our readers for the soul of our deceased benefactor.

GIFT TO SEMINARY LIBRARY.

Our thanks are due to Rev. Dr. O'Leary, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, for having sent to our Seminary volumes of the "Ecclesiastical Review" covering the past twenty-five years. Such a gift is a valuable addition to our Seminary library, for the "Review" is a much-used work of reference on many matters.

WELCOMED AT SHANGHAI.

A letter dated Nov. 17th comes to us from Father McNabb. It was written at Wenchow "on the very threshold of our own District of Lishui, our new home"—just one month after Fathers McNabb and McGillivray had left Toronto. Their trans-Pacific journey was very pleasant, and they received a warm welcome from Fathers Beal and MacDonald, who had gone down to Shanghai to meet them. Sister Catherine was on hand to greet Sisters Juletta and Angela. By this time the Orient will be not so strange for our 1932 mission band.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Girls:

Some of the boys will be shocked to see me addressing my letter to the girls only of the Rose Garden, but I mean it. I have decided to give this month's columns to our girl buds all for themselves, for they deserve it; they are such splendid little missionaries and always write me such nice letters. The pictures this month, too, as you see, are all of little ladies. But hold on! The boys are going to get their turn next month, and the girls are going to be left out. That's not very chivalrous, is it? But the boys, too, deserve a month all for themselves, and the February issue is going to be for them, so I hope they get busy now and give me lots of letters and pictures for their own issue. I know the young ladies of our Club won't mind my making use of their letter to make this appeal to their brothers. And what's more! I think we ought to spare some space at a future date to publish a few letters from the grown-ups, so teachers and parents are now invited to write to Father Jim and tell him just what they think of the children's own section of "CHINA".

Beginning the New Year, we have approximately five thousand members in our Club, and only God knows the immense amount of good so many innocent young souls must have accomplished for the Missions by their prayers and good works. The missionaries in China are all delighted with the success of our Club, for they, more than anyone else, perhaps, realize the value of prayers for their great work of converting pagan souls. We are all very proud of our young Catholic girls who have shown such fine interest in our mission Club, and as a New Year lies ahead of us we expect great things from their daily prayer for the conversion of China. Make it a real solid resolution not to forget the missionary priests and sisters; they are God's heroes and heroines on the foreign missions. We all want to love God, and we all want to show our love by our deeds. If you continue to live up to what is expected of you as "Buds of the Little Flower", then you are showing your love of God in action.

In our Patroness, Saint Therese, we have a wonderful example. She loved the missions, and she loved to work and pray for missionaries; all of you can recall incidents from her life showing this mission-interest. This month brings us three dates in St. Therese's life that are of interest: her birthday on January 2nd, her Baptism on January 4th, and her "Religious Clothing" on the 10th.

Many requests have come from members asking for Mite-boxes. Although we have carefully refrained from introducing appeals to our buds for material offerings, we know that the mite-boxes in the schools all over Canada and Newfoundland find ardent supporters among those pupils who are "buds". Sacrifice of spending money on the part of children is sure to bring graces to them now and add to their merit in eternity. All cannot give money, but ALL CAN PRAY, and we are more than satisfied at that. Remarks from some of the buds would make their adults blush at lack of adult support for the missions. We know that the prayers of the little ones will sooner or later inspire generous Catholics who have means to help the missions in China.

Here I am taking up a lot of valuable space on our girl-members, but I'll give you an extra page this month to make up for it.

And now let me wish every one of you A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Gratefully yours,
FATHER JIM.



Frances Cooney, 3886 St. Urban St., Montreal, and Rita Curley, 43 Cobourg St., Ottawa.

Victoria, B.C.

We have been getting "China" for a long while, and always for me the Rose Garden proves interesting above all. I am 15, and am in Grade 9 at St. Ann's Academy. My hobby is music, first and foremost the violin, but I also play the piano, mandolin and guitar. I like drawing and painting, too. It has long been my custom to pray for the missionaries and go to Communion for them, and now I want to enroll "officially" in that work. If your buds could do so, how willing they would be to help the missions materially, too. Wishing you every success in your good work for others, and hoping to get my certificate and badge soon, I am, Your friend, Rosette Lee, 834 Broughton St. Rosette tells me she is a Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament, and she asked me to extend her congratulations to Jean O'Malley. Write soon again, Rosette.

St. Ann's Academy,
New Westminster, B.C.

Dear Father Jim:

Let me tell you about a very happy day here at St. Ann's. Our teacher, Sr. M. Virginia, brought to the classroom a parcel, which when opened amidst great excitement disclosed certificates, badges, and pictures for each member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. Immediately we all knelt and recited the prayer for the missionaries in China. We felt certain this act was pleasing to our saintly Patroness, and in her own sweet way she will obtain help for the missionaries to carry on their noble work. With thanks, on behalf of the class,

MARCIA DORGAN.

I have been waiting for some time to get a chance to publish a picture of the executive officers of the Sodality of the Infant Jesus at St. Ann's Academy, and when it appears the buds will see some splendid little missionaries from the West.

* * *

I was very glad to get the nice letter from Senior III Class of St. Joseph's Girls' School, Ottawa, and to know they liked their certificates, etc., so very much.









Left: Kathleen Brynildsen and her sister, 30 Waldegrave St., St. John's, Nfld. Below: Josephine McDermott, 113 Wright Ave., Toronto, and Mary McAskill, Mt. Stewart, P.E.I.

Right: Margaret and Bernice MacDonald, R.R. 1, Greenfield, Ont. They all want buds to write to them.

Elizabeth Miller, writing on behalf of Senior First and Second Class, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, added 40 new members to our already numerous contingent from St. Aloysius School, Sudbury. Father Jim had a fine time reading all the letters he received from the Sudbury buds, and perhaps at some future time he will be able to answer the questions each one asked. Iris McCann wrote a dandy little letter which brought certificates and badges to the members of the Primary class who have made their first Holy Communion.

St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S., seems determined to keep among the first rankers in point of numbers in our Club, and the new members from Grade VIII are welcome additions to the missionary forces. Sister Edna's letters are always very encouraging, and we know the missions are benefitting considerably by all the spiritual offerings her pupils make for the priests and sisters in Chuchow. Grade VIII pupils ask for some pen pals from Vancouver.

1025 Central Ave.,
East Windsor, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We have been told by our teacher that we could do our little bit for the missions by becoming members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, and we are very anxious to secure our certificates and badges. We will be glad to fulfil the obligations as members.

Sincerely yours,
Clemence Leduc, Dorothy Greenwood, Julia Couvillon, L. Couvillon, Helen Nantais, Annie Karpinko.

Familiar to all the readers of the Rose Garden columns is the name of Philomena Dobbin, Bell Island, Nfld. We venture the bet that every family on Bell Island knows plenty about Father Jim and his Buds through her active "propaganda". She told me Father Jim's real name in a recent letter, but as it was written in "double Dutch" I can't say how correct she was in her guess. Thanks for the list of new members, Philomena, I always enjoy your letters.

HAVE YOU A ROSE TO SPARE?

Little Therese, Little Therese,
I come with a whispered prayer,
Little Therese, Little Therese,
Have you a rose to spare?

No pale bud do I ask of you;
But a bloom that is wondrous fair:
Little Therese, Little Therese,
Have you a rose to spare?

Too little your hands to hold them all;
You are dropping them everywhere:
That beautiful one so near your heart;
Have you that rose to spare?

Ah yes, I know for your Love's dear sake,
Thorns were your hoarded share:
Sometimes though, you asked your Love,
If He had a rose to spare.

What do you whisper, Little Therese,
As you smile from your picture there?
Have you but thorny stems for me:
Have you no rose to spare?

Then teach me, like you to prize the thorns
With their hidden healing rare,
And I shall be glad, because for me
You had truly a rose to spare.

(Written by the late Sr. M. Geraldine.)

St. Joseph's Convent,
Oshawa.

Dear Father Jim:

Will you please send us 25 mite-boxes? The children will soon be sending their money for "CHINA". In recent months they gathered up a great number of trinkets and odds and ends suitable for giving as little rewards to children. These they sent to Father Venini in China for his catechism classes, and they received a nice letter from him. Another package is being sent to China now, principally of linens and altar requirements. Enclosed is a spiritual bouquet offered for all the missionaries of the world by the Senior Fourth class at St. Gregory's School. They are helping all they can. Asking God's blessing on your efforts to further His cause, I am,

Yours sincerely,
Sister M.M.

The Rose Garden has no more enthusiastic friends than the children at St. Gregory's, Oshawa. Their work for the missions is a proof that our Club does get results. I will try to find space for Father Venini's letter in a later issue.

And here's something for all of you! A bud from St. John's, Nfld., does not like a bit some of the remarks made about "foggy Newfoundland", and she asks Father Jim to be good enough to correct the false notions of those "wise folks" who pity the people who have to live in a fog-covered country. Her explanation of the cause of those fogs and her assurance that they rarely come inland to "spoil the sunshine and fine weather which we enjoy in full measure" is really very interesting. I took care to show the letter to Father Editor, and all he had to say was: "Well, I'm tired telling you that, and now I hope you'll quit your kidding. You ought to know long ago that Newfoundland is a fine country; your buds down there seem to be among your best correspondents." I just added a humble "Amen", and changed the subject. Don't want to fall out with the Editor just before asking him for an extra page for our Garden.

FROM DAY TO DAY

(Continued from page 8)

will water the stubborn arid soil of the paganism that surrounds us, graces that will strengthen and sustain the missionary in his very real struggle, very real fight to the finish with him who is ever robbing the Sacred Heart of the love of those souls for whom It bled.

To you all, dear friends, we appeal for the greatest gift that is yours to give, especially when you approach Holy Communion and that same loving Sacred Heart beats in unison with your own. And our little friends, the children, ever so dear to God, the thousands of members of our "Rose Garden" Oh, what power could be ours in this struggle if from the hearts of our hundred thousand readers but one silent prayer ascended to the heart of God!

* * *

Take your own case, dear reader, NOW. You have glanced through the CHINA, at the pictures and the articles that interest you. You are going to lay it away and pass on to your duties about the house or office or the school. Will you remember us tonight when you say your prayers or tomorrow when you receive Holy Communion? Will you, even now, send one small request straight to the loving heart of Christ in Heaven? "Dear Lord, help our missionaries in their struggles to win souls for Thee." The answer will be heard, and felt, ten thousand miles across the Pacific. And some soul, whose fate is even now in the balance, will forever thrill to the rapturous eternal love of God because a little child at home has said some little prayer or made some little sacrifice as the price of its salvation.

NEW BUDS.

Frances MacDonald, 163R Main St., Glace Bay; Yvonne Arsenault, Box 693, Summerside, P.E.I.; Agnes McCann, R.R. 1, Athlone, Ont.; Mary Rafferty, 662 David St., Glace Bay; Rose Szczepaniak, Box 13, New Waterford, N.S.; Laura Gallucci, 342 Dufferin St., Port Arthur, Ont.; Margaret M. Nolan, Chepston, P.E.I.; Annie V. St. George, Marystown, Nfld.; Stella Carter, Cardigan, P.E.I.; Rita Murphy, Box 90, New Waterford, N.S.; Mildred J. Doucette, Tignish, P.E.I.

Strange Chinese Customs—*By Rev. J. Venini*

As I promised you last month, I will give you a few lines on some of the strange things done in China. To us those Chinese customs are indeed strange, but they are part of the life of the millions of pagans who live in unhappy China. First, a few words about

Ancestor Worship.

The bonzes (pagan priests) say we must not kill any living creature because when we die our soul passes into the body of some animal. When a member of the family dies it is the custom to prepare a table near the coffin and to place upon it candles and a small tablet of wood upon which is written "The abode of the soul of Mr. N—" The relatives and friends of the deceased person offer gifts to this tablet, genuflect before it and adore it, with their forehead touching the ground. They believe that the soul of the departed one has entered into this tablet. This is part of the "ancestor worship" of China, of which you have often heard.

False Money.

Money is very plentiful in China, at least false paper money, and it is burned very generously in favor of the gods and the dead. The devil receives heaps of it on the occasion of a funeral, as "tips" that he will be favorable to the dead person. It is also intended to provide the departed soul with ready cash for his travelling expenses on the journey to the other world. The good services of the dead may be procured for a liberal offering of this currency and it is often placed on their grave and renewed from time to time.

The Grave Hunters.

When the day for the funeral arrives the coffin is not simply carried to its last resting place. Oh no! The "grave hunter" must be called in. His duty is to select a propitious burying place. If a good place is chosen the relatives of the departed one ought to become rich, noble and enjoy long lives in recompense for their solicitude towards the dead. If, on the other hand, an unpropitious spot is selected, nothing but misfortune may be expected. If a person has been buried and a gravehunter reports the location as unfavorable, the coffin must be immediately taken up and buried elsewhere.

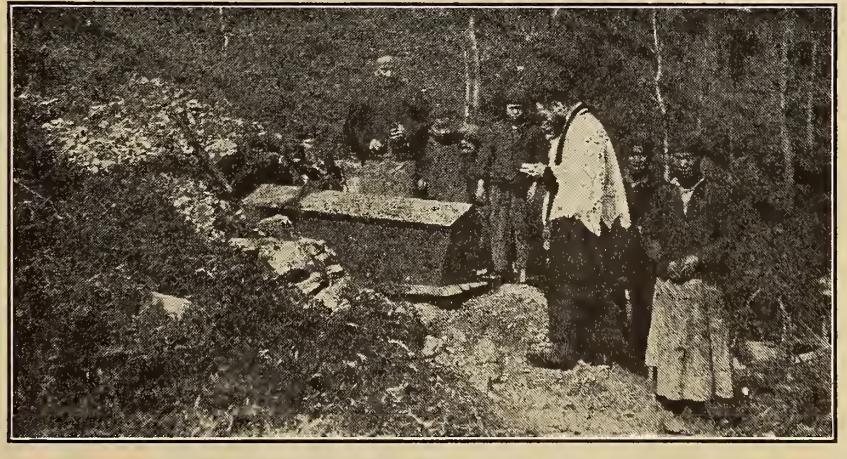
Propitious Seasons.

Not only must the place of burial be favorable, but the season as well. If one should be so unfortunate as to die during an unfavorable month or year the burial ought to be deferred for even six months or more till the advent of a more promising season. The reason for this caution is as follows: Among the snakes there is one big fellow called "Long", who fell from the heavens one day, and hid himself in the earth. He succeeded in gaining control of the goods of the earth and distributes them to those whose graves open directly into his treasure chest. This location the grave hunters are supposed to be able to find, with the help of a compass. Funerals are also put off for many months to await the arrival of some distant relative or friend and some cities have their "morgue" where these uninterred coffins are kept.

A Clever Ruse.

Only recently I heard of the clever ruse adopted by the natives of a city in the South of China to outwit the gods. Some great disaster was to arise in the near future, a chastisement by the spirit of evil. So to fool the evil spirit what did the Chinese do? They simply put their calendar ahead six months so that the period of danger was a thing of the past. Quite a simple trick. Can't you imagine the poor, duped evil spirit gnashing his teeth in fury?

And so, my dear children, I have told you during the past several months about a few of the gods and superstitions of China. How foolish, you will say, and to us they are foolish, because we have the blessed light of faith. Why we should be the fortunate ones, with so many hundreds of millions sunk in the darkness of paganism, a prey to such pitiful beliefs, is one of the mysteries of Divine Providence. Humanly speaking, however, we have that gift because twelve poor fishermen were not afraid to leave all behind them and at the word of the Master carry the word of truth to the uttermost confines of the earth. I am glad to see so many boys and girls joining the "Rose Garden", as it shows they are interested in helping the work of the missionaries by their prayers.



Father Venini at the burial of one of his Christians.

NONSENSE



The absent-minded professor called his biology class to order shortly after the lunch hour. "Our special work this afternoon," he said, "will be cutting up and inspecting the inward working of a frog. I have a frog in my pocket here to be used as a specimen."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper sack, shook its contents on the table, and out rolled a nice-looking sandwich. The professor looked at it, perplexed, scratched his head and muttered: "That's funny, I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

"Look here," yelled the infuriated bridegroom of a day, dashing wildly into the editor's room of the country weekly, "what do you mean by such an infernal libel on me in your account of our wedding?"

"What's the matter?" asked the editor calmly. "Didn't we say that after your wedding tour you would make your home at the Old Manse?"

"Yes," howled the newly made benedict, "and just see how you've spelled it."

And the editor looked and read:

"After their wedding tour the newly married couple will make their home at the Old Man's."

The minister, in making an announcement for the evening meeting, said: "Elder Jones will present a paper on 'The Devil'." Then he added earnestly: "Please be prompt in attending, for Brother Jones has a carefully prepared paper, and is full of his subject."

Passerby: "What's the fuss in the school yard, boy?"

Boy: "Why, the doctor has just been around examinin' us an' one of the deficient boys is knockin' the everlastin' stuffin' out of a perfect kid."

"Pa, when I look in the mirror the left side of my face seems to be the right side and the right side the left."

"Yes, the mirror reverses them."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of my face the same way?"

Little Johnny: "Mrs. Takedown paid you a big compliment to-day."

Mother: "Did she really? Well, there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?"

Little Johnny: "She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am."

Chatting with one of her neighbors, a woman related her experience when converted, many years ago, as follows: "I used to be very gay and fond of the world and all its fashions, till the Lord showed me my folly. I liked silks and ribbons and laces and feathers, but I found they were dragging me down to hell—so I gave them all to my sister."

Ho: Can you stand on your head?
Bo: No, it's too high.

Miff: "I once knew a man who fell off a window-sill that was on the tenth floor of a building and he only got a slight bump."

Big: "Nonsense. How could that be?"

Miff: "Well, you see, he fell inside the room!"

The retired admiral was expostulating with his daughter about the lateness of her hours.

"I won't have it," he asserted, "going out with that landlubber in his car and not getting home till past midnight."

"But, daddy," replied the sailor's daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died right down in two of the tires."

The curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavouring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday School class. "Why," said he, "does a bride desire to be clothed in white at her wedding?" As no one answered he explained: "White stands for joy, and marriage is the most joyous occasion of a person's life."

A small boy inquired: "Why do all the men wear black?"

When a certain officer of the Governor's staff died, there were some applicants for the post, and some were indecently impatient. While the dead colonel was awaiting burial, one aspirant buttonholed the Governor, asking:

"Would you object to my taking the place of the colonel?"

"Not at all," the Governor replied tartly. "See the undertaker."

Little Eva: "Mother, what is a book-worm?"

Mother: "One who collects books."

Among the guests next evening was Miss Sparks wearing many rings. Little Eva, very observant, suddenly cried out: "Look at Miss Sparks, mother, she must be a ring-worm!"

The curate had tried his best to have Mrs. Brown choose a saint's name for her baby about to be baptized. None of the suggested names seemed to suit, so the curate advised her to look over the Litany of the Saints for a suitable name. Later, she proudly announced that since it was her first baby she thought it well to start at the beginning and call it "Kyrie Eleison".

The man who used to get drunk and hold up lamp-posts, now drives a car and knocks them over.

"What shall I do? The baby drank all the ink."

"Don't get excited. Write with your pencil."

Little Boy: "Let's play neighbors."

Friend: "How do you play that?"

Little Boy: "We just have to borrow things from each other."

"Mr. Manager, there's a salesman waiting outside with a moustache."

"Tell him I've got a moustache."

"How is it your daughters have never learned to cook?"

"Well, I'll tell you. My daughters have always been so busy with the problems of the working girl, settlement house work, and the like that they never had time for such academic matters as learning to cook."

Mrs. Flatbush: "What does your husband call your dog?"

Mrs. Beacon: "Do you mean when he is calling him into the house, or when he's chasing him out?"

Brown: "You have a notice in your window, 'A suit of clothes made while you wait.' Do you really do that?"

Tailor: "Yes, sir. You leave your order and a deposit; then go home and wait till the suit is finished!"

Benny, aged four, met Harry, aged five, and the following conversation ensued:

"What's the matter with your head?"

"Bumped it on the ceiling."

"On a stepladder?"

"No, I was playing 'ith my papa on th' floor an' I was sittin' on his tummy."

"An' 'nen what?"

"Papa sneezed."

Joe: "I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?"

Jess: "You must see mamma first."

Joe: "I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same."

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CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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ISLANDS IN AN OCEAN OF PAGANISM

Those who have always been used to a life of ease and luxury find it difficult to see things from the same angle as the poor; those always in good health are not quick to sympathize with the sick and the suffering; so, too, those who have been reared from infancy in the Catholic Faith, and who have never had to endure difficulties and hardships in the exercise of their holy Religion, find it not easy to appreciate the conditions that people in missionary countries have to meet and overcome in order to be faithful to their religious principles. Hence, our readers will do well to peruse the article in this issue: "Islands in an Ocean of Paganism". It gives an insight into the obstacles which militate against those pagans in China who have embraced Christianity and it may help us to understand the need for prayers on behalf of our Oriental brethren, a need which the Holy Father realized when he set this month's Mission Intention: "The Church in China".

CAMPAIGNING FOR CHRIST

Father Desmond Stringer, who has written some fine things for "CHINA", draws attention to the same condition in "Campaigning for Christ". Unfortunately, our people are wont to consider the work of missionaries as going along all the time "with sails set full"; they view the efforts of the missionary more or less as routine ministration to the needs of already-full-fledged Christians. But it is something more than this; it is the attempt to drive an opening wedge into a vast mass of paganism and to lay solid foundations for the true Faith among people who are steeped in traditions inimical to Catholic religion. Obstacles, difficulties, and disappointments are the daily lot of every priest in China, and tired bodies and aching hearts oftentimes are their reward of heroic labour. But after the example of our Divine Lord they keep at their task and eventually the grace of God will produce results in the conversion of pagan souls. No wonder that the constant plea from mission lands is for more spiritual support from the faithful at home. Prayer and sacrifice are the weapons that will conquer paganism, and if we are true to our Catholic instinct we will not neglect a daily prayer for the spread of the Church in China and elsewhere.

CORRUPTIO OPTIMI PESSIMA

The writings by "Observer" have been always vigorous and interesting. In this issue he has something to say on a subject that should interest every Catholic. Even in our own country, where we enjoy the utmost religious freedom, the matter of maintaining schools for our Catholic youth is somewhat of a problem; our people in Ontario and in Western Canada are even now engaged in a struggle to preserve for Catholic children their inalienable right to religious education. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the terrible results that would follow the banishment of religious education from the lives of our school children, yet the Church in China is faced with this sad state of affairs, and "Observer" expresses strong views as to the cause. His denunciation does not spare those who are responsible for the Godless education which is the curse of our generation and which now has borne evil fruit in hampering the work of the Church in the East.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS

Our two latest missionaries in the field introduce themselves through the columns of "China" this month. We welcome them among the contributors from Chuchow, and we look forward to other accounts from them when they begin to form impressions of their new surroundings. Fathers McGillivray and McNabb have "joined the family" across the Pacific, and our readers will follow their missionary careers with interest, praying that they may be granted long years of health and strength and Grace to carry on their noble work for souls.

ELEVEN FRUITFUL YEARS

Sunday, February 12th, will mark the eleventh anniversary of the Coronation of Pius XI as Successor to St. Peter. Since his elevation as Supreme Pastor of all the Faithful, our Holy Father has been unwearying in his efforts to advance the cause of the Foreign Missions. His reign has been marked by tremendous activity, and perhaps China has been the special object of his paternal care. He has multiplied mission districts there and personally consecrated Chinese Bishops to give greater impetus to the work of conversions. His faithful children everywhere have heard his voice time and again pleading for that support for the missions which they so richly deserve.



By REV. D. E. STRINGER, Lungchuang

SUCCESS depends on knowledge and effort. In the battle of life it is highly important that we KNOW what we are about in order that our energies may not be squandered on non-essentials. "Know thyself" is the advice of a great philosopher.

* * *

In an article recently published in "China" I asked our readers to attend Holy Mass and receive Holy Communion twice a week to the end that the daily toil of the missionary might be blessed with more abundant fruit; and since writing the thought occurred to me, "Have our readers the correct and clear conception of our work necessary to spur them on to more strenuous endeavour?" for, judging from letters I received, some have the impression that our sails are full as we sail along questing for souls. Such is not the case; yet I do not wish to give the impression that we are becalmed,—most emphatically we are not! What, then, is the state of our Mission?

* * *

First of all, we are not working on wholly virgin soil. When we were assigned to this territory by Propaganda, the missionaries then caring for it breathed a sigh of relief, and well they might, for the number of souls they had to care for was enormous, and they themselves were numerically inadequate in spite of the heroic attempts they made. One has but to look around him at home to see the spiritual ravages which time wreaks on a priestless Catholic community; the indifference that creeps over it as stealthily as night-fall. In China the same thing can happen, and it has happened to many who doubtless at baptism gave great promise.

* * *

In the January, 1932, issue of this magazine I tried to give our readers a glimpse into the trials and temptations that beset a Christian in China who tries to live up to his duties. Even with a missionary living in the same town with him, it means a constant struggle; and so it is not so surprising, nor should it scandalize one, to know that for not a few the fight is too difficult. I am speaking from experience in our own district with its two million souls.

* * *

Lishui, as you know, is our headquarters, and we have now six other sub-centres with resident priests. Each of these sub-centres has several dependent missions, where there is a Chapel or its equivalent, with, however, no resident priest. Briefly one classes one's Christians into fervent, lukewarm, and apostates. This last class is made up of those who have returned to the gods of their fathers, putting up all the paraphernalia of paganism in their homes and offering sacrifices. The bad example given by such is difficult to measure. I remember not long ago looking up one of my flock but a few years baptized and already finding the burden irksome, and when I asked him why he didn't come to Mass, he replied by asking me why many old-timers didn't. In the city of S——— I went to see a man many years baptized but who had ceased to come to Church. In reply to a question, he answered that he didn't want to be bothered with the "rules", quietly assuring me that when he came to die he would send for the priest. Such cases may be extreme, but they are many. I think it was Hilaire Belloc that called statistics the third class of lies, but even so I must risk that danger in giving figures for one of our missions; it has one hundred and twenty-three baptized people, and of these fifty-nine are apostates, twenty-two are regular, and the rest come often enough to be known as Christians. As regards our territory as a whole, the most lenient criticism would be to say that our regular attendants are the fewest. So much for the status quo.

* * *

One of the treasures a missionary parts with when he comes here is privacy. The Chinese ideas and ours on this subject are not by any means one. Hence in looking up strayed members of one's flock one cannot have the quiet talk that might do some good. On the other hand, one cannot cause a Chinese to lose "face", be the reason ever so good. In my experience I have found it impossible to give them

a talk on their duties, for the simple reason that as soon as they know what I have come for, they repeatedly assure me that they will be at Church the next Sunday. At first I believed them, failing to see it was just their way of avoiding loss of "face". Such as these will never be argued into fidelity,—prayer alone and sacrifice will dispel the mists that envelop their faith.

* * *

An excuse with the majority is that they lack the leisure to attend regularly. I will readily admit that there is a very large kernel of truth in this. Our present Christians are all from the poorer classes, which means that they have a constant struggle for the necessities of life. The poor were always beloved of Jesus Christ, and He will be the Judge of such excuses. Yet when the Cross begins to rub, then they do find time to ask Him to ease it. One of my Christians gave me that argument. He is really a faithful fellow, and I can understand his reasons. Yet quite recently his child took sick, and he found time not only for Sunday Mass and Holy Communion, but also came several times during the week.

* * *

As regards the pagans, it is not safe to generalize. In some localities they are quite interested in the Doctrine. As a rule the cities are the least promising thus far; the pressure of business pursuits is too engrossing to give such as are engaged therein much time or inclination to turn the mind to things spiritual. Schools are a sine qua non, but under present legislation we cannot have one and teach a course of religion. Depriving Catholics of schools is universal enough to expose the real author of such bigotry, and he and his legions are the implacable enemies of Christ and His Church. Our hope is in the children, who will be the citizens of tomorrow.

* * *

Such is a resume of the obstacles we must daily meet and try to overcome. One can see at a glance that we must all storm heaven for more Grace. It is the work of the Church to Christianize the pagan world, which means it is the work of every single soul who rejoices in the name of Catholic; for in the opening words of the definition of the Church we read, "The congregation of all the Faithful, who, etc." We all of us are prone to measure our prayers by responses which coincide with our wishes, but such a frame of mind is entirely out of the question if we are to pray fervently and constantly for the conversion of the world. I am sure that our good Catholic readers will renew their resolutions to pray for us, and knowing that the Seed often falls on ground that is far from fertile, will do all in their power to moisten and soften it with the Dew that comes from heaven. This is my hope in writing these lines; and so in the near future, when I find that my Christians are endowed with a more lively Faith and when my pagans show a more decided interest in our Holy Religion, I will know where to seek the cause for such a happy turn. In closing I would earnestly ask you to follow out the inspiration that at this moment fills your souls and make that effort to receive Holy Communion at least twice a week for these poor souls "who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death".

CHINESE SAYINGS

To converse with a superior man for one night is better than studying books for ten years.

* * *

Hold your temper for a moment, and avoid a hundred days of sorrow.

* * *

In midsummer one does not lend his fan.

* * *

A man without debts is not poor.

* * *

A thief's courage is unstable.

* * *

If the farmer is diligent the soil will not be lazy.

* * *

In leisure prepare for busy days.

* * *

If there are three roads, keep in the middle one.

* * *

A big heart is better than a big house.

* * *

If you know how, a thing is not hard; if it is hard, then you don't know how.

* * *

False humility is real pride.

* * *

To understand everything is to know little of anything.

* * *

If you are right you can travel the whole world, if wrong it is hard to make a step.

* * *

A little man may have a large heart.

* * *

A prudent wife saves much trouble.

MORE THAN 10,000 BAPTISMS IN A YEAR.

Ningpo (Chekiang, China).—During the year ending June, 1932, the Vincentian Missionaries of the Vicariate Apostolic of Ningpo administered baptism to more than 10,000 souls. Adult catechumens baptized numbered 1,256, and 2,229 children of Christians received the Sacrament. Baptisms, at the point of death, were administered to 579 adults and 6,151 infants. Pagans now being instructed in the Catholic religion number 4,647. (Fides.)

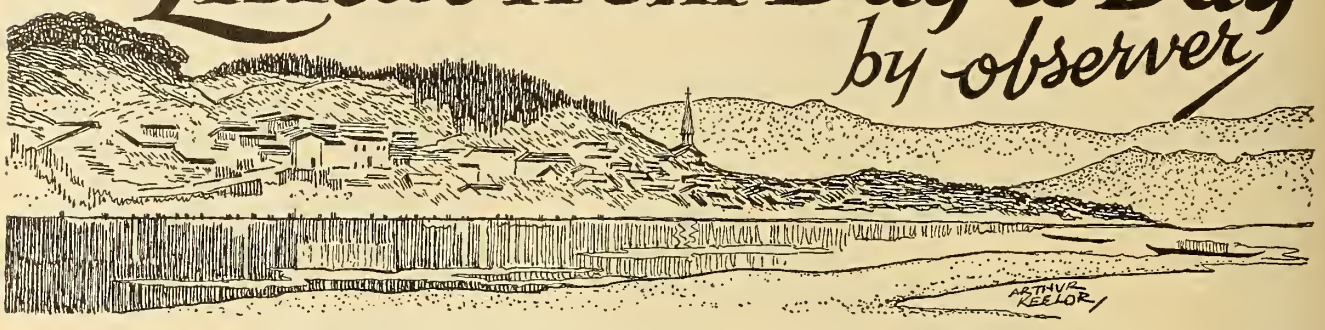
A HEROIC GIRL.

A young married Chinese woman named Liu-chinchu, of the parish of Mat Oan, was converted seven years ago to the Catholic Faith. Her life since then has been one continuous torment. Her father-in-law, with whom, according to the Chinese custom the married couple live, has not ceased to subject the poor girl to unremitting persecution in the hope that he may force her to return to paganism. The climax came recently when they threw her out on the street. The parish priest heard that she had been turned out from her home, and engaged her as a catechism teacher, sending her to a neighbouring town. Upon this the enraged parents-in-law sent her husband to fetch her back, promising her that all would be forgotten and that she would be allowed to live in peace. The girl accordingly resigned her post and returned home.

When they got her home they imprisoned her in a little room. Now, she cannot move out at all, and if she is kept there long will certainly die. But Liu-chin-chu is not weeping. She has even refused a well-planned opportunity to escape. "Thank you," she told the woman who had arranged it, "but I would rather die here at their hands than run away. If I flee they will think me disobedient, and then there will be no chance of converting them. I am offering up my sufferings for their conversion, and while there is one breath left me they cannot stop me from using it to pray that they, too, may one day accept the gift of the Catholic Faith."—"The Far East."

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



(In presenting this thought-provoking article to our readers we wish it were in our power to give it greater circulation—Ed.)

At home we occasionally meet "fallen-away" Catholics who have far more real hatred for the Church than any unspoiled pagan I have ever met in China. Unspoiled, I mean, by Western influence. **Corruptio Optimi Pessima!** It doesn't seem difficult to demonstrate from history that nothing can become quite as bad as something which has once been very good; no fall can be quite as thorough and irreparable as a fall from the pedestal to the gutter. In how many ways, alas, has this not been proven since the Prince of Darkness and Lucifer fell like lightning from Heaven!

* * *

We could quote examples without number. Look at so-called Christendom itself. Think of it in the ages of faith and watch now as it reaps the whirlwind of the Protestant Reformation. Only in eternity will it be known how much of christian man's inhumanity to man has resulted from that great rending of the seamless robe of Christ.

* * *

Corruptio Optimi! We have lived to see what never world saw before; paganism corrupted by Christendom's decay, the darkness of the shadow of death made darker by death itself, where there should have been life abundant. And what spiritual death seems more utterly incapable of resurrection than that of a one-time christian civilization which has sinned against the light! What yet, we ask ourselves, has God's unwearying Mercy in store?

* * *

It remained for the decadent West to out-pagan paganism. Already responsible pagan Chinese have been heard to raise their voices in protest against the output of filth from American movie "factories". Think of it! For centuries human nature has reached its lowest ebb at junction points where "the twain do meet"—Yokahama, Singapore, Macao, Shanghai, and other such cities "where there ain't no ten commandments". But even this is not the worst. The most significant development has been reached within the past ten years.

* * *

I refer now to the American Public School System, which has stretched its obnoxious tentacles across the broad Pacific, as if it were not content with banning the Name of God from the minds and hearts of millions of children at home. We think of Christ's words. Millstones and the depths of the sea! Worse this than Hollywood, worse than Singapore. Worse because malice is ever more diabolical than the mere weakness that flesh is heir to. I make the statement that THE CRUEL BLOW STRUCK AT CHRISTIANITY BY THE CLOSING OF MISSION SCHOOLS ALL OVER CHINA CAN BE LAID AT THE DOOR OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

* * *

It is notorious that the anti-christian movement in China has been largely directed and "inspired" by Chinese who have studied abroad. According to Dr. T. C. Chao, of Yenching University, "Those who are leading the anti-christian movement ARE ALMOST ALL MEN WHO HAVE STUDIED IN AMERICA." Those young men set forth in quest of education and enlightenment and through the American University they discovered the literary and philosophical gods of the West. Darwin, Huxley, Shaw and Wells; Tolstoi, Bergson, Spencer and — of all men — the "angel of darkness" himself, Bertrand Arthur William Russell, F.R.S., central figure in the recent storm of protest re his admission to a Southern American University. Russell, least dangerous perhaps when he sticks to his pragmatism and plays his philosophy by ear, has enjoyed tremendous popularity in China since his series of lectures in 1920 in Pekin. Many of these were decidedly anti-christian, many just philosophical.

* * *

The very mildest impression that a fair-minded Chinese student could carry back from America would be that religion is at least utterly unnecessary. In most cases they have come to regard it as worse than unnecessary; as distinctly harmful, as a drug or opiate to the people. The whole American University system is a monument to that fallacy. And due to the swiftly changing events that followed the foundation of the Chinese Republic, it was not long before the Chinese educated abroad were in a position to convert their made-in-America ideas into swift and decisive action. Nanking's educational decrees are too well known to require comment,

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MAY WE SUGGEST
THIS AS A TITLE
to be included in a
Catholic Will?

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and today, from end to end of China, one-time thriving missionary schools and colleges and great educational institutions lie empty and deserted. Young China has learned, and is still learning, from America. The disciple has even outstripped the master in this regard.

* * *

However, in our arraignment of others, let us not imagine that we are free from blame. The children of darkness are still wiser in their generation than the children of light, but they are also more zealous and industrious. The enthusiasm with which the Reds of Moscow are striving to enforce Communism on the world is something which should make us hang our heads in shame. What they will do for Lenin many of us will not dare for Christ. Often we rest too complacently upon the assurance of the Divine assistance to the Church, as if Christ intended that to be a refugium for apathy and indifference.

* * *

In America the minds of those young students were sufficiently "cultivated" to afford a fertile field for the seeds of anti-christian Communism. Marx, Lenin and Trotsky form Russia's contribution to the galaxy of Young China's gods, and their works, as well as those of the other writers mentioned above, have been translated into Chinese and are being widely read today. Chinese students read and read and read. The percentage of illiteracy is still very high, but the educated are the rulers of the country and in their hands lies the moulding of China's future destiny.

* * *

Let us admit it: our heads have been buried in the sand. How much interest have Catholics in America ever taken in the thousands of Chinese students attending the Universities? What is being done today for the 3,000 students there? Will history repeat itself? Will they be ignored, as their predecessors were ignored? If so, they will return to China hostile to Christianity and their hostility will soon be translated into further laws to restrict and oppress the Church. It is we and not they who are to blame. The Catholic Church alone possesses the true enlightenment they came to the West to seek, but our indifference in their regard has been supine. It is high time the Catholics at home became aware of the Chinese in their midst.



The well-stamped envelope which brought the greetings from the former editor of "China's" Stamp Corner.

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Kindest regards to all former friends,

Cordially yours,
BEAVER—IN PERSON.

PAGAN PRIESTS AND NUNS IN CHINA.

There are monasteries scattered very liberally through the provinces, some of them so large that they will have over a hundred resident priests, all engaged in the one duty of chanting the praises of the various gods in them, and in superintending the worship of the throngs of people who crowd to such places to make their offerings to the different idols. There are also numerous nunneries, where women devote their lives exclusively to the service of the Goddess of Mercy, and spend their years in trying to get from her the peace of mind they have not been able to obtain in their own homes.

In addition to the above, there are mountain temples in all the hilly regions, and little shrines built by the roadsides, where passing travellers may offer up their devotions to the gods enshrined in them, and a multitude of devices for drawing the attention of men and women to the duty of remembering the services they ought to pay to the gods of the land they live in. The more one studies this question, the more one is impressed with the fact that idolatry is a huge system that completely covers the whole of the Empire with its ramifications. — Sidelights on Chinese Life.

Islands in an Ocean of Paganism

Virtues and Shortcomings of China's Old Catholic Families

Have China's Old Christians their shortcomings? Of course they have. To begin with, their extraordinary respect for the priest, the exalted place he holds in their estimation, the almost unlimited powers they attribute to him—these very things lead them to expect too much of him and to make his life anything but a bed of roses. I could give any number of illustrations of this. A young missionary who goes to China for the first time, for example, and who gets to see for himself the extraordinary faith, devotion and spirit of sacrifice of these Old Catholics — their willingness to sacrifice even their lives, to say nothing of their liberty and property, for the Faith—is pretty sure to get a rather rude shock some day when he finds that these same Christians are anything but inclined to enthuse over his efforts to make new converts amongst their pagan neighbours. Their attitude is frankly one of suspicion: they are cold—one would almost think antagonistic. This attitude of theirs worries him: he cannot make out the basis of it. How on earth can he reconcile it—how can they reconcile it—with their general attitude towards Christianity? Is their Christianity Catholic at all? The young missionary finds it all exceedingly difficult to understand; but after a time he discovers the solution of the problem.

Back of every one of these Old Catholic families are centuries of deep-seated antagonism to their whole pagan environment—and to their pagan neighbours **as pagans.** Let us try to realize the position which every one of these Old Catholic families has had to take up and maintain consistently down the centuries in pagan and hostile surroundings. Do we realize that they were nothing more or less than so many islands in a vast ocean of paganism? They were in the community but not of it. Every department of social life was a point of collision for them with the life around them. For practical purposes they were in the position of boycotted families, at least as far as public functions or amusements were concerned. The fact is they had to ostracize themselves in order to live the Catholic life at all; they had to boycott all social functions. Try to picture their lives. Life in rural China is at best drab, very drab; rarely does anything "out of the way" happen in village or town. Every week has seven full working-days, and funerals and marriages are the only recurring things that break the routine drudgery. The Catholics could never participate in either of these functions, carried out, as of course they always were, with pagan rites. In China, funerals especially are most important functions, and neighbours who fail to attend them are regarded as queer—out of joint with the life of the community.

From the point of view of amusements the position was the same. In China there are no regular amusements. The only amusement that ever comes to brighten the lives of the people in the towns and villages is something corresponding to a circus—a sort of show or play run by vagrant dramatic companies of a rather low type, that pander to vitiated and even licentious tastes. The Chinese are extravagantly fond of these theatrical shows. The players arrive in a town and parade the streets in their stage costumes — "dragon" and "python" robes—and buskins, brandishing swords and spears of gilded wood, etc., all to the accompaniment of drums and noises that would be regarded as perfectly discordant and ear-splitting in Western countries, but which constitute one of the chief joys of life for a Chinese. Then the townsfolk give up all work and start a sort of carnival, which lasts while the show-people remain with them (usually a few days). These plays are so immoral that no Catholic is allowed to attend. To make matters worse, attached to the improvised theatre is a gambling-booth—or booths—where numbers of the



WHIRLING DEVILS IN A STREET "SHOW" IN CHINA
"The players arrive in a town and parade the streets in their stage costumes . . . . . while their pagan neighbours make merry, Catholics have to stand coldly aloof."

people come and play for comparatively high stakes. Many of them beggar themselves and their families before the show leaves the place. The gambling instinct seems to be part of the very get-up of the Chinese—it is in their blood—and the men who conduct these shows realize this. So, they allow people to come to the show free; there is no charge whatever nor is anybody attending the show bound to patronize the gambling booth as well. But the proprietors of the show invariably make money because their gambling establishment is always well patronized; and, like the proprietors of casinos in places like Monte Carlo, they get a percentage of the "rake-off" from each game played by the gamblers. Now, from the point of view of the local Catholics, just imagine the sacrifice entailed by the coming of a show of this kind to a village or town. It is a free show, but they were not allowed to see it. The dull routine of their lives continues uninterrupted; while their neighbors make merry and the whole place is seething with excitement, enjoyment and general hubbub they have to stand coldly aloof.

It is obvious then that a pagan in China who decides to become a Christian must steel himself to make tremendous and recurring sacrifices. He has to break forever with his own kith and kin, with old friends and neighbors and with his entire environment. Functions like weddings and funerals, processions on big pagan festivals, public amusements like the travelling show—these things that used to brighten existence for him to some extent must pass out of his life for ever. Life, drab before, will now be doubly drab for him. He is a social renegade, even his best friends drop him; he has abandoned the religion and traditions of his ancestors and embraced the religion of foreigners whom the people of China regard with suspicion and distrust.

It takes the young Missionary in China quite a while to realize all this: to find out for himself what a fight these Old Catholics have fought down the centuries in order to remain Catholic at all, the stubborn attitude they had to adopt and maintain—day in day out, year in year out—towards their pagan neighbours and their entire social environment, how these pagans coldshouldered and persecuted them, often spilling their blood for the faith—when all this is realized, or even half-realized, by the missionary he finds it easier to understand and sympathise when he finds these Old Catholics sceptical, suspicious of new converts. They have good memories, and in spite of their Faith are still human.

How could any missionary think of abandoning these fine people in time of persecution? Persecution is nothing new to them, they have scarcely ever known anything else. Their loyalty to their religion, their love and respect for the priest, their greed for the Sacraments have cost them many a sacrifice, many a jeer, many a blow. Now a new persecution breaks out; they are hounded down by a new set of enemies, or by the old set under new colors. They are liable to robbery, imprisonment, even death. But, whatever happens, they will be spared at least one mortification, one sorrow—their pagan neighbors will not be able to point the finger of scorn at them and say that the priest they loved and respected and did so much for has abandoned his post, leaving them at the mercy of their enemies and without the consolations of the religion their fathers shed their blood for. They will not be asked: "Where now is this wonderful foreign God of yours? And where is this great representative of His? All your lives you have been standing up for them, suffering on their account. Where are they now? Both have let you down. You were fools, fools!" Imagine an aged Christian dying in such circumstances. All his life he has been looking forward to the consolation of having the priest by his side in his last moments, to receiving Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum in preparation for death. All his life at great cost he has been true to Christ and true to the priest. Now he is dying in a storm of persecution, his enemies are all round him, and the one friend he had relied on to be by his side to con-

(Continued on page 28)

LITTLE PAGAN MAID



Oh, little pagan maid of seven years
And eyes of blue;
Eyes that are dancing, mischievous and bright
And, oh, so true.
Something within me leaps for very joy
When I meet you,
And you look up at me and smile
And say—"Zung Vu".

You seem so out of place along this street—
I'm glad you do.
You are a little ray of sunshine sent,
A drop of dew.
You in your gay pajamed calico
Of startling hue,
Bobbed hair and saucy nose and smiling lips
And wee, red shoe.

Each day I say a little prayer to God,
Dear child, for you.
You who indeed belong to fairyland
Beyond the blue.
I hope some day we'll meet in Heaven's street,
When life is through,
And you with smiling face look up at me,
And say—"ZUNG VU".

—Father Sharkey.

My First Christmas in China

A letter from FATHER McNABB

HERE we are at last settled in our little home in Lishui. I believe Father McGillivray and I made a record for speed this year. We came right through from Shanghai, and saved a week or more by not having to stop off at Ningpo. After a hearty welcome from Fathers Beal and MacDonald in Shanghai, they "showed us the town" in fine style. On the morning of Nov. 16th we left Shanghai on the respectable little boat, the "Haean". The weather was ideal for sailing and we enjoyed the trip very much. We had heard a good deal about some "bandit islands" en route, but nothing disturbed our passage. The following morning we were in Wenchow. Here we were greeted by Fathers Amyot and Gignac, and Father Prost of the Lazarist Procure. We made no attempt to go ashore till some of the bustling and pushing among the other passengers had quieted somewhat, but in the meantime the priests had managed to come aboard. Naturally, everybody had much to say, and said it, too. Talk about rackets, those Chinese rickshaw fellows take the cake. Being an old hand, Father Prost very soon had us stowed away with our hand luggage in some of the best "taxis" that Wenchow could boast of.

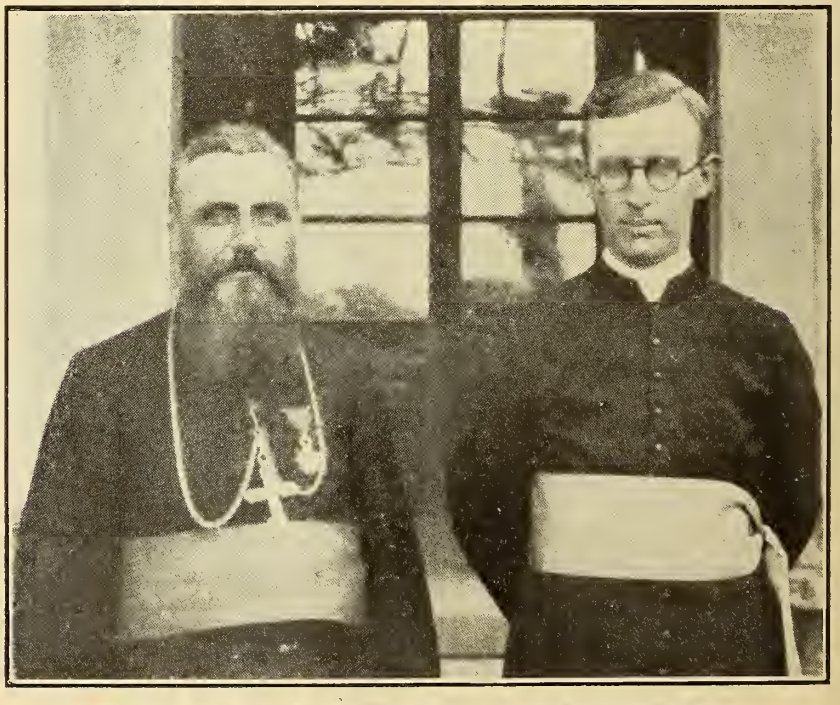
Father Gignac had had a new altar built in Wenchow for his church in Tsingtien, and had just completed arrangements to have it sent up the river. It was decided that I should go along with him the next day (Friday), so at 8.30 we set out, and made excellent time aided by a favourable wind. We left the boat and walked the last few li into Tsingtien, reaching there at 4 p.m. I was agreeably surprised at the Mission quarters; they are much better and bigger than I had supposed, although I must confess to fearing I should fall through the floors at first, they seemed so shaky.

On Saturday we erected the altar and were kept busy at odd jobs around the place. Just before the time for second Mass on Sunday the other priests arrived from Wenchow. We had been expecting them Saturday evening, and had gone out to meet them, but learned they had "camped out" for the night. Sunday passed very pleasantly, and Fathers Gignac and MacDonald showed us around their parish.

We left Tsingtien on Monday. Father McGillivray will tell you about the remainder of the journey while I give you an account of my first Christmas in China.

Preparations for the Feast began somewhat early, as much decorating and cleaning had to be done to make everything "hawga" for the celebration. The sacristans, teachers, and catechists all helped in making lanterns, flowers, and a beautiful arch which adorned the main entrance to the church. This entrance forms a sort of lobby, and it is here that they always put the crib so that the pagans will be sure to see it. It was all very nicely done—"haw-mo", as the Chinese would say. In the church there were many banners, strung from pillars and window-ledges. Some were covered with Chinese characters, and others bore representations of the Saints or of the Blessed Sacrament. All around the walls below the Stations of the Cross were hung flower-shaped lanterns. While those preparations were in progress we could hear the boys of Father Venadam's choir practising hard for the musical end of the celebration.

During Christmas Eve the Christians from outside Lishui began to gather at the Mission. Some of those good souls had come a long way, one of them 70 li (25 miles)—and not in a Ford either. By evening time a steady



PRELATES IN CHARGE OF NEIGHBOURING MISSION DISTRICTS
Most Rev. André Defebvre, Bishop of Ningpo, and Rt. Rev. W. C. McGrath, Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow. The decoration worn by the Bishop is the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor conferred on him last year by the French Government.

stream of people was pouring through the front gate, but most of those were pagans who were dropping around to have a "look-see". Father Kam preached at 8.30 and again at 11 p.m., and between the sermons the Christians chanted their prayers and prepared for the reception of the Sacraments. It seemed as if everybody in Lishui had paid us a visit. The Christians, of course, were adorned in their best. It is a treat to see the children in their multi-coloured clothing. One little one in particular had a head-piece (I suppose you can call it a hat) with bells hanging all around the sides, and one twist of the head produced quite a nice little tune.

The choir boys and the sanctuary boys carried lighted candles as they joined those on ceremonies in the processional entry to the church. Things looked really beautiful, and one would imagine oneself at home to see that procession move down the centre aisle as Father Venadam played Christmas airs on the organ. The Midnight Mass was celebrated by Monsignor McGrath, assisted by Fathers Serra and Kam as Deacon and Subdeacon. To me fell the lot of master of ceremonies (seminary days again!), but my lack of knowledge of Chinese was a decided disadvantage when it came to asking action from the sanctuary boys. The singing during the Mass was a distinct surprise to me; our local professor of Gregorian Chant certainly deserves much credit. A composition of his own rendered in two parts was a real musical treat. I allowed myself the distraction of comparing the vocal efforts here with some of those I took part in at the Seminary, and I'll be kind enough to Craig and Rollie not to record my judgment. Father Serra was to say the morning Masses, but the rest of us made use of our mission privilege to celebrate our three Masses after the midnight Mass. The Christians were served a little lunch afterwards, and gave vent to their happy Christmas feeling by exploding firecrackers galore.

On Christmas morning there was another sermon by Father Kam, and many attended the Masses at seven and ten o'clock. In the afternoon Solemn Benediction was given, and the Christians who had come from a distance set out for their homes.

Father Jim McGillivray spent his first Christmas in China assisting Father Boudreau at Pi-wu-ka. On Christmas Eve I had the happiness of baptizing six boys and one woman—my first baptisms here in China. The mail on Christmas Eve brought along the "Inter Nos" (a monthly chronicle from the seminarians to the priests in China) and other welcome letters.

The Sisters do not believe in Christmas vacation, for the day following the Feast they were very busy attending to the dozens of sick people who sought "foreign" medicine. They are doing mighty fine work, and great will be their reward.



"Not that we like 'CHINA' less, but we like the camera more", say these little lads in Lishui. Anyhow, it's a cute picture.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MONSIGNOR CROWLEY.

Very Reverend Dean T. J. Crowley, the esteemed Pastor of Sacred Heart Parish, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., has been recently honored by the Holy See with the rank of Monsignor, and "China" is pleased to offer to this very faithful old friend its heartiest felicitations, and to wish him sincerely "ad multos annos" in the enjoyment of his well-merited honor.

A MATTER OF WORDS.

In a recent issue of the "Northwest Review", a splendid Catholic weekly newspaper published in Winnipeg, we read the following:

"The latest craze in the States is for everyone of importance, and lots of no importance, to issue a list of their idea of 'The Ten Most Beautiful Words'. The 'Review' joins in the parade.

"How's this?—

"Circulation, subscriber, paid-up, advertisement, contract, enclosed please find money order.

"There are no more beautiful word in the English language."

As a matter of business, "China" approves the choice of the "Review" and says (ungrammatically) "them's our sentiments."

LISHUI AND LISIEUX.

Dear Father:

"I am sending herewith one dollar for renewal of my subscription to 'China' for two years. Owing to hard times, we have been obliged to curtail many of our expenses, but we cannot cut out our 'China' because we like it too well. I have always been interested in your lovely magazine since it first was published in Almonte. I enjoy so much the first-hand information it brings us from our own Canadian missionaries. Each one in turn has something so very interesting to tell the readers of 'China'.

"Has it not occurred to you how very much the new name for Chuchow—Lishui—suggests the place—Lisieux—hallowed by your beloved patroness the 'Little Flower'? I think she must have whispered it to someone over there herself."

Yours respectfully, M. N.

Outremont, P.Q.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCES BE FORGOT?"

If you wanted to have the same group as above pose for your camera today you would have to do a lot of work and spend a few thousand dollars to bring the members together. The picture was taken seven years ago on the site of what is now a splendid open-air rink at our Seminary. Nine of those shown in the group are now priests in China, and one (Father Sharkey) is a missionary among the Chinese in Vancouver. Incidentally, the photographer is also in China. We hope it will bring back pleasant memories to the "labourers": Fathers Amyot, Kam, Morrison, Sharkey, Gignac, Boudreau, King, Stringer, Beal and Venadam. Some of them went to China before seeing the fruits of their manual labour as our present students enjoy them today. Many a "wisecrack" enlivens the weekly manual labour period for the students. None of those workers above have suffered any ill-effects so far, and that should encourage those at the Seminary now who may fear to lean heavily on their picks and shovels (and there is more than one meaning for the phrase, "leaning on your shovel"). Perhaps some future editor of "China" will be searching the files for a "historic" picture when some present-day workers will be veteran missionaries in China, thinking of the days when they used to raise the blisters (?) on their hands building a ball park or mixing concrete for the greater enjoyment of recreation periods at the Seminary. It was lots of fun—then and now.

ISLANDS IN AN OCEAN OF PAGANISM

(Continued from page 25)

sole and help him is not there. That story will never be told.

Of course in some districts here and there the Christians are in a relatively strong position. In fact that is the tendency. When an isolated family becomes Catholic in a district and adheres to the Faith for, say, a generation, their pagan environment tends to drive them away to some other place where they will have a few Catholic families to make life a little more tolerable for them. In the latter sort of district the Catholic community thus tends to become stronger and more influential with the lapse of time, and as a result we find, here and there in China, villages and districts that are predominantly Catholic—better still, Catholic in the old sense. These places are the joy of a priest's life in China.

Of course, it can be readily understood that there are times when the presence of a priest in a locality would really hurt the Catholics. If, for example, Communists from other parts come to a district hunting for a priest, and if the priest doesn't happen to be there the Catholics have a chance of getting off much lighter. The Reds may tolerate the people being attached to the new religion, but they will not forgive them so readily if they find them giving shelter to and determined to protect the foreign priest. But both the priest and the people will know the temper of the times, and they'll come to arrangements between themselves as to the best thing to do in any given set of circumstances.

The Catholics in China know too when to profess the Faith openly and when it is the proper thing to hide the fact of their being Catholics. If I may be allowed the expression, I would say there is the martyr instinct in the hearts of these splendid people. No one could charge them with being reckless of life, but they know the times when they must profess their Faith.—Father Laffan, in the Irish "Far East."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from December 15, 1932, to January 15, 1933.

M. Smith, $1; The Misses Garney, $5; Pupils, St. Mary's School, Church Point, N.S., $1.50; P. W., Toronto, $5; D. J. Woods, 50c; Edward Fitzgerald, $2; L. F., Halifax, $10; E. J. Rankins, 50c; Crusaders, St. Mary's College, Halifax, $10; R. J. Twohig, $5; Mary V. Ponce, $1; Mrs. J. Sampson, $10; Pupils, St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, $5; Mrs. G. T. McGuire, $1.50; Crusaders, St. Mary's School, St. Catharine's, Ont., $5; Mrs. D. Guiney, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury, $2; Mary Columbus, $1; Ed. Svenciski, $1; Friend, Halifax, $20; Irene Robson, $1; Crusaders, St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, Ont., $5; Margaret Gallagher, $1; Pupils, R. C. School, Red Head Cove, Nfld., 55c; Mrs. D. C. MacDonald, $1; G. Malone, 50c; K. Stringer, $5; Rev. A. J. McNabb, $2; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B., $16.08; Mrs. Agnes Farrell, $9; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Teresa Flick, $1; Jos. Robilliard, 50c; Francis M. Decoste, $1; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; W. A. Fawcett, $5; J. M. C., $5; Mary J. Bonness, $1; Edward O'Connor, $10; Crusaders, Cathedral Girls' High School, Hamilton, $10; Crusaders, St. Augustine's School, Hamilton, $5; Rt. Rev. W. C. Gehl, $10; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hogan, $2; Friend, Ottawa, $20; Crusaders, Notre Dame High School, Kingston, $10; Mrs. Fazackeroy, $1; Rev. G. A. Thibault, $1.25; James Decoste, $2; Mrs. W. E. Dillon, 75c; Hugh Wellington, $2; Mary A. Monoghan, $25; Miss M. J. S., $2; Sr. St. Stanislaus, $2; Estate of Rosean Robson, $300; J. J. Carolan, $5; Tims family, $1; Mrs. L. H. Timmins, 10; Margaret McManamy, $2; Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $6.15; Mrs. J. McLaughlin, $1; Elizabeth Murphy Estate, $416.51; Thos. S. Melady, $1.50 Rev. R. Egan, $2; Misses M. and A. Musgrave, $5; Mary A. Grant, 50c; Marion Cox, $1; Boys of Grade VI, Daniel O'Connell School, Montreal, $7.67; Mary Dion, $25; Jas. A. O'Halloran, $3; Mrs. M. F. McPeake, $1; Pupils, Iroquois Falls Sep. School, $4.10; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. J. W. Richards, $1; E. F., Toronto, $5; Rt. Rev. P. L. Belliveau, $10; Anonymous, Pontiac, P.Q., $1; Holy Name Society, St. John's Parish, Toronto, $5; Mrs. S. Brocklehurst, $3; Mrs. J. M. Bourke, $2; Rev. H. Brunet, $25; B. McEntee, $2; Mrs. J. H. McCormick, $1.50; Madeline Smith, $2 for Building Fund.

BURSES.

M. J. Connolly, St. F. X. Burse, $7; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25; Sisters of St. Martha, Charlottetown, Holy Souls Burse, $1; Mrs. P. J. Murphy, Holy Souls Burse, $1; Nellie Cavanagh, St. Anthony's Burse, $1.

The JOURNEY'S END

By REV. J. D. McGILLIVRAY

AFTER a very pleasant but uneventful ocean trip Father McNabb and I got a real "kick" when we detected two of our former "pals" waiting for us on the pier at Shanghai. We had the usual bewildering experience of the newcomer trying to figure out the Chinese money system during a shopping tour of the great city. Going up to Wenchow we were struck by the wonderful scenery, but when we landed at Wenchow I thought to myself that the view from the sea gave better "first impressions" than conditions on land would warrant. This being the first typical Chinese city we visited I was prepared for the disappointing change, and it was all very interesting to "see the sights" in the company of two more of our priests and Father Prost.

On Saturday, Nov. 19th, we left for Tsingtien to join Fathers Gignac and McNabb, who had gone down the day before. Five boats comprised the party: one for the Sisters, one for the priests, and three for our baggage. These river boats are a little longer than a good-sized dory, with a shallow interior and a bamboo covering over the centre. Each boat had two "lawda", or boatmen. They pole, row, and sometimes drag the boat with ropes from the shore. Over the rapids they have almost to carry it. It is strenuous work, and they were grateful when we occasionally helped them.

From Wenchow to Lishui is about one hundred miles. The journey could not have been very pleasant for the Sisters, but they did not seem to mind it. We certainly admired their courageous spirit; when they were not singing hymns they were playing the gramophone. To hear the soft strains of those convent hymns coming from one of those boats in the heart of a pagan country was something to remember.

On Saturday afternoon we ran into a head wind and a rain storm, so it was impossible to make Tsingtien that night. When darkness came on we "parked", rolled up in our blankets and slept well. Sunday we enjoyed the hospitality of Tsingtien, and set out for the final stage of our journey on Monday. On several occasions we left the boat and walked. During one of those little walks we visited a pagan temple for the first time. Father McNabb remarked that if the idols were removed the place would resemble a barn.

About four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 22nd, we got our first glimpse of Lishui. The Church and convent were easily visible from the river. At the landing we got a great old welcome from Monsignor McGrath and Fathers Serra and Venadam. The school children, bearing banners to greet us, and the Christians, were out in force, and it was quite a formidable group that accompanied us through the narrow streets to the Mission. The Christians certainly enjoyed "big face" that day all right. Firecrackers seemed to be exploding everywhere near the Mission, and we knew that the advent of the newcomers was being worthily heralded in Chinese fashion.

It did not take us long to be shown over the Mission premises, and we were delighted with all we saw. Everything went fine till time came for supper, and then yours truly thought things were not so good. Prepared for anything, I entered the dining room. The table was "set" with nothing but bowls of rice and chopsticks. That was the first of Monsignor McGrath's little jokes. After enjoying our reaction, he had the rice removed, and as if it had dropped from the sky, we were seated before a banquet table with one of the finest dinners I ever saw spread before us. We had everything down to the plum pudding. The good Sisters across the street certainly contributed their share to welcome us.

And now it remains for us to get our bearings and settle down to the study of the language. We are in good company and we feel that our days on the missions are going to be very happy. I have made no attempt to record deceptive "first impressions", but I did notice that the poverty of the ordinary people is something to wonder at. However, externals do not matter so much. When Our Lord said, "Whatever you do to one of these, My *least* brethren, you do unto Me," He must have had the Chinese in mind. Maybe there is something in poverty and misery that we know nothing about; One far greater than any of us was born in a stable.



Monument in Wenchow Park to Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, Founder of the Chinese Republic.

NONSENSE



The train halted for a moment at the station and the traveller reached out, called a small boy, and said: "Son, here's 50 cents. Get me a 25-cent sandwich and get one for yourself. Hurry up now."

Just as the train pulled out, the boy ran to the window. "Here's your quarter, mister," he shouted. "They had only one sandwich."

Professor (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes to spare, I should like to have someone ask a question."

Student: "What is the time, please?"

"How do you like my new hat?"

"Sweetly pretty; suits you beautifully, dear. It almost covers your face, doesn't it?"

Lady (to chauffeur): "What is the matter, Parker?"

"Sorry, m'lady, but the engine seems to be missing."

"Missing! How exceedingly thoughtless of you to have left it behind."

Crustay: "Now that I have an airplane I can fly over to your country home in a jiffy."

Wesanay—"We would be delighted if you would drop out some time."

As Frankie stood beside his mother, who was making some purchases, the grocer told him to help himself to a handful of nuts. But Frankie shook his head.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the grocer. "Don't you like nuts?"

"Yes," replied Frankie.

"Well, go ahead and take some."

Frankie hesitated, whereupon the grocer put a generous handful in Frankie's pocket.

When they had left the shop his mother turned to her small son and asked, "Why did you not take the nuts when the kind man asked you?"

" 'Cause his hand was bigger than mine," Frankie replied.

Mrs. Brown: "Was your husband cool when the burglar broke in the other night?"

Mrs. Jones: "Cool! Why, he was so cool that he shivered all over."

A slow paying customer wrote to his grocer:

"Please send six dozen eggs. If good, will send check."

The grocer answered:

"Please send check. If good, will send eggs."

Berger: "How is your hearing now?"

Schultz: "It was beautiful in Wiesbaden."

Berger (raising his voice): "I said how is your hearing now?"

Schultz: "No, not so very dear."

Berger (shouting): "No, no; I asked you how your hearing was?"

Schultz: "Oh, my hearing—why, it's much better."

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child, "I've got to go again."

Mr. Bacon: "Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Why, don't you remember, dear, you got up early one morning, and you crowed about it for a week."

"You probably don't remember me," began the self-made man proudly, "but thirty years ago when I was a poor, humble boy, you gave me a message to deliver."

"Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

First Shark: "What's that funny, two-legged thing that just fell in the water?"

Second Shark: "Dunno, but I'll bite."

"I admit I hit him, your honor," pleaded a prisoner, "but he's such a silly fool, I could not have helped it."

"That makes no difference," replied the judge. "Fools are human beings, just like you and me."

A negro was pleading his own case to save expense. He called the chief witness to the box and demanded:

"Joshua, where was I when we stole them chickens?"

Excitedly the manufacturer of the world's greatest insect exterminating powder burst into his export office.

"Hey," he bellowed, "have we got an agency in Egypt?"

"Why-er no, sir."

"Well, why haven't we? I saw a film of them pyramids last night and it said they were covered with millions of hieroglyphics." — Legion Weekly.

"I was in the middle of the jungle when suddenly I saw a tribe of savages charging down on me."

"Good heavens! What did you do?"

"I stared at them until I was black in the face, and they took me for one of their own tribe."

The class was having its weekly lesson on painting, and the teacher said, "Sir Joshua Reynolds was able, with a single stroke of his brush, to change a smiling face into a frowning one."

"That's nothing," murmured little Jimmy, "my mother can do that, too."

Jackson came home after a visit to friends.

"Well," asked his wife, "did you see the Jones' twins?"

"Yes."

"Oh, George," she went on eagerly, "don't you think the boy is the picture of his father?"

"Yes," he said, "I certainly do. And the girl is the talkie of her mother."

A four-year-old boy, on being asked by a lady what his name was, replied, "Bunny."

"Have you no other name?" asked the lady.

"No," came the answer.

"What is your father's name?"

"Daddy," replied the child.

"Has he no other name?" asked the lady.

"No," said the boy.

"Then what does your mother call him?" the lady said at last.

"Fathead," piped the youngster triumphantly.

"Pardon me," said the little man, "but are you sure it was a marriage license you gave me last Christmas?"

The clerk turned up the particulars, "Why, yes, sir, of course," he said. "But why do you ask?"

"Well, I've been leading a dog's life ever since, that's all."

Mrs Fayle: "Why don't you ring the dinner bell, Bridget?"

Bridget: "I couldn't find it, ma'am."

Mrs. Fayle: "Why, it's on the sideboard."

Bridget: "Och! an is it that one it is? An' yerself tould me last night that was the breakfast bell."

Teacher asked a 7-year-old girl what a bridegroom was.

"Please, teacher," was the reply, "it's a thing they have at weddings."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

CHINA

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\+ +

SEVERAL of the Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of the Incomplete Burses listed on this page. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

\+ +

YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

Following are totals to date, including receipts by "Catholic Record" and China Mission Seminary in one:

INCOMPLETE BURSES

St. Anthony	$3,477.90
Blessed Sacrament	1,210.00
Comforter of the Afflicted	708.50
St. Francis Xavier	1,432.40
Rev. Dr. Foley	13.52
Holy Name of Jesus	762.50
Holy Souls	3,649.00
Immaculate Conception No. 2	136.76
St. Joseph	307.10
St. Jude	604.50
Little Flower No. 2	969.43
MacPherson	900.38
St. Madeleine Barat	1,377.00
St. Patrick	1,520.00
Sacred Heart No. 2	1,249.40
Students'	1,327.39
Precious Blood	2,114.00
Children's	108.00
St. Anne	27.00
Holy Ghost	53.00
Papineau Memorial	1,000.00
Holy Family	6.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	7.00
St. Jeanne d'Arc	5.00
Queen of Martyrs	5.00
St. Rita	10.00

BURSES COMPLETED

Immaculate Conception No. 1	Queen of Apostles
St. Joseph No. 1	Sacred Heart No. 1
Little Flower No. 1	Sacred Heart League
McCarthy	Maloney Memorial
McNeil	Elizabeth Murphy

Remember CHINA in making your WILL

\+ +

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

VERY REV. JOHN E. McRAE, President

CHINA

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MARCH, 1933



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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A SPIRITUAL CRUSADE

In our editorial columns last month, commenting on an article by Father Stringer of Lungchuang, we said that the missionaries in China, despite many reverses, "keep at their task, and eventually the grace of God will produce results in the conversion of pagan souls. No wonder that the constant plea from mission lands is for more spiritual support from the faithful at home. Prayer and sacrifice are the weapons that will conquer paganism, and if we are true to our Catholic instinct we will not neglect a daily prayer for the spread of the Church in China and elsewhere."

While the above words were being written a letter was on its way across the Pacific addressed to "CHINA". That letter, written by a missionary, bears out the truth of what we had tried to make known to our readers, and we ask you to read carefully "A Call to Arms" which appears on pages 40-41 in this issue. Not alone do we ask you to read it, but we want you to ACT on the suggestion it contains, and for that purpose we have inserted a form at the bottom of page 45. Make use of that form and you will become a partner in a great Spiritual Crusade for the salvation of souls in China. Do not lightly pass it by. It is an opportunity to show yourself an active missionary who realizes the power of missionary prayer. St. Therese of Lisieux, Patroness of Missionaries, says that "God's love for us is so unsearchable, so tender, that He wishes us to share in all He does. The Creator of the universe awaits the prayer of a poor little soul to save a multitude of other souls, ransomed like her at the price of His blood." In this apostolate of spiritual acts, so closely linked up with the spread of the Church, there is no one who cannot make a telling contribution. The work of intercession is within the reach of all, young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak; it only requires a heart aflame with the interests of our Divine Lord, a remembrance of Christ's desire that all may be one, to constitute one fold under one shepherd.

THE NECESSITY OF ENDOWMENT

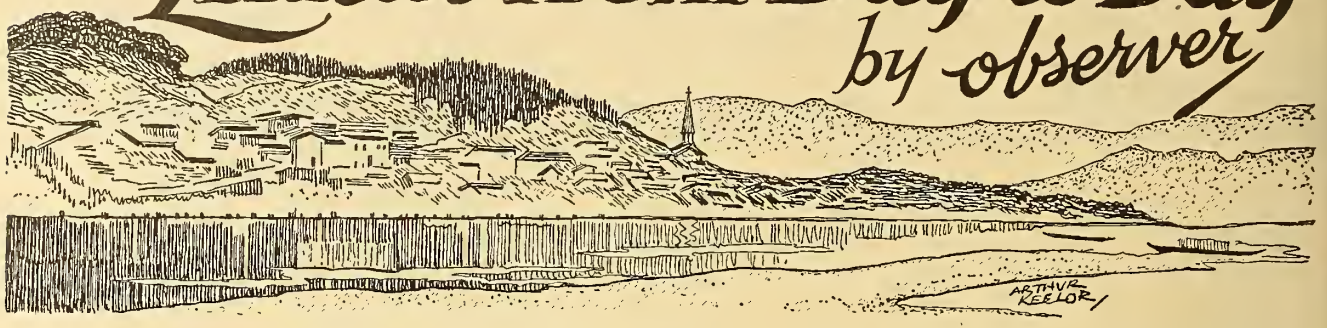
Those who write to us invariably tell us that they like our magazine. We hope that those who do not write feel the same way about it. Sometimes we have the suspicion that readers may imagine we make too many appeals for money. Of course, only a small number could entertain such an opinion, but we are anxious, nevertheless, to justify ourselves with this small number and to point out to ALL our readers the necessity we have of making such appeals. Not for a moment do we admit that we do an unnecessary amount of "begging" in our columns. Considering the size of "CHINA" we think we are very considerate in this regard, and unprejudiced readers will concede that we give them a splendid "content" while at the same time we plead an important "cause". We are definitely above that class of publication which "has a cause but not a content".

For some time we have been featuring on our outside back cover our Burse Fund. There's a reason for it, and we want to tell you about it. First, let us impress upon you just what a Burse is. It is an ENDOWMENT FUND TO PROVIDE FOR THE EDUCATION OF PRIESTS FOR CHINA. The money we collect for Burses we cannot spend for our present needs. It is invested, and we get the current rate of interest on the investment. This interest is the money we have to use to do the work for which our Seminary was founded. We are always sure of the income from our Burses. Our aim and object in calling attention to them is to secure sufficient donations to yield us an interest return sufficient to enable us to continue our efforts to supply mission priests for the Prefecture of Chuchow.

Now look at our Burse Fund receipts listed on the back cover. Twenty-six incompleted Burses with a total sum of less than $23,000. Ten Burses are already completed, amounting to $50,000. That leaves us with a total Endowment Fund of less than $73,000. Figure it out for yourself just how the Seminary could get along on the interest from such a sum computed roughly at 5% per annum, remembering the varied needs involved in housing, feeding and educating nearly forty students, and in addition to that giving the means of support to more than twenty priests now engaged in our work. The figure for a completed burse is set at five thousand dollars. Of the 26 yet incompleted, only 2 are above the half-way mark, 15 are less than one thousand dollars, and 8 are less than one hundred dollars. Suppose that some good person were to suddenly complete all our listed burses (we never dare dream such dreams), we still would be far short of the amount necessary to make our Seminary a self-supporting institution. And until such time as Divine Providence permits us to reach a stage where we can be self-supporting, we have no other option except to appeal to our friends for funds. The need for an Endowment Fund is strikingly apparent, and the foreign missions are deserving of the whole-hearted financial support of every Catholic. That is why we have to run the risk of wearying our readers with appeals for material support, and we must depend on YOUR backing to win souls for Christ.

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



FATHER GIGNAC, pastor of Tsingtien, is a visitor at Lishui "over the week end". Except for the fact that Fr. "Chook" MacDonald has gone over to the enemy and started to grow a fierce-looking beard, he reports things as quite normal in the parish. For a while we thought we were going to have a real story for "CHINA" because his boat was fired upon by soldiers about ten miles downstream, but it was only their way of enforcing orders. All boats are being commandeered these days for the nth time in two months.

* * *

But we couldn't get Fr. Gignac to tell us that the bullets had passed even close. We reminded him what a swell story it would have made had he arrived with a hole in his hat, but somebody said what did we think, was it Chicago or something. He walked the ten miles to Chuchow and arrived just as we were at supper.

* * *

Just accidentaly I learned from him that his last sick call—to Ba-Gna—about two weeks ago, involved a little walk from seven in the morning to six in the evening, with twenty minutes' stop for fish, eggs, rice and a smoke at a wayside restaurant. This may be quite commonplace and as unworthy of notice as Fr. Gignac thinks, but I hereby go on record that it has "news value" for me. Eleven hours' walk to a sick call in the mountains is just "all in the day's work" for many of our boys who were playing baseball on St. Augustine's diamond and hockey on St. Augustine's rink a few years ago. But it makes me want to moralize because I feel ashamed of the comparatively easy life that is the portion of those of us here at headquarters.

* * *

It seems that after Fr. Gignac left the boat the "lauda" or boatman did a little clever manoeuvering and managed to run the gauntlet. The last he saw of the boat it was heading downstream under full power, both men rowing like fools while the soldiers took pot shots from the bank. Of course all his baggage, including his portable typewriter, was on board, but the boatman had told him that his stuff would all be delivered once the danger had passed. Sure enough, two days later it turned up at the mission, everything intact. The soldiers meanwhile had grabbed all the boats they could lay hands on and headed upstream to Lungchuan.



The priests at Tsingtien decorated in fine style to greet Fathers McGillivray and McNabb and Sisters Juletta and Angela when they made their first stop in Chuchow District.

* * *

Soldiers have been arriving these days in thousands. Not a day but sees hundreds of them in the dispensary, where free treatment is available. The sisters are doing their usual heroic work. There are plenty of murderous-looking revolvers on display, but the men are orderly and well-behaved, and, to the great delight of the townsfolk, they pay for everything they buy.

* * *

These are the unknown soldiers in person. Utter strangers in these parts and speaking a "woe" which is unintelligible even to the ordinary Chinese here, they form a pathetic remnant of the forces recently engaged in China's latest civil war. You have heard, no doubt, of the recent Uncle-Nephew feud in Shantung, which made the cables from Geneva sizzle, and in which some 20,000 men were slain. As a means of restoring peace, 30,000 soldiers were shipped out of the Province. They were unwanted everywhere. No Province would accept them until Chekiang came to the rescue. Hence the recent activity in these parts.

* * *

A sort of entente cordiale is developing between ourselves and the Middle School here, and it began with our presence at the annual school field day. I hope Fr. Venadam will describe that event for you in detail because he and I were present as guests of honor, seated with the dignitaries

on a shaded, elevated platform, smoking cigarettes and sipping tea.

* * *

It happened that a whole stack of small prizes were stored near where we sat; pens, pencils, note books, ping-pong balls, etc., etc. "What a pity we didn't think of bringing a few prizes ourselves," I whispered to Fr. Venadam. He agreed, and that afternoon found us downtown selecting flashlights, fountain pencils, sports socks, palmolive soap, note books, and—except for the soap—other things dear to the schoolboy heart.

* * *

Also, in case you don't know, you can buy tennis rackets, safety razors and blades, running shoes, twenty-five different kinds of cigarettes and cosmetics enough to paint the town red. And what you can't buy, in the wearable line, can be made to order very quickly: hats, caps, shoes, soutanes—anything.

* * *

We sent the prizes down that evening, and received a very nice note of thanks. A few days later came an invitation and five tickets to the school play. The newcomers get all the breaks. Fr. McNabb and Fr. McGillivray had been here but two days, and here was the first time we had been invited to such a performance.

* * *

The appointed evening found us being ushered to a bench about half way up the hall. The place was crowded, and a Chinese orchestra was playing as we entered, and we deemed it quite in order that Fr. Venadam, our Gregorian Chant Professor, should be elected musical critic. I don't know enough about the individual instruments to give a detailed description, and besides, the rest of us hadn't acquired sufficient taste for Chinese music to do justice to its finer points. Of course, I could tell you what the ensemble suggested—to me—but perhaps you'd better ask the Professor.

* * *

The programme varied as the evening wore on. It began at 7 o'clock, and—to get a little ahead of my story—11.30 still found us right in there, a little groggy, perhaps, but nevertheless "on our feet". There were speeches, mostly about Japan; a short two-act play, in which the Chinese soldiers won, and several violin solos (foreign violin) with piano accompaniment. The violinist is fairly good. He plays "Nocturne in E Flat" acceptably, and makes a fairly good job of "Traumerei". His playing, I need hardly say, was, for us, the big surprise of the evening. At the end of each act a referee's whistle blew, and the screen was pulled across front stage. Several times I thought the whistle had been mislaid.

* * *

The piano-violin numbers just didn't go with the crowd, and they made no bones about it. No doubt they understood just as much of the foreign music as fifty



PERSONALITIES AT THE MISSION IN LISHUI

Left: The faithful old cook.

Below: Two of the school teachers.

Above: The gatekeeper, the one who gladdens the priests when he appears with the "foreign" mail.

Right: A gentleman who brought his pet squirrel "as a gift for the priest."

per cent. of an average Massey Hall Toronto house understands of Rachmaninoff or De Pachman or Elman—in his esoteric moods. But they felt no particular urge to let genteel applause dissipate any suspicion of Philistinic ancestry. I couldn't understand their comments because I don't yet know too much Chinese, but some of them sounded suspiciously like *"take dat guy off"*. The piano, by the way, is the only one in town.

* * *

The accompanist has a lot to learn. She is, I am told, one of the lady teachers, but her idea of accompanying is to play the solo in unison, more or less, with the violin. Of course it spoiled the thing, utterly. Two smaller pupils then gave a violin-piano duet, a typical little thing, "Dance of the Dewdrops" or "Frolic of the Goblins" or something. It wasn't bad at all. We noted with satisfaction that the little fellow at the piano thumped out his little chords instead of chasing around after the melody. This number might have been rendered by small pupils anywhere. I was just going to make an awful break and say Mt. St. Vincent, or Mt. St. Bernard, or The Pines, or St. Mary's Academy, or the Mercy Convent.

* * *

At this stage the lights were darkened, one by one; quite a tedious process because it meant climbing ladders and putting large "feed bags" over the kerosene mantle lamps. We had a shrewd suspicion that there was a torch dance in the offing, and, sure enough, it arrived. During its performance one of the torches fell with a clatter, and then we knew it wasn't fairies. Up to this point Fr. McGillivray had been showing no great signs of strain, but when he remarked that it was never worth their while to darken the stage *"for that"* I knew he was beginning to crack. It was the first four hours that were the hardest.

* * *

Now came the *pièce de résistance,* the act of an individual vaudeville star, perfect mimic, perfect actor, most of whose stuff was lost on us because of our lack of knowledge of Chinese. He was a wise cracker. Anybody could see that. The applause was simply uproarious. Every time he said "TOO-O-O-O-O-RIST" (tourist) he brought the house down. All eyes would turn in our direction, and we concluded that tourists in general were being given a one-way ride that night.

* * *

Of course we laughed, too. Not always at the right time, perhaps, because on a few occasions we were a little over-anxious to display our intelligence and beat the gun at the wrong moment.

* * *

The show was insufferably long, but it would have been impolite to leave. About five numbers from the end the crowd began to thin out, and then, for the first time, the remainder of the audience became aware of the presence of five dark-robed foreigners in their midst. It was just too bad for the actors after that. We were the show. The singers sang and the players played. It seemed almost *de rigeur* that the entire faculty be represented in some number or other. But the crowd had discovered *us.* They could hear songs any time.

* * *

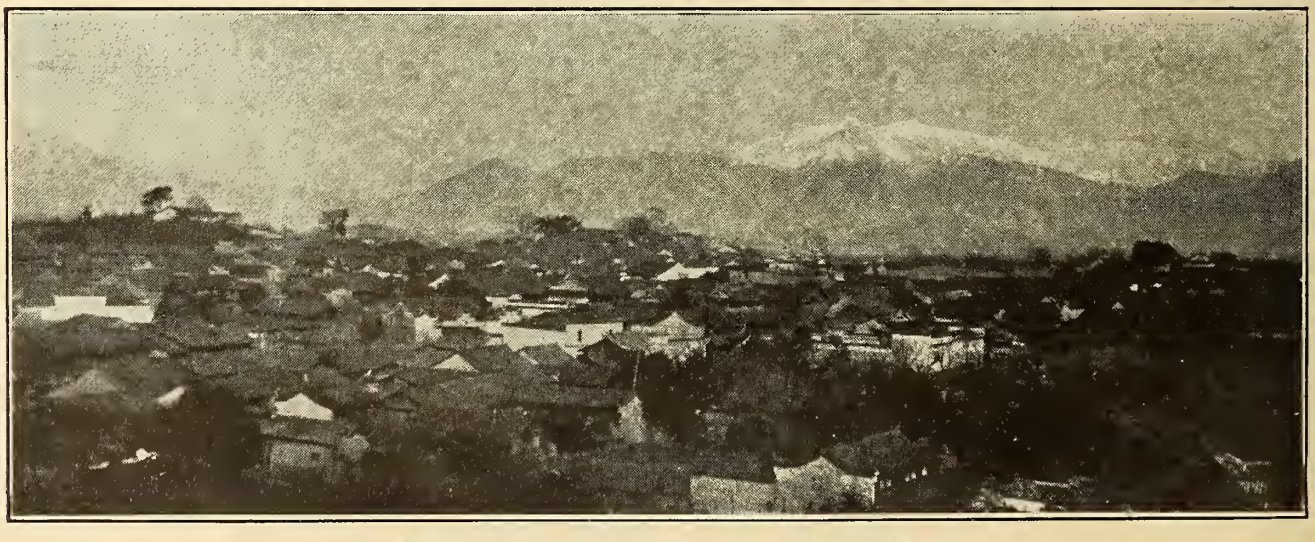
We found ourselves confronted by hundreds of pairs of eyes. Necks were craned in our direction from every angle of the hall, and those in front were now standing up to get a good look-see. I ask you, was our face red? Was our nonchalance being put to the test? And not a United Cigar Store within ten thousand miles. All we could do was light a Red Lion and feign a fierce, compelling interest in the now desperate efforts of the beleaguered entertainers.

* * *

At this point Fr. McGillivray pulled himself together for a last stand, and from then on my admiration for him mounted steadily. Never did he bat an eye as his gaze roved over the crowd. Toe to toe, stare for stare, he slugged it out with all in range. Some of his stage whispers were such as to tax our poker-faces to their uttermost limit. As for himself, Helen Wills in her most disdainful moments never gave a better display than the man from Glace Bay, N.S., in that dire hour.

* * *

Came the end—at last. We braced ourselves for the final effort to run the gauntlet of curious fans, and were soon swallowed up in merciful darkness outside. Home, 11.45. Bread and coffee; a lingering cigarette; end of a perfect day.



THE CITY OF LISHUI AS VIEWED FROM THE MISSION
Not often are the mountains in the background covered with snow The picture gives a good idea of the crowded conditions in this typically Chinese city, where the Canadian missionaries from St. Francis Xavier's Seminary have their headquarters.

MEMORIES *of* CHRISTMAS

By REV. J. D. McGILLIVRAY

ONE of the new priests has to go to Pi-Wu-Ka for Christmas to assist Father Bernard Boudreau. Father McNabb, having been Master of Ceremonies at the Seminary, would be very useful at the prefecture here in Lishui when Msgr. McGrath pontificates on Christmas Night. Consequently, on Saturday morning, Dec. 24, I started out on my first missionary journey.

The ordinary way of travelling is by boat; not anything like the boat Father McNabb and I boarded at Vancouver just two months ago. With bands playing, crowds cheering, confetti and streamers flying, that occasion was quite thrilling. But here it is different. You simply walk down to the shore, step into one of the river-boats, shove off from the land; and your two boatmen pole, row, or pull the boat along from the shore with a rope. At some places, where the rapids are very strong, they almost have to carry it. Lately none of those boats are available; the soldiers, who are passing through here, have commandeered them all. The next best means of travelling is by "taxi".

A "taxi" in this part of the world consists of a bamboo chair fastened on two bamboo poles, and carried by two men bent out of all natural shape from their heavy burdens. That is their work. You give them employment. They are paid for carrying you. But they do not object at all to your walking most of the way. In such a conveyance I left here the morning of Christmas Eve.

The distance from Lishui to Pi-Wu-Ka is forty li (about fifteen miles). Except for crossing ferries, the road is a narrow stone path winding through muddy rice fields. Early in the afternoon we came in sight of the town of Pi-Wu-Ka.

Walking up the main street of any of our cities at home on Christmas Eve, anyone can experience the spirit of Christmas that pervades the air. The crowds of people taking home their Christmas shopping, the mutual well-wishing of the season's greetings, the store windows beautifully decorated, the laughter of the little children, everybody is happy that day.

There was nothing of that nature walking up the main street of Pi-Wu-Ka; no wishing you a merry Christmas—these people never heard that term; no toys or decorations in the windows—there are no windows; and it is the land without a Santa Claus. The streets are dark, damp, and dirty, and so narrow that two persons can barely pass each other. Yet as narrow as are the streets of a Chinese city, the traffic laws are quite simple. In fact, there is only one regulation, and it is never intentionally violated. It is this: the black pig—and there are hundreds of them—has the right of way on all occasions. A short distance further on and we see a cross over a sort of stone shed. My pagan carrier announces it, *"T'ien Chu T'ong"* (The House of God). No wonder he is a pagan!

My friend, Father Bernie, is there to welcome us. Had I not seen a snap of him with his beard and Chinese dress, it would take a lot of arguing to convince me this is the same man to whom I said good-by at Toronto three years ago.

Pi-Wu-Ka has no church; no place to keep the Blessed Sacrament. There is an altar on the loft of this shed, and that serves for a chapel. After a while we visited the loft. It was not even a good loft. As one moved from one side of the altar to the other, the whole structure would shake.

"It is a bit wobbly, Father."

"Yes, but it is safe; the props are good."

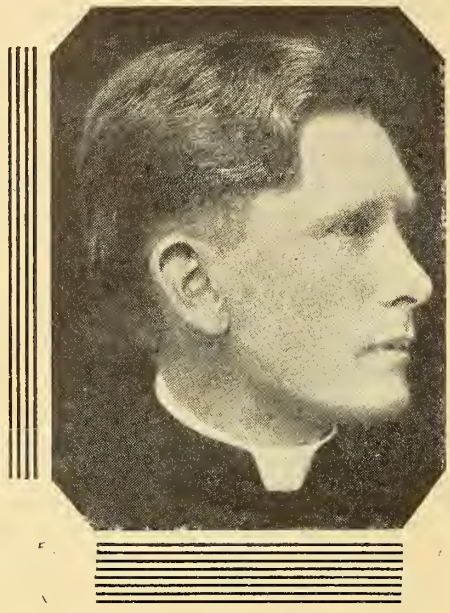
At half-past seven the Christians began coming for night prayers at eight o'clock. At nine the catechist preached to the pagans. At eleven o'clock Father Boudreau began his instruction and sermon. By that time the loft was packed; three hundred and fifty men, women and children had crowded through the hatchway.

Sitting there listening to the sermon, and not being able to understand one word of it, my thoughts could not help going back to this night one year ago, when I celebrated my first solemn Mass, being ordained four days previously.

(Continued on page 42)



What's all this about? It looks as if St. Patrick's Day was being celebrated in Lishui. The picture was taken there last March 17th, and quite a few of the boys are sporting a sprig of shamrock. We don't know whether to blame Fr. King or Fr. MacDonald.



A CALL

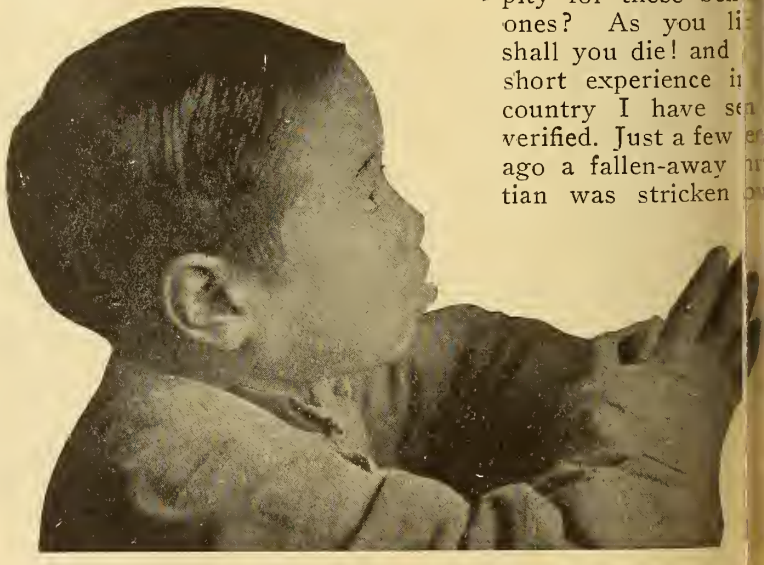
By REV. DESMO

WAR! What terrors this small word inspires! It conjures up before our mind's eye scenes of carnage, of pillage, of destruction, of death. Without fear or favour it strikes into the homes of all. It casts its shadow over every hearth. It cares nothing for the sacredness of the sanctuary. Old and young, weak and strong, none but feels its blighting curse. The Angel of Death rides on the winds.

There is another war of which temporal conflicts are but dim likenesses, puny in their greatest strengths, merciful in their most cruel barbarities. It is a war from which we shall emerge in a blaze of glorious triumph, eternal and undying; or else we shall be bound in fetters which never will be loosed. It is a war which began in the timeless regions of Eternity when that arrogant cry, "I will not serve!" rang through the vault of heaven and was challenged by that thrilling acclamation, "Who is like to God!" Its fires spread to earth to char and blacken and turn Man's Paradise into a vale of woe. For century upon century tribes and peoples bowed beneath the yoke of Darkness, until the Prince of Light came forth and in single combat fought and died and rose again to captain His new Army.

Today His militant Church raises high His Standard, and the Angelic hosts join with us to shout the battle-cry, "The Kingdom of the World for its true King and Lord!"; and from this battle front of Chuchow we look back to you. Two million souls!! Ours and yours for the winning! Two million souls to be rescued from our strongest and craftiest enemy! Two million souls whose destiny hangs in the balance. And what is most terrifying of all, two million souls who think the darkness Light. "And if the light that is in you be darkness, the darkness itself how great shall it be!"

Among our two million souls scarcely two thousand are now baptized. Of this number, many have fallen back into their former ways, succumbing to the forces of ignorance, of poverty, and of indifference which two lone priests had tried for years to stem,—valiant missionaries who gave themselves until we came to help, and who are still spending their energies now in other parts of this great country. You have caught gl of our struggles through the accounts whic appeared in "China". Yet words are powerles quately to paint the soul of Paganism. Try to ent the heart of a pagan and look upon God's c through faithless eyes. The very elements are f with hidden terrors. The very air you breathe is p with countless unseen spirits. Devils! and mill poor pagans giving them their worship, fearful loveless! Seeking mercy from the denizens o Living a life bereft of all the consolations that c us in our moments of trial and sickness. Hop escape the fate of returning to this earth after to inhabit the body of some pig, or dog, or reptile. degradation! What price paganism! If you coul the mournful wails that rend the stillness of the n some poor soul from the utmost depths of his calling on the soulless heaven for help in the stru life, then would you feel in your own soul someth what the outer darkness means; and you would to bring these exiles home. Like all things pagan very incantations, charms and sorceries are fille contradictions. The blind leading the blind! B saddest sight of all is that of those who, having baptized, have wandered forth again into the nigh have sinned too much,—I cannot be forgiven!" chilling to look into the eyes of one who speaks to see the despair and hopelessness mirrored in I have heard this. Slaving day after day to ea few cents that will provide some food for his body, knowing true peace of mind, in dread, offering sa to devils! What a life it must be. Those who ha the misfortune to have lived for a time in mortal s at least begin to imagine what it means; they have l the peace that fills the soul when they have left sinful burden at His feet. Can you not feel the su - pity for these ben ones? As you li shall you die! and short experience i country I have se verified. Just a few ago a fallen-away tian was stricken



) ARMS!

]. STRINGER



d died without visible reconciliation, gone in the inking of an eye to render his account. In yet another ıtre an old Christian, having fallen away, has dragged wn with him his son and daughter-in-law. This son d been married a year. His wife was apparently rren. Was there to be no offspring to carry the family me? Such a possibility was alarming. Then, temptan. It held out a hope. The urge of centuries preiled; sacrifice was offered; the woman conceived, and son was born! Coincidence? God knows, I don't. it this I do know. There was no point more vulnerable ainst which the devil could have launched an attack. ıe old man longing for a grandchild to perpetuate his emory; the son trying to silence conscience by his derstanding of filial piety; the woman shrinking from stigma of sterility. What a seething mass of otions! He knows and He will judge. The defection these three was untold loss. But more than that, the l of such bad example goes abroad and proves a mbling block to others. This is not fiction, for I have ard it thrown up to me by one who is little more than nere child. "Why don't the old Christians obey the ng Vu (priest)?"

Articles you have read from time to time have given u some slight conception of the wrench the step from ganism to Christianity occasions. To break from old stoms that have entwined themselves around one's ily life; to bear the ridicule, yes, and the contempt and ws that sometimes follow one's conversion; to withnd the entreaties of a pagan father or mother to have ourse to superstition when prayer and sacraments mingly have failed; to suffer being held as one devoid filial affection because one now must not perform the gan rites in honour of a parent; these are trials which ne of us have ever had to bear. And if these weary ıls should shrink from the painful effort necessary to ercome them, shall we dare to accuse? Let him who basking in the sunshine of Catholic Faith remember ıt "if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the great ngs that have been wrought in you they would have ne penance long ago, sitting in sack-cloth and ashes". ıu, dear friends, who read these lines,—you who are happily blessed with all the treasures of our Faith,—you who walk hand in hand with our loving and lovable God, remember, "freely you have received, freely give".

But when we look upon the upturned faces of the little ones, —ah! then it is we feel the horror of paganism searing our very souls. Little tots, soiled, it is true, by the sin we all of us carry into this life, yet free from all that load of lies, of calumnies, of evil that lurks in wait for their awakening minds. One undersands more clearly that terrible and awe-inspiring "woe" which fell from the lips of Him Who is gentleness itself. Woe to him who scandalizes one of these little ones. Oh! the pitfalls that await their unwary feet! What a mystery life is! As I write these lines the strains of that beautiful hymn, "Adeste Fideles", come to my ear. Is it unmanly that tears unbidden should well up when all around are little ones who have never heard the old, old story of this Feast we are now celebrating, the Feast that makes us all look back with longing eyes to times of innocence when as yet we were unscathed and happy, protected from life's cares and trials?

A CALL TO ARMS!! For one week we ask each one of you to come to China—to Chuchow—and stand beside us to make a mighty drive against the forces of Evil. To come physically is impossible; but it is not the only way. Come by your prayers. Come by that great highway, the Communion of Saints. Join in a great crusade; band all of us together to hurl an overwhelming force of graces against our common enemy. We ask each one of you to go to Holy Mass and to receive Holy Communion on seven consecutive days if at all possible. This appeal will be read in well-nigh thirty thousand homes; each home will average five souls. One hundred and fifty thousand Masses and Communions daily for seven days! What a thunderous cry to raise to Heaven! What a dense cloud of fragrant incense to waft up to God's throne. And if so commonplace a thing as a cup of cold water given in His Name will not be without its reward, who can hope to gauge the stream of Grace which will flow down upon these benighted souls? Two million souls, each in the image and likeness of God! Each capable of ravishing the Heart of God! Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, harken back to that first Good Friday. Hasten through the thickening gloom to

(Continued on page 43)

When you have read Father Stringer's appeal turn to page 45 and enlist yourself among those who are going to answer his Call to Arms.

AT TSINGTIEN.

A letter recently received from Father John MacDonald, assistant priest at Tsingtien, told of the pleasure it was for him and the pastor, Father Gignac, to welcome Fathers MacGillivray and McNabb on their arrival in China. Christmas at their little chapel was well celebrated. The sanctuary boys neatly decorated the mission quarters and Father "Chook" himself manufactured a Crib by making use of all available wrapping paper, etc. While in Shanghai he had secured figures for his Stable of Bethlehem and with the judicious use of such material as was at hand he made a Crib which he considered would "do credit to any Church at home". "We were greatly encouraged," he writes, "to see as many as 120 persons present at Mass on Christmas. We had about 40 Confessions and Communions. Many of those people had walked from 10 to 30 li to attend Mass, and walking that distance is quite an ordeal, as I have found out from experience on mission trips. Those who came from the country had to spend the night at the mission; all they needed was sufficient space on the floor to curl themselves up on a straw mat. For the first time in Tsingtien the people heard a **Missa Cantata**; I celebrated, and Father Gignac was the choir. Two sermons by Fr. Gignac, one by the Catechist, Benediction in the afternoon, and Baptism of two boys and one woman rounded out my second Christmas Day spent in China."

AN INVITATION TO ALL THE "MACS."

If you look over the list of incompleted Burses on the back cover of this issue you will see one "The MacPherson Burse." The establishment of this burse and its steady progress has been due to the zealous work of Rev. D. MacPherson, Parish Priest of Port Hood, N.S. Father MacPherson long ago realized the need for an Endowment Fund for Canada's Foreign Mission Seminary, and we are more than grateful to him and his good friends for their generous efforts to provide for the education of priests for the Chinese Missions. From a letter recently received from him we quote the following lines: "It is now four years since the MacPherson Burse was put on the market. In spite of the hard times it is mounting up. We want just $40.62 to make an even $1,250.00. Come along, Mac. Take a chance. I asked some of Fr. Jim's 'Rose Buds' if they could figure out how we could complete the Burse ($5,000.00) before I should leave for Purgatory. They have not come out straight with the answer, but they must be praying hard. Keep at it, 'Buds,' and watch us next month with that $40.62."

Recent donations to MacPherson Burse:

Mrs. Angus MacDonald, Halifax, in memory of her husband and son Angus	$40.00
Mrs. Alex. MacDonald, Imperoil, N.S.	10.00
Mr. Alex. MacDonald, Imperoil, N.S.	13.00
John Beaton, Port Hood, N.S.	5.00
Hugh Gillies, Mabou, N.S.	2.00
Family of late Mrs. Alex. MacDonald, Port Hood, N.S., in her memory	30.00
Miss Catherine MacDonald, Port Hood, N.S.	5.00
Archibald Campbell, Glencoe, N.S.	3.00

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from page 39)

Midnight Mass! Who will fittingly describe what it means to a Catholic. The whole spirit of Christmas centers around that event. Preparations are being made weeks in advance. On that night the richest vestements are brought forth, and the lights, the flowers, the incense, all vie with one another to give glory to the New-born King. The choir is at its best with hymns so famous that they are identified with the season itself. Surely, it is a great event for any Catholic. But to the newly ordained priest who is celebrating his first Mass on that occasion, with his mother, father, relatives, friends, the people he knows, present, it is one of the good things in life that is not soon forgotten.

To-night I am far away from that scene of a year ago; so far apart are we that the ten thousand miles distance do not express it. Here, we are in a world so strange that now last Christmas seems unreal; it all appears like a beautiful dream. Or perhaps I am dreaming now. No, I am not. This is a real Christmas night in the heart of pagan China. Father Boudreau in his sermon is having no difficulty in portraying the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem; many of his listeners came from outlying country districts. Two of them walked a distance of seventy li (about twenty-five miles). No need of describing the crowded narrow streets of an eastern city; all passed through those to-night. "No room for them at the inn; they had to take refuge in a



Father MacDonald seems to keep up his avoirdupois on the missions. Carrying water buckets is "easy exercise" for the stalwart former hackey star of the Maritimes.

stable." Not at all necessary to elaborate on that latter point; the present surroundings are not so far removed.

At midnight I began Mass, while Father Bernie attended to the confessions. At the words of consecration, when the same Babe of Bethlehem saw the place He is laid to-night, He must have said to Himself, "'Almost two thousand years have passed,—but the change is not very great". The shepherds who were keeping the night-watches over their flocks on the first Christmas Night were no poorer than His present adorers. We had even the animals present; not as big as the ox and the ass, but they were coming from behind the altar, an honor to their species.

The people stayed until I finished the three Masses. After that they were given some food. In the morning Father Boudreau said two early Masses. At eleven o'clock he preached a second time and said his third Mass. The loft was crowded once more.

Neither of us had eaten since our collation of the evening before; and by now we were ready for anything placed before us. After dinner, a smoke, and a little talk of seminary days; then Father Bernie played "Home Sweet Home" on the mouth organ and Christmas was over.

Hoping to acquire a little experience, I remained there a few days. Father Boudreau is a real missionary; he is right on the firing line, and he is there alone.

On Wednesday I returned by boat to Lishui, having completed my first missionary journey. True, as missionary journeys go, mine was a very short one; but it contained a most strange Christmas.

AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF MISSION ZEAL.

A year ago it was our pleasant privilege to pay tribute to the Crusaders of St. Joseph's Parish, Leslie Street, Toronto, for their interest in Foreign Missions. During February of this year St. Joseph's Church was the scene of another missionary event when a crowded congregation was present to encourage the youth of the parish as they made a presentation to China Mission Seminary of their **fourteenth annual offering of one hundred dollars.** We beg a fervent blessing on those ardent Crusaders and their spiritual leaders, Rev. Dr. O'Leary, and Fathers J. McDonagh and B. O'Donnell. May their example serve to inspire other parishes with the desire to be generous to the Foreign Missions.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations from January 15th to February 18th, 1933.

Rev. A. Fuerth, $2; Mary A. McCann, $1; Rev. E. J. Wilson, $5; Crusaders, Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, $3; Jane Heath, 50c; Friend, Montreal, in thanksgiving, $4; Mr. Pittman, $1; Mrs. Jas. Meagher, $2; Senator John McCormick, $5; Helen Ouellette, $1; Miss V. DeLeon, $2; Mrs. W. F. Donnelly, $1; Kathleen O'Meara, $1.50; Crusaders, St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, Ont., $2; Crusaders, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto, $5; Timothy J. Toomey, $5; A. M. Redmond, $1; St. Joseph's Convent, Seaforth, $1; Children, Room II, St. Patrick's Open Air School, Toronto, $1; Students, Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $10; Miss M. J. MacGillivray, $1; J. F. Moynihan, $3.50; Mrs. Emma McCallum, $1.05; J. J. Carolan, $1; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Rev. Fr. Enright, $3; Miss A. Sullivan, $1.50; Crusaders, St. Joseph's Parish, Toronto, $100; Dr. J. Hebert, $1; Mrs. J. Hebert, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; A. M. Osborne, $2; Boys, Grade VIII, St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S., $2; Edna A. Blainey, $1; Margaret Donahue, $1; Nora C. Gallagher, $1; Harry Joanette, $5; Rev. T. P. Hussey, $2; In Memory Mrs. Nyland, Victoria, B.C., $2; Pupils, St. Lawrence School, Hamilton, $8; Mrs. E. Wallace, $2; Pupils, per Miss E. C. McGuire, Kapuskasing, Ont., 50c; Kathleen Bird, $2; St. Vincent's Girls Sunday School, St. John, N.B., $10; Mrs. E. M. Overs, $4; Irene Robson, $2; a friend, Hamilton, $5; In Memory of "M.A.M.," Toronto, $10; Miss Lucy O'Donahue, $10; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. T. Moury, $1; Rev. M. A. Phalen, $5; Isabel Marotta, $5.

Building Fund.

A. C. Kinsler, $1; Mrs. Robt. Davis, $4.50; Moses Venadam, $1; Mary T. Farrell, $1; Mrs. M. Kohner, 50c; Miss Mary A. McCann, $3.

Burse Fund.

Joseph Murphy, Holy Souls Burse, $2; Jos. T. Chiasson, St. F. X. Burse, $5; In Memory J. R. Flynn, Holy Souls Burse, $1; Anonymous, St. John's Nfl'd., in thanksgiving, Sacred Heart Burse, $5; Mrs. Chas. Dugan, St. F. X. Burse, $2; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25; Miss Josephine Burke, Blessed Sacrament Burse, $1; Mary T. Farrell, Holy Souls Burse, $1; A Friend, Stratford, Ont., Little Flower Burse, $1; Miss Irene White, Little Flower Burse, $1; Ella T. Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $5; A. Friend, Tweed, Ont., St. Anthony Burse, $2; Mrs. J. La Branche, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse, $5; Rev. P. Rankin, Holy Souls Burse, $3; A Friend, Verdun, P.Q., Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse, $10; Mrs. L. Joyce, Precious Blood Burse, $1; Dan. J. Rankin, Holy Souls Burse, 50c; various contributors (names published elsewhere) MacPherson Burse, $108.

A CALL TO ARMS!

(Continued from page 41)

the mount of Calvary. See that Figure, blood-stained, torn, naked! Listen to the plaintive cry He utters. Its very humanness penetrates to the soul's core. His extreme helplessness pleads with us to heed His request. What does He say? Listen. "I thirst." If you were standing then close by, what would you have done? Yes! oh, a thousand times yes! You would have, I would have,—all would have done what you are thinking now. If you could have been there and offered a soothing draught to cool those burning lips, what a treasured, poignant, ecstatic memory to lock in the depths of your heart. "I thirst!" You can do **now** what you would have done then. Each one of you we beg to join with us in offering Him a potion than which there is none sweeter. We do beseech each one of you to help us gather these two million souls into the one true Fold. If there be joy in Heaven upon **one** sinner doing penance more than on ninety-nine just who need not penance who can begin to vision the rapture caused by the Homecoming of these two million souls! Most earnestly do we entreat you to sign the promise printed on page 45. Do make the sacrifice, hear Mass and receive Holy Communion that the Light of Faith may shine in all its resplendent brightness over this great number. In those precious moments when He reposes sacramentally in your hearts, ask Him with great confidence to "shorten the time" and draw these two million wayward children to His feet. Write your name upon this pledge, and it will be written in gold in the Book of Life.

As an earnest of our good-will, and to draw closer the bonds of Faith and Charity which unite you all to us, we promise that all who send their names either to us directly or through the Seminary will have them inscribed in a book to be kept in our Headquarters at Chuchow, where a Mass will be said yearly on the Feast of Christ the King for your intentions.

Daily also will you be remembered, with all our good benefactors, in every Mass offered in every chapel of our whole district of Chuchow. A call to arms! We look to you. "Freely have you received, freely give."

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys:

Of course you are all mad at me for leaving you out of the February issue, but it just couldn't be helped. When Father Jim goes away on a holiday and gets back too late to have his "copy" ready, the old editor doesn't mind, but goes right ahead and uses up your pages. Then, to make me good and sore, he takes part of your second page again this month, but to show how forgiving I am I will say something to you in favour of the editor's part of your second page. I refer to the piece at the bottom of next page. You see there an appeal from the missionaries in Chuchow asking for spiritual help for their work. Now, the object of our "Rose Garden" is to supply just such help to our missionaries, and I want EVERY MEMBER of our Club to get busy and be sure that you send your name to the Seminary promising to go to Mass and receive Holy Communion for our missions. Talk about it to your parents and to your teachers and ask them to get interested, too. The missionaries in Chuchow will be very pleased, I am sure, to see all the "Buds" come through with THEIR ANSWER to such a request. And the Holy Season of Lent is a good time to do this work for the missions. Many of you will be going to daily Mass, and it will be easy for you to make your intention of attending the Holy Sacrifice for the benefit of the Chuchow Missions.

When I write to the boy members of the "Rose Garden" I always feel that among them are some future missionaries, and I am happy in the belief that God will reward their youthful interest in the missions by granting vocations to many of them. The priests in China and the students in the Seminary owe their vocations to the fact that as schoolboys they, too, were interested in the missions and they prayed to become priests. God always blesses those who take an interest in His work of saving souls.

Although the girls outnumber the boys in our Club, still there are many hundreds of young lads who have signed up to do their bit for the missions as members of our "Rose Garden", and the greater number of letters I got last month were from the boys. In January I published pictures of girls only, so this month being especially for the boys the girls have to stay out of the pictures. Next month I will give both a chance, and I hope many will send their pictures. And don't forget that I intend to give the grown-ups a chance later on if they will write me concerning the "Rose Garden".

This month of March is given especially to devotion to St. Joseph. Every boy should have a great love for this wonderful saint; he is, as you know, the husband of the Blessed Virgin and the foster-father of Our Lord. He is named the Heavenly Protector of the whole Church, and the special patron of two great countries, Canada and China. In your prayers ask St. Joseph to obtain from Almighty God many blessings for the Chinese through the labours of Canadian missionaries in China.

God bless you, Boys.
FATHER JIM.

Petty Harbour, Nfld.

Father Jim has become acquainted with a new group of buds in Newfoundland, and this time from Petty Harbour. I regret exceedingly that space does not permit me to publish some of their letters this month, but they were certainly worth reading, and I hope to hear again from St. Joseph's School. Among the boys who have become "Buds" are: Theodore Lee, John Kennedy, Philip Price, Dan Predham, Gerald Chafe, Joseph Everard, Gerald Doyle, William Healey, Fred. Stack, James Doyle, James Stockman, John Lee, Henry Everard, Edward Pridham.



TWO SANCTUARY BOYS
Michael and Arthur Sampson, Fox Harbour, Newfoundland.

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246 1st Ave.,
Yorkton, Sask.

Dear Father Jim:

For ages I have been going to write and join your interesting Club. We have been getting "China" for a number of years. My birthday is on Feb. 10th. I am 12 years old. I am in Grade 6 at Burke Public School. I have two brothers, Bernard, age 10, and Hugh, age 8. I have quite a collection of stamps which I will hunt up and send to you. Please send my certificate and badge soon.

HAROLD G. GALLAGHER.

By the time Harold sees his letter in print he will be the proud owner of a badge and certificate for which he has had to wait some time. To the Buds who have not been answered promptly I just remind them that the mailman will soon visit them. It takes a lot of time to attend to all my mail from the Buds.

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2 Plymouth Rd.,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

Having read your Rose Garden pages for the past three years I have decided to join your club. I am ten years old and go to school at St. Patrick's Hall. I will often say a prayer for you, and I think I can find out who you are from one of your mission priests whom I know. I would like some Canadian boys my own age to write to me.

JOSEPH SMITH.

I have heard about your school from the editor of "China", Joe. If you find out who I am you'll keep it

a secret, won't you? I think you're just kidding me, honestly.

St. Thomas Aquinas Schl.,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I was very glad when you answered my letter in "China". I took it to school and our Sister read it for class. When she finished everyone wanted to join your "Rose Garden", so I am sending you the names of nineteen boys from Senior III. and Junior IV.

JAMES FLYNN.

'Atta boy, James! It just takes one good young missionary to start things in a school, and I very heartily welcom e the boys from St. Thomas Aquinas.



A QUARTET OF YOUNG MISSIONARIES
Left to right they are: Jack Brennan, 182 Oshawa Blvd., Oshawa, Ont.; Arthur Pouliot, Sudbury, Ont.; Joseph Smith, 2 Plymouth Rd., St. John's, Nfld., and Oliver Plexman, 209 Elm St. W., Sudbury, Ont.

Beechmont, C.B.

Dear Father Jim:

I am eleven years old and in Grade 7. We have been getting "China" longer than I remember, and now I want to join your Club. During the winter months we have Mass only every third Sunday if weather and roads are good, but I will fulfil the Rose Garden conditions on those Sundays if you make me a member.

ROBERT THAYER.

You're a member, Robert, from now on, and I hope you liked your certificate and badge.

Ridgetown, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I have heard so much about your "Rose Garden" that I would like to become a member. My sister Doris has been in your club for a long while.

GORDON GIGNAC.

I'm sure your sister will be glad to have you a "Bud", too, Gordon. And there's no doubt about Gordon's interest in the missions, for he has a brother in Tsingtien, Chuchow district, as a missionary. And I bet those two buds are not the only ones Father Gignac is interested in, either. All our priests have a special interest in every young member of our Club.

Sixteen boys are on the long list of new Buds that came from St. Albert's School, Sudbury. Every school in Sudbury has taken a big interest in our Rose Garden, and we are proud of our Sudbury "Buds". The Secretary of the class writes "We earnestly desire to join your Club. We have been praying much for your missionaries and for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ our King, but we wish to become more active helpers, and so we are sending our names to be enlisted in the 'Rose Garden'."

And here's a letter I was glad to read. It is from Alphonse Marentette, Paincourt, Ont. He writes: "I am a member of your Rose Garden and I think you will be glad to know I have been doing a little missionary work. I have secured 60 new members for our Club, more than 30 of them are boys, my school companions. We are all going to do something to help the pagans of China."

That's fine work, Alphonse, and you made Father Jim very happy. I hope some of those new Buds will write to me sometimes.

Box 84,
Hr. Grace,
Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

We have been getting "China" for more than a year, and for me the Rose Garden pages are always interesting. I am 14, and go to school at the Academy here. I would like to hear from some Buds.

THOMAS J. WALSH.

The "MacDonalds" increased their membership when Donald, Charles, Miles and William were among the number who became Buds recently from St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S. To judge by the number of cards in my filing system under "Mac", the Scots carry the day in point of numbers.

And here are three good men and true: Edward Wilhelm, 76 Wilhelm St., Kitchener, Ont.; John Lobinowicz, New Waterford, N.S.; and Daniel J. McNeil, Passchendaele, N.S.

Prayer for China.

O Lord Jesus, Who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces upon them that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. Amen.

MY ANSWER to the Canadian Missionaries in the Prefecture of Chuchow, China

Dear Fathers:

You have appealed to me for spiritual help in your efforts to save souls. To encourage you and to beg God's grace for the conversion of pagan souls in Chuchow I WILL MAKE AN EFFORT TO ATTEND HOLY MASS AND RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION SEVEN TIMES FOR THAT INTENTION. In order that you may know of my support in your noble work I gladly sign myself as one willing to answer your Call to Arms, and I send my name to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, to be forwarded to China in order that I may share in the Holy Mass which will be offered each year on the Feast of Christ the King for all who answer this appeal.

Name ..... Name .....

Address ..... Address .....



Guests were expected and the mistress thought she would give the new maid a little friendly advice.

"Edith," she said, "you'd better not wear any jewelry tonight—only just while the guests are here."

Edith, however, was not gifted with a great deal of intelligence, and she failed to grasp her mistress' meaning.

"Well, ma'am," she replied, "I have not got much what you'd call valuable —but thanks for the warning, just the same."

The orator had held forth until everybody but one man on the stage had left the hall. Turning to the lone survivor the orator said, "Thank you for so attentively hearing me to the end of a rather too long speech."

"Not at all, sir," replied the other. "I'm the second speaker."

Zealous sentry—"Can't let you go by without the password, sir."

Irate officer—"But I tell you I've forgotten it. You know me well enough. I'm Major Jones.

Sentry—"Can't help it, sir; must have the password."

Voice from the guard tent—"Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill. Shoot 'im."

"Toothache, eh? I'd have the thing pulled if it were mine."

"So should I—if it were yours."

" 'Artford, 'Artford," called the conductor.

"You've dropped an 'h'," said a passenger.

"That's all right, sir. We'll pick hit hup hat Hamherst."

Visitor—"Why, the traffic here is nothing. Where I come from a man is run over every twenty minutes."

Native—"How dreadful. The poor man."

A western stockman, who had mortgaged his cattle to the local bank, was called in by the banker and told that his note was due and must be paid the following day. The stockman asked the banker: "Were you ever in the cattle business?"

The banker answered "No".

The cattleman said: "Well, you are now," and walked out.

An Aberdonian had been visited on several occasions by the doctor. In due course he received the bill. On paying it he demurred over the amount.

"It's right enough," said the doctor. "I paid seven visits to your home."

"I ken that," was the reply, "but on the last visit I cam oot tae the front gate when ye arrived."

Teacher—Willie, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday.

Willie—Well, it ain't my fault.

Teacher—It isn't? Why?

Willie—'Cause I done my best to think of a good one.

She—"Do you know that every time you breathe somebody dies?"

He—"That's too bad, but what can I do? If I stop breathing I'll die, too."

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter, Mary. "Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night."

"Oh, Mother, don't go! You know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went on her visit of condolence.

"We have had rainy weather, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

The Boy (at the Zoo)—I say, grandma, ain't this 'ere a heagle?

Grandma (instructively)—No, dear, that air's a howl.

Keeper (compassionately revising) —You ain't none of you right. Hit's an 'awk.—Yorkshire Weekly Post.

Stout Person (engaging room)— The window is a bit small. It wouldn't be much use to me in an emergency.

Landlady—There ain't going to be no such emergency! My terms for actors is in advance.

Little Willie—"Mom, you said baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mom—"Yes, darling."

Willie—"Well, you'd better keep an eye on him. He's got Grandpop's teeth now."

"Will somebody please pass the cow down this way?" said the funny boarder, who wanted some milk for his coffee.

"Here, Jane," said the landlady, ironically, "take the milk down where the calf is bawling."

Teacher—What does silence mean, Tommy?

Tommy—Please, teacher, it's what you don't hear when you listen.

"Smell anything, grandma?" asked the youngster who was lying on the floor drawing. Grandma assured him she did not.

The young artist gave a few finishing touches and repeated his question. Grandma sniffed the air and again decided she smelled nothing.

"Well," said the boy, "you ought to, I have just drawed a skunk."

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer)— "Shave or hair cut, sir?"

Sambo was hired out on a railway gang. At the close of the first shift he was all tired out and sought the boss.

"Mister, yo' sho' yo' all got me down on that pay roll?"

"Sure," said the boss. "Here's your name—Sambo Simpson. That right?"

"Yes, suh," replied Sambo. "Ah just thought you might have me down as Samson."

Motorist's Wife: What lovely fleecy clouds. I'd just love to be up there sitting on one of them.

Motorist: All right. You drive the car.

It was flag day for the hospital, and all the village maidens were selling flags.

Suddenly one noticed the squire's son coming down the street in his dashing sports car. She walked into the roadway and stopped him.

"Will you buy a flag for the hospital?" she asked, demurely.

"No," growled the young man. "I'm a regular contributor to it. Have been for years—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the girl, "we know, but we're collecting money today, not pedestrians."

Judge—You were alone when you committed the robbery?

Delinquent—Yes, your Lordship. You see when you have got a mate you never know whether he is honest or not.

Teacher (to little boy who had been absent from school) — "Willy, why were you home from school?"

Willy (after turning a few shades of red) replied, "Wal, it were like this, the baby was cold, and as we had no hot water bottle, ma put the lid of the stove on the baby, and I had to sit on the stove to keep the fire in."

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

CHINA

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A BURSE is a sum of $5,000 (FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS) which, being securely invested, produces sufficient revenue to educate a student for the missionary priesthood. The capital is not touched, but remains intact. The Seminary would have the use of the ANNUAL INTEREST from each FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FUND to educate young men for the priesthood in PERPETUITY.

\+ +

SEVERAL of the Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of the Incomplete Burses listed on this page. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

\+ +

YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

Following are totals to date, including receipts by "Catholic Record" and China Mission Seminary in one:

INCOMPLETE BURSES

St. Anthony	$3,481.15
Blessed Sacrament	1,211.00
Comforter of the Afflicted	708.50
St. Francis Xavier	1,527.40
Rev. Dr. Foley	13.52
Holy Name of Jesus	762.50
Holy Souls	3,671.00
Immaculate Conception No. 2	136.76
St. Joseph	316.10
St. Jude	608.50
Little Flower No. 2	991.43
MacPherson	1,209.38
St. Madeleine Barat	1,377.00
St. Patrick	1,520.00
Sacred Heart No. 2	1,254.40
Students'	1,327.39
Precious Blood	2,115.00
Children's	108.00
St. Anne	27.00
Holy Ghost	53.00
Papineau Memorial	1,000.00
Holy Family	6.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	22.00
St. Jeanne d'Arc	5.00
Queen of Martyrs	5.00
St. Rita	10.00

FOR THIS MONTH

We direct your attention especially to the Burses in honor of Saint Joseph and Saint Patrick. Your Lenten alms could very profitably be devoted to any of the Burses listed above.

Remember CHINA in making your WILL

\+ +

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

VERY REV. JOHN E. McRAE, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

APRIL, 1933



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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THE HOLY YEAR

At a time when the whole world seems to be in a mix-up, when nations and individuals seem to have time only for conflicts and disagreements, and when the chief concern seems to be with individual and social miseries, it is refreshing to have the authoritative voice of His Holiness the Pope summon the world to "cease to fix itself only on these things and turn to those of high spirituality."

To promote such a change of heart in the world, the Sovereign Pontiff has decreed the celebration of a Holy Year to begin on Passion Sunday this month, and to continue to April 2nd, 1934. With his usual paternal solicitude, Pope Pius XI urges all Christians to commemorate the 19th centenary of the death, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord, by visiting the eternal city of Rome, saying the prescribed prayers in the four chief churches there, revering the relics of the Passion preserved in various places, and praying to the Father of Mercies, turning their thoughts from earthly and decaying things to heavenly and eternal things.

In the world to-day, after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, there is either widespread indifference or active hostility to all forms of religion, and unfortunately it must be admitted that pagan lands are not the only ones which "know not God and His Christ". The proclamation of a Holy Year, then, is intended to recall to the minds of men the significance of Christ's Christianity, and its sublime message to the world. Even pagan philosophers recognized that religion gave a permanence and stability to social institutions that nothing else could give. When God is left out of the picture and His supreme authority in human affairs denied, chaos is the necessary result. It requires the supernatural Revelation of the Godhead, speaking through Christianity, to impress men with ideas that are powerful enough to rule their lives; supernatural religion alone furnishes a broad basis for virtue applicable to all times, places and conditions, to diversities of race and civilization, and that is the lesson that the Holy Father, not only in his proclamation of the Holy Year, but in all his messages to his children, has been endeavoring to emphasize.

When we meditate fruitfully on the great events which are commemorated in this 19th centenary, perhaps it will awaken us to the realization of the blessings of Faith which we enjoy and urge us on to do all in our power to bring such blessings to those who "sit in the shadow of death."

A GRATIFYING RESPONSE

Under the title of "A Call to Arms", we published last month a stirring article from Father Stringer, in which he appealed to the readers of "China for spiritual assistance for our missionaries in Chuchow. We are more than gratified at the most excellent response. Already thousands of names have come to us. Individuals, societies, schools, convents and seminaries have joined in this spiritual crusade, and we feel sure that the results of their combined good works will mean a great deal for the success of our missionary efforts in China. On behalf of the missionaries we express gratitude to all who have so generously answered their appeal. In order that all may have an opportunity to join in the good work, we have repeated in this issue the form which you may sign. It is printed on page 53. May we add that it is not necessary that the Masses and Communions be offered on consecutive days.

HOLY CHILDHOOD ASSOCIATION

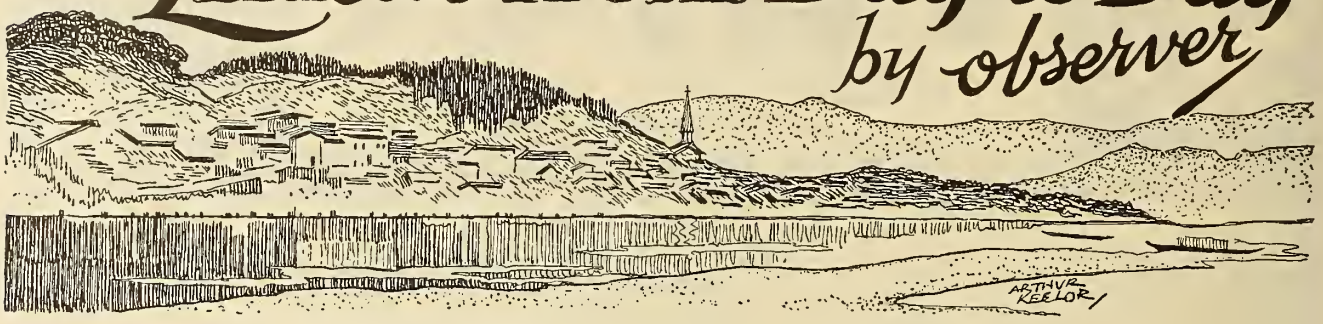
The current issue of the "Annals for the Propagation of the Faith" contains the announcement of Father Hugh Sharkey's appointment as the new Director of the Holy Childhood Association for Ontario and Western Canada. The choice is a very happy one, and we congratulate Father Sharkey on the new possibilities that will be his for the exercise of his apostolic zeal as director of this official Catholic Children's Mission-aid Organization, which does so much for the Foreign Missions.

Concerning the appointment, Rev. A. T. Lellis, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, writes: "The new Director is well known to Canadians. A Missionary Father from the China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, he has already spent three years laboring in the Canadian Prefecture-Apostolic of Chuchow, and only recently returned to his native land to work among the Orientals of Vancouver Archdiocese, under the direction of His Excellency, Most Rev. Wm. Duke, D.D. Thus, the China Mission Seminary, in addition to the task of converting a large and populous section of China, is making an important contribution from its limited staff to the solving of our own Canadian Oriental problem on the Pacific Coast.

"That Father Sharkey will make an ideal director for the important work of the Holy Childhood is obvious. His missionary experience will be invaluable. He knows the sad lot of the pagan children. He has walked with them, talked with them, has viewed their pitiable condition with his own eyes. He has lots to tell, and, fortunate circumstance! he is admirably gifted for the telling."

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



TWO A.M. off the coast of Chekiang. The good ship *Tahua,* 700 tons, is gingerly feeling her way among the countless islands and treacherous shoals of the Chusan Archipelago. Pirates on the bridge, with pistols drawn, have taken command of the situation, while pirates in the first-class saloon—exactly forty of them—are telling the terrified cook to make it snappy with the fried rice and eggs and the best wine on board.

* * *

Beleagured passengers, shaking with fright, and long since relieved of all their money and valuables, take what dismal comfort they may from the loud guffaws and rollicking chantys of the bold buccaneers. For this has been a never-to-be-forgotten day.

* * *

"Drink, my hearties, drink to the shades of our honored fathers and the gods of the buccaneer!" Rarely has such phenomenal luck come the way of this pirate crew who gamble with death in their every escapade. "Pass the soothing opium pipe. Heigh-ho for the Chusan Main!"

* * *

"Fiction", you murmur wearily, "cheap stuff at that!"—and you turn for the joke page with a sigh. But hold, good friend. It's the plain unvarnished truth we're telling. For we know the vessel and we know the spot, and but two short weeks have passed since this latest episode of our modern Treasure Island.

* * *

Suddenly the engines stop. Flashlights blink from the bridge and are answered from the shore. A cluster of sampans, lights bobbing up and down, soon surrounds the

"Twenty thousand dollars in the pirates' chest,
Yo-ho-ho and some O-pi-um."

This month, "Observer" varies his style somewhat and tells us of some interesting adventures afloat.

Tahua. She has reached her destination, the pirate lair of the Huanlungse.

* * *

The transfer to the smaller boats is accomplished mid scenes of hilarity that disturb the stillness of the early morn. Captain and compradore are bundled in as hostages, and several harmless looking bags are guarded jealously by the chief. They con-



These two lads range the hills all day, cutting grass for fuel.

tain a mere twenty thousand dollars in notes on the Agricultural and Industrial Bank in Shanghai. Judged in terms of the respective standards of living, this would correspond to at least half a million dollars at home. Small wonder that joy supremely reigns in the pirate lair.

The *Tahua* waits meekly in the offing, lights dimly aglow. If all goes well the captive officers are to be released and returned unharmed, and the pirates are men of their word. Thirty miles distant is Tinghai, where our good friends Sister Xavier and Sister Anne are blissfully unaware of the little drama now being enacted, not an altogether unusual one in their Archipelago of Chusan. These pirate men know the good Sisters and would not harm them for all the world. Do not the Sisters cure their diseases and give them a meal and a few Ko to buy cigarettes every time they are released from jail? And did not their honored chief die in the Sister's Hospital last year? No, the Sisters need not fear those lawless brigands. It will be a long time now before any of them will need cigarette money again.

* * *

At 4 a.m. the Captain and the compradore are returned with profuse apologies, and the *Tahua* heads for Shanghai with her despoiled passengers and crew. Four hundred of them have been taken for a ride, but not even the ship's cat has been injured. They are not bloodthirsty, those pirates of Chusan. Theirs is no policy of "dead men tell no tales". Those reckless fellows merely follow the game of their fathers and Chusan is still a whole lot safer than Chicago.

* * *

Once, so we were told, the Bias Bay Boys boasted of their intention to capture one of the C.P.R. Empress boats. But they never made any attempt. Hot lead and live

steam are rather effective deterrents, and one push of a button on the bridge could lock any prowling mauraders into separate steel compartments where they would remain at the Captain's pleasure.

* * *

Within a few days of this raid, and almost in the same spot, another Chinese vessel, the *Hsing Ning Tai*, disappeared. Of course, it was thought that the pirates were responsible, but corpses and bagbage floating on the water disclosed the fact that she had sunk and there was no trace of a single survivor out of three hundred on board. Among the passengers were Mr. E. H. Owen and another member of the China Inland Mission.

* * *

On occasions like the Chinese New Year it is "standing room only" from stem to stern on those vessels. Why more of them do not founder is what we cannot understand. I never board one of those smaller Chinese craft without mentally figuring how long it would take to get out of a soutane, or comparing the respective merits of the crawl and the breast stroke.

* * *

Last summer, some of us had the pleasure of accompanying His Excellency Bishop Defebvre from Ningpo to one of the Chusan islands. About three hundred passengers were crowded like sardines on a little bit of a tug with a normal capacity of about fifty. She pulled away from the wharf with a starboard list of about 40 degrees and careened drunkenly as she gathered way. After a few ghastly moments of indecision she thought better of turning turtle then and there and made up her mind to begin the journey more or less on an even keel.

* * *

Happily, the voyage passed without incident. Had a coolie on that starboard side made a disparaging remark about the great grandfather of his next door neighbor that vessel would have been listed as missing. The ensuing verbal battle



would have precipitated an immediate rush on the part of just 100 per cent. of those within earshot. Even the instinct of self-preservation is not an effective curb against the insatiable curiosity of the Chinese. Each one regards it as his inalienable right always to know what's going on—anywhere.

* * *

Our return trip was worse. This time it was by converted junk which once might have been Confucius' private yacht — if looks counted for anything. The usual crowded conditions prevailed. Bishop Defebvre and Father Amyot ventured into the forecastle, but I preferred the deck as a parking place. By all that's good let there be no bottom-up junk between me and the blue vault of heaven if ever I find myself in the China Sea.

AGED MISSIONARY BISHOP DEAD.

Six days after he had celebrated his 77th birthday, Bishop Stanislaus Jarlin, Vicar Apostolic of Pekin, died in his See city. In his long and brilliant missionary career, the late Bishop consecrated six bishops and ordained more than 100 priests, Chinese and European. Having spent more than 40 years in the Orient, he saw a territory which counted only 25,000 Catholics when he arrived possess half a million converts at his death.

NEWSPAPER ITEMS.

WASHINGTON. — Through four state lotteries China will raise money for aviation and highways. Commerce department reports received from Shanghai show that 50 per cent. of the lotteries of 5,000,000 yuan each will be distributed in prizes.

CAMBRIDGE. Mass. — There are nearly enough Chinese students at Harvard University this year to form three football teams. With 32 students enrolled, China is second only to Canada in the size of foreign delegations.

MY ANSWER to the Canadian Missionaries in the Prefecture of Chuchow, China

Dear Fathers:

You have appealed to me for spiritual help in your efforts to save souls. To encourage you and to beg God's grace for the conversion of pagan souls in Chuchow I WILL MAKE AN EFFORT TO ATTEND HOLY MASS AND RECEIVE HOLY COMMUNION SEVEN TIMES FOR THAT INTENTION. In order that you may know of my support in your noble work I gladly sign myself as one willing to answer your Call to Arms, and I send my name to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, to be forwarded to China in order that I may share in the Holy Mass which will be offered each year on the Feast of Christ the King for all who answer this appeal.

Name ..... Name .....

Address ..... Address .....

....

A DEATH and a BURIAL

By REV. D. E. STRINGER
LUNGCHUANG

ONE sunny morning, a day that made one feel it was good to be alive and well, a pagan lad came to the Mission with the news that his father was dying. Would the Seng Fu (the priest) come and baptize him? Yes, he had had some instruction, a neighboring Christian had explained the cardinal points of Christian Doctrine to him as best he could. I knew the sick man and I recalled that while he had his health he did not seem particularly bothered about coming to the church for instructions; he had, so I was told, performed a few superstitious rites even after he had announced his intention of becoming a Christian. And now the Angel of Death was hovering about him.

The Sick-Room

Having prepared my sick-call kit, a ten minutes' walk brought us to the house. No one here to greet the priest with a lighted candle and conduct him silently to the sick room. Instead, I entered and was presented with tea and cigarettes, and an invitation to be seated. The family, being all pagan, did not understand the necessity for hurry. I accepted the cup of tea and the smokes, but laid them down on the table immediately. They had fulfilled their duty as hosts, I mine as guest. Then I told the boy to take me to the invalid. The darkness of that room wherein the sick man lay! You could have cut it with a knife; it was heavy and oppressive. At first I could see nothing. When candles had been brought I could survey the scene in their dim light. The room was small and littered with household effects. High up on one wall a window was cut — an aperture would describe it more correctly, and it was carefully covered with paper which allowed little light and no air to enter. Over the sick man's bed hung a mosquito net of some thick material. The boy pulled back the flaps, and in the candlelight I saw the wasted form, beyond a doubt in his last struggle. At a glance I knew there was no hope of questioning him. As I bent over him I saw the terror in his eyes. After my priestly ministrations his soul presented a changed appearance to his Guardian Angel who would usher him into an eternity of happiness a few hours later.

Getting a Coffin

That evening a Christian came to see me, and after beating about the bush in oriental fashion, he told me that the dead man's family was too poor to buy a coffin. What he meant was that they were too poor to pay the cost involved in the customs pertaining to a funeral. Everyone who would walk to the grave was entitled to a meal on return; pieces of sackcloth had to be bought for the principal mourners; carriers had to be hired to bear the coffin. All this the Christian told me in his one sentence. Here was an opportunity for the Christians to practise that charity they so often preached. Many of them did "chip in", and through the generosity of some very good Canadian Crusaders at home, friends of mine, I was able to furnish the necessary expenses.

The following morning I went to the home to bless the coffin, and many Christians came along to recite prayers and to accompany the corpse to the grave. In this town the "cemetery" is about an hour's walk from the mission. When we arrived there no grave was ready. The men carrying the coffin would dig it when they came. Finally they did come, and their conduct would try the patience of Job himself.



In China, whole fields are devoted to the graves of pagan ancestors. The wealthy Chinese build great monuments to their dead, and Chinese characters extol the virtues of the deceased. Sadly missing from such monuments is the Cross, the symbol of Life and Resurrection.

Choosing the Grave

Everyone present blossomed forth on the spur of the moment as judge of a suitable burial site. Pagans have any amount of superstitious customs in this regard, and Christians are slow to relinquish them. After some fifteen minutes' discussion, a spot was selected and the diggers began to clear away the brush. Hardly had they begun operations when some sage halted them with the remark that the spot was liable to washouts. Then another conference was held with about as much success as certain European conferences nowadays. The mourners set off in all directions, and hills

(Continued on page 59)

MODERNIZING CHINA.

HONGKONG, (China).—Wars and rumours of wars occupy most of the space devoted to news from China. Yet more important things are happening. In the past ten or fifteen years amazing progress has been made. Scores of cities in South China have been partially or wholly modernized. Twenty years ago Canton's widest street would permit the passing of only two sedan chairs. No wheeled vehicles, other than wheelbarrows, were to be found on its thoroughfares. Today the city has over 60 miles of wide modern streets over which upwards of 1,000 motors pass to and fro. Kwangtung Province has built several thousand miles of roads. With the construction of roads and the widening of streets has come the building of modern premises of five, six, and seven storeys to replace the little huts of former days.

Kwangsi Province, whose ambitious programme of construction was interrupted for the past five years by civil strife, has again resumed its constructive efforts. Today it has about 2,000 miles of motor roads, and long distance telephone service between the larger cities. Its chief cities have been fitted out with all that a modern city requires: wide roads, sanitary systems, electric lighting, public parks, etc.

It is not necessary to explain how much all this development will help the missionary in enabling him to have quicker means of communication, better food, and a more reasonable hope of protection and peace.—(Fides).

Some who Love Missions

and who know
their great need
of financial assistance have
had the idea of making

Their Last Will

a proof of life-long interest in the work of saving pagan souls in China.

MAY WE SUGGEST
THIS AS A TITLE
to be included in a
Catholic Will?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese missions.

PROGRESS OF THE FAITH IN CHINA.

Statistics released by the Apostolic Delegation at Pekin reveal that the Church in China has completed another year of steady and consoling progress, not only maintaining her former position, but clearly improving and consolidating it, thanks to the efforts of her missionaries and native priests.

Catholic Population.

The figures are contained in the Annual Report for the year ending July, 1932. The Catholic population of China shows a net increase over last year of 32,582, bringing the total recorded number of Catholics to well over two and a half millions, 2,563,425, to be exact.

The gross increase, or actual number of conversions, was 57,027 This is the largest on record since 1925. Unfortunately, nearly 43 per cent. of the gross gain must be checked off against losses which have been greater than last year, but which show an improvement over 1928 and 1930. These losses may in part be accounted for by the ravages of communism and brigandage, and in greater part by epidemics, famines, floods, and consequent emigration.

The Clergy.

During the past year the number of ecclesiastical divisions has risen from 107 to 114. Three of the newly-erected Missions were entrusted to the Chinese secular clergy. There are now 17 Native Chinese Ordinaries in charge of vicariates and prefectures in China. During the year 49 Chinese priests were ordained, the total number now being 1,553. Foreign priests number 2,195. The total number of seminarians is 6,420, which includes all aspirants in many seminaries, counting those for Religious Orders and 36 clerical students from China in the Urban College at Rome.

These various facts and figures reflect the generous and persevering efforts of Holy Mother, the Church, to share with her children in China the saving truths of the Gospel. The progress manifested is an encouraging sign for her future in the midst of this great people.—(Fides).

AN INHERITANCE TO PRIZE

"'We are the sons of the Crusaders,' said Montalembert to the enemies of religion, 'and we shall not flinch before the sons of Voltaire.' We have the Faith as an inheritance from the martyrs of all the ages. It would be criminal for us to let the dishonest theories or gaudy pleasures of to-day rob us of the Faith that neither torturer's rack nor executioner's axe could kill in the breasts of our forefathers. It would likewise be a disgrace for us to miss any opportunity of spreading the Faith to other souls now pitifully lacking it. If the Faith is worth dying for, it is worth living for.

"If the foreign missions did no more than show us men and women leaving home and kindred, and even risking death, they would be of inestimable service to the modern world, and an object lesson in real values."—"The Far East."

MANY RACES, ONE FAITH.

KUCHING, (Sarawak, British Borneo). — Several nationalities were represented at the First Mass ceremonies of Father Joseph Chin Ting Huong, the first Chinese priest to be ordained for the Prefecture of Sarawak, British Borneo. The Solemn High Mass was a truly *Catholic* function, the celebrant being Chinese, the assistant priest Irish, the deacon English, and the sub-deacon Dutch. The Parish Priest of Kuching, an Austrian, preached to a crowded church in Chinese and English.—(Fides).

ATHLETICS AT CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PEKIN.

PEKIN (China). — Though the Catholic University is the youngest University in Pekin, it has already made a name for itself in the important field of scholarship. Athletics are, of course, only a side-issue, but it is interesting to note that even in this regard the Catholic University already commands the respect of its rivals. Its various teams occupy a leading position in the whole of North China, and hold some "All China" track and field records.

Athletes at the Catholic University are now preparing for the Tenth Far Eastern Olympic Games to be held in Manilla in 1934.—(Fides).

We would appreciate it very much if our friends among the Clergy would remember our missionaries by sending surplus Mass Intentions to the Seminary.



CHINESE

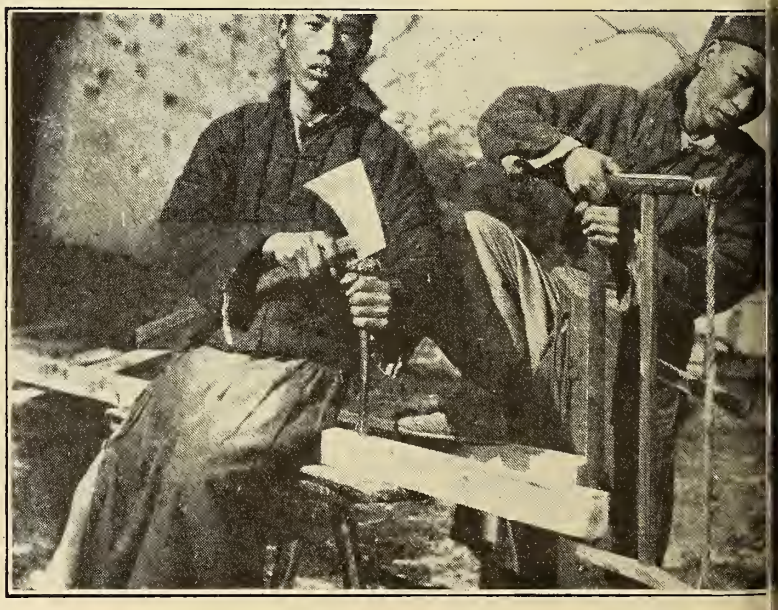
By REV.

EVERY trade has its tricks. Here is one of the specialties of local thieves. Having looked over the layout of his prospective victim, the thief, under the protecting cover of a dark night, approaches the scene of his nefarious deeds. To ensure a quick getaway, however, in case anything should go amiss, or lest he should be disturbed during operations, he lights a number of joss sticks and plants them in the ground as he moves forward to the scene of action, thus having a line of lighted beacons to guide his fleeting footsteps if he be forced to make a hasty retreat. Not so dumb, you say. One moment, please. Sometimes it happens that the stalker is stalked, his burning joss sticks are removed from their original positions, replanted in a line leading to a dirty duck pond, and the alarm raised, Thief, Thief! Naturally, such an outcry is not precisely conducive to the regular heart beating of our light-fingered friend. Considerably agitated, to say the least, he commences a precipitated retreat, and—plop! he ends up in the dirty duck pond.

DEPRESSION! It has been the chronic state of the mass of the Chinese people for milleniums, or should it be millenia. It has been said that the Chinese could live on the land left uncultivated in the fence corners of American farms. Certain it is, necessity, that ever-provident mother, has taught them how to get the most out of the requisites needed to keep their bodies and souls together. Take their shoes as an example. The soles are made of old bits of cloth, discarded clothing, bedding, etc., all sewn tightly together. Even wishing to economize on this cloth, a layer of bamboo leaves will be inserted between layers of cloth. The uppers will also be of cloth, but this will have to be "good" cloth, else it would not hold together. And how to get the most wear out of those shoes? To be sure, the best way is to wear them as little as possible, and this is done; but there are times when the shoes simply must be worn, and hence both shoes are made identically the same, no distinction between right or left. That enables them to be changed, periodically, from one foot to the other ensuring even consumption on all sides and surfaces. And as for "hand-me-downs" there will never be any need to start in China any societies such as "the union that nothing be lost". Send me all and every article of discarded clothing that is cluttering up attics and cellars of your homes and I could go into business here and get rich in no time. But no, I am afraid that would get me in trouble with my Ordinary, so it would be better to send the clothing and I will make both the donors and myself rich in those treasures that "the moths consume not, neither do thieves break in and steal".

MUTTON fat is an excellent remedy for chapped skin. You may even buy it in the swanky stores of America, put up in fancy containers, given a fancier high-fallutin' name, and sold for still fancier prices. The Chinese here have no mutton but they have chapped skin. What is one of their remedies for it? Honey! The next time those cruel Canadian winds chap the skin of your hands and face, please don't go to the drug store and pay a dollar for a bit of mutton fat. Instead, buy a twenty-five cent jar of good honey and smear it liberally on your face and hands. When you are cured I trust you will not feel stuck up nor have the bees try start a hive in your ears. In any case you will not be up as much as if you had paid a dollar for a bit of n fat. You will have saved seventy-five cents and h bottle of honey for supper in the bargain. Howeve seventy-five cents will not be exactly saved, in the or acceptation of the word, as I shall expect you to con the said seventy-five cents to the Chinese missions. the present rate of exchange it would bring nearly Chinese dollars, the wages of a working man for nearly days. So why pay so dearly for your mutton fat wh can do so much good with the money saved by using There are many other economies I could suggest in fa the missions, but I do not know if you have yet turne corner that is to end the depression, and if you have fear that by practising so much economy the busines will lose so much trade they won't give the Editor an advertising. So we will stop at mutton fat this time.

CHINA should be the housewife's paradise when sh for her morning shopping at the meat mart. Sh have any cut she wishes at no extra price. Nor will

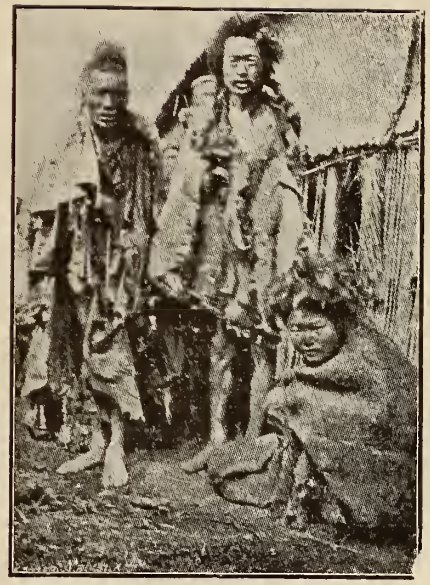


When the carpenters get a job they earn their 50 Chinese cents each day. Ever of wood for any purpose is sawed by hand. The Chinese are not believers "machine-age" methods.

GNETTES

VENINI

embarrassed at having to choose among several kinds of meat. Meat here means pork. I saw advertised recently a book entitled "one hundred and fifty ways to cook eggs". Something along that line should be written for dealing with pork. It would be a best-seller amongst missionaries in China. Edison, it is reported, once remarked that people should eat the same kind of food every day in the year. Somebody came back immediately with the wise-crack that Mr. Edison had missed his vocation: he should have kept a boarding house. I offer the suggestion that Edison should have lived in China and he would never have make that remark. He would certainly have had to same kind of food every day. Good Lord! (forgive seem to be using the Lord's name irreverently, but I elp it). When I see those high-powered ads, or n the American and English magazines, of the har- wife, her forehead in wrinkles, that pensive, worried n her face, and saying, "Oh, what can I have for to-day that will be different, something for a change!" Lord! (forgive me again) if she would only put her nd address on the picture I would be greatly tempted e her (collect) this message: "Try boiled rice, with a egetable, 365 days in the year". This ad. will be on , and on page 17 will be a picture of Dr. Snicklefritz, na, telling you how to keep your lazy colon working. ther sections of the magazine there will be at least half n ads of medicines, patent and otherwise, for indiges- yspepsia, etc. No, dear reader, the next time you red of your roast beef, don't tell your boarding-house the joke about Mr. Edison, but recall to mind that re several hundred million people here in China who ghty glad to have a few bowls of boiled rice each day nich to keep the rust from forming in their gullet. I was returning to the mission one day, across the rice-paddies, when we were overtaken by a small chap of some thirteen summers. He was whistling, singing, talking, and laughing, all more or less at the same time. Someone must have left him a million dollars, we thought, to make him feel so happy. "Why all the merriment?", we inquired. "Oh," he shouted, as he darted past us, "we are going to have meat for supper".



The poor by the wayside in China.

"GEE, it must be great to be you", said the little white boy to the little black boy, "your mother can't tell when your face is dirty". In China, especially in the winter time, small boys (and girls) do not have to envy the little black boy. I met a wee chap the other day, or rather I didn't exactly meet him, as he spoke from under cover of the dirtiest face and most filthy bunch of rags it has been my misfortune to meet with to date. "My, you haven't washed your face this morning", says I. "Oh no", spoke up one of his companions quickly, "his mother is dead so he has no one to wash his face". "But *your* mother is not dead, is she?" says I to urchin number two; "or are all the mothers of all the little boys in this village dead?" If the excuse given in defence of the first lad is valid then most of the folks here have been orphans for many years. Mind you, though, I am not trying to start any face-washing movement. Anyone living in such conditions as the great majority do around here, clad in a few layers of cheap thin cotton, underfed, living in miserable, dark, unheated shacks, open to all the winds that blow, sleeping on a bit of straw, with their clothes on to provide an extra bit of warmth, a cotton-wadded quilt for covering, and ice forming in the rice-paddies outside, in such conditions I assure you there is no pleasure to be derived from tarrying in the bathroom in your B.V.D.'s, or otherwise, whilst you test the acoustic properties of the room on this cold and frosty morning. There would not be any pleasure in it even if such things as bath-rooms existed here, if the folks here were even able to imagine them. I, for one, am not going to try to explain what such things are. Not after my latest experience in the fine art of telling lies. I was caught with a copy of an American magazine in my hands. It was chock-full of those high-powered ads aforementioned. There was one of a certain gasoline company inviting you to climb down into the cylinder of your car and see what dire things would result to your car if you did not use their gas. They even put a ladder down for you and one of their engineers went down first to show you there was nothing to fear. So, as I was saying, I was caught with the magazine open at this page. Immediately I was up against a barrage of questions. Just try to explain what the cylinder of an automobile is to people who don't even know what an automobile

(Continued on next page)



n the Winter's supply of fuel at Lishui. Father Kam sees to it that the loads ed properly. It costs about $1.00 Mex. for 180 lbs. of wood to keep the home fires burning.

is. After floundering around for some time my catechist came to the rescue. "Oh, I understand, it is the picture of a man climbing up on the roof of his house. Am I not right, spiritual father?" "Sure you are," lies I, at the same time thanking my lucky stars that at least ladders resemble each other east or west of the Suez. And now to resume our face-washing, or rather the discussion of it. The poor people here have my sympathy these cold days, and they can hardly be blamed for wishing to leave undisturbed any natural heat-retaining matter that may have accumulated of its own accord on their bodies. Much like the tiny fellow in the slums who was about to be given a lesson by the welfare worker. "Oh my," she cried, seeing the egg smeared round his mouth, "I know what you had for breakfast this morning. "What was it?" came the query. "Eggs." "Wrong," says the little fellow, "I had them yesterday morning."



CHINESE "LAUNDRIES" IN CHUCHOW
Canadian housewives who want to settle their "Blue Monday" wash-day worries take their articles to the Chinese laundry down the street. How do you like the way the ladies in Chuchow get "the wash" done?

BESIDES the epidemic of dirty physiognomies, winter also causes to appear an army of one-armed cripples, most of them old men and women. Three or four bowls of rice, per diem, are not calculated to produce any prodigious number of calories these cold days. Hence one of the means used to utilize these elusive calories to the utmost is to draw one arm out of its sleeve, leave the sleeve flapping in the wind, keep the sleeveless arm next to the more-or-less warm body, clutch the little portable stove (made out of an earthenware pot encased in a bamboo basket) in the free hand, introduce this tiny stove, with its handful of glowing embers, under as many layers of clothing as possible and then go into a huddle in a vain effort to keep warm until the day of the incited insect, that is, Spring. Certainly, an uninformed stranger would mistake those half-frozen, apparently one-armed creatures, for cripples. Much the same as the tourists in Shanghai, "doing" China, write about the varnished ducks they see hanging in the shops. What silly geese these tourists must feel themselves when they find the varnished ducks are simply ducks that have been cooked in oil and thus preserved. Or the visitors to Ningpo who marvel at the height of the graves that line the river bank as one approaches the city. But these tall graves turn out to be ice-houses, in which the thin coating of ice that forms on the water in the rice-paddies is stored and later used by the fishermen for shipping their fish to Shanghai and elsewhere in the summer time.

IN Europe, or at least in America, I dare say, it is the common custom everywhere to wear a black band on the arm as a sign denoting bereavement in the family of the wearer. Here in China not alone is such a band not worn, but if it were it would be a white band. Here locally the corresponding article in either a white cap, a white pair of shoes, or a circular or diamond-shaped piece of white cloth sewn on the instep of the shoes, or in the middle of the back of the jacket.

IT would appear that the dumb animals were also embroiled in the general catastrophe that overtook the language of man as a result of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. See if your collie or your pom will respond to "ya ya hoo hoo, ya ya hoo hoo." Of if you happen to live in the country and have a herd or flock, or what have you, of pigs, stand at the back door and emit a series of "none, none, none" in B flat, and see what effect it will have on your porkers. Is it time to feed the geese? Here in China they respond readily to "ngo ge ngo ge". As for the cacophony that results from a raid of the fowls on the vegetable garden I defy anyone not only to tell me how the sounds are produced, but to come even approximately close to reproducing them. Perhaps the fowls may not know how those sounds are begotten, but they certainly know what they mean and waste no time in showing that they understand perfectly. The way they clear all obstacles impeding their exit from the forbidden ground is just nobody's business.



To bring happiness into the lives of boys such as these, the missionary in China gladly "spends and is spent."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Donations sent to us to aid any branch of our mission work are acknowledged by letter, and each month we publish a list of the kind friends who have contributed to the support of our missionary endeavours. We are very thankful to the following whose donations reached us between February 15th and March 15th, 1933.

St. Vincent de Paul School, Toronto, $10; Mrs. Sarah MacDonald, $1; "L", Montreal, $3; Anonymous, Southampton, $10; Florence Berger, $1; St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, Que., $75; Senior III. Class, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, $1; Pupils, St. Mary's School, Ottawa, $1.53; Agnes Coules, $1; W.G.F., Grand Falls, Nfld., $5; Rita Curley, $1; Mrs. Meecham, $5; Agnes Lally, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Beatrice Caverley, $2; Pupils, St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., $1; Senior IV. Class, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, $1; Mrs. L. M. Bourke, in thanksgiving to St. F. X., $5; Teresa Gorman, $5; Friend, Passchendaele, N.S., $5; Rev. Friend, N.S., $5; Patricia Murphy, $1; L.C.F., Halifax, $10; Mrs. B. L. Hennsey, $5; Josephine Foran and Mrs. C. L. Duffy, $1; Irene Robson, $2; Pupils, West Mines' School, Bell Island, Nfld., $2.20; Mary Black, $10; G. L. Foreman, $1; "Pontiac", $1; A. J. MacDonald, $1; P. W., Toronto, $5; Pupils, Room 3, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, $1; Anonymous, St. John's, Nfld., $1; James Farragher, $1; Estate Annie O'Connor, $250; Estate Hannah Shine, $100; Estate Mrs. Mary J. Merry, $50; Morrison Bequest, $15; Estate Sarah McCauley, $100.

Building Fund.

Austin F. Hall, $10; Beatrice Caverley, $1; Margaret Reynolds, $1; Muriel Barber, in thanksgiving, $1.

Burses.

Margaret Malloy, Little Flower Burse, $1; Mary E. MacLean, St. F. X. Burse, $2; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $25; Miss Mary J. Kennedy, MacPherson Burse, 50c; Queen of Martyrs Burse, $1; A friend, St. John's, Nfld., Sacred Heart Burse, $10; Beatrice Caverley, St. F. X. Burse $1; Ella Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $5; Mrs. Dan McMullen, Sacred Heart Burse, $2; Mrs. Crowe, St. F. X. Burse, $2; James McCrea, in thanksgiving, Little Flower Burse, $2; M. N., in thanksgiving, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse, $2; Mrs. B. B. Kay, Holy Souls Burse, $5; in memory J. R. Flynn, St. Joseph's Burse, $1; Helen Jamieson, in thanksgiving, St. Anthony's Burse, $1; Sadie F. MacDonald, St. F. X. Burse, $2; Gertrude Meagher, St. Patrick's Burse, $1; Don. Beaton, MacPherson Burse, $5; Anthony McGilski, St. Patrick's Burse, $1; Anna King, St. Joseph's Burse, $3.

You may have a chance before Easter to let the Foreign Missions share in your Lenten self-denial.

IN NARROW CHINESE STREETS.

The narrow street, only six feet wide, packed as it were with human life, is a splendid place from which to view the various items of which the life of the city is composed. The countryman is carrying a huge load of brushwood, balanced on the ends of a bamboo pole slung across his shoulders, which he is carrying to the market to be sold as firewood. He occupies more than half the roadway, and when he swings his burden from one tired shoulder to the other, the width of the street is only just enough to contain it. He passes along, however, at a steady trot as though the town belonged to him. His loud cries, "Clear the way," "Get to one side," "I'll bump against you," are uttered with an air of authority as though some royal edict had given him the authority to take possession of the road.

It is amusing to watch the good-natured way in which the



ebbing and flowing crowds yield to this man from the hills. Everyone gets out of his way, and even the scholar, with pride and contempt in his heart for the unlearned masses, stands meekly at the side of the road and crushes himself up against a counter to let the imperious seller of firewood pass by. No thanks are given and none are asked, and as the tide of men close up behind him, we can hear coming down the air, "I'll bump you," "I'll bump you," "Go to the side," "Fly, fly," until the sounds so masterfully given and so meekly obeyed are lost in the distance.

In looking at this moving panorama there is one thing that is strikingly conspicuous, and that is the good-natured, easy, tolerant way with which they treat each other on the street. It would seem as though every man, the moment he got on it, had determined that forbearance shall be the word that should guide his conduct in his treatment of everyone that he meets. Just think of it; a roadway of five or six feet wide, along which constant cross currents of people, of all kinds and conditions, are travelling, and yet no collisions, or at least so rarely that they are not enough to be quoted. Business men, clerks, coolies, opium-smokers, thieves and vagabonds, country bumpkins and elegant and refined scholars, all with an instinctive sense of the rights of others, yield to the necessities of the road, and bear with infinite good nature whatever inconveniences may arise, and treat each other with patience and courtesy.—Sidelights on Chinese Life.

A DEATH AND A FUNERAL.

(Continued from page 54)

and dales received a thorough going over. In half an hour another site was selected. By this time the son had disappeared and I was wondering how long this thing was going to last. I learned that the son had just remembered an ideal location and had gone to view it. The diggers followed him. They had gone about ten minutes when someone remembered that the spot they had gone to view was private property, and off he went to break the news to the searchers. I was beginning to feel hot under the collar and resolved to have a say myself. It was already 11.30 and it might be 4.30 before they selected a suitable spot for burial. When all had returned and began another "conference", I asked them what was wrong with this second spot close by? "Oh, nothing is wrong with it! Why, it is just the ideal place!" Digging operations were resumed, and they had dug down about a foot when I noticed an old fellow stroking his beard and looking askance at the surroundings. He started forward to say something, but he doesn't know yet what happened to him. I figured things had just about gone far enough and that old fellow wasn't going to prolong the proceedings. I caught his eye, and if looks could kill there would have been a second funeral in that locality. When I got back home it was a quarter to two—and that's a long time from eight a.m.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I am sure that during Lent you have all done much for the Missions; as we come to Passion Week this month it will be a source of consolation to you to know that you have done something to bring the blessings of Salvation to souls in China and in other pagan countries. Elsewhere in this issue you may read figures on the number of converts in China last year; I am sure many of those conversions were the result of prayers offered by Catholic boys and girls for the missions.

I remind you of two anniversaries in the life of the Little Flower this month: April 9th, 1888, she entered Carmel, the Convent in Lisieux, where she grew to such a wonderful degree of perfection; April 29th, 1923, just ten years ago, she was beatified and given the title "Blessed Therese". On those dates I will have a special intention in my Holy Masses for all our buds.

Again this month the editor has asked me to draw your attention to the appeal for spiritual help from our missionaries. This will be the last chance for schools to avail of this particular method of letting the priests in China know of their work for them. If the response this month brings as many names as did last month I will be the proudest man in the world, for our Buds certainly have given "THEIR ANSWER" in wonderful style.

Maybe you think I am "falling down" on my job of keeping all the new members supplied with certificates, etc. Well, I had some "field days" since March began, and have sent more than 800 certificates to new members. You can see our "Garden" is growing daily, and Father Jim is very much delighted.

May you all enjoy a very Happy Easter.

FATHER JIM.

Mabel Adams, Secretary of the C.C.S.M.C., at St. Thomas' School, Sudbury, sent the names of 17 girls of Junior Third Class who joined our Rose Garden. Since then, the Rose Garden has taken St. Thomas' School by storm, and it bids fair to rival St. Aloysius' School in the same town. Thanks for all your letters, Buds.

St. Catharine's, Ont.

The Editor gave me a letter from Betty Hamilton, Sec'y. of the C.C.S.-M.C. at St. Mary's School, St. Catharine's, in which she told of a very enthusiastic Crusade meeting with "Chuchow Missions" as the intention. Papers were read on various matters connected with the missions by Murray Brennan, Margaret Morrison, Patricia Harrington, and John Phalen. Musical numbers were rendered by Ed. Tousignant, Mary Colton and Loretta Tracey. An address was given by Leo Cunningham, president, and a spiritual bouquet was sent to China Mission Seminary along with a substantial donation. Many thanks, Crusaders, and may your Unit continue its fine work. The letter was forwarded to the missionaries in Lishui.



May our Risen Saviour shower down many blessings on His little missionaries, the boys and girls of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden."

From Sunny Florida.

Dear Father Jim:

"I am a pupil of St. Joseph's Academy, Jacksonville. Every month our teacher reads 'China' for us. I am interested in your 'Rose Garden' and want to become a member, taking "Pansy" as my pen-name. Please ask some Canadian and Newfound-Buds to write to me. My name is **Fred David,** and my address 1936 Main Street."

Very glad to hear from you, Fred, and you can feel right at home in our Club for there are quite a number of United States boys and girls already members. I think you are the first Floridian to write me, and you may be sure that if any others want to write I will be very glad. I hope you will not be long without pen-pals.

St. Thomas' School, Sudbury.

Dear Father Jim:

"Thank you for the badges and certificates which we got this morning. We will always say the prayer for China, and on our Mission Sundays we will all go to Holy Communion for the Missions. We are sending 50c to subscribe for 'China'. We have offered a spiritual bouquet for the Missions. Father Jim, would you like to hear a story? One day our teacher hung up a picture of Pope Pius XI. One boy said: 'Sister, who is that? Is that Father Jim?' Yours truly, Kathleen Sunday, Secretary, First Class."

That's a good story all right, Kathleen. I'm sure the buds will enjoy reading it. I received many letters from buds at your school, and I'm sorry I have no space to print some of them. I wish every success to your recently-formed "Little Flower" Club, whose president, Thomas Lannigan, wrote me, as well as other members of the executive, Marjorie Grace, Mabel Adams, Shelia Adams, Fay Dixon, Tom Gamey, and Justin Kitchener. One letter sent to me read: "I'm glad you like hockey, Father Jim. We have a team up here that could beat any of yours." I know all the buds in Sudbury are pulling hard for the "Wolves", and by the time this gets printed Newmarket will have tested the Sudbury team. Am I for Sudbury? Perhaps! I'll tell you when the series is over.

"Sherlock Holmes" Still Busy.

Some time ago I referred to Ena M. Farrell, of St. Lawrence, Nfld., as the "Sherlock Holmes" of our Club. I enjoy her letters immensely, but I fear she is not feeling very kindly towards me for not answering some of them. Never mind, Ena, probably by the time this "China" reaches you a letter will also have gone. I am glad to read of the buds in St. Lawrence. Give my best wishes to them all. Ena tells me: "I am still sore at you for not answering my last letter, and I will be real vexed if you do not answer this one. . . . The 'China' gives us a wonderful idea of the great work done by our missionaries. . . . We try to aid them as much as we can by our prayers. . . . I did not get any further information about you, but I think you are real, real mean not to let us know. One little bit of information I got was this: you are rather tall, have a wonderful disposition, and your name begins with an 'F'. I think you should not be so scared to give hints to those who live so far away from you. . . . I hear from quite a few buds but wouldn't mind having some more. . . . I know you must be kept pretty busy. May God bless the work you and your buds are doing. I think it is just great."

La Fontaine, Ont.

Three of the finest long letters anyone would want to receive came from the Holy Cross Sisters' school at La Fontaine. **Eva LaLumiere** tells me that "the boarders here at Holy Cross simply jumped for joy when Sister came in with a parcel; all expected it was from Father Jim — and were we delighted when she gave us all our badges and certificates! . . . We sent a large parcel to Father Boudreau. His sister is our teacher. The parcel was sent in the care of the Little Flower; she will have to see to it that it reaches Pi-Wu-Ka safely. . . . I have had lovely letters from **Rita Curley** and **Margaret Rice**. . . . My brother Peter and my sister Stella who subscribed for 'China' would have liked the February issue a whole lot better if the Editor had not cut out the Garden pages."

Beatrice Foster said that "all were glad to become 'buds'; the day-students will have to wait till tomorrow for their pleasant surprise; they will be as grateful to Father Jim as the boarders were. The badges are little gems, and the certificates ideal for framing. One of our buds, **Edgar Beaupre**, was sent his badge, etc., while in hospital. He will appreciate things all the more."

Lucille Black, in sending a subscription to 'China' for the LaFontaine buds, told me a lot of news. She says she is going to visit me when she comes home to Toronto. Lucille thinks her teacher knows Father Jim but won't tell the pupils. "I have heard from **Margaret MacDonald** and **Mary Kerr**. . . . I would like to see Father Boudreau when he gets our parcel. I hope the bandits don't get it first. . . . Last month only boys got mention in the Rose Garden; we are all waiting anxiously for the next issue. . . . Our teacher has told us very interesting things about Theophane Venard, the martyr."

FIVE SCHOOLS SEND SPIRITUAL OFFERINGS.

Below are represented the combined spiritual good works offered for the Chuchow Missions by St. Mary's School, St. Catharine's, Ont.; First Class, St. Thomas' School, Sudbury, Ont.; Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont.; St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; and Senior III Class, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury. This does not include the answer to the stirring "Call to Arms" published in last issue. Very many schools have responded to that, and we are delighted at the rich harvest of blessings that must necessarily come to our missionaries as a result of the spiritual co-operation of so many young boys and girls.

Masses heard	783
Communions	514
Way of the Cross	995
Rosaries	773
Visits to Bl. Sacrament	561
Prayers	1,293
Ejaculations	39,435
Acts of Mortification	20

RANSOMS SECOND CHINESE BABY.

St. Michael's Academy,
Belleville, Ont.
March 14, 1933.

Dear Father Jim:—

Enclosed please find the sum of five dollars. We wish to buy a Chinese Baby Boy this time, and as Father Paul Wong has written to us from China we decided to call the baby Paul.

We put on a nice little play yesterday entitled "The Conversion of Sing Fang". It was written by the pupils of our class and we enjoyed it very much. At our meeting yesterday we had a letter read which was received this week from Father Beal. It was written to Doris Messervey, one of our pupils, and we were very glad to get it. Father Beal asked us to pray for him during the next two weeks as he had to travel a dangerous road for a distance of nearly seventy miles. So we are going to do so.

We wish you, dear Father, and the work of the Chinese Missions every success, and we ask you to pray for our success in school.

Yours sincerely,

Margaret Forster,
Secretary, C.C.S.M.C.,
Senior IV. Class.

Now that's the kind of letter that makes Father Jim get busy. I am prouder than ever of the "Buds" at St. Michael's Academy. And will I pray for their success in school? I certainly will, and I beg our saintly little Patroness to obtain many blessings for those ardent little missionaries.

Some Old Friends Write.

From Eastview, Ont., came a beautiful letter from **Jeanne O'Malley**. "You surely must think me the most ungrateful person in your Club for not having written long ago. . . . I still hunt out our page in 'China' the minute I get hold of it . . . if I should get mention in your column again I hope Msgr. McGrath and Fr. Amyot will see it and remember they haven't written in ages. . . . I am kept busy this year but would nevertheless like to hear from some of my old pen-pals again . . . all success to the 'Garden' and the 'Gardener'.

Pembroke, Ont., has two "old reliables" in **Anna M. Culligan** and **Anita Martin**. Two long letters from Anna surely did make up for "lost time", as she puts it. She writes: "A lot of the 'buds' seem to be very busy working out various clues they have to your identity. I hope some succeed, for I've given up. Yet I have an idea I could find out from a Sister here who was a member of your Club before becoming a nun. . . . My companions here at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception have been interested in your 'Garden', and I am sending a list of new members. . . . Enclosing a letter from **Alma Chayer**, too. . . . Our school has made a spiritual bouquet for the missions; we have the great privilege of daily Mass and Communion here. . . . Sr. Juletta, now in Lishui, is my cousin."

From Anita Martin's letter here are a few sentences also: "Father Sharkey's lantern lecture given in the Convent Auditorium made us all want to do something more for the Missions; it was great to see and hear one who had just come back from China. . . . Everybody wanted to know who Father Jim is—why don't you put your picture in 'China'? . . . Please ask some buds 16 or 17 years old to write me from the Maritimes or Nfld. . . . We are all praying much for the Chinese."

I appreciated those letters, and am grateful for the news they contained. My thanks are given to all at Immaculate Conception Convent for their lovely spiritual bouquet. I am sure the zeal of the new buds will mean much to our common cause.

Marystown, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

"Just a word from a bud in this far-away corner of your Garden. The last mail brought 'China'. It is always a welcome visitor to our home. I have learned more about China and the foreign missions of the Church from it than I ever knew before. I look upon your Club as a connecting link between the younger readers and our soldier priests who are planting the banner of the Cross in distant China. All the people here received the blessing of your newly-ordained priest, and they were very glad. I had several letters from buds. Yours truly, Annie V. St. George." P.S. "I think I have found out who you are."

That was a nice letter, Annie, and you have the right idea about our Club. It is meant to be a "Connecting link" between the Catholic boys and girls and the missionaries in China, and your prayers and Holy Communions make the "connection" very real and very profitable.

NONSENSE



"We'd better make a front-page story of this wedding," remarked the editor.

"Why?" asked the society reporter in surprise. "They aren't very prominent people."

"That may be," he replied, "but this is the first account of a wedding you have turned in for ages that hasn't had as a last line, 'They will reside with the bride's parents'."

It was at the Vicar's Christmas party. Tea was over, and games had been indulged in. The Vicar looked around.

"Well," he said, "I think we might have a song. Tommy, will you oblige?"

"I can't sing," said Tommy, "but I'll fight any of the other kids!"

The entire organization had not been completed, but they were inviting all of the Forest Hill Club members who wanted to try their hand at shooting clay pigeons and the general public.—Long Island paper.

Two men had just finished dinner in a restaurant, when one offered the other a cigar.

"Vot's the matter with it?" asked the other.

A four-word sign on a midget golf course in Great Bend, Mo., tells the story of many another. The sign runs:

"Closed. Opened by Mistake."

A musician with a tin whistle played right through a village in Fife without getting anything. As he passed the last door he turned toward an old native, "Man," said he, "I havna got a farthing in the hale toon."

"I'm no' thinkin' ye wud," replied the Fifer. "Ye see we do a' oor ain whistlin' here."

Interviewer — "Aren't you sometimes frightened when you look down at the street below you?"

Steeplejack—"Yes. Only yesterday I thought sure I was going to see a pedestrian get run over."

Business man: "Well, if it isn't John Corcoran, the man I met up in Maine one rainy night six years ago at the Moose River Junction Railway station."

Salesman (retreating to door): "Good day, sir."

Business man: "Aren't you going to try and sell me something?"

Salesman: "No. I sell memory courses."

"How come you always smoke quarter cigars?"

"Somebody else always smokes the other three quarters!"—Lehigh Burr.

In the old days if anyone missed a stage-coach, he was contented to wait two or three days for the next one. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.

"What's wrong with the world, anyway?" asked the first pessimist.

"Too much rope is being used for making cigars and not enough to hang gangsters," replied the other.

Rural Doctor (meeting patient): "I've—er—taken the liberty of sending in my little account again."

Patient: "Is that so? Well, acting on your advice, I'm avoiding business worries for the present."

Wife—"Say, John, it is our silver wedding to-morrow, shall we kill the pig?"

Husband — "What's the use of murdering the pig for what happened twenty-five years ago."

"It is awful, Mrs. Smith, the way sports are degenerating. My boy was dismissed from the ball team because he was too honest."

"What was the matter?"

"He wouldn't steal bases."

A native of Aberdeen now residing in Canada was given a radio. A few days later a friend accosted him and asked: "And how do you like your radio, Jock?" "Ah", said Jock, "the music's glorious but I canna' read very well wi' the light."

Smith obtained a job as a packer in a big chinaware store. On the third day after his arrival he slipped while carrying a valuable vase and smashed it into a hundred pieces. At the end of the week, when he went to draw his pay he was told by the manager that a little would be deducted from his wages each week until the vase had been paid for. "How much was the vase worth?" asked Smith. "Five hundred dollars," the manager replied. Smith began to smile. "Well, it looks as if I've got a steady job at last."

The other day the telephone rang in the home of a Florida Congressman. An old Negro mammy answered. "This is long distance from Washington," said a voice over the wire. "Hit shore am," the mammy replied and hung up. —The Echo.

"How do you like me in my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price."

"You mean you got it for an absurd figure."

Two Rolls-Royces rested side by side. Suddenly one of them twitched violently and shook a fender.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other.

"I think I must have got one of those Austins on me somewhere."

"Is that your college diploma you have framed there?"

"Well, it's a sort of diploma. It's a worthless stock certificate showing that I've been through the school of experience."

Scared Husband: "You say you found a letter in a woman's handwriting in my pocket this morning? I don't know how it got there!"

Irate wife: "I do! I gave it to you to mail two weeks ago!"

Asked what he understood by "foreign entanglements", a schoolboy replied: "Spaghetti".

The local church was making a drive for funds, and two colored sisters were bearing down on Uncle Rastus.

"I can't give nothin'," exclaimed the old Negro, "I owes nearly everybody in this here town already."

"But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owes de Lawd somethin' too?"

"I do, sister, indeed," said the old man, "but He ain't pushin' me like my other creditors is."

A party of six sat down to dinner. The waiter took the orders, and later, returned with the fish. Addressing a burly gentleman on the right the waiter inquired: "Are you the fried flounder, sir?"

"No," the gentleman replied, "but I'm a poor lonely sole with an empty plaice, and I'm waiting for something to fillet."—Exchange.

Mary: "Isn't it dreadful? I refused to marry Archie last October, and he's been drinking steadily ever since!"

Jane: "I should say that's carrying a celebration a little too far."

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One noticed that the other had his eyes closed and asked, "Bill, don't you feel good?"

"I'm all right," said Bill, "but I do hate to see ladies standing."

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\+ +

SEVERAL of the Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of the Incomplete Burses listed on this page. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

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\+ +

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but it adds to the merit of your offering when a greater sacrifice is involved. May we count on an Easter Gift from you for one of our Burses listed above?

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CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

MAY, 1933



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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WE MUST NOT FAIL THEM

"WE are up against it good and hard." By many, the words will be read with a feeling akin to shock. They are the words of a missionary in China as he describes the conditions that have to be met with in the everyday life of our own priests in Chuchow. They are in the thick of a great battle, they are face to face with a mighty problem, but they are carrying on valiantly against desperate odds; to those who are watching from afar they send back a message, an insistent appeal to join with them in the fray, and they base all their hope of success on the co-operation of those to whom they appeal. It is Great World War days over again, but a different sphere of action. In those memorable years of struggle, when distance alone separated loved ones in Flanders and Canada, the boom of guns on the battlefield found echo in the hearts of anxious friends at home, and no effort and no sacrifice was counted too great if thereby the lot of those at the Front was made more pleasant and their task brought nearer to successful completion. Now the soldiers of Christ are waging a grand offensive on the mission battlefield and, strange paradox! they are fighting to save life and not to destroy it.

* * * * *

IT takes actual experience on the Missions to bring home with fullest force the need for Divine help in the struggle for immortal souls; nobody knows better than the missionary himself what need he has of prayer if his work is to meet with success; the awful atmosphere of paganism is absolutely impenetrable unless the Grace of God dissipate the mists. And God has ordained that the dispensing of His Grace depends on our asking: "Ask and you shall receive."

* * * * *

THERE lies untold strength in solidarity. An undertaking wherein the individual fails may easily be accomplished through organized effort. World movements, like that of the Foreign Missions, demand unity of purpose; and without enlisting the co-operation of the individual such movements are bound to bring only partial results. It is to the individual readers of "CHINA" that we have so often appealed, and will continue to appeal, for a real live interest in the doings of our priests and sisters on the Missions. We believe that every Catholic should somehow be a missionary. Christ's command to His apostles to "preach the Gospel to every creature" extends to the co-operation of the laity in mission efforts. It is Christ's wish that all who call themselves Christians should pray and sacrifice for the extension of His kingdom as a sign of deep and genuine interest in His work. "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another." Since we are obliged to love all men, we are also obliged to pray for all without exception. It should be our desire that God's name be glorified among all men, that His kingdom should be shared by all, and that His will should be done by all, no matter whether they be Chinese or Japanese or Africans. He has created them all to His image; He has redeemed them all through the blood of His Divine Son; and He desires to sanctify them all through the Holy Ghost and our co-operation.

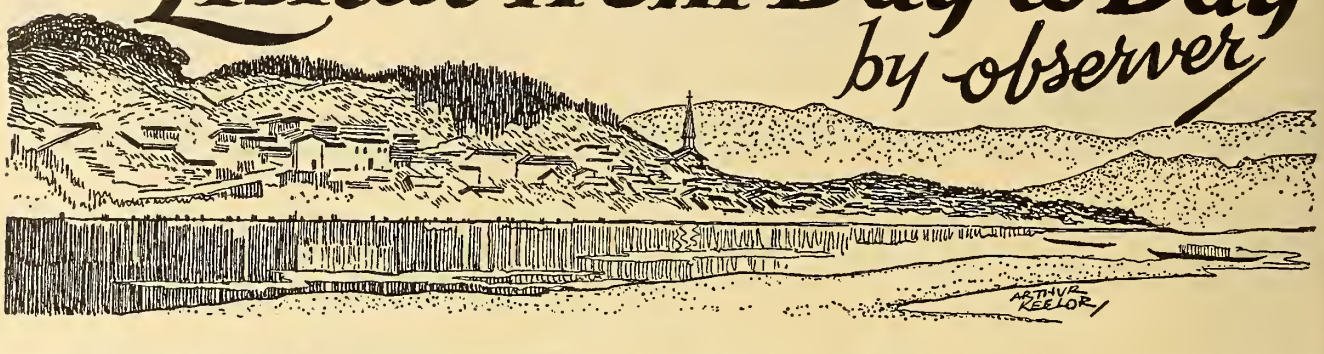
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WE have but recently solemnly commemorated the events of Holy Week; we are now in the early weeks of an extraordinary Holy Year to honor the 19th centenary of our Redemption. We cannot have failed to understand a little the priceless value of our own soul, and we know that every individual soul has cost the death of a Man-God. Our love for Our Lord should prompt us to fervent prayer for the unfortunate pagans; they are so spiritually poor and we are so wonderfully rich. Be generous, be grateful, and prove your charity by remembering in every Mass and Holy Communion, and every Rosary during this month of May, the souls of your less favored brethren in pagan lands.

And not only for those poor lost sheep should we pray, but our petitions should go daily to Heaven for those self-sacrificing missionaries who are giving their lives to save immortal souls. Theirs is no pleasant task; theirs is the heat and burden of the every-day struggle against paganism. They are doing their share manfully, and they do not ask for sympathy; they merely request that we be interested in their work to the extent of a little daily prayer for their success. If we admire the role of the missionaries, if we would be one with them in carrying out the Divine command, then we will heed the words of St. Paul: "I desire therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of truth."

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



THERE seems to be a growing feeling that the manner in which some of the Lives of the Saints were written might admit of a little improvement. The portrayal is so thoroughly idealistic! Every evidence of human frailty has been religiously, almost fanatically, suppressed; with the net result, as far as you and I and the rest of struggling humanity are concerned, that we find some such books about as spiritually helpful as Alice in Wonderland.

* * *

Please don't misunderstand. We're not going realist all of a sudden. Neither are we advocating any Lytton Strachey school of biographical "debunkers". In an age when that misanthropic "art" has become the obsession of many a soured literateur we thank God more fervently than ever for those spiritual heroes who have woven idealism into the very texture of their daily lives. But we should love to have been told that their spirituality and their sublime heroism exacted of them something more than that effortless ease depicted in certain books professing to tell the story of their lives. It would bring them closer to us instead of taking them farther away. To the average mortal who has attained the use of reason, and lives in no fool's paradise as to what sanctity demands of human nature, it would occasion encouragement rather than shock to know that all the Saints might have exclaimed with Saint Augustine: "There goes myself except for the grace of God."

* * *

Weren't you consoled, for example, when you read that the Little Flower often found it so desperately hard to keep awake during meditation! She made no bones about telling the fact. And would you be more than mildly horrified to learn that another certain young person, afterwards a canonized saint, once threw a carving knife at the Reverend Mother! It is comforting to realize that people who fall asleep at meditation may get to Heaven after all. And while none of us, I suppose, ever threw carving knives at the Reverend Mother, the story brings the rather satisfying conviction that people whose tempers are naturally violent in their early days can overcome their defect and rise to heights of sanctity. Don't you think it helps a little to know such things? Or are you shocked to death? You shouldn't be, really, to learn that God's grace can make a saint out of a spoiled child.

* * *

Something has gone similarly awry in regard to stories of missionary life. There is nobody very much to blame. The situation was more or less inevitable. It is the result of the newspaper man's law of supply and demand which even Catholic papers may not transgress. It is the old "man-bite-the-dog" story over again. There never was, and there never will be, any demand on the part of readers for what is prosaic and commonplace and humdrum. They far prefer to be told that "Whole Village Embraces Christianity" — "Lone Missionary Converts 5,000 People" — and that occasionally (due to the depression, no doubt), "Cannibal Tribe *Pleads* for Missionary!" Don't you just love that "pleads"?

* * *

All of which is perfectly true. And far be it from us to suspect any but the loftiest of motives even on the part of the "tribe". "Whole Villages" do embrace Christianity, but the point is that it is by no means the usual thing. We know far more villages that are not the least bit interested. Priests do baptize consoling numbers of pagans, thank God, but very often the great harvest of souls vouchsafed to one missionary has been won by the heroic sacrifice and hidden suffering of a predecessor who has sown in tears. For the rare priest who baptizes thousands annually there are many unknown soldiers of Christ who must keep plodding away at the slow and laborious and humanly thankless task of making gradual conversions among a people often indifferent. If you feel that it should be otherwise you have only to read the life of Christ. The great Father Westerwoudt spent twenty years in Borneo without baptizing a single soul and went almost convert-less to his grave.

* * *

Now what is the result of recurring appearance

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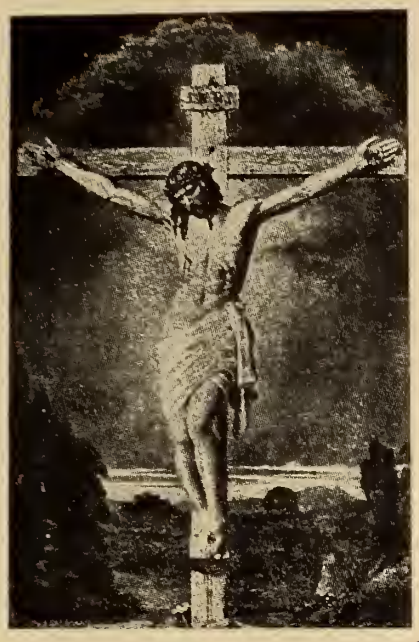
$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

of such "typical" news items at home? It is that thousands of people who would be on their knees before the Tabernacle if they knew the real nature of the mission struggle have been lulled into a sense of false complacency. Continued stories of mission triumphs with hardly a word of drab and discouraging mission failures have made our people feel that the priests and sisters in China and India and Africa have the situation "well in hand". "What need have they of our prayers?" unthinking people ask. "Well in hand!" God help us! The truth is that in China the real battle for souls has hardly begun. And without the help of prayer, our own prayers and yours, we shall be as helpless in the greater struggle impending as the Chinese "dare to die" sword brigade against the machine guns and tanks and heavy artillery of modern Japan. By all means tell our people of the Church's triumphs! By all means encourage them after their wonderful sacrifices on behalf of missions the world over! But do not feel that they cannot stand an occasional revelation as to what is distinctly "the other side of the picture."

* * *

As for our district here, Fathers Stringer, Boudreau, Beal, and Venini have from time to time given readers of "CHINA" an accurate portrayal of existing conditions. They have not shrunk from using the words "fallen-away Christians", and have intimated that as a result of the years when this district was without adequate number of priests it is going to take time to win back those strayed sheep as well as to bring new converts into the fold. "Be careful!", some will say; "don't dishearten the people!" We think we know the people of Canada and Newfoundland. We think they would want to be the first ones to know it if their boys were up against it good and hard. And we are. And we tell you so because we need your prayers, and because we should like you never to leave the church without a plea on our behalf to Christ in the tabernacle. Platitudinous, lifeless words! Yet how dire the need that prompts them!



But waste no pity on US, dear friends. Whether God sees fit to reward our poor efforts with objective results that can be so humanly satisfying, or to leave the harvest for those who will follow after, our success is assured if we but keep on trying to the end. Pity the suffering Saviour on the Cross, to whom immortal souls will be lost forever. This very night, ere another day has dawned, Satan will quietly, exultantly, take unto himself a grim harvest of hapless souls for whom Christ's Blood was shed. Pity the blood-stained Sufferer in Gethsemane! The vision of those wretched creatures cost Him something of that awful agony in the garden. Victory is not yet while souls stream daily into hell and there are those on earth for whom Calvary will have been in vain. Pray without ceasing—for there are souls whom only your prayers will save.

The Door Shall Not Be Closed

Three taps of a golden hammer on the great doors of four basilicas in Rome, Sunday, April 2, marked the formal inauguration of the extraordinary Holy Year of Jubilee, proclaimed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI to commemorate the nineteenth centenary of the Redemption of Mankind.

The rite of the opening of the Holy Door in its liturgic form has been preserved almost unaltered from the time of Pope Alexander VI in the Jubilee of 1500 up to today. And today as it was in former times the ceremony is impressive and carries with it a dignity and certain mysticism that thrills us even to think of it.

We may not have pondered the significance of this rite and its relation to the work of the missionaries. How many thousands are led through the golden door of faith every year by the missionaries, and how many more thousands might be led through if each Catholic considered prayer and sacrifice for conversions and for unbelievers a daily duty.

The Holy Father has ordered, moreover, that the Golden Door should never be closed, day or night, during the Year of Jubilee. To us this message should have a special import. It should inspire us to open and to keep open the door of Missions by the triple hammer of prayer, service, sacrifice. Let us plan definitely to say some special prayer daily for the conversion of sinners and unbelievers, to render some special service to a missioner or Catechist, and to make a definite sacrifice weekly or daily for the material needs of a mission. Thus, we can make this nineteenth centenary of the redemption of mankind a really holy year—a year filled with conquests of souls gained for Christ.—*The "Bugle Call."*

Shanghai.—Fewer new Catholics but stronger organization and stronger mission forces mark the past ten years of the Church in China. An interesting comparative study of the last three decades is given in the Annuaire des Missions Catholiques for 1933, just published by the Shanghai Jesuits.

For the decade of 1902-1912, Catholics increased 731,302; for 1912-1922, 711,214; during the past ten years, 1922-1932, due to the disturbed conditions, the gain has been but 420,226. The Catholic population has passed the two and a half million mark.

But during this last decade our organization has been powerfully strengthened. The number of ecclesiastical divisions, which in 1902 was 41, remained almost stationary for 20 years; in 1912 there were 42 and in 1922 there were 55. In the last 10 years, however, it has leaped from 55 to 117. New seminaries have kept pace with the erection of new missions and thus there is promise of a striking increase of native clergy in the coming decade. During these last 10 years native priests mounted from 1,030 to 1,536.

Finally, foreign missionaries have heavily increased during this decade. The advance for 1902-1912 was 592. The World War came during the next period and by 1922 there were but three more foreign priests than in 1912! Between 1922 and 1932 the increase was 736. (Fides).

A MISSION FLOWER

By Rev. D. E. STRINGER

WHO amongst us has not read and been thrilled by the accounts that have come down to us of the heroism of the first Christians? Of the battles they waged against the powers of evil in their day? How the story of little Agnes captivated our hearts! Innocence that was consecrated to God and the attempts of the vicious minded who would have overcome her were it possible! In this our day of freedom such happenings are impossible —so we think! But wait!

Imagine to yourself a dilapidated, tile-roofed house with walls of mud and straw. Enter in and see poverty written over everything. Windows are not needed, neither are chimneys—the cracks and crevices are innumerable, and if they allow a little sunlight to brighten up the squalidness within, they also allow the cold of winter and the stenches of summer to fill every nook and cranny. Pigs and hens and dogs roam in and out, yet nobody seems to stumble over them—babies with faces and hands almost as dirty as the mud floor on which they are sitting. Idols, cold and forbidding, hold the place of honor and exact their homage of fear and harshness. Could virtue, even pagan virtue, thrive amid such surroundings where there is nothing to urge even the best to look upwards?

In one such house lived a pagan girl and her mother. When the child was about eight years of age the father one day left and never returned. Left thus alone they were forced to struggle for themselves in order to obtain the bare necessities of life—a little rice and some clothes and a few faggots for a winter's fire. Although the future seemed dark and hopeless, still the innate cheerfulness of the young girl kept up the spirits of both. When she was fourteen years old it chanced that a missionary came to the town in which she lived. Now, this was an event not to be missed—the coming of a foreign missionary! So in company of several others she went to the Mission to see "the sights". They had never before witnessed any of the ceremony of the Christian religion—but the contrast between it and their own was marked. The missionary, seeing the group of children, spoke to them a few words of a wonderful girl-Mother who lived long ago but whose beauty was not dimmed, nor could it be, by the passage of time. He told them of her goodness, her tenderness, her loveliness, and of the many beautiful virtues which as so many jewels adorned her. And then they went away, carrying with them a new and beautiful ideal, something that unconsciously lifted them up beyond the dismal clouds of paganism.

But though the mind feast on treasures however high, the body still clamors for attention. Life was hard, money was scarce, so at seventeen years of age this pagan girl was espoused to a worthless fellow, who, in great part lacked even the commonest natural virtues. His love for her was that of an owner for a piece of property—but what is mere love against the wishes of pagan fathers. In this state of betrothal, living in the house of her future father-in-law, to physical hardships were now added moral ones for which paganism has no antidote. Meanwhile her thoughts constantly reverted to the picture in her mind of the Maid. The tiny seed, urged on by the waters of tribulation, began to put out roots, and she went to the Mission frequently to take part in the prayers, and also to ask, from time to time, more questions. And as the truths of this new religion were unfolded before her gaze, her innocent mind realized to the full the actual degradation of the religion of her fathers, and she was attracted powerfully to this newer religion of Love.

But if the grace of the true God was waking her to her state, so too, the devil redoubled his efforts. Force was often used to make her consent to the marriage, but each time she came out the victor. To these sufferings were added fears in her mind for the welfare of her mother, who, in a large measure depended on the marriage of her daughter for the sustenance of life. Soon she finished her days of instruction and the saving waters were poured on her head, infusing into her soul a strength that was sorely needed. And she resolved to consecrate herself to God. But how was she to accomplish this? Torn by two loves—one the strongest natural love for her mother—the other for her new-found faith, she wondered whether she would be left to suffer a life of misery with a pagan or whether she would realize



Courtesy, "The Far East"

OUR LADY OF CHINA

OUR LADY, Queen of China,
Is sweet of face and mild;
She meekly holds for worship
The King of Kings, her Child.
Upon His head a crown is,
Within His breast the Dove;
His hands are wide in pity,
And bright His eyes with love.

Our Lady, Queen of China,
Is handmaid of the Lord.
She bears for Him the sceptre,
Who felt for Him the sword.
With singing heart she praises
The Word Who came to dwell,
While chanting lips of China
Re-echo Gabriel.

Our Lady, Queen of China,
Is royally arrayed
In robes that love has chosen
And woven of brocade.
She reigns, a queen and mother,
The world's and China's own,
Between her fragrant lilies,
Upon her lacquered throne.

That wine be poured from water,
A good wine for the last;
That men may hear the Angelus
From bells for Buddha cast;
That yellow grain find saving
And yield the Living Bread,
To the one Queen of China
May China's vows be paid.

—Patrick O'Connor.



Like oranges? Come over to Lishui and sample ours. And believe us, they're good. When we picked those it was winter time in Canada.
The priests, left to right, are: Fathers MacGillivray and Beal, Msgr. McGrath, Fathers Venadam, McNabb, and Serra.

her heart's desire. The final struggle was soon to take place, for her future husband unexpectedly returned home and all things were to be prepared for the marriage. There seemed to be no loop-hole through which to escape. But just when things appeared to be hopeless, a missionary came to her town for his yearly call.

It was a very disturbed and disheartened girl that poured out her story to him, a story that revealed rare courage amid numberless trials in the quest of an ideal—almost a parallel to that of Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail, at least in its aspect of perseverance. If the missioner was troubled by the apparent hopelessness of the case he was equally cheered by this shining example. The priest interviewed her mother, whose only reason for desiring the consummation of the marriage was that she might have food and a roof over her head. Knowing that the future husband was at home the girl refused to return to the house, and other Christians took her in for the night. But to the missionary was left the task, seemingly impossible, of making the other parties concerned see the whole affair as the girl saw it. However, through all the ages man has proposed but God has disposed, and by dint of much explanation the father-in-law was won over. The Blessed Virgin had again triumphed over the forces of evil. To describe the effect of this sudden relief for the girl would be impossible. Arrangements were made to have her placed in a convent, and the mother cared for among the Sisters. And thus closed a chapter in the book of deeds that are worked in silence, unknown to the world.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Donations sent to us to aid any branch of our mission work are acknowledged by letter, and each month we publish a list of the kind friends who have contributed to the support of our missionary endeavours. We are very thankful to the following whose donations reached us between March 16th and April 17th, 1933.

Senior Fourth Pupils, St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, $5; Ruth McEachern, $1; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan, $2; Joseph Foran, $1; J. J. Carolan, $1; "Terra Nova", $20; Frances Gilchrist, $1; Agnes Coules, $1; Mrs. Patrick Power, $3; Tena Chisholm, $1; Alice Conway, $10; Estate Mrs. Warnock, $65.90; Mrs. F. M. Stewart, $3; Friend, Welland, $1.50; D. T. Lynach, $2; Friend, Toronto, 50c; Mary V. McCormick, $1; Morrison Bequest, $3; In memory of Mrs. Florence Fisher, $2; Rev. J. F. Corrigan, $3; Mrs. Coffey, $2; Mary Farrell, $1; Malcolm MacDonald, $2; Margaret Donahue, $1; Guardian Angels' Sodality, St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, $3; Mrs. Louis Cain, $5; Senior Third Pupils, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, $2; Kathleen Bird, $2; Madeline Smith, $3; Jr. IV and Sr. III Pupils, Notre Dame School, Kingston, $1; Miss E. McDonnel, $1; Friend, N.S., in thanksgiving, $10; Jas. J. McGarry, $1; Catherine F. Owens, $5; Senior Girls, St. Joseph's High School, Toronto, $9; M. J. Greene, $5; Misses A. and W. Coward, $1; Eliza Rankins, $1; J. M. S., $3; St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, $2; Margaret Cronin, $10; Pupils, St. Stanislaus School, Guelph, $6.67; Frances Lynett, $5; Mrs. V. Tremblay, $5; Estate Mrs. Sarah McKinnon, $50; Mrs. Jos. Kale, $5; St. Brigid's School, Hamilton, $5; Sr. Pitre, $5; First Form, Sacred Heart School, Ingersoll, 50c; Mrs. E. O'Connor, $1; Mary Burns, $1.25; Sr. I Class, St. Joseph's School, Hamilton, $2.85; Mrs. P. H. McGrath, $2; Mrs. F. Fleck, $6; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.

BUILDING FUND

In memory Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $2.50; Mrs. Louis Cain, $1; Mrs. Sarah Hines, $2.

BURSES

J. M. Bennett and Family, St. Joseph's Burse, $5; Mrs. Jas. Barrett, St. Joseph's Burse, $1; Mrs. John Duffin, Sacred Heart Burse, $2; Greenfield Sep. School, St. Joseph's Burse, 50c; Friend, Barrie, Ont., St. Anthony's Burse, $5; A Lover of St. Jude, St. Jude's Burse, $5; Annie J. MacDonald, Sacred Heart Burse, $10; M. Malloy, Little Flower's Burse, $1; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Richards, Holy Souls Burse, $5; J. G., Toronto, St. Joseph's Burse, $5; In memory of C. McBride, Holy Souls Burse, $2; Norah Cleary, St. F. X. Burse, $10; Miss Grace McMullen, St. F. X. Burse, $5; Mrs. Anna B. Duffy, St. Anthony's Burse, $5; Emily McCarron, St. Joseph's Burse, $1; M. F. Crosby, St. Anthony's Burse, $20; Mrs. Louis Cain, Holy Souls Burse, $1; Miss Loretto Martin, Holy Souls Burse, $25; Harry M. Blake, St. F. X. Burse, $5; Mary McShea, St. Anthony's Burse, 50c; Mrs. P. Kelly, Little Flower's Burse, $1.50; Margaret Sullivan, Holy Souls Burse, $10; "T. D.", Little Flower Burse, $100; Pupils, College St. School, Halifax, St. Madeline S. Barat Burse, $50; Jennie Sullivan, Rev. Dr. Foley Burse, $1; Mrs. Madigan, St. Anthony's Burse, $5; Pupils, St. John's School, Toronto, $10; In honor of St. Jude, E. P. Foley, St. Jude's Burse, $10; Gerald J. Phalen, Blessed Sacrament Burse, $1.

DID NOT PAY DEBTS

"VICTIM of the Depression hangs himself!" That might be the at-home caption telling of a suicide which took place here a few days ago. In Sungyang the suicide would be more correctly understood as a victim of "Face". To lose "face" in China is just about as bad as losing one's whole head, and this poor fellow felt so badly over his failure to pay his debts that he did away with himself. His creditors obtained a warrant for his arrest if he failed to pay up some forty odd dollars before the close of the Old Year. He had no hope of borrowing, he was faced with a jail term of indefinite duration; he had a wife and two children who would have to struggle along on starvation rations. Result: his body was found in a lumber godown. Just another of life's tragedies—the penalty of "losing Face" by having to admit his inability to meet his debts before the dawn of a New Year. To allow debts to extend into another year is just "not being done" by the Chinese in good standing, and the law is strictly enforced, too. "Pay up or go to jail"—or, perhaps, you may happen to own some furniture, some livestock, a large supply of rice, or some surplus clothing—very well, it won't take creditors very long to "seize" some of your possessions, and then they'll call it square. Just yesterday I had a young lad come to me in tears to inform me that unless he received some alms from me he was due to lose his shoes and cap. That wasn't so good, with the snow coming down, so I helped him "over the New Year" with his 100 Dong Pah. And, of course, the God of the Kitchen comes into his own at the New Year, too. Firecrackers are set off in reckless abandon to welcome him back, and as soon as a new picture of this deity is placed over the fireplace, then "all's set" for a Happy New Year.—Rev. J. L. Beal.

YES! WE HAVE NO BANDITTI!

A thrill now and then is good for the best of men. And a false alarm is sometimes worse than the real thing. Fathers Amyot and King have had a whole week of "disturbance" through unfounded rumors of bandit attacks. Even rumors start things moving in Wong-Da. In the midst of the New Year's Festival, a sudden fear sent half the inhabitants of Wong-Da scurrying away from their homes.

By REV. WM. K. AMYOT

THUMP! Thump! on the street door. "Hey, Pock-Face! Pock-Face! Get up! Get up!"

Sleepy answers came from our old cook. More shouting of his nick-name. Then indistinct but excited voices could be heard down in the kitchen. The squeaky door swung open and the cook pattered across the front yard to open the side gate.

I rolled over and was just thinking how I'd "bawl him out" for having visitors call on him at such an hour, when light peeped through the cracks in my room wall and someone was tapping on my papered-bamboo window. The light tapping echoed like a drum. Then the catechist's voice: "Wer Kung! (my unworthy Chinese name) Wer Kung! Get up! Get up!" So the cook was not having visitors after all! I was rash-judging the poor old fellow. Then it must be a sick call.

I was half out of bed as the voice continued: "Too-fee! Too-fee! the bandits are coming! Get up! Get up!"

I noticed that it was quiet outside; there was no firing of guns that I could hear. I wondered at the time what our "garrison" of 17 soldiers was doing to earn their rice, letting the bandits come in with-without making even a noise. There was no time to sing Harry Lauder's famous song, but I certainly was "as cauld as I cud be" by the time I reached the door and admitted several excited persons who hastened to assure me that the bandits were in town — and they weren't ordinary bandits, either. They were most certainly Reds—Communists!



Wenchow Pagoda

"Where are they? How close?"

"They're right here! Not far away! Hurry, hurry!"

With that they moved off and took their lantern with them, but not before I had a squint at my watch and saw it was just 4 a.m.

I went and thumped on Father King's door. "Wake up! bandits are coming!"

A sleepy voice replied: "What's that?"

"They say bandits have come. Get up!"

"Aw, you're kidding! It's not morning yet, is it?"

A few things tipped over as he reached for his equipment. He was up. I went back to my room for the keys to the chapel and tabernacle in case there was reason for the alarm.

Outside it was semi-darkness. The stars were out, the bare ground was frozen hard, the air was just crackling it was so cold—although it really was only a few degrees below freezing. The whole town appeared quiet enough even now. The gleam of lanterns could be seen on the eaves here and there—the news was going the rounds.

There seemed to be no immediate danger so we went down to see how the cook was making out. He had the kitchen stove going — and we were grateful for its warmth.

"What's the news? How many are there?" we asked him.

"Two men armed with long knives were seen heading this way."

We laughed; but he was as serious as an owl. "How far away?"

"Oh, close!"

"What are the soldiers doing? Afraid of two men?"

"Show-foo-tee—I don't know", he answered, and smiled. He was a soldier once himself. So we received the first "version".

"Well, that doesn't sound very dangerous, Father King. Let's go up to the chapel and say our Beads. Later we can 'shan-fuh-tz' (think plan, as the Chinese say); if anything is going to happen we could not be in better company."

By this time things were beginning to stir around town. Canon crackers and pop-bangers were going off all over the place, and the sounds echoed and re-echoed up the chill valleys. Dogs were barking, and cocks were crowing to add their measure to the racket. We could see joss sticks being lighted and set up before the pagan homes to ward off the "vey" or evil spirit from them. The noise increased with time until it sounded like a real battle in progress. The Chinese are great for making noises—the din was supposed to frighten away the devil and leave the town in peace.

Just as we finished our prayers the catechist returned and we listened to version number two.

"90 or 100 bandits are coming, and sure enough they are Communists and will burn the whole place down. Ordinary bandits just seek money, but those Reds always destroy. They are coming from 'Tah-Jung', the largest town up near the head waters of the Jui-an River, about 120 li south of here and about the same distance from Fukien province. They are now only fifteen li (5 miles) away. What are you going to do?"

"Well, 15 li is quite a distance, so we are going to get some more sleep before we celebrate Mass. Then we're ready for whatever comes." The listeners expressed astonishment.

Before we did go back to bed, however, we thought we might as

well fall in with the general sentiment and take some precautions. We sent our catechist to hide a complete Mass kit in the home of one of our Christians, and then tried to make up for lost sleep till 6 a.m.

In the meantime, large numbers of townsfolk were already in flight as we could see by the lanterns bobbing hither and thither like fireflies up the mountain sides. Those who had any money had taken flight at the first sign of disturbance—they fled in terror at the prospect of having to hand over their cash or perhaps their sons to be held as hostages for ransom. The poor moved out of town because of the wild rumors that the on-coming bandits were out for blood — had even slain mercilessly as they came along, according to the exaggerated stories. They were not going to stay and be pressed into service as carriers of booty for the bandits. No, sir! they were getting out while the going was good. Very vividly did it bring to mind the words of Our Lord: "Then let them flee to the mountains . . . but pray that your flight be not in Winter." It means something when there's no house to go to, only the bare mountain sides, and it's cold.

When we got up, firecrackers, bangers, and powder-shots were still going off, with the noise of brass gongs and drums thrown in for luck. And the bandits hadn't arrived yet. We celebrated our Masses and heard confessions of a few who were present. Nothing had yet occurred to cause us any undue alarm—there had been no firing of any sort. Still, we decided to play safe and consumed most of the Sacred Hosts.

We waited and waited. Our morning meal was partaken of as usual. We were beginning to feel the suspense. Why the dickens didn't those bandits come or else tell us definitely their "visit" was called off. The sun was now well risen. Still no banditti. People were gathered in excited groups. There was no tax on words, and you can rest assured that the "facts" of the threatened invasion lost nothing in the telling. The number of the marauders rose apace—200, then 300, and finally 500. Time dragged on till noon. In came our catechist. Now for some news!

"Yes, there were over 300 . . . but they weren't real 'Too-Fee'. They were soldiers who were foraging in the country round about because they could get nothing to eat up in Tah-jung . . . they had started out heading this way . . . they had been seen by some travellers . . . were immediately taken to be Reds . . . Runners had been sent to relay the news to the next town from us."

And so—it was all nothing more than a case of "mistaken identity". Later in the day the "refugees" straggled back to their homes with their belongings. The danger was over for today at any rate. A Mr. Gee had first brought news of the banditti. Everybody *was* scared. Now everybody is happy again — except poor Mr. Gee, and he fears the people may take revenge on him.

So ended quite happily our first bandit scare in Wong-da. If noise counts for anything it was a big success, eclipsing even the Chinese New Year itself.

BEGGARS IN CHINA.

There are many specimens of humanity in China that, through destitution and in the bare struggle for existence, have to go through want and hunger and intense suffering both of mind and body, but for real degradation and acute acquaintance with the pains and penalties of poverty there is no one to be compared with the beggarman in this land.

A beggar here is really poor, and always close up to the border line across which is starvation. Besides, he is nearly always diseased. A beggar would fail to charm the solitary cash that is usually thrown at him, unless he had some glaring disease that would excite pity. The stock-in-trade of the begging fraternity is some hideous sore, or twisted legs or sightless eyes, or some abnormal deformity that disqualifies the person from gaining a living by manual labour. And then, too, the hovel into which he crawls when night drives him from the streets is something unspeakable for its wretchedness and discomfort. The beggars' camp is filthy, and so unsavoury that it may never be pitched within the precincts of the city, but is always erected in some open space outside its walls.—Sidelights on Chinese Life.

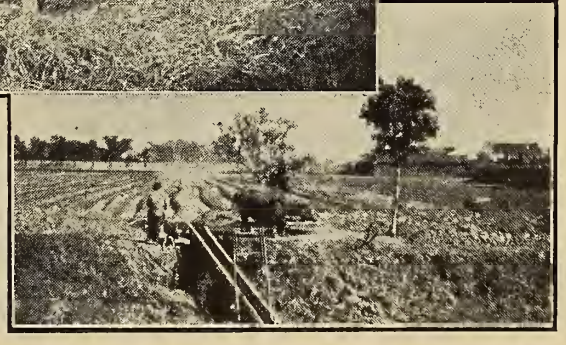
ZEAL FOR MISSIONS.

Whilst the circulation of "China" is confined especially to Canada and Newfoundland, it has quite a number of readers in the United States and European countries. That its influence extends beyond our own borders is proven by the following quotation from the *"Madonna"*, organ of the Sodality Union of Florida. We quote a report from Holy Rosary parish, Jacksonville, appearing in the *"Madonna"*: "One of our spiritual activities for Lent is to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion seven times for the conversion of pagan souls in China. This is in response to an appeal made by a Canadian Missionary in the Prefecture of Chuchow, China. His article, 'A Call to Arms', appeared in a recent issue of 'China'."

SCENES LIKE THESE ARE FAMILIAR ENOUGH IN CHINA



The harvesting of rice is the life's work of millions. Here the rice is being cut and threshed at once.



Blindfolded, hitched to a Chinese "irrigator", and driven round and round, the powerful water buffalo operates a machine which causes an endless chain of small vessels to descend into the water below, fill up, ascend, and empty into the ditches above.

GREGORIAN CHANT IN CHINA

Gregorian Chant has been known in China for more than six centuries, having been introduced when the first Catholic missionaries went there to preach the teachings of Christ. John de Monte Corvino, Franciscan and first Archbishop of Cambalec, in his first letter from Pekin in 1305, says that he was able to form a boys' choir, bringing together a group from six to eleven years old whom he instructed and baptized. Besides Latin, he taught them the ceremonies of the Church and the rubrics of the Office. These lads learned their music so well that in the city which never before had seen a Catholic priest they, like a convent of little monks, would rise daily at a fixed hour and would raise their silvery voices to psalm the praises of God; they sang them so well, in fact, that many times the Emperor was delighted to go and hear them.

Blessed Odoric of Portu Naone, a Franciscan missionary in the thirteenth century, tells us: "Once upon a time when the Great Khan was coming to Pekin, our Bishop and several of our Friars and I went out to meet him. After a journey of eleven days, when we were coming near him, I planted the Cross in a position where it might be seen by all; then we commenced to sing, all of us, with loud voice, the 'Veni Creator'. The Great Khan heard us and called to us to approach".

Even before these two great missionary figures we have records of Gregorian Chant in the Far East. Father William Ruysbroeck, who was sent as a Delegate of the Pope to the Great Khan of Tartary, in one of his letters recalls the audience of January 5, 1255, and says: "When we approached the Great Gate of the Palace, we intoned the hymn: *A Solis Ortu Cardine;* it was during the Christmas season".

It is no wonder then, that the missionaries in China today continue this excellent tradition, especially so since the Chinese take so well to the Chant of the Church.—(Fides).



Father Venadam's interest in Gregorian Chant is well known. He is shown here with his Lishui choristers who sing Gregorian numbers in wonderful style. Everybody is satisfied when Father Arthur wields the baton.

Through an Oriental Window

By REV. VINCENT MORRISON

Sungyang, Che.,
Feb. 22, 1933.



LOOKING out through my window today I see the mountains covered with snow and a dense fog filling the valleys below. It is cold for this part of the Province, 8 below freezing. Such a temperature at home would not cause any inconvenience, but conditions in the homes here are so different. Houses open to the winds, with mud floors and straw roofs, and no heating apparatus, are not just comfortable. It is a mystery how the poor people keep themselves warm at all, but they have their own methods. For one thing, they do not have surplus clothing lying around their house; all they possess they put on, and it is amusing sometimes to see the attempts they make to twaddle along, resembling at times an animated rag pile. When old Sol shines out they are not slow to gather in the open to enjoy its cheerful rays. And then there is the "Ho Lu"—or home-made portable stove. The ashes and coals left over from their cooking operations supply the necessary heat for the life-saving "Ho Lu". Westerners would consider this a very primitive heating system, but the Orientals have used this method from time immemorial and are skilful in its use. It seems to suit their parsimonious way of living.

On such a day as this scarcely anyone is astir in the early morning. At 6.30 our church bell rings out the Angelus, and about 7 o'clock a few Christians besides the personnel of the Mission arrive for morning prayers and Holy Mass. Not till after mass will they have their breakfast—but that never requires much preparation. They eat most sparingly, and when finished a meal they carefully put the fragments aside, wash their bowl and chopsticks, and then sup a bowl of tea. On many occasions I have watched the Chinese at their meals and I have yet to see them allow even as much as one grain fall to the floor. Frugality is a virtue with them of necessity. I have seen a husky boatman rowing his boat against the stream, pulling it over rapids, and working mightily, and yet all he had for his meal was two bowls of rice and a single vegetable. Following a strenuous day's work they just roll themselves in a blanket and sleep soundly on the hard wooden floor of their boat. At dawn they are preparing again for another stretch of an always difficult journey.

We of the Western world with our advanced knowledge of science and the arts create for ourselves needs of which the Chinese would never dream. We must have luxuriously furnished dwellings, possessing all modern conveniences; we must have motor cars, cinemas, vacations, and many other things that merely make life "easier". Here in our district the Chinese have not even a well-equipped hospital. Our



Sisters Juletta, Angela, and Catherine visit the Franciscan Sisters at Mr. Lo Pa Hong's new hospital in Shanghai. Our Sisters in Lishui are the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, whose Motherhouse is in Pembroke, Ontario.

Western "comforts" are known to them only in picture form. Invariably when they see pictures of "foreign" articles their first question is "How much did it cost?" They could never hope to raise enough money to buy anything but necessities. Rowing boats, carrying stones, planting rice or beans, are not occupations to give one a fortune. The average Chinese thinks that foreigners must be immensely wealthy to have cars, etc., and still buy "rice" and clothes for their families.

What a wonderful change would Christianity make in the people here! The hardships of their pagan lives would be mitigated so very much if they were partakers of the blessings of our Faith. But it is not an easy task to bring them into the Church. The Chinese stick to their (to us) old-fashioned ways in everything, religion included. Our hope for the future lies with the young whom we can gather into our Catholic school here. Through their influence we can reach their pagan parents and relatives and dispose them to willingly accept the Catholic Faith. Pray God to bless our pagans, our catechumens, and especially our schools.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY SLAIN IN CHINA

A Fides telegram from Pekin, dated March 27th, reports the first violent death of a missionary at the hands of bandits since 1931, no missionaries having been killed by outlaws during the whole of 1932. The victim is a Franciscan priest, Father Otmar Stimpfl, of the Prefecture of Yungchowfu, Hunan Province. He was 43 years old, and had been in China since 1921.

AT SUNGYANG

IF "Music hath charms" (which I do not doubt), it would not be a bad idea if some of the "charms" were somehow incorporated into the Chinese version of "Music". At least, that's how I feel about it after four years of dismal failure trying to appreciate the varied sounds that I am told make up Chinese music. Well, let me tell you something more about those "Evenings in Sungyang" which got mention in the January issue of "CHINA".

You may remember that workmen employed in construction work here at the Mission were "kept in" at nights, and to while away the time we used to have some "musical memories" several nights a week. Now I can endure a Chinese amateur fiddler as a soloist, but when it comes to "harmonizing" with two working it just "gets" me—if you know what I mean!

About 6.45 p.m. all hands would be on deck waiting with their long pipes for the opening number. Let me say that I possess a real up-to-date Orthophonic through the kindness of Father Stringer. Not being a lover of the Chinese style of music I have only "foreign" records—but all good. After about the fourth night one fellow suggested bringing along some Chinese records. It registered 100% with the workmen so I dared not veto the suggestion. "Klu-Klae" was the first piece put on, and the loyal Orthophonic balked badly. Father Des' machine lost face very much. A very faint sound was the only result from the soundbox. I tried everything from freewheeling, changing gears, and even putting it in reverse, but nothing doing—it just wouldn't come across. Hurriedly I put on "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise"—it relieved the situation and restored face to the machine and its owner. The evening programmes invariably wound up with "The Turkey in the Straw."

The Mission house at Sungyang is fast nearing completion. I am consoled to see so many people attending devotions and the instructions in Catholic Doctrine. If we had a priest in the home-town of some of our workmen, I am sure we would secure many conversions.

REV. J. L. BEAL.



A group of Christians who greeted Father Gignac at Tei Zhih on his first mission trip as pastor of Tsingtien.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

THE LITTLE ROSEBUD.

A Rosebud fell at the feet of God
A softly-flushed, bedewed young flower,
Whose fragrance gave to Paradise
A strangely sweet, ethereal odour—
The plea of a fervent prayer.
And God, looking down on it, smiled and said:
"Why, here is a rose for My little Flower!
For to Therese alone is given
The task of dropping them from Heaven,
And well does she love her mystic labour!"

So Therese came at His loved call,
And, radiant with joy at her task
Of letting the rosebud fall,
To His most mighty Hand held fast,
O'er the brink of Paradise to bend
And on its mission of mercy send
Her flower, kissed, and beautified.

Far down on earth, a weary priest
Whose heart was sore, with work long-spent,
And soul borne down by discouragement,
Received the mystic rosebud from the hand
Of a yet sweeter Flower.
He, knowing well from whom it came,
Felt in his heart the mighty flame
Of God's great Love, and *her* dear power
To send him strength, renewed, to labour,
Then strove, refreshed, about his work,
Sweet in his soul, healing all hurt,
Gratitude and love
For God's Own Flower.

—Edna C. Kearns.

The beautiful poem printed above came to me with the following letter from Outremont, P.Q., and I thank the sender for both.

"Dear Father Jim: My little nephew, one of your 'Buds' is so enthusiastic about your Club that I have become very much interested in the good work it is doing by encouraging the children to pray for our Catholic Foreign Missions.

"Please accept my sincere congratulations on the good work wrought by your 'Garden' in interesting our young people in the Missions.

"Lately, I chanced upon a short poem which seemed to me to be so well suited to your 'Garden' that I have taken the liberty to send it to you just as copied by my nephew, who is very fond of it.

"Yours truly,
—Mrs. L. S. M."

My Young Friends:

I am not going to write a letter for you this month, but I will let you read instead a letter I received from a missionary priest of our Seminary who is now studying in Rome. Last summer, during his vacation, he had the privilege of living many weeks in Lisieux, acting as chaplain to the English-speaking visitors to Carmel, the Convent where the "Little Flower" lived and died. I wrote to Father Doyle and asked him to tell the "Buds" something about his visit. Here is his letter:

"Dear Father Jim: An article for your 'Rosebuds' on 'Impressions of Lishui' is more than I care to attempt just now. I should not know where to begin, and before ending I should probably get stuck in the mud up behind the crypt of the beautiful new Basilica the world is building in honor of the Little Flower.

When a famous shrine is mentioned one naturally thinks of miracles, and it is well known that the 'Little Flower' does obtain physical cures, but during my time in Lisieux I did not come into contact with any such cures; but I do know of many spiritual cures. There were also those who came with broken bodies, hoping to find relief from their sufferings at the tomb of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, and after fervent prayer took their departure, with their bodies still broken but with their hearts full of gratitude to God for permitting them to suffer for love of Him.

It was also my pleasure to meet several persons who really understood and lived the 'Little Way' taught by St. Therese, the way of confidence and self-surrender, and who knew that

'To live of love, 'tis not to fix one's tent
On Tabor's height and there with Thee remain,
'Tis to climb Calvary with strength nigh spent,
And count Thy heavy cross our truest gain.'

One of the unforgettable memories I have of Lisieux is of the thousands and thousands of persons who received Our Lord in Holy Communion in the Carmel chapel, proving that Petite Therese is still drawing souls to God, teaching them to love to be united with Him in this great Sacrament of Love, for as the Patroness of Missionaries herself tells us: 'It is not to remain in a golden ciborium that Jesus comes down each day from Heaven, but to find another heaven—the heaven of our soul, in which He takes His delight.'

That the 'Little Flower' is fulfilling her mission of doing good upon earth, teaching souls to love the good God, is very evident to those who visit Lisieux during the summer months and see there the crowds of pilgrims who flock to her tomb in the Carmel chapel; perhaps a few come through curiosity, but with rare exception all remain to pray and to beg her intercession.

I need hardly assure you, Father Jim, that your 'Rose Garden' pages hold much interest for me, for I see in them the expression of devotion to the 'Little Flower', a devotion that finds practical expression in praying for the Misssions which were always so dear to her in life and which must be doubly dear to her now as the Heavenly Patronesss of all misssionaries.

I pray that Saint Therese will continue to protect you and all your dear 'Buds'.

Faithfully yours,
(Rev.) Gerald Doyle."

I am sure the members of our Club appreciate this letter from a misssionary priest. I received it months ago, but kept it hoping that Father Doyle would change his mind and write a fully descriptive account of Lisieux and incidents connected with the Little Flower's life there. I still have hopes, Father—and I know the "Buds" will "second the motion" now.

Yours for a Happy Month of Mary,

FATHER JIM.

LUCKY AT OSHAWA.

The members of our Club at St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, sent me this letter which came from Father Venini quite a while ago. You'll agree that they are lucky getting such a letter all for themselves from a veteran missionary in China. Like the good "Buds" that they are they want to share it with you all, so here you are:

"My dear children: It is a long time since I received the parcel of beads, and other things, which you so kindly sent for your little Chinese brothers and sisters. The parcel arrived here during my absence. It happened to be in the rainy season and your parcel was well christened. It was left on the floor in my room, and during the night time the mission compound was flooded under two feet of water. Luckily, most of your gifts were not afraid of a good ducking but so much moisture did not do those coloured paper caps any good. I am going to distribute your gifts at my new mission in Kankou, away up among the mountains. The youngsters who will come to school there will be nearly all pagans, and your gifts will help me to win their confidence.

But now you must continue to help us with your prayers. I know that you are doing this always, especially since so many of you are members of the 'Rose Garden'. But I want you to help those particular children in a special way. I am going to send a picture of my school children, and I want each of you to choose one child for whom you will say some extra prayers every day, asking his or her Guardian Angel and the Little Flower to bless him or her and bring about their conversion and the conversion of their family.

"Many thanks for your gifts, and now may God bless you and all the members of that wonderful 'Rose Garden'.

"Sincerely yours in Christ,
"Father Venini."

"Enclosed is our cheque for five dollars", wrote Mark Kiely, President of the Crusade Unit, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto. Mark picked seven of the "ten best words" that time.

"You will find enclosed a cheque for two dollars as a small mite box contribution from the pupils of St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur." This from Teresa Miro, Secretary, Crusaders. I may as well confess to the Port Arthur Buds that I lost the group picture sent me some time ago—but perhaps there are more pictures to come, and next time I'll make sure they get better treatment.

"We are writing you those few lines to ask you to thank all the buds who have written to us. We certainly enjoyed their letters, and we hope they will write again soon. Please thank especially the bud who sent us the nice box of fruit." I should have found space for this before; it is part of a letter from the two young ladies at Provincial Sanatorium, Charlottetown, for whom I made a special appeal for pen pals some months ago, Phoebe Des Roche and Annie MacIsaac. I hope that the return of the fine weather will bring both of you back your health again.

"I would like to be a member of your Rose Garden. I am 15 years old, and if send us a mite box I and my brother Aidan, aged 10, will try to help the missions with it, and also by our prayers and Holy Communions. Yours truly, Wm. Power, Bell Island, Nfld."

"Sister says that we must begin by doing things right by subscribing to 'China'. Since we are 'Buds' we want to help a bit, so you will find enclosed our subscription. We are proud to call ourselves the 'Lafontaine Buds'." And Father Jim is proud to have his "Lafontaine Buds" among his faithful correspondents.

Fairville, N.B. "I am sending you a picture of my schoolmates in Grades 3 and 4 in St. Rose's School. They all want to become members of your Club. Father Sharkey came to our school one day and showed us lovely pictures of China. We enjoyed them so much we all wanted to see more. He wrote his name in Chinese on the blackboard. It looked funny and nobody could read it at all. Lois Heenan."

I hope your acquaintance with Father Sharkey will prompt you all to remember him daily in your prayers that his work among the Chinese in Vancouver may be very successful.

I was glad to hear again from Michael and Arthur Sampson, Fox Hr., Nfld. Both of them would like to hear from sanctuary boys in Canada.

"Fourteen boys and 16 girls in my class wish to enroll as members of the Little Flowers' Rose Garden. Enclosed is a postal note, an offering from our class for the missions. Please send us a mitebox for our classroom. Miss E. C. M., teacher."

I very heartily welcome those newcomers from the Separate School, Kapuskasing, Ont., and I trust they liked their badges, etc.

Father Jim enjoys his work with the Rose Garden very much—except when he has to prepare "copy" for publication. What worries him then is the fact that he has to disappoint so many who would like their letters mentioned. Before me now as I write there must be no fewer than 300 letters that have come in since the last "China" was issued. If you have written a long time ago and find your name mentioned only months afterwards, you will know that the mail has been jumbled up and thus the "old timers" on the "waiting list" have had a sporting chance of being mentioned. I want to be fair to everybody, and so the only way is to take them as they come after the "shakeup". And I am not using my own hat for the shake-up, either. Remember how close the photographer came to getting me once? He got my arm and my hat that time—and many requests came since for "a full page picture". If it ever does appear, I think it will have to be by the jig-saw puzzle way.

"I am writing just to ask you how you are, and to send you one dollar for the Seminary. And please ask some of the buds to write to me. Helen Ouellette, 339 King St., Dundas, Ont."

Even if I were feeling pretty sick, your letter would help to make me get well in a hurry, Helen. Thanks for your gift.

Six new buds from Welland, Ont.: Shelia Williams, Sophie Ladika, Marcelline Clark, Jennie Nicholas, Audrey LaBatte and Lena Valella.

Buds who have asked for pen pals: Rita O'Reilly, 227 Kendal Avenue, Oshawa, and Florence McAdam, 40 Victoria St., Glace Bay.

To Jackie and Margaret Page, Winnipeg, and to Francis M. Decoste, Mabou, N.S., I am very grateful for their gifts to the missions.

Laverne Paul sends us four new members from Belleville, Ont.: Phyliss Asselstine, Claude Paul, Carmel De Cote and Pauline Paul.



When it comes to real workers for the Foreign Missions, we've got to hand it to these boys from Grade V, at Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. They are all members of the Rose Garden. Perhaps some of these boys will one day be telling readers of "China" about their missionary experiences in Chuchow.

NONSENSE



"Daddy," said Willie, "I dreamt last night that you gave me a sixpence."

"Well, as you have been a good boy lately," replied his daddy, "you may keep it!"

At a rugby match between Scotland and Wales two spectators were interested in another, who, during the whole progress of the game, never uttered a word, and displayed no excitement or sign of partisanship.

"It's a funny thing," said one of the men. "He can't be a Welshman or he'd have been shouting his head off."

"And he can't be a Scotsman," said the other, "because he's bought a program."

A bow-legged man was standing before a very hot stove, warming himself. A small boy watched him intently for a time, and then said:

"I say, mister, you're standing too near the stove; you're a'warpin'."

Manager—"Have you seen the cashier this morning?"

Clerk—"Yes, he came in without a moustache and borrowed the railway time-table!"

A man visiting a country town went to the local barber for a shave. The barber made several slips with his razor, and each time he would paste a small piece of paper over the cut to stop the bleeding.

When the operation was over, the victim handed the man half a crown.

"Keep the change, barber," he said, "It's worth half a crown to be shaved by so versatile an artist. Why, you're a barber, butcher and paperhanger all in one."

The Congressman's sister was accustomed to keep an eye on him while at home. On this occasion she called him up at Washington by long distance.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't try to fool me. I read the papers. Yesterday they said the Speaker didn't recognize you."

—Christian Observer.

Auntie—"I see you like to ride on your uncle's knee pretty well, don't you?"

Nephew—"Not bad—I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

Customer—"You're a young man to be left in charge of a chemist's shop. Have you a diploma?"

Obliging Assistant—"No, madam; but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

"Generally run down, sir " queried the druggist; "slightly seedy and want a good toning up?"

The pale-faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you, Jenkins's Juvenator. Three doses a day and more if necessary. Fifty a bottle."

"No, thanks," said the pale patient.

"But, my dear, sir, it's the rage of the day. Jenkins's Juvenator is the greatest discovery of modern science. It's the rage of the season. Every one is rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something else," replied the customer.

"Nonsense," pressed the druggist, "I tell you Jenkins's Juvenator will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a month. It cures everything from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?"

"Why, nothing, only I'm Jenkins."

A negro was asked to supply a tame turkey. The customer was insistent that it should be tame, and not wild. When he came to carve the turkey he found it full of shot and he reproached the negro for having supplied a wild bird.

"In stric' confidence," explained the negro, "dem shots was intended for me, not de turkey!"

Tramp—"But, lady, every Christmas for twenty-five years I've received something from this house; since before you were born."

Miss Fortyodd—"Oh, well, that's different. I'll see what I can do."—Dublin Opinion.

"The roof is so bad that the rain comes through on my head. How long is this going to continue?" wrote the angry tenant.

"What do you think I am—a weather prophet?" replied the landlord.

Wife—"We really should get a new car this year."

Husband—"What, when I'm still paying instalments on the car I exchanged for the car I sold in part payment of the car I've got now?"

A Chinese newspaper contains this letter from an applicant for work:

"Sir: I am Wang . . . I can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is great . . . My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable sirs, what about it If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on same date that you should guess."

Hotel Keeper — "Mr. McTavish, come out here and look at this marvellous rainbow."

Cautious Tourist—"How much extra is it?"

"What sort o' minister hae ye got, Geordie?"

"Oh, weel, he's no' muckle worth. We seldom get a glint o' him. Sax days o' the week he's invees'ble, and on the seventh he's encomprehens-'ble!"

The futurist painter was visiting the house of his only patron.

"Oh, by the way," said the host, "did you hear about the burglary here the other night?"

"No. Did they get much?"

"No. Not as much as they might have done. A couple of clocks, some silver, and—you know that picture I've just bought from you? They cut it out of its frame and——"

"Did they?" cried the delighted artist. "My fortune's made! This is just the advertisement I've been looking for for years!"

"And went off with the frame!" continued his patron sadly.

Rastus—You say anything to me, big boy, and I'll make you eat yo' words.

Mose—Chicken dumplin's, hot biscuits an' watermelon.

Teacher (to her class)—"What is an Indian's wife called?"

Pupil—"A squaw."

Teacher—"And what is his child called?"

Pupil—"Squawler."

Little Jim had eaten an enormous tea at the Sunday-school treat, and had quite alarmed the lady who served him.

"My dear lad," she exclaimed, "you really must not eat any more or you'll be ill. You're too small to eat so much."

"It's all right, mum," replied little Jim. "I'm not so small inside as I look outside."

Jones—"I did not marry beauty, old man; I did not marry wealth or position; I married for sympathy."

Brown—"Well, you have mine."

Absent-minded barber (after the shave)—"Hair dyed, sir?"

Customer (very bald-headed) —"Yes, it died about five years ago."

The Parent—"I never told lies when I was a boy."

Young Hopeful—"When did you begin, father?"

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PRIESTS IN CHINA

CATHOLIC MISSION, LISHUI, CHEKIANG—Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap., Superior.

At the same address are.....—Reverend Fathers R. Serra, P. Kam, A. Venadam, J. MacGillivray, and W. McNabb.

CATHOLIC MISSION, SUNGYANG, CHEKIANG—Rev. V. Morrison, Rev. L. Beal.

CATHOLIC MISSION, LUNGCHUANG, CHEKIANG—Rev. D. Stringer, Rev. P. Wong.

CATHOLIC MISSION, WONG-DA, CHEKIANG—Rev. W. Amyot, Rev. J. King.

CATHOLIC MISSION, TSINGTIEN, CHEKIANG—Rev. A. Gignac, Rev. J. MacDonald.

CATHOLIC MISSION, KANKOU, CHEKIANG—Rev. Joseph Venini.

CATHOLIC MISSION, PI-WU-KA, CHEKIANG—Rev. Bernard Boudreau.

CHINA

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JUNE, 1933



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A MESSAGE

To the Readers of "China"

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, June, 1933.

Dear Friends:

Owing to prevailing conditions we have not been able to follow out our plans to provide accommodation for students for the Missionary Priesthood. For two years we have struggled along under difficulties, but such is our sense of responsibility to the work in which we are engaged that we cannot longer postpone taking steps to care adequately for the vocations which God has inspired for our missionary work. Once more we lay the facts before you, our friends, and invite your sympathetic consideration of our needs. Here is our position:

Every available room in our Seminary is occupied; long ago we converted our lecture hall into students' rooms, and in some cases we have had to move necessary room furnishings out into the corridors to make space for two students in a single room; our chapel and our refectory are too small to comfortably accommodate all our students. Under such conditions we are now closing another scholastic year. We have resigned ourselves to the thought that our contemplated building operations will be impossible for some time to come unless general conditions improve. And yet, our letter-files hold proof that many well-qualified young men are seeking admission to our Seminary for next September. Unless we make provision for taking care of those worthy applicants we may cause irreparable loss to foreign mission enthusiasm in Canada, with consequent terrible results to the souls in pagan China, whom those very young men may be destined to bring to salvation.

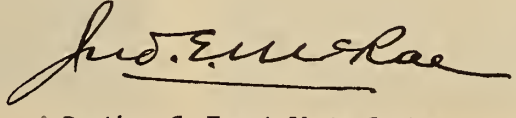
We have in the past appealed to young men to become missionaries, and now when so many have responded to a Divine Vocation, we are forced to refuse them admittance to our Seminary because **we have no place in which to put them and no means for their support.** Unwilling to turn away these generous youths from our door, or to delay indefinitely the fulfilling of their high and noble ambitions, we appealed to our Bishops, and are now able to announce a way out of our difficulty for the time being.

We are not sending any priests to China this year. Five students now with us will begin their theological studies at Brignole Sale College in Genoa in September, thanks to free burses offered our Seminary last year. That will give us room for five new students, but many more have applied for admission.

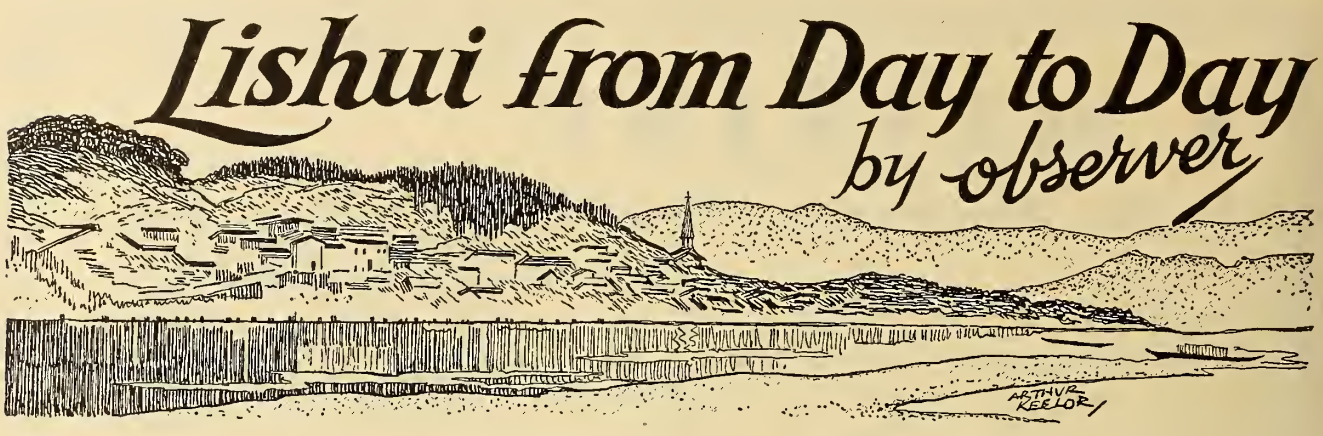
A Canadian Seminary has offered to take care of a number of our theologians for $300.00 a year, or $1,200.00 for the entire course of each student.

We ask for immediate generous financial assistance from the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland to enable us to accept this offer. Unless our friends send us the necessary money we cannot do otherwise than refuse applicants admission to our Seminary after the summer vacation.

In the name of God, and in the words of our Holy Father the Pope, we appeal to the readers of "China" to consider our need: "That even one soul should be lost through our tardiness, through our lack of generosity; that even one missionary have to halt because the means fail which it may be we have refused him, is a responsibility of which we have not, perhaps, thought too frequently in the course of our life."



President, St. Francis Xavier Seminary.



Reports from the Chuchow "Outposts"

PI-WU-KA.

(Father Boudreau)

FATHER BOUDREAU is on the front line alone, and at the present time (April) besides making his regular missions, is preparing to build a new church. This has been made possible by the generosity of a friend in Newfoundland and after almost interminable delays (not all of which are yet at an end) a start has at last been made.

In the March "China", Father MacGillivray, after his first visit to Pi-Wu-Ka, described Fr. Boudreau's church as "the loft of a shed and not even a good loft". So you can imagine what it will mean to him to have a "respectable" little church, thanks to the kindness of our charitable anonymous benefactor.

As the work proceeds buying "trees" is a seemingly endless business, and Fr. Boudreau had just returned from one such fruitless expedition when he last wrote. "You spend the whole day arguing and bargaining, and at the end the nett result is some tea and cigarettes. 'You foreigners have plenty of money' they will tell you." The lumbermen usually want the most exorbitant prices from the foreigner, especially if they feel that his need is urgent. And the missionary very often must be his own architect, contractor and building inspector all in one.

SUNGYANG.

(Fathers Morrison and Beal)

FATHER BEAL is making the Sungyang missions while Fr. Morrison holds the fort at the home base. The former has just written from Nandong, a village over the mountains from Sungyang: "I have a very gratifying report to make for Nandong. Yesterday I had the pleasure of admitting twelve to Baptism, and by the Fall I expect to have twenty more. I am leaving on a fifty-mile hike tomorrow and will arrive in Yanchinuen Thursday night, which means doing 25 miles a day over cobblestones. I am enjoying good health, but would ask you to send along a dozen aspirins. Have to cross the river several times before getting back home."

WONG-DA.

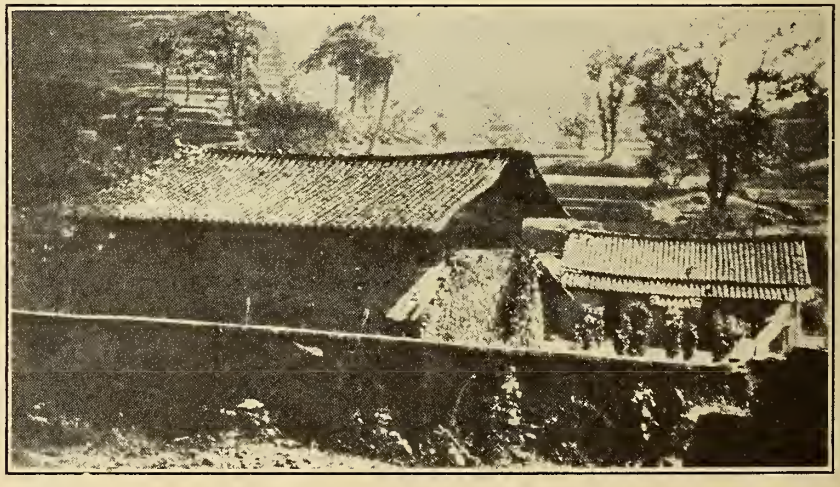
(Fathers Amyot and King)

COMPLETELY recovered from their recent bandit scare the priests at Wong-da are continuing their efforts to make the mission residence more or less habitable, and Fr. Amyot has been busy of late vaccinating all and sundry against the dreaded smallpox. They even have glass in the windows now, and a room apiece; and the rain doesn't come through the chapel roof as much as heretofore. Even at that the Wong-da "chapel" would make Fr. Boudreau's "loft" look like Rheims Cathedral. In time we hope to be able to provide Fr. Amyot with the wherewithal to erect something better, but times of depression have reached even as far as China.

TSINGTIEN.

(Fathers Gignac and MacDonald)

ENCOURAGING, indeed, is Fr. Gignac's brief account of his latest mission tour. "I returned from my mission two days ago," he writes, "and what a success it was! God was with me and even favoured me with ideal weather. Went to a place called Chu Tsee, about 90 li from here, and found one Christian family. This was the first time a priest had set foot in that town. This family had been baptised in Wenchow about twenty years ago. During my stay there the pagans gathered in crowds and begged to hear some Catholic Doctrine. After the Christians had said some prayers I told



The Wong-Da Mission when Fathers Amyot and King took possession. The "chapel" is upstairs and the priests' rooms beneath. An outer stairway has since been built so that the people do not have to pass through the priests' rooms to reach the chapel. The smaller building at the right serves as a kitchen, residence for cook and catechist, and does duty as a schoolroom for 12 pupils.



Here are Fathers Wong, King, Serra, and Gignac in the shade of a big camphor tree just outside Lishui.

the story of Creation and the Fall, the coming of Christ and Redemption. The catechist then preached for forty-five minutes, and many expressed the wish to be received into the Church. How I should like to be able to send a catechist there and open up a chapel! Certainly this is virgin soil. I was much touched by the appeal of the pagans for more visits to them in the future.

"The chapel in Doo-Tse-Kan-Dow is coming along fine. There are about fifteen who come every Sunday for prayers. The catechist has opened up a little school and 18 children attend; practically all are children of Christians. The Mayor of the town is a Christian and he is enthused over it all."

KANKOU.

(Father Venini)

FATHER VENINI reports bandit activity in his part of the world. Two villages, one forty and one fifteen li from him, were burned by the marauders, but he is satisfied that Kankou is scarcely worthy of their attention, being but a small village with not even one rich person living there. He has established himself right in the heart of a pagan district with only a very few Christians for a start, and we shall watch Kankou's progress with great interest.

LUNGCHUANG.

(Fathers Stringer and Wong)

FATHER STRINGER has just sent along his diary. I hope the readers of "China" will be given an opportunity to peruse its contents some day. Fr. Serra accompanied him on the Lungchuang missions, having been formerly parish priest there and knowing the territory well.

One of the "high lights" of the account was the story of what they found in Shiao May. The bandit chief, leader of the Big Knife Society, and one of the few Christians in the district, had taken possession of the Mission compound, and when Fr. Stringer and Fr. Serra arrived there was consternation in the bandit ranks. This man's son had been recently executed by the soldiers and he had fled for a time. He and his gang were ordered out, bag and baggage. "This leader," Father Stringer writes, "is quite old and thin and I wondered what there was about him to frighten anybody. It is not himself but the power he is supposed to have. He is afraid of us, at least." The members of the Big Knife Society take a kind of pill which is supposed to render them bullet-proof, and the ordinary folk have a superstitious fear of them. A short time ago a soldier, armed with a revolver, allowed himself to be "cleft in twain" by one of them because he was afraid to fire. But let Fr. Stringer resume: "The stories about Christians and Christianity in these parts are very many —and bad—all due to a *few* scandalous Christians. I am certain that those of us who are working here now will, in a lifetime, do little more than clean up, and those who follow us will have an opportunity to branch out."

SONG OF THE CITY.

By Mary Rose Parent

In my little town, back home,
I was—well, I was I!
I knew—and they all knew me—
Every passer-by.

Here, the day long, though I search,
Wistfully, the crowded street,
Never an old-time face I see—
Nary a neighbor meet!

In my little town, they knew
Which my door-step—I knew theirs.
But to me—and millions more—
All alike — these million stairs!

Still . . . I slip away from crowds
(Where I'm terribly alone!)
And step into my Father's House . . .
There—I am at home.

At Lishui dispensary work is entering on its busy summer season with many outside calls for the Sisters to attend cases of meningitis. The poor people use carrot soup as the only cure they know, but when notified in time the Sisters can treat the afflicted successfully.

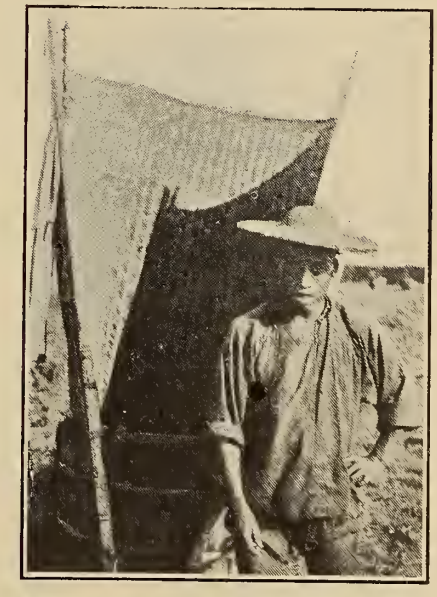
AT THE SEMINARY.

The Devotion of the Forty Hours was held from May 12th to 14th. Adoration each day was concluded with a Holy Hour preached by the priests of the Seminary.

A Novena of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament will conclude on Pentecost Sunday. This is one of the several Novenas made at the Seminary each year for the intentions of our benefactors, living and dead.

Examinations will occupy our seminarians from May 27th to June 2nd. Then the Annual Retreat will be held, closing with Ordinations and vacation on June 10th. Five students who have completed their two years of philosophy here will go to Genoa, Italy, in September to make their theological studies.

Mr. Roland Roberts (Victoria, B.C.), and Mr. Craig Strang (St. John's Nfld.), will be ordained Sub-Deacons on June 10th. Minor Orders will be received by three of our students.



Westerners will be interested in this Chinese threshing machine. The sheaves of rice are beaten up against the straw "superstructure" and the grains fall into the tub.

"Let's Go Places"

WITH FATHER STRINGER ON A CHINESE RIVER BOAT

YOU hop on the Trans-Continental for Vancouver, and I will "embark" on a river boat for Lungchuang. You leave Toronto as I leave Lishui, and we will arrive at our respective destinations about the same time, although I shall have made only ninety miles while you have travelled more than two thousand. That will give you some idea of the "speed" in these parts. You just go to the station and buy your ticket—here I send the servant down to the river, where on one bank just below the bridge, there is a whole line of watercraft varying only in size.

When the servant returns he has with him a *"lauda"*, as the Chinese call their boatmen. "How much?" He names his price and you name yours, and then squabble a bit before striking a bargain. As an afterthought you casually mention that your price includes rice; the chiu-dia (wine-money) or tip will be settled when the trip is over. Generally, one hires a boat all for oneself, but as an alternative one may go "by freight", that is, take pot luck and travel in a boat loaded with merchandise. Even when you hire a "private car" the boatman will want to include some extra baggage to balance the boat properly. And these boatmen surely can "take it". The final instruction is that the journey must commence as early as possible in the morning.

The "Early" Start.

Morning comes; the baggage is transported to the boat. The *lauda* is waiting, all smiles. He invites you to take off your shoes. Then you seat yourself comfortably and graciously nod to him as if to say, "Let's go, James!" and—what!! The *lauda* hasn't had his breakfast yet? Didn't you state clearly that you wanted to leave as early as possible? Why hasn't he had his breakfast? He smilingly replies: "Yes, I didn't have my breakfast!" That's the simple reason. If a man has not had his breakfast he just has not had his breakfast, and that's all there is to it. So you compose yourself as best you can. Breakfast over, you breathe a sigh of relief. That half-hour didn't drag so very terribly, after all. Now—but where the deuce is he going now? You call to him, and he, wholly solicitous for your welfare, turns around and hollers that he has a few vegetables to buy for the trip, or maybe it is only a package of cigarettes. To give way to thunder and lightning desires would avail you nothing: when that *lauda* is ready to go he will go and not a thing can you do about it.

The Boat.

While he is off buying some things and you are cooling down, take a look round. You will be impressed by the cleanliness of the boat. If you chanced to enter the *lauda's* home, it would doubtless be as squalid as any of its neighbours. In the house you act as the rest do, but here in his boat you dare not throw your match ends on the floor, nor your ashes either. There is a tin of some kind for that. Even the crumbs that may fall are quickly wiped up. On entering the boat you had to remove your shoes, and the boatman washed the soles and turned them up in the sun to dry.

But here comes your boatman. A few minutes' delay while he does a little "deck swabbing" before pushing off. As he poles out into the current he chances to meet some friend *lauda* who is just arriving, and then begins a series of broadcasts which everyone can hear but to which nobody pays attention. "Where are you going? Who is your passenger? How much is he paying you?"—and so on till distance intervenes.

Rapids!

Now you are going along slowly. Your *lauda* will be rowing or poling according to the depth of the water. You watch the scenery as it doesn't whiz by. Villages and hamlets are nestling in the valleys and looking quite picturesque—from the distance. A distant rumbling grows to a roaring sound. Your boat picks up speed. Rapids! The *lauda* manouvers a bit, steers clear of a hidden rock which tries in vain to impede the torrent. Now the boat is bouncing and bobbing and sometimes rolling a bit dangerously in the swirling angry waters. Many of the rapids along this river end in a right-angle turn. If you shouldn't make it—well, goodbye!

Like all who really know the water, the *lauda* takes no risks. As a bad stretch comes in sight he rolls up his trousers and goes overboard at the stern, holding back the

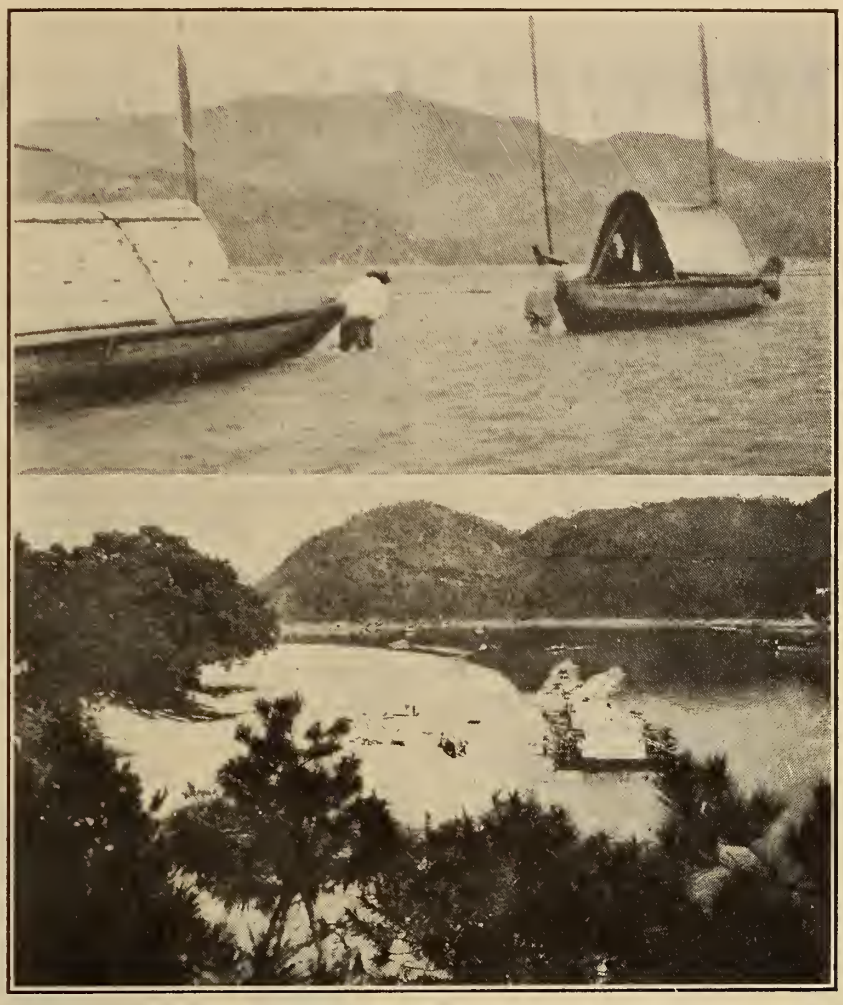


"Your move", says the little fellow as he moves a game nearer to the checker championship—or sumptin'!

boat to his own wading-speed. His hold on the boat never loosens, not even as the water rises to his waist or he goes under to the armpits as he steps in a hole. Slippery stones make him stumble a bit, the current forces him to quicken his pace, and now he is floundering quite badly. A few thumps and a little scraping —he didn't miss that rock! No damage done, however, and as he gets into calm waters he climbs aboard again and resumes his rowing.

Amazing Stamina.

The vitality of these boatmen is marvelous, sturdy as rocks. In the summertime the work in the water is somewhat of a cooling relief, but when there is a raw north-east wind blowing, or a flurry of snow and the water cold as ice, then you realize what admirable constitutions those men have. They endure it, for trips have to be made. Imagine how you would fare in their place. Plunging into icy waters, then climbing out and poling or rowing your boat exposed to a biting wind. There surely must be some extra vitamins or heat-giving elements in rice, for that is their main diet. Some can afford a little meat, but the majority are satisfied with the fat pork with which they cook their vegetables. The last few trips I made my *lauda* had no meat, but how he did put away steaming bowls of rice and bean-curd!



"Get out and push" means something to the boatmen on a Chinese river. But as Father Stringer tells us, "they can take it" and come back for more.

Lower view: A beauty spot between Lishui and Pi-Wu-Ka. Pulled in near the shore are sampans and bamboo rafts, while the ferry is half way across the river.

Each boat is equipped with necessary kitchen utensils, a stove, a funnel-shaped iron pot, a pan, a pair of tongs for handling the charcoal. The stove could be likened to one of those hanging flower-pots you often see. It is made of clay, and fits into a framework. It stands about a foot high. No matter how muddy or dirty the water is, it must be used. The rice is washed in it several times before being boiled. Then the vegetables are cooked, and finally he "puts the kettle on" and we are ready to eat. Going downstream during mealtime the boat is left to drift along, otherwise it is anchored at the shore by means of a pole.

Superstitions.

And, by the way, you must never leave your chopsticks across the top of your bowl when finished a meal. Superstitious belief has it that it means the boat will tip over. Some interpret it to mean one hasn't had enough to eat. The former interpretation is common with boatmen, for, as all believe, the river has its host of devils who are always waiting an opportunity to torment some poor fellow. Not long ago I was told that in another part of the country several *laudas* had asked for baptism merely to break a "curse" that was thus heaped on them. Another form of "curse" is to have someone throw a piece of straw into your boat. In a country so steeped in devilish superstitions one cannot be too cautious.

Perhaps in making a journey you may wish to reach a certain spot by night. You call to your *lauda,* asking whether he can make it, or how far he can get today. Horrors! You should not do that! Now you've gone and put some pesky water-devil wise. He will surely canter on ahead and prepare a fiendish welcome for you. If your *lauda* answers in a loud voice, very much louder than is necessary, just remember that other ears are listening. Don't be surprised if he stops ten or twelve li on either side of the place he hollers out: one has to be smart to outdo these devils, and what a chuckle your *lauda* has when he views in imagination the dismay written on the devil's face when we do not arrive at the spot chosen to trouble and torment us. Sometimes it is strange how mishaps occur to confirm the pagans in their superstitious beliefs. Once, I asked a boatman to reach a certain spot by night. He said he would, and he kept his word. As he moored the boat he slipped and fell in the water. When he came to the surface he had the same unconcerned countenance as when he fell in. The evil spirit that had arranged that little episode was not going to find out whether or not he had ruffled this *lauda.*

The End of a Day.

After supper you string up your mosquito net. The *lauda* doesn't need one. He takes his recreation or has a chat with other boatmen while you try to sleep, and it is strange how one sleeps after a trip on one of those boats; not even the noise of boilers being hammered close to one's ear keeps sleep away.

Sometimes bad weather is the order of the trip. It means a rest

(Continued on page 91)

The GLORY of the MISSIONS

By RT. REV. W. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Here we present a letter from our Mission Superior in China received by the students at the Seminary on the eve of their summer vacation. The relations between the priests on the Missions in China and those preparing for similar work at the Seminary are kept very iutimate through the exchange of correspondence. The letter here published contains wisdom that is profitable not alone to the seminarians but to the readers of China in general, since it gives them to understand something of the sacrifice made by those young men who are preparing themselves for life in China. To young men contemplating entering the Seminary it gives a sound spiritual outlook on what lies before them as missionaries.

A CHINESE proverb has it that "a journey of ten thousand miles starts off with a single step." It would be quite a task to answer individually all the letters that have come to me from those at the Seminary, so I will address this one to you all, and it will serve to bring to you my sincerest good wishes for a very happy summer vacation. At the close of another year of Seminary life for you I feel the urge to pen some of the thoughts that come to me as I reflect on the happy associations of days spent amongst you. As we gather together here in Lishui we often recall persons and events that figured in our lives at China Mission Seminary. One by one the students pass in review, and it cheers us all to hear that our "little family" has now grown appreciably in size and that the same old spirit still animates all its members.

Over here we are waiting for them, more aware now of just what awaits them when they have said goodbye, one by one, to happy Seminary associations, and have left behind them a tradition that will continue to be our pride. And as we think of them all we cannot but utter a prayer that the Sacred Heart will ever unite them, and unite us all, in that precious bond of charity whose golden links will reach from Genoa to Scarboro and from Scarboro to Vancouver and Chekiang. After all, boys, there is really no separation worthy of the name. For those who are living members of the Mystical Body of Christ there is neither height nor depth nor dreary stretches of ocean waste. We are all one in Him and all very close to one another, closer indeed than members of the same family at home who may have fallen victims to the only real tragedy in life, the tragedy of sin that could separate them from Him who is All in All to every one of us.

Of late we seem to have at times another conception of China, one that might have been hidden in the background during our moments of heroism and chivalry of younger days when our only thought was to save souls for Christ. That is still our only desire, but already, in spite of the loneliness and occasional disappointments of China, we have come to feel that the very darkness and gloom and forbidding atmosphere of the paganism that surrounds us must needs *drive us*—there seems to be no better word—ever closer to His Sacred Heart. That, after all, is the reward of China, the reward a hundredfold in this life, that Christ must come to mean more to us possibly than ever before. And whether it be His Will to bestow upon our efforts success or that apparent failure which is often the portion of those He loves best—well, that is in His hands.



A snap of Monsignor McGrath on the day he welcomed Fathers MacGillivray and McNabb to Lishui.

I can never forget the first impression I received when our boat was steaming up the river to Wenchow. For the first time we got a glimpse of the towering mountains and the winding river and realized that somewhere in beyond that great range of hills, scattered in different little pagan towns, were the boys who but a few short years before had been companions in class and on the recreation field, and had passed cheerfully, happily, through the few Seminary years that separated them from China. At first it seemed an overpowering thought. Those boys, together developing their spiritual, intellectual and physical powers, a few swift years of life at its human best and then—this; scattered away in remote little places amid the towering hills of China. It was a picture of life for all of us. A few short years at the Seminary and then China till the end. My dear boys, do you think creation ever held up a nobler picture for the scrutiny of God on High? Everything that life holds cheerfully given up for Him. Even were never one single soul reclaimed from the darkness of paganism and ushered into the bright light of God's love, then this would be success indeed, the greatest and noblest succeess of which poor human nature, aided by God's unfailing grace, is capable on earth. That is the glory of the Missions, the glory of renunciation for the sake of love. So greatly does God prize just such a sweet surrender of our will to Him that He deems all the evil in the world, past, present and future, not too great a price to pay.

Have I made myself clear? Perhaps not. But you can picture to yourselves, can't you, a perpetual stream of human creatures flowing into Heaven since creation's dawn. That might have been. Were there no free will and had God destined for us even a lesser Heaven, it would have been indeed. But He decreed otherwise. Judge for yourslf how precious in His sight must be the voluntary offering of free souls when the awful price paid was some-

thing He did not deem too great. I do not mean only the awful price paid on Calvary. I mean the price the world—willy nilly—has paid ever since the creation of man and will continue to pay till the end of time. All the evils in the world today, all the injustices of history, the suffering, the murders, the massacres — these things might never have been. And at the end who knows what part of the human race will have used that gift of free will to give themselves to Him? Yet was all this deemed better than the eternal salvation of men who could not turn away from God. Think then, my dear boys, of how precious in His sight must be the immolation you are going to make of yourselves, the giving up of everything, the offering of your young lives solely for His sake and to bring something of His love into the hearts of men. That, if I have made it at all clear, is the very essence of what it means to be a missionary. It somewhat shatters, perhaps, the old conception, so often, and, to my mind, so unwisely repeated, that of millions of pagan souls falling into Hell and that of heroic young men standing in the gap to save them. We do not know how many pagan souls go into Hell. We are not required to know. I never could see why it should be deemed necessary to make a tyrant out of our loving Father in Heaven in order to spur us to the best that was in us. The whole point is that those souls do not know Him, cannot love Him until they do, cannot render Him the service of free creatures which he prizes most of all things in creation. That is our work, to *try* to bring His love into their souls, to give back to Him in this way the souls for whom He died because only in this life are they free to accept or reject Him, only in this life can they begin to render to Him the service that is His.

You have heard people urge, on the other hand, that God is merciful and that He will condemn no man without his having had a chance. You have heard, and you will hear, people urge it as an objection against your missionary vocation that many of those pagans may get to Heaven anyway, through invincible ignorance, so what is the use of trying to save them. God help us. Must we do one of two things, either make God a tyrant and consign them all to Hell (as if we could possibly know) or save them through invincible ignorance and thus—as it were—penalize God for His very mercy. Even if they should be saved as pagans, it is not the way God wants them to be saved. He wants their love, as He wants our love, and that longing of His Sacred Heart should be enough for us.

My dear boys, I have wandered far afield, perhaps, but I know you will understand. We must have a real conception of our sublime vocation and not be deterred or dissuaded or, above all, misled, by the false attitudes even of well-meaning friends. Never let your understanding of your great vocation be marred by the thought either of mock heroics or mere humanitarianism. Keep God always—if you will pardon the phrase—"in the picture", and remember that the great driving force behind all missionary work and missionary sacrifice is nothing other than the love of God, His love for you and His burning desire for the love of the hearts of men. No missionary vocation, that is a real one, and that will stand the wear and tear of the inevitable disillusionment of China, can be built upon any other foundation. Thus will you learn not to regard objective results and success as synonymous terms.



Top: Father McNabb aboard a sampan. Note the mat covering the "deck" of the boat. The man at the right is doing excellent work as cook at Tsingtien. He can speak Spanish fluently.

Lower: Those six young lads were the first baptized by Father McNabb in China.

THE LATE DR. O'GORMAN.

The Catholic Press of Canada has already given its tribute to the worth of the late Rev. Dr. John J. O'Gorman, whose lamented death occurred when our last issue was at press. "China" begs its readers to remember in their prayers the soul of this deceased priest whose career was a glory to the priesthood in Canada. As pastor of Blessed Sacrament Parish, Ottawa, Dr. O'Gorman did much to aid our mission work. On many occasions his pulpit was gladly offered to make known the needs of China Mission Seminary, and two of his parishioners are now priests in our Chuchow Prefecture. It was due to the good offices of Dr. O'Gorman that the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception were secured for missionary work in Chuchow. Dear to him in life, the Foreign Missions were remembered in his will, and he bequeathed one thousand dollars for the support of Catechists in Chuchow.

THE STORY of WAY SING



WAY SING was his name, a little pagan orphan boy, a pitiful child derelict on China's sea of human misery. In life he was a stranger to childhood's joys. Now he is happy in Heaven.

Eleven years old, his father and mother lost or dead, he had been ekeing out a bare existence by begging from door to door. At night he slept on his bed of straw in an old abandoned temple. This is childhood for many in China today.

This winter was an unusually cold one in this part of China. Snow on the roads, thick ice on the muddy pools. In the mission residence we piled firewood into the little stove to keep Chekiang's penetrating dampness from the marrow of our bones. For let me tell you, because I know, it is worse than Winnipeg's famous dry cold that touches forty below.

But Way Sing never saw a stove. And the cold found him in his temple-shelter, asleep on his bed of straw. He awoke one morning to find both feet frozen solid. Immediate attention would have saved his life. But what did be know of such things! Attention, immediate or otherwise, had never come his way.

He kept on going as best he could. Both feet turned black and still he crawled from door to door. Pagan neighbours took pity on him, collected some Dong Pah (Chinese coppers) and sent him in a rickshaw to the dispensary. It was gangrene, of course. Take a look at the foot in the picture above.

But it was a happy day for Way Sing in spite of his suffering; happy because the charitable, competent care of the Sisters alleviated his pain; happier still in a way he now knows full well. A few days ago he died—a Christian. From that wasted little body that had known no home on earth a white soul sped to its true home in Heaven.

Thus do the Grey Sisters consecrate their young lives to the care of God's abandoned little ones in China. Ten thousand miles from their home in Canada they have found in their Christlike work a happiness which this world can neither give nor take away. "As long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to Me."

THINK IT OVER!
You cannot take any of your worldly possessions with you to the grave.

HAVE YOU EVER
thought of the great good you could do for the salvation of souls by leaving some of your possessions to be used for the education of students for the Missionary Priesthood?

HERE'S A TITLE
to include in a CATHOLIC WILL:

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese Missions.

FROM FATHER MORRISON.

Writing from Sungyang in April, Rev. Vincent Morrison pays a tribute to a fellow-priest recently deceased. He says: "The sad news just came to me of the death of Rev. John B. MacIntyre, at home familiarly called Father John B. He was the Parish Priest of Tracadie and Corran Bay for 20 years. His was a heart of gold in which burned the fire of charity, self-denial and mortification. No one ever went to him in need and came away empty-handed. For the missions he had a special interest and prayed and worked much in their behalf. Personally I owe a great deal to him for all the generous assistance he and his parishoners have given me in my work here in Sungyang."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

DONATIONS sent to us to aid any branch of our mission work are acknowledged by letter, and each month we publish a list of the good friends who have contributed to the support of our missionary efforts. We appreciate very much the help given us by the following persons whose contributions reached us between April 17th and May 16th, 1933:

A. J. MacDonald, $1; Jacob Schweitzer, $4; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan, $2; Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, $8.10; Pupils of Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S., $10; Rev. E. F. Goetz, $2; Pupils, Room 9, St. Rita's School, Toronto, $6; J. J. Carolan, $1; Presentation Convent, Renews, Nfld., $3; Pupils, R.C. School, Red Head Cove, Nfld., 60c; Irene Robson, $2; Mission Crusade Unit, St. Augustine's Seminary, $5; Pupils, St. John's School, Perth, Ont., $4; Kathleen Bird, $2; Dr. H. D. McManus, $5; D. Bourgeois, $1.50; A.B.C., Millinocket, Maine, $3; Mrs. J. Morry, in thanksgiving to St. Therese, $5; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Pupils, St. John's School, Sydney Mines, N.S., $2.50; Subscriber, Bay Roberts, Nfld., $1.50; Entrance Class, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, $5; Pupils, Holy Cross Convent, Lafontaine, Ont., $5; Morrison Bequest, $15; Miss Loretto Martin, Penetang, Ont., for Building Fund, $10; A Friend, $105.

BURSES.

Girls of Grades 5, 6, 7, 8, Mt. St. Bernard College, Antigonish, MacPherson Burse, $10; Miss Ella T. Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $5; Don Beaton, MacPherson Burse, $5; Mrs. Ellen English, St. Anthony's Burse, $5; Mrs. Crowe, Holy Family Burse, $1.50; In Memory of J. A. H. C., Mabou, N.S., MacPherson Burse, $10; Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse, $25; Mrs. D. A. MacArthur, St. Jude's Burse, $5; Angus MacArthur, Holy Soul's Burse, $1; Mrs. J. C. Ryan, St. Anthony's Burse, 50c.

A NEW CURE FOR BANDITRY

The Headman of Certain Villages Executed.

A business trip through the country regions of considerable parts of Anhui and Shantung reveals interesting facts as to the attitude of the common people of the countless villages of these populous regions.

While newspapers are read rather sparingly in the villages, there is a general idea of what is going on in China, though little realization as to the extent to which every man, woman and child is concerned. For the most part life goes on much as it has for generations, each community knowing little of the others, and not caring very much what happens to China in Manchuria or elsewhere. There is in the large towns, county seats, etc., a degree of realization of the deeper currents that threaten to revolutionize the state and its industries.

Banditry is not so serious as in past months. In the regions of Shantung, visited recently, numerous counties have been visited by soldiers appointed to the task, and on the head men of a given village admitting there was banditry in their region, they were summarily shot. This has led to great care on the part of their successors in all the surrounding villages, for the head men are thus made responsible. In one county seat twenty-one village elders were shot in one day, one of them a woman, and it is strongly suspected that thus some bandits were eliminated as well as a few others who were figure-heads, as far as law and order is concerned.

In west Anhui the communist menace seems to have passed for the present, though the scars of communist wounds will remain for many a generation. In one county a third of the population is reported dead or missing as the result of bandit-communist activities within the past year. Hostages by the hundreds, carried away by the communists, have perished.

The foreigner is seemingly welcomed throughout the regions referred to. Not for a generation has there been the present friendly attitude—certainly not to this extent. There seems to be the disposition to "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good". Yet there is a difference as compared with three decades ago, when there was a surface politeness, and the foreigner was treated as a guest, while the present-day attitude is more discerning, and the visitor from abroad is valued at what he is and what he represents. Whether merchant or missionary, if he plays the game with his fellow men, he will find a satisfactory niche, and fellowship and friendship follow to the profit of both sides.—(Shanghai paper.)

There is an important message for you on page 83. Read it.

MURDERERS PUNISHED.

Shiuchow.—The bandit leaders who murdered Bishop Versiglia and Father Caravario while on a mission journey three years ago, have at last been apprehended and executed.—(Fides.)

"LET'S GO PLACES."

(Continued from page 87)

for the *lauda,* but not so for the passenger, cramped up as he is with nothing to do but listen to the rain as it bounces off the bamboo roofing. The boatman doesn't understand your impatience to be going, and to you the storm doesn't seem to be sufficient excuse to be idle. As a rule, rain alone will not stop him, but when the river is running high and the wind is brisk he does not like to move. Flat-bottomed boats have a weakness for tipping over.

Thus the missionary in Chuchow travels by boat from place to place. Oftentimes, with favourable weather, a journey is not too unpleasant, and the country is a bit attractive in some places. After several days "on board" one is glad to do a little "cross-country" hiking. And there is a bit of variety that adds the necessary "spice" to life.

POPE TO CONSECRATE FIVE BISHOPS.

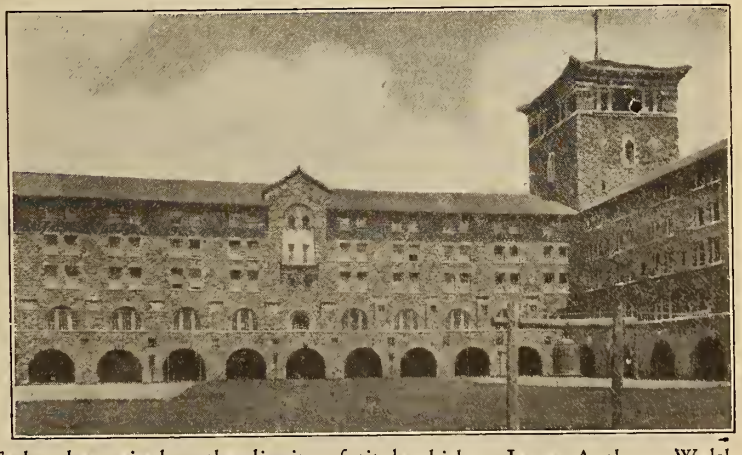
The Holy Father will consecrate five new Bishops, natives of mission lands, on June 11th. Three of them are Chinese, one Indian, and one Indo-Chinese.

It is expected that four Chinese Bishops will be in Rome to make the Holy Year visits and assist at the Consecration. They will be accompanied by Bishop Renault, of Suifu, Szechwan, a part of whose territory has been assigned to one of the new prelates, Bishop-elect Ly, whose mother was killed during the Boxer Uprising in 1900, and her name is among the martyrs proposed for beatification.

POPE HONORS FOREIGN MISSION LEADER IN U.S.



Bishop-Elect Walsh, who is to be consecrated in Rome, June 29th, by Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi.



A portion of the Maryknoll Seminary Cloister.

The Holy Father has raised to the dignity of titular bishop James Anthony Walsh, founder and Superior General of the Maryknoll Missionaries. The honor conferred on Father Walsh has been prompted by his notable activities over a period of 30 years towards promoting the foreign mission movement in America, now arrived at such important proportions. "China" extends heartiest felicitations to Maryknoll's new bishop.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I want to tell the members of our Rose Garden how very much I appreciate all they have done during the past year to help the Missions by their prayers and their self-sacrifice. I think it is a splendid thing for thousands of young boys and girls to be linked together under the patronage of the Little Flower, Patroness of Missionaries, in such a great enterprise. I pray that God may bless you all—always. To our little missionaries I wish the fullest measure of success in Examinations, and I hope vacation for all of you will be very pleasant. Keep up your fine mission work during the summer, and don't forget that Father Jim will be on duty all the time and anxious to get your letters as usual. FATHER JIM.

Margaret Mary Nolan, Souris, P.E.I., seems to have a way to attract pen pals. Just 14 on her list the last time I heard from her.



Regina has a little lamb, and Audrey has a big doll, and our Rose Garden has two very happy looking "Buds" whose names are Regina Campbell, Riverville, N.S., and Audrey Byrne, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa. Perhaps there are other members of our Club who have interesting snaps of themselves for our column.

AID FOR MISSIONARIES.

Listed below are just a few of the many Spiritual Bouquets that have come from members of our Rose Garden to help our Chuchow Missionaries save souls in China. They are from Form 1C, St. Joseph's High School, Toronto; Buds at Loretto Convent, Coleraine, Ireland; Girls of Grade 6, Mt. Carmel School, New Waterford, N.S.; and Pupils of Room 9, St. Rita's School, Toronto.

Masses	719
Communions	384
Rosaries	704
Litanies	51
Visits to Bl. Sacrament	529
Way of the Cross	216
Acts of Mortification	382
Prayers	7,270

FATHER JIM'S MAILBOX.

"We have read the interesting articles in 'China', and have decided to help the Chinese Missions by sending this spiritual Bouquet. In our mite-box we have collected $6.00, which you will find enclosed." **Pupils of Room 9, St. Rita's School, Toronto.**

Kathleen Leonard has been doing some effective missionary work amongst the pupils at Loretto Convent, Coleraine, Ireland, and has secured 23 new members for us. Thanks, Kathleen!

Helen McHale sent me names of 39 girls in Form 1C at St. Joseph's High School in Toronto. Welcome amongst us are those young ladies. The Entrance Class at the same school sent five dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby, Lillian Yolande.

"We are enclosing a letter to be sent to Father McNabb in China, and for the Missions we are sending the contents of our mite-box." **Leo MacMillan, Sacred Heart School, Ingersoll, Ont.**

Betty Cummings and **Ray Devins** were introduced to us when 51 new members joined our Club at Holy Name School, Toronto.

"We receive 'China' in our school, and it has inspired us to help the Missions. We are sending you the contents of our mite-box, and glad we are to have the opportunity to help in the great work among the heathens in China." **Myrtle Fagan, 13, Jr. IV. Class, St. John's School, Perth, Ont.**

Betty Ronan, for Grade 7 and 8, and **Gertrude MacDonald**, for Grades 5 and 6, **Mt. St. Bernard's College, Antigonish, N.S.**, wrote nice letters to ask membership in our Garden. In each letter was five dollars for the MacPherson Burse. Well done, Mt. St. Bernard's!

Kathleen Martin, writing for the Buds at **Holy Cross School, Lafontaine, Ont.**, says: "We are sending five dollars for a Chinese baby whose name is to be Loretto Rose. We raised the funds by bringing eggs to school and selling them. We are sending you a few eggs to sample." That's what I call good business, Buds, and I was tickled to get the package of "eggs". At first I suspected a plot on my life, but the "insides" of those eggs looked like good candy on further examination. And the drawings on the egg-shells were real works of art. I'm all for a boost in the egg-market after this!

R. I. P.



In December, 1929, Phyllis M. Harrington became a member of our Rose Garden. On May 2nd, 1933, she died in the Hotel Dieu Hospital in Kingston, where she had been preparing to be a nurse. She was 18 years old. A convert, she had a very special devotion to the Little Flower, and was a very active member of our Club. A letter from her companion in Ottawa, Frances O'Malley, told of the death of Phyllis, and I want all the Buds to say a prayer for the soul of our deceased friend. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on her soul.



Keenly interested in the "Rose Garden" are those boys and girls of Grades III and IV, St. Rose School, Fairville, N.B.

FROM THE WEST.

From one of our older members out West came a very beautiful letter, part of which I give you: "Two years ago to-day I received my badge and certificate, and now I have something nice to tell you. I am going to join the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, and it is my earnest hope to be sent some day to the foreign missions. Through reading 'China' I first became interested in the missions, and if God gives me perseverance in the vocation I have chosen I shall have a great deal for which to thank your lovely little magazine. . . . I wish to thank the 'Gardener' and the 'Buds' for the prayers they have said which may have had a share in directing my vocation. I hope to share still in all your prayers, although no longer able to take an active part in the doings of your beautiful Club." Father Jim has been very pleased on many occasions to get nice letters from Buds telling of their plans to enter the Convent. As Sisters I know those members will often remember one of the great objects of our Rose Garden, namely, to pray for mission vocations, and later on in their work as teachers they will carry their mission enthusiasm into the classroom and do much for the work so dear to us all.

GLACE BAY, N.S.

"Yesterday (May 17) was the anniversary of the canonization of our Patroness, St. Therese. I know she is pleased with you and your lovely Rose Garden. How glad I am that I joined it. It is good to see so many boys members, too, and the Little Flower must be glad to have all those boys and girls praying so much for the Missions." Part of a letter from Mary Molloy, 11 Water St., Glace Bay, N.S. Mary thinks Father Jim has "black curly hair, blue eyes, and a well-shaped head and face, height about 6 feet." My hair did curl a bit, and my eyes went black, and my face nearly dropped six feet when I noticed the punctuation between "face" and "height". If "descriptions" keep coming in perhaps the only way out is to publish that eagerly-awaited "full view".

SUDBURY SCORES AGAIN!

I have had occasion to mention Sudbury buds so often lately that some will think Sudbury is "my old home town". Well, I guess I would feel pretty much at home among so many young friends up there if I ever decide to go for a good hike. However, here's a letter I want the other buds to see; it is from Beulah Fluvian, St. Aloysius' School. "Dear Father Jim: Here's a letter from your little willing helpers over here in Sudbury. We enjoy your letters very much and look forward to them eagerly. In our last letter we told you we would try to send a dollar for the missions. We, the Senior Third Class of St. Aloysius' School, have succeeded in our intention, and we also send you a spiritual bouquet to help save some of the many souls in China. We are trying very hard to keep up the good work of the Little Flower's Rose Garden, and with the grace of God we will succeed in doing much good. With best wishes to all the buds from your members in Sudbury, I am, etc."

"UP IN THE AIR."

Our younger readers will be glad to know that another of our Missionaries has written some nice things to me in appreciation of the work they are doing as members of the "Rose Garden". Part of a letter from Father Morrison, Sungyang, has this:

"Solicit the prayers of your little 'Buds of the Rose Garden' for our Sungyang Christians that they may be strong in the Faith, and for our catechumens (those preparing for Baptism) that they may persevere in their good resolves, and for our pagans too, that they may be well-disposed towards the priests and the Church.

"Perhaps the young boys may like to know that here in China there is a good deal of kite-flying takes place. As I look out now I see on the hills a great number of kites of all shapes and sizes. This is the season for them here, and many people get great fun out of it. Some of their kites have to be managed by three or four men because of their size. They go in for fancy shapes, too, principally 'dragon' and 'butterfly'. It is the custom not to fly kites after the Festival of Ching Ming. That's the day on which the Chinese especially honor their dead, visiting their graves and decorating and repairing them. When the family plot is in perfect order offerings of meat and wine are made to the spirits of the dead. There is an interesting superstition behind the custom of stopping kite-flying on Ching Ming Day. At New Year the Chinese beg for Wealth, Success, and Happiness, the three felicities. If these do not come to them by Ching Ming time they place all their cares and troubles on a kite and send it flying skyward. Then they cut the string, showing that they let all bad luck and troubles go to the four winds. But if the kite should later fall on the roof of some house all the bad luck of the flyer will be transmitted to the unlucky owner of that house."



PENETANG, ONT. PETTY HR., NFLD. LONDON, ONT.

We are very pleased to introduce to our Buds the quartet pictured above. Left to right: William Howes, Bernard and Joseph Everard, and Wilfred Lewis

NONSENSE



"How did Brown's wedding go off?"
"Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."
"What happened then?"
"She replied, 'Do you think I'm silly?' and the groom in a sort of daze, replied: 'I do'."

"Take his number," whispered the bystander. "You can get damages for being knocked down by a motor-car."
"Damages! Haven't I got enough to go on with?"

The dear old lady stood on the cliff watching the flashing beacon on the lighthouse.
"How very patient those sailors are!" she exclaimed. "The wind has blown out that light a dozen times at least, and they still keep on lighting it again."

Policeman: "What are you standing here for?"
Loafer: "Nothin'."
Policeman: "Well, just move on. If everyone stood in one place, how would the rest get past?"

Irritable husband (to wife driving a nail): "However do you expect to knock a nail in the wall with a clothes brush? For goodness sake use your head, dear!"

A judge asked a Negro in court if he wanted a lawyer.
"No, suh, I don't want no lawyer, but I suttinly could use a couple of good witnesses."

"How's the boy doing at school?"
"Oh, he's playing half-back," replied the proud parent.
"Good; how about his studies?"
"Ah—still farther back I'm afraid."

Politician: "Congratulate me, dear; I was elected."
His wife: "Honestly?"
Politician: "Why bring that up?"

At a fancy-dress dance for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult. An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.
"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children."
"But my child is in there as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings!"
"Can't help it," replied the policeman; "orders is orders. You'll have to let her represent a caterpillar!"

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the man on the soap box, "if you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself."
"What about getting your hair cut?" shouted an interrupter.
"I'm giving you the bald facts," went on the orator, unperturbed.

"No, your Honor," said the prisoner. "I was certainly not drunk, though I may have been intoxicated."
"Well," said the Magistrate, "I intended to fine you twenty shillings, but in view of your explanation I make it a pound."—Irish Times.

"And how many pigs have you, Mr. O'Reilly?"
"Bedad, an' it's wishin' I am I could be tellin' ye. I've counted iv'ry one o' them except a frisky little spalpeen that just runs around an' won't be counted!"

A postmaster noticed a grim-faced Scotsman tugging energetically at the stamp machine outside the post-office.
"Anything wrong?" he asked the perspiring man.
"Wrong?" echoed the breathless Scott. "I should think there is. I've just put a penny in this machine, and four stamps came out." He again turned to the machine and gave it a violent push.
"But that's to your advantage," said the puzzled postmaster.
"Yes; but look ye here," said the Scot. "I've now gone and put another penny in, ye ken, and naething's come oot. The thing's a swindle."

Smith, wearing a very loud plus-four suit, was indulging in a country walk.
Approaching an old man in a village, he asked. "What are the chief sights round here?"
Looking his questioner up and down, the old man replied: "The visitors, sir."

"Dearest Annabelle," wrote Oswald, who was hopelessly in love. "I would swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of flames for one touch of your little hands, I would leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips. As always—Your Oswald.
"P.S.—I'll be over on Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

First Business Man: "I've got a pretty good office boy now, but the little beggar will whistle while he works."
Second Ditto: "You're lucky; mine only whistles."

In a small town in the South there was a lad who had the reputation of not being very bright. People there had fun with him several times a day by placing a dime and a nickel on the open palm of his hand and telling him to take his pick of the two. In each case the lad would pick the nickel, and then the crowd would laugh and guffaw.
A kind-hearted woman asked him one day: "Don't you know the difference between a dime and a nickel? Don't you know the dime, though smaller, is worth more?"
"Sure I know it," he answered, "but they wouldn't try me out on it any more if I ever took the dime."—Penn. Punch Bowl.

"Did you ever hear anything so perfectly wonderful?" exclaimed the daughter of the house, as the gramophone ground out the last notes of the latest thing in jazz.
"No," replied the father. "I can't say I have, although I once heard a collision between a truckload of empty milk cans and a freight car filled with live ducks."

Mrs. O'Reilly: "An' what are ye going to name the baby?"
Mrs. Mulcahey: "We'll name her Hazel."
Mrs. O'Reilly: "What! With twenty-five saints to choose from, ye name her after a nut?"

In a Philadelphia family recently, the engagement of a daughter was announced. A friend, calling, was met at the door by the colored maid, who announced: "No'm, Miss Alice ain't home dis aft'noon; she gone down to de class."
"What class?" inquired the visitor.
"You know, Miss Alice is gwine to be ma'ied in de fall," explained the maid, "an' she's taking a course in domestic silence."

Vicar: "I noticed your husband went out in the middle of the service this morning, Mrs. Breen. Isn't he very well?"
Mrs. Breen: "He's ageing, sir; that's what it is. He's started walking in his sleep now."

A nervous old lady was buying a portable wireless set.
"Now do you definitely assure me," she asked, looking anxiously at the instrument. "that I shan't get a shock?"
"Madam," said the assistant impressively, "I do definitely assure you that you won't get a shock—until you hear some of the programs."

CHINA

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Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

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\+ +

SEVERAL of the Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of the Incomplete Burses listed on this page. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

\+ +

YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

Following are totals as on April 30th, 1933, including receipts by "Catholic Record" and China Mission Seminary combined:

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St. Anthony	$3,576.65
Blessed Sacrament	1,220.00
Comforter of the Afflicted	715.50
St. Francis Xavier	1,592.40
Holy Name of Jesus	762.50
Holy Souls	3,730.50
Immaculate Conception No. 2	136.76
St. Joseph	350.60
St. Jude	666.50
Little Flower No. 2	2,209.93
MacPherson	1,244.88
St. Madeleine Barat	1,427.00
St. Patrick	1,522.00
Sacred Heart No. 2	1,286.40
Students'	1,327.39
Precious Blood	2,115.00
Papineau Memorial	1,000.00
Children's	108.00
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Holy Ghost	53.00
Holy Family	6.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	24.00
St. Jeanne d'Arc	5.00
Queen of Martyrs	6.00
St. Rita	10.00
Rev. Dr. Foley	14.52

IF we had sufficient donations to our Burse Fund our Seminary would become self-supporting. Perhaps your donation this month would move one of the last eight listed Burses into a three-figure total.

Remember CHINA in making your WILL

\+ +

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
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CHINA

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JULY-AUGUST, 1933



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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SIMPLY FORCED TO IT

FOR several years China Mission Seminary has been carrying on its work under conditions that would be tolerated by hardly any other institution. The number of students has increased away beyond the capacity of the house. Rooms built for one person have had to accommodate two, and the chapel and refectory have been much overcrowded. Even the lecture hall was sacrificed to provide more rooms for students.

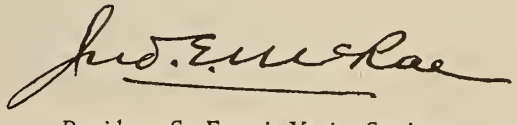
This year a greater number of young men than ever applied for admission. What could we do? We had two alternatives. We must either add to our accommodations or else refuse worthy applicants and lose potential priests for the great work of the conversion of China.

We were on the point of taking the latter course, in fact had almost done so, but realizing the serious consequences of this course of action, and sensing in it a want of trust in Him who said "It is I, fear not" and "O ye of little faith", and, in addition to this, remembering that our work has progressed so very successfully and grown so fast as to point out the hand of God in it, we simply could not bring ourselves to turn down applicants.

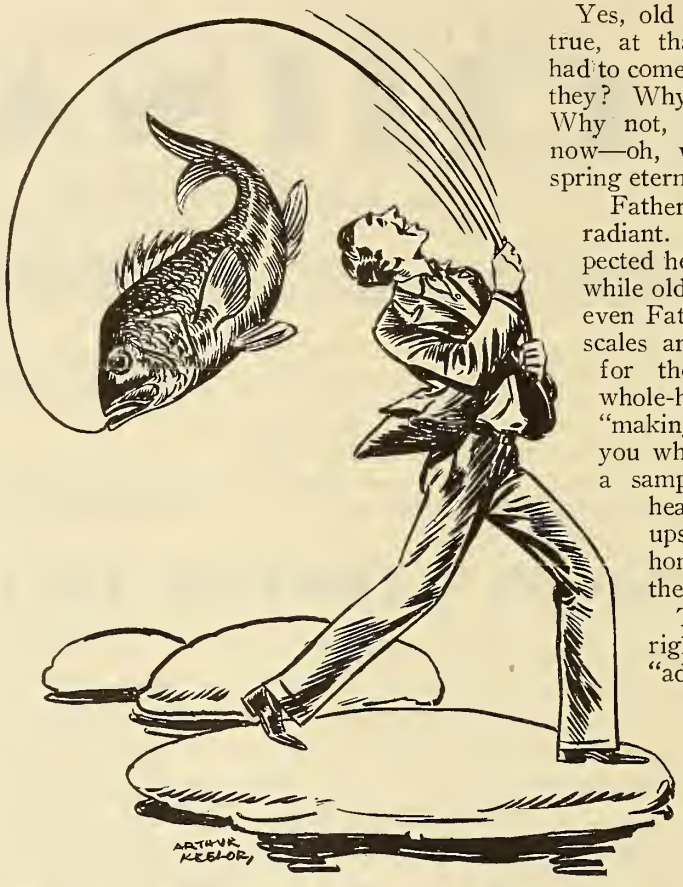
We have been forced to our decision to build a modest addition to our Seminary. It will give us twenty additional rooms and a lecture hall as well as increased accommodations in our chapel and refectory. The cost will be in the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000), a sum considerably lower than anyone had thought possible.

On other occasions we have been in dire distress, but help always arrived, and we are confident it will come now also. We are not in debt because, providentially, funds sufficient to carry on, but barely sufficient, have come to us. Our friends must have a part in this new undertaking, and by so doing they will assist us in carrying on what is, after all, the great work of the Church and the strict duty of every individual Catholic: not alone preserving the Faith but spreading it to those who know not its blessings.

The world and its attractions consume far more means than would be sufficient to build many seminaries. Are you using your resources for merely worldly purposes? Why not give a little thought to the question of the meritorious value of your use of God's material blessings? Why not now lay up some treasure in Heaven that will not rust, that moths will not consume? Here, then, is a splendid opportunity at hand in these days when God, eternity, souls, and the only interests that count for anything are all but forgotten.



President, St. Francis Xavier Seminary.



Let's Go Fishin'!

By "Observer"

Missionaries are, after all, very human, and when they get together on a "day off" they have lots of fun. Even if you're not a member of the "rod and line" fraternity you'll enjoy the humor of this story by "Observer."

* * * * * *

"OH, yes, Jaw Kung, plenty of fish in the river, alright, but THE BIG ONES ALWAYS GET AWAY."

"Jaw Kung" is Father McGillivray. The speaker is our old catechist. And if one touch of nature can make the whole world kin that benevolent old gentleman seemed then and there like a long-lost brother.

THE BIG ONES ALWAYS GET AWAY! And this is China! Was he really a prosaic old Chinese catechist or a fisherman from the Restigouche or the Margaree or points East down to Salmonier, Nfld.? Had he been reading wiscracks somewhere? Surely he was trying to be funny this morning, uttering that hoary old anglers' alibi.

But no! Not a bit of it! He is as solemn as an owl. What he says may be funny, but it is certainly lost on himself. BIG ONES! Let him try to tell us something about big ones! What about those 10, 15, 20, 30, 40—oh, alright! — those 7 and 8 pound salmon that we, personally, had seen give a last dying splurge for freedom just as the landing net was about to close over their gills?

But old Wong the catechist is as matter-of-fact as a judge. He just wants to tell us that there are monster fish somewhere in that river that flows by our door, but that to date all efforts to land the big fellows have failed ever since small boy Confucius toted his first little "can" of worms.

"And how big, Mr. Wong?"

"Oh, isseh dengeh (this long)". He stretched his arms wide. About 40 lbs., we figured.

"And why can't they catch them?"

"Oh, it isn't so easy. They're too dee-aw-be (sly). The foreigners, perhaps, might know a way." He was being polite now.

The foreigners, as a matter of fact, *did* know a way. But first show us the fish. Big forty pounders! Can't you see them? Down in the clear cool depths, heading lazily upstream, lying quiet in the shade of a bamboo grove! On either side the towering mountains of Chekiang. A preposterous setting — for any self-respecting fish!

At that, it may be true. In Hangchow, in the "Sacred Pool", we had seen hundreds and hundreds of big fish. They were in a railed enclosure about 40 by 60 and five feet deep. What they were no Western fisherman could ever hope to tell. They were green, blue, yellow, black and white varieties, and they ranged from three to fifty pounds, that's sure. An attendant was feeding them something that looked like soggy bread, and they were so tame that they came right to the surface to eat out of his hand—almost. And if you think that's just a Chinese fish-story ask anybody who has ever visited any of the numerous sacred pools in China or Japan.

Yes, old Wong's story might be true, at that! These big fellows had to come from somewhere, didn't they? Why not the Chuchow river? Why not, indeed! Perhaps even now—oh, well, doesn't hope ever spring eternal in the angler's breast?

Father McNabb's eyes were radiant. First time we ever suspected he was a fisherman. And while old Wong unfolded his tale even Father Venadam forgot his scales and modes and quilismas for the nonce. He entered whole-heartedly into the idea of "making a day of it". "I'll tell you what we'll do, boys. Hire a sampan, take a lunch, and head about ten or fifteen li upstream. We can come home easily enough with the current."

The old catechist entered right into the spirit of the "adventure". By this time he had produced his own fishing tackle and sorry looking stuff it was. Two tiny hooks made downtown by the village blacksmith; a plain bamboo rod same as those that grow right in our backyard, and about ten feet of thin aenemic looking line. It didn't help his story at all. Surely he had never tried to land an honest-to-goodness fish with *that* dismal outfit! Alas for home sweet home and rods and reels and casts and lines lying now abandoned in attic trunks! We could have shown the old boy a thing or two if only we had brought *that* gear along.

"Use a little flour dough for bait," he was saying, "or some fresh green cabbage. Tsay tse ting haw (the cabbage is the cat's whiskers)". Flour! Cabbage! So the fish in China are *crazy*, too! "But remember," he added, "it isn't easy to catch the big ones in the river. If you really want to be sure of some *good* fishing I know a place just over the hill there"—he was pointing to the mountain across the river.

Ah! So that was it! He knew a place! Perhaps that old gag was Chinese, too. Just because we had heard it at home wherever we had cast a line certainly didn't prove that it wasn't invented in China, about the same time as gunpowder or the mother-in-law joke. He knew a place. Yes, of course! They all do until you get there.

That night a boatman arrived at the Mission residence to bargain for the hire of his boat and his own services for a day. He wanted about six times the usual amount at first but Father Kam came to the rescue and a fair price was agreed upon. We were to embark next morning at the "Little Water Gate".

* * * * * *

PART TWO.

If I were you I wouldn't read any further. We have a splendid joke page this month. New readers may BEGIN here. No, suppose we all begin here. Forget all about the first part and then you won't be looking for fish, and the story won't be such an awful flop. That's it! Let's make it a nice quiet little story about a day's outing on the Chuchow River. Just the highlights! Who wants fish?

1. Stopped about five li upstream at a beauty spot on shore. Took more pictures than Fr. Editor can publish. One of the party, a Father McNabb, says something about trying for fish. No harm to try, we suppose, but whoever heard of fish in this river (that'll fool you).

2. Father McNabb baits hook with some dough he found wrapped in a cabbage leaf on board (however that got there). Father Venadam declares that only a sucker would fall for that stuff. Fr. McNabb now changes bait, using piece of cabbage leaf. Results: the same.

3. All kinds of rafts passing downstream. Many from Shiao May, in Father Stringer's parish about 200 li distant. It takes a wood-cutting gang about a year from the time they wield the axe till they have rafted and marketed their wood downstream. But that's nothing. There are places in Africa where it takes seven years for a raft of wood to reach its destination. Fish not biting—yet.

4. Many wild ducks! Several have been "fishing" (don't be funny) in a rapids nearby, and one of them is unable to fly as a raft comes near, even though there is a slight wind. Fr. McNabb wants to know don't ducks eat fish. "I'm coming back to that place some day", he says. Fr. Venadam is now offering a dollar apiece (Mex.) for every fish in the river, alive or dead. The boatman's little boy jumps into shallow water to chase the duck which is still "battering" but unable to get to wing. However, he can dive and does.

5. There are thousands of ducks all along this river. And, if you get a permit, you can have a gun made to order at the blacksmith's (where the hooks were made). "What hooks?" you ask. (Send stamped, self-addressed envelope. On no account read first part of this story now). The boatman tells us that the gun will cost three dollars. It will be a muzzle-loading blunderbus, and we don't know whether they use gun-caps or the old touch-hole system. The local boys, however, very occasionally do bring a wild bird to the Mission for sale.

6. The boatman is now lighting the fire to cook his rice. We have some real coffee and a few extras provided by the good Sisters. "This is the life" is the general feeling. "Where's Father McNab?" . . . . "Out on that rock, fishing" . . . . "Tell him to come and git it before we throws it out." He says wait a minute because the bobber sank once and it was a fish and "a nice one, too". Must have been a big one because he GOT AWAY.

7. Well, it's a nice restful day, anyhow, after the two months rainy season just passed and before the summer heat which is "just around the corner". The new men will be receiving their "assignments" soon, perhaps to the far away mission outposts, and then we may see each other once a year or perhaps once in two years. So let's make the most of our little day. There will be new men coming all the time now from the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs. A kind of clearing station, isn't it, our Mission Headquarters over here! Of course, they're all anxious to get right up on the front lines. They're ready to a man for whatever the future may have to bring, and happy about it. We wish you could see how happy they really are.

Oh, I guess we've said enough. "Jaw Kung, come here. Take the 'mike'! A word to your vast 'C H I N A' audience before we finish."

Jaw Kung: "Well, folks, Nova Scotia can beat this place for fishing but we're going to have better luck next time. And wait till we get over the mountains where the real fish come from. I trust, kind friends,——"

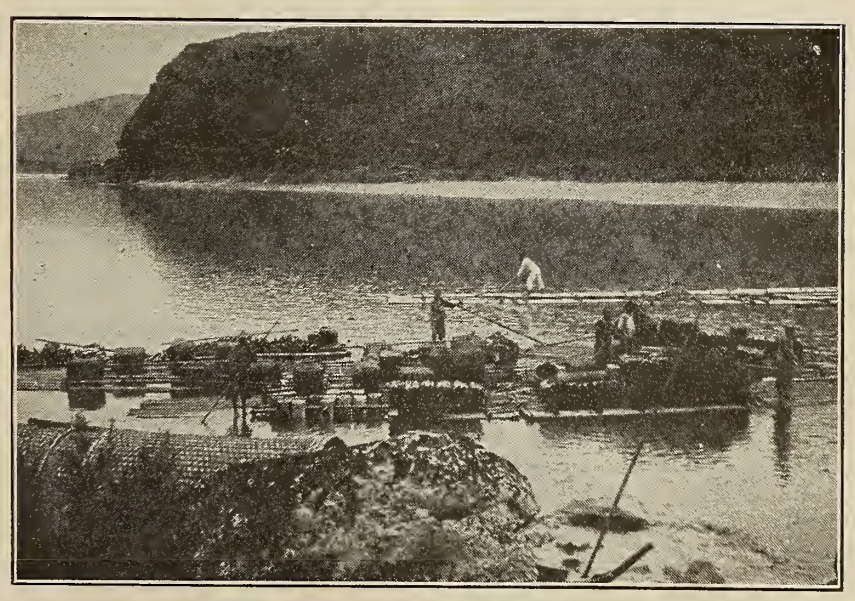
"Sez you! Sez you!"

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, that remark came from Father Venadam."

CURE FOR OPIUM ADDICTS.

Ichang—Increased opium smoking in the Upper Yangtze Valley has prompted Bishop Gubbels of the Belgian Franciscans to institute a cure to save Christian victims. The missionary in charge reports a first success with seven.

The method consists in persuading the men to accept voluntary confinement with almost complete deprivation of the drug from the beginning. During the first days of cruel suffering the missionary gave the victims what in substance was a spiritual retreat, appealing to religious motives to fortify their constancy. Once the desire was lost the men were freed under supervision and now are declared permanently cured.—(Fides.)



"Our transportation system is the best and cheapest. Send your freight via the raft route." That might do for a slogan along the Chuchow River, where scenes like this are familiar. No danger of high-powered trucks cutting in on this Chinese baggage-transfer business.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!



CHINESE believe that certain days are lucky ones for weddings; on such days we may meet two or three processions on our way to school and hear the music of others in the distance. Gay music takes the place of wedding bells in China. Generally eight musicians, and the number may be increased indefinitely, play small wind instruments which look something like flutes.

Following the musicians come four sedan chairs. The first two are occupied by male relatives of the groom, the third by the groom, usually a boy under twenty. The last chair is larger than the others and is more gayly decorated with red paper flowers, and red and green silk streamers. This chair is borne by four coolies, the others by two. On the way to the home of the bride this chair is occupied by a small boy. This, you see, is intended as a good omen—it insures the arrival of a first-born son. All in the procession wear large red paper flowers.

One cannot mistake the home of a bridal pair. The front gates of both the bride's and the groom's house are decorated with large red lattice-work arches and paper flowers, in the midst of which is the Chinese character for "happiness." I have always come upon the scene just too late to see the groom enter the home of the bride, but I have been told that at first the gate is closed upon him.

After the groom alights from his sedan chair a fire is built around that of the bride and the groom walks around this fire three times; all this is done to test the patience of the groom. When at length the portals are thrown open two women relatives of the bride conduct the groom to a bountiful repast, but alas! the groom must forego the pleasure of eating or drinking anything; this, no doubt, is a test of his temperance in eating and drinking. Finally, he is taken into the presence of the bride and her parents. He kowtows, that is, he kneels down and touches his head three times to the ground. After this ceremony, the bride leaves the parental roof-tree, and her future intercourse with the members of her own family depends upon the disposition and favor of her mother-in-law.

When the bridal procession arrives at the home of the groom, the gates again are closed. The delay, this time, is to test the bride's patience. When this has been proved, the gates are opened and the soon-to-be-married couple enter the courtyard; here the bride's apartments are decorated, but those of her mother-in-law are decorated more elaborately. It is to the mother-in-law's door that the pair are led. In the parental presence they kowtow three times and then profoundly worship the heavens and the earth. This last ceremony ties the matrimonial knot forever. After this, however, the bride's patience is put to some severe tests.

The perfect wife is one who does not so much as wink an eyelash when all manner of uncomplimentary remarks are hurled at her. Not until this persecution is ended is the wedding repast forthcoming. On the following day the newly married pair return for a formal visit to the home of the bride. According to Chinese etiquette the parents of the bride do not witness the wedding ceremony.

On the day preceding the ceremony the groom sends gifts to the bride. These are sent in a procession, too; the length of the procession depends upon the groom's vanity and the size of his purse. I have seen some processions, more than a block long, composed of men carrying the gift trays.

A very unusual procession passed our gate the other day. The principle personage was a young woman whose betrothed had died before the consummation of the nuptials. She was leaving her own home to enter that of the mother-in-law. A herald went before her bearing a large placard on which was written the history of the case. It was because of her fidelity to the memory of the dead and of her determination never to marry that this public honor was accorded her. Rumor states that at her death a monument will be erected to commemorate her deed.

OVERSEAS CHINESE HIT BY DEPRESSION.

Nanking. — Chinese residents abroad have been hard hit by the world depression which has thrown tens of thousands out of employment, according to reports to the Central Overseas Affairs Committee. In the course of 1932, 283,890 Chinese, of both sexes, returned to China.

It is understood that the Malay archipelago suffered most owing to the slump in the rubber and tin industries in the Straits and in the Netherlands East Indies. The decline in the price of rice also affected Chinese millers in Siam.

In view of such conditions, the Committee has been holding meetings to devise measures for the relief of overseas compatriots.—Kuo Min.



The costume is a regular knockout, but this "bride" is a boy cleverly impersonating in a Chinese drama.

To the Westerner, a Chinese wedding procession is a strange affair; nevertheless, it serves to call attention to the fact that the educated Chinese has made the *Liki* or Book of Chinese etiquette an integral part of his daily life.—Sister Carmel, in the *"Bugle Call"*.

Lucy Wong's Conversion

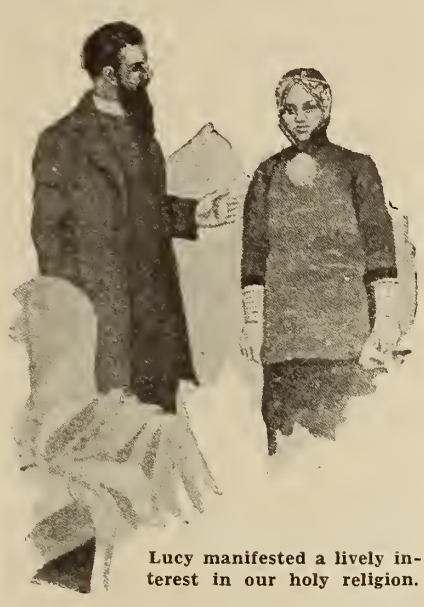
By a Missionary in Loshan, China

THE conversion of Lucy Wong is one of the most remarkable which has come to my notice since the time I first came to China, ten-odd years ago.

Lucy's family is the next-door neighbor to our mission in Loshan. Her father is a fervent pagan of the old school. He ardently believes in all the old superstitions which have proved such a hindrance to the spread of our holy Faith in China. It happened that a son of his died shortly after we had begun laying the foundation of our Church. He attributed this misfortune to the displeasure of the earth spirits, who had been disturbed by our excavations. Thenceforward Mr. Wong has shown himself extremely suspicious, not to say openly hostile, towards the Christian religion. Lucy's brothers, having been educated along modern lines, are pagans of the new school; that is to say, outspoken atheists and avowed foes of the Christian religion.

In spite of these unauspicious connections, Lucy manifested a lively interest in our holy religion from the time when our mission was first established in Loshan. A year ago, when we opened our girls' school, Lucy was among the first to enroll as a pupil. She had never attended school before, although she had already reached the age of 22 years. Among the various subjects taught in school, catechism and bible history became her favorite branches. Her progress in these subjects was remarkable.

Daily, Lucy arose at half-past five in order to attend the early Mass. It frequently happened that on Sundays after attending late Mass, upon returning to her home, Lucy found that the family breakfast was over and that nothing, warm or cold, had been kept for her. On such an occasion, should she ask for any food, her mother would jeeringly tell her to satisfy her appetite by saying more "foreign prayers". Moreover, the girl was daily subjected to petty persecutions on the part of her relatives. She who had formerly been the pet of the family, on account of her gentle ways and sweet temperament, now became the laughing-stock of all the members of her family. Lucy endured all this without murmur. She daily



Lucy manifested a lively interest in our holy religion.

prayed for those who persecuted her. Everything was done to dissuade her from her decision to become a Christian, but on this point the gentle girl showed herself adamant.

When, previous to the feast of St. Joseph, we opened the catechumenate in Loshan, fully a hundred catechumens enrolled in the class of those preparing for baptism. Lucy was of their number. I was edified and inspired in observing the eagerness which she manifested in listening to the catechetical instructions. Whenever I questioned her on any point of doctrine which had been previously explained, her answer unfailingly proved most satisfactory.

When the day fixed for the baptism of the catechumens approached, I thought it advisable to examine each of them separately in order to find out whether they were sufficiently prepared and realized the great consequences of the Sacrament which they were about to receive. When it came Lucy's turn, I asked her whether she had her father's consent to be baptized. She frankly replied that she had not. I then asked her: "Do you wish to be baptized, nevertheless?"

"Yes, Father," she replied; "I am of age, and the law of China allows me my freedom in the choice of my religion."

"Do you realize that your father may disinherit you and expel you from your home if you refuse to obey him in this matter?"

"Yes, Father," she answered, "he may do that; but then the good God and our Blessed Mother would take care of me. Perhaps, later on, the Sisters would admit me to their community, and I should like nothing better than to spend my whole life in spreading our holy religion."

"Very well, then," I said, "since these are your dispositions, you may be baptized. May our Blessed Mother protect you."

To my great disappointment, on the morning fixed for the baptism of the catechumens, Lucy did not appear with the rest of them. As soon as the ceremony was completed, I inquired into the cause of her absence and was grieved to learn that she had become seriously ill on the preceding evening. It soon became evident that she had contracted typhus, and her condition grew rapidly critical.

As Lucy had her sleeping quarters in a little dormitory adjoining our girls' school, as soon as she became ill her mother came to the school and made arrangements to have her daughter carried home. To her great surprise and displeasure, however, Lucy most obstinately refused to leave the school. Repeatedly the girl's mother and other relatives returned to the charge. They coaxed, reproached, and scolded her, all to no purpose. Even with her impaired consciousness Lucy realized that as soon as she returned to her pagan home, her chance of receiving baptism would be gone. For that reason alone she refused to leave our school.

Finally, when it had become apparent that the sick girl's prospects of recovery were very slight, her mother came and announced her intention of having her daughter carried home without further delay, in spite of the latter's opposition. As soon as Lucy's mother departed in order to bring the stretcher carriers to the school, Lucy's teacher quickly notified me of these arrangements. Having procured a bottle of baptismal water, I hastened to the sick girl's bedside and found that, although her mind had been wandering throughout the night, by the

(Continued on page 109)

A MISSIO

REV. DESM

THIS letter to you all will, I think, be the most unique piece of literature you ever read. I am what we call "making the mission". That is, since becoming parish priest of Lungchuan, the duty devolves upon me of seeing to our outlying chapels. I have for company Fr. Serra, our Spanish priest, who has had seven years' experience. It is extremely fortunate for me that I have his help on this trip as you will see in the course of this narrative. So pull up your chair and "listen in".

March 2nd.

We left Lungchuan this morning at nine a.m., just two hours too late. We had planned on reaching Shao Mei in one day, a distance of ninety "li" or thirty miles, but our tardy starting out prevented us from reaching our objective. It rained practically the whole day, sometimes quite heavily, but my big Chinese umbrella kept me dry. We stopped at a wayside inn for dinner which consisted, for me, of a bowl of rice, some pork that must have died a long while ago, and some wine that tasted like rotten apples. We hit the trail again and evening brought us to Tso Tien, a place where a Christian family lived in an extra large house. We had thought to stay here for the night but our welcome was so frigid that we lost very little time in making other arrangments. These people once were good Christians, but now—quien sabe?

The father went haywire about eight years before his death. For this number of years he constantly refused the priest. When finally he was on his death bed it was impossible for the priest to reach him before he died. His bad example is greatly responsible for the present state of his family. After making a polite exit we went to the "hotel" and got a room there. You remember Joe's shack on the Island? Much brighter and cleaner than our room. This Christian family said they would go to confession and Communion the next morning so we promised to come to their house at seven.

Fr. Serra and I slept fairly well during the night and a few minutes to seven saw us outside this family's house. But nary a soul in sight. After pounding and yelling intermittently for half an hour, somebody came to and we entered, only to find that their wishing for the Sacraments was so much eye-wash. So we didn't say Mass there, but, breakfastless, struck out and walked two hours to reach Shao Mei. Here we said Mass about eleven and had dinner à la chinois.

March 3rd.

In each Chapel we have a caretaker, at least; if possible also a Catechist. Here there is no Catechist. An old man and his wife care for the place. When we arrived (and it was wholly unexpected) we found seven "squatters" ensconed comfortably. Very soon things began to move. "Get out this afternoon!" That was our ultimatum. They had moved their whole household effects into this Chapel. Talk about nerve! But, again, all because of a renegade Christian. This fellow, baptized in 1906, became the leader of a secret society called "Big Knife Society" and, when no priest was present here he just constituted himself major domo and terrorized all the other Christians. At his beck and call people would come and go. His son was beheaded by the authorities for belonging to this Society, but he himself escaped . Now he is in Lungchuan. I'd wring his dirty neck if I could see him now! To-night all the "squatters" have gone, bag and baggage. Golly, it's too bad you weren't here this afternoon to see the exodus. Then we got busy and cleaned the place up.

While we are here we will have our meals brought from a "restaurant"—four meals for two dollars,—I mean four persons three times a day,—twelve meals for two dollars. For our two Chinese companions we rented beds at six "dong pan" a night,—not half a cent Canadian. I suppose all your tramps would be coming to China for lodgings if they knew this.

To-night no Christians showed up. To-morrow we make the



You've heard of "Main Street," Lishui. Here it is—and its principal claim to fame is that from it leads the entrance to the Catholic Mission Headquarters of the Chuchow Prefecture. The building at the left is the Convent, and the Grey Nuns are all set to make a sick call. And the "taxis" are not so slow, either.

R'S DIARY

STRINGER

WE are pleased to present to our readers this intimate record of a three weeks' mission tour of Father Stringer's parish which we secured from a member of his family in Ottawa.

The Pastor of Lungchuan is a gifted writer who, in his many contributions to "China", brings home to us all the problems of the priest on the missions.

The fact that a diary of events in March does not appear till July is accounted for by the length of time it takes mail to reach us from China.

rounds. But I think that if there are five here on Sunday it will be a big congregation. And that out of thirty-seven baptized!! So you can see what this mission or Chapel is like! Well, good-night. I'll write you again to-morrow. Now for beads and bed.

March 4th.

This morning,—oh, what aching bones! Our mattresses are the board kind. It rained a great deal during the night and was quite chilly. At seven we crawled out, washed and prepared for Mass. By the way, I am writing now in a Ka Ting, the open part of the house,—there is no front to this part. Sitting around are a bunch talking everything, and everyone talking at once,—business, religion, politics, etc. This morning at nine-thirty we started out to notify the Christians who live outside the town. We had to walk twenty li to the first one. The sun was almost out and my heavies being still on made things rather warm. About two hours walking at a brisk rate brought us to his house. Our shed there at home is like a room in the Chateau compared to his house. His wife and child are not baptized. Remember there is no resident priest in Shao Mei. Lungchuan, ninety li away, is the nearest priest; so you can see what a job it is to look after the scattered ones. We talked to this fellow for a while. About ten others came to see what our business was. Privacy!! They don't know what it means.

We left here and retraced our way for about ten li and had dinner in a restaurant at the end of a bridge. This took about twenty minutes. Then we hit out again, pipes going with good Edgeworth (God bless Burke). The road was a red clay one and we took quite a bit of it with us, for the previous rains made the walking very slippery. We came to another place where four Christians lived and found three of them had moved to Fukien and that permanently. The old man we did see lived in a hovel as old and decrepit as the house on Rideau St., that we used to say was haunted. Again there was no least hint at a private call, for half the village crowded into the room which was about six by four. Twenty minutes later found us on the road again and climbing a mountain; two feet ahead, slip one back,—that sort of walking for a little distance. We arrived in a village and were directed the wrong way. After walking an hour we found out the error. We had walked away from our objective and to circle round would require three hours. But it was then three o'clock and we were more than an hour away from home, so we decided to call it a day and return as we had still to say our Office. Luckily for us, for we had just returned when it began to rain again.

Already I told you about a man who was the leader of the Big Knife Society and said he was in Lungchuan. Imagine our surprise when we returned to-day and found out he was in town. They must have sent a man to Lungchuan to tell him we were here and were cleaning the nest out. His wife was here when we got back but himself did not show up till later. He is quite old and thin and I wondered what there was about him to frighten anyone. It is not himself but the power he is supposed to have. He told us he would come back after supper but so far he hasn't. He is afraid of us at least. It is impossible to hang anything on him for he makes others do the work —a regular "Al", I suppose. His daughter also came and there was some loud talking done. The old gent took two beds but he says another person did it. He's a crafty customer. This will give



Father Paul Kam is standing by his Chinese man-powered "motor car" just after leaving Lishui on a mission trip. Notice (at centre) the way the baggage is carried.

THINK IT OVER!
You cannot take any of your worldly possessions with you to the grave.

HAVE YOU EVER
thought of the great good you could do for the salvation of souls by leaving some of your possessions to be used for the education of students for the Missionary Priesthood?

HERE'S A TITLE
to include in a CATHOLIC WILL:

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese Missions.

you an idea of some of the stuff we have to contend with before it is possible to go about converting the pagans. The stories about the Christians and Christianity in these parts are very many and bad,—all due to a few scandalous Christians. I am certain that those of us who are working here now will, in a lifetime, do little more than clean up and those who follow us will have an opportunity to branch out. You can readily see the great need we have for prayers. Well, this is enough for to-day.

March 5th.

To-day is, in a weatherly way, quite miserable. If it were fine the ones we went to call on yesterday might possibly have come. As it was, they didn't. The head of the Big Knife Society I will call Capone. His wife and daughter came this morning on the sly to take the rest of the things that belonged to them. Mass was going on upstairs in the Chapel but they made no attempt to hear it. When I heard them downstairs I went down and they tried to hide. A few well chosen words regardless of their "Face" sent them scurrying to attend Fr. Serra's Mass.

Last night they came for night prayers but I had been told beforehand just how they would act —that is, appear as warm-hearted Christians only as a stunt to pull the wool over the missionaries' eyes. To-day, the best Christian (and only decent one) asked us out to dinner, and we went. Just before going three men came to the Mission here looking for Capone. Note this point well. Not to his house did they come, but here. The thing is this. Just now somebody has hailed him into Court for being the head of this Society. He has called all his friends together with the intention of holding his meeting in the mission which affords more or less protection because it is foreign.

Our arrival prevented this meeting taking place here. It was another ace for us that the three couldn't be warned before coming here. That way they might have prevented our putting two and two together. I am waiting now for Capone to show up here for we are scheduled to have one hot talk. Well, that is about all for to-day. It is near supper time and I don't expect any more doings, unless "Cap" should come around. When we get this mess cleared up we can go on to our next mission. Great life, isn't it? And all this damnably rotten example retarding good pagans from becoming Christian.

March 6th.

There was no one came for Mass. Any Christians who might want to come are likely afraid of Capone. We had breakfast about nine-thirty and then proceeded to clean up a little. The old caretaker has a room upstairs and when we came it was locked. Yesterday I asked him what was in this room and he told me it held only his things. This morning I happened to notice it wasn't locked so I went in to have a look around. Imagine my surprise when I discovered three more beds in here. That sealed the old fellow's fate: he gets the gate now and right pronto. Although we can't hang it on him he is very likely one of Cap's gang. That makes twelve beds we have found here,—two to a bed means twenty-four inmates, — a nice gang of thieves. Old "Cap" hasn't shown up since yesterday morning. We've got him cold now. Two bedsteads were taken away with his cognizance,—everyone seems to take orders from him. The old gatekeeper, or rather caretaker, at first "couldn't remember" but to-day after we had threatened to call in the police, he quickly got in touch with "Al" and now one bed is back already. To-morrow morning early I am going to return to Lungchuan to get another man. Fr. Serra will stay here and guard the fort while I am gone. Now, can you imagine you would meet such bunk on the mission? No wonder there are none becoming Christians when the oldest baptized are such bad characters! Well, this is enough for to-day,—its quite cold.

March 7th.

Here I'm back in Lungchuan. This morning, rising at five, I managed to get away at six forty-five and three p.m. found me in the city,—ninety li (30 miles) in seven hours.. Maybe we didn't step it! And it rained the whole day,—is yet raining, in fact, at 7 p.m. At Tso Tien we stopped for breakfast in a house where there were a lot of kiddies. The baby was playing with a bowl when it slipped out of its hand,—net result, one less bowl in China. The father and mother couldn't say a reproving word because to do so would be to lose "face" since I was looking on. He just said, "Well, well!" but my, oh my, how he must have felt underneath.

Breakfast consisted of a bowl of rice macaroni and a hard boiled egg cooked in pork juice. After this we felt great and made good time. I had a couple of nut bars (thanks to Kate) and one of them and some peanuts made my dinner. My big Chinese umbrella kept me dry to the knees and for the first forty li I tried to dodge the puddles and little streams,—but that got to be impossible so we just rambled on regardless of what the path-road was like. Carrying an umbrella for seven hours is indeed a stretch. About one p.m. it started to sleet a bit but fortunately it soon stopped, else the path-road would have become very treacherous. As it was I once very nearly took a dive into

(Continued on page 108)

This is the Summer (July-August) edition of "China".

You are reminded that the next issue will be in September.

Have you renewed your subscription? Help us make new friends for the missions by passing your "China" to a friend after you have read it.

POWER OF THE CHURCH IN CHINA

Rome.—The Church's world unity and the thorough discipline of her forces loom as the victors in China, states Archbishop Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China. They have painted for the Church a glorious page during this last decade and guarantee the future.

"The future is bright," asserted His Excellency with the commanding enthusiasm which has marked his brilliant career as Papal representative in China, "and this because the Church in China presents a strong and powerful front, a oneness with Rome and with the Catholic body throughout the world.

"An English-speaking Protestant leader asked me recently in Peking what happened when various sectors of the Catholics of China were placed under native bishops. Apart from the rejoicing of the faithful that they now were ruled by prelates of their own blood, I replied, all went on as before.

"'But it was not so with us,' said this earnest man. 'The handing over of our churches to the Chinese in most cases spelt for us disaster.' With all consideration for his sincerity, I told the gentleman as delicately as I could the secret of our success—the love which faith has instilled into every Chinese Catholic as into every other Catholic throughout the world for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, his attachment to the heart of the Church in Rome, the long and careful training of every Catholic priest, whether Chinese or Western, which weaves all inseparably into the seamless robe of the Divine Redeemer. Westerners leave and Easterners come into command, but all bow in equal homage before the one great leadership.

"'Ah, true,' he remarked, 'it is your great secret—you have unity!'

"Looking back over the last troubled ten years in China, what shines most luminously, what promises most for tomorrow, is the discipline of our forces. Our organization, buffetted most violently, remains intact. The page which the missionaries have written is from a human aspect a sorrowful one, but from a supernatural aspect refulgent with glory. I feel proud of my connection with the Church's redoubtable battalions in China.

"Almost without interruption for years now we have had priests in bondage among the bandits or communists. Such men honour the Church; their deeds make tomorrow glorious with hope.

"Tomorrow will also see Catholic Action vigorous in China. The Holy See has approved the new statutes for China, and, first at Peking, later at Shanghai, the local leaders gathered about me to express their enthusiasm. Joseph Lo Pa Hong, of Shanghai, is the national president. As Simon Wei, former president in Peking, strikingly explained to me, China's Catholics feel that by this new organization they have become of age; they now enter public life as full grown men to speak confidently for Christ's cause.

"I can assure you, the best of China's Catholics are in every sense full grown men. They will be found ever shoulder to shoulder with their brothers over the world, fighting courageously to advance the Church.—(Fides.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

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Harry Joanette, $5; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Sr. Amelia Pobaras, $63.68; St. Anthony's School, Dominion No. 4, N.S., $15; Pupils, St. Anne's Convent, Glace Bay, $15; Sisters of St. Joseph, Apple Hill, $1; Junior Pupils, Mt. St. Vincent's, Halifax, $5; J. J. Carolan, $1; Kathleen Bird, $2; Pupils, St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro, $10; J. M. D., Guelph, $10; Mrs. B. V. Kerr, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $10; Auburn Dramatic Club, Fort Augustus, P.E.I., $2.50; In memory Patrick Sullivan, $25; Mrs. Eastman, $1.50; Jr. III. Class, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, $1; Mrs. Joseph Scissons, $3; W. L. Scott, K.C., $10; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, $7; Miss B. Doyle, $1.50; Holy Family Convent, West Bathurst, N.B., $5.25; Agnes Coules, in honor of Little Flower, $2; Pupils, St. Francis School, Smith Falls, Ont., $2; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Sacred Heart Mission Unit, Seminary of Philosophy, Montreal, $10; J. J. Carolan, $1; James Larkin, 50c; Rev. Phillippe Casgrain, $10; Children of Mary, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S., $1.20; John Connolly, $1.50; Bequest, Colin F. MacIsaac, $75; Boys of 3rd Class, St. Dominic's Class, Lindsay, $1.15; Crusaders, St. Martin's School, Toronto, $1.50; Rev. C. Clancy, $1; Catherine O'Connor, $1; Pupils, Holy Angels' School, Sault Ste. Marie, $12; Crusade Units, Holy Family School, Toronto, $10.28; **Building Fund:** In memory, Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $2; Senator John McCormick, $5.

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Miss J. Burke, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Kay Boland, St. Jude's Burse, $1; Miss Annie J. MacDonald, Holy Soul's Burse, $50; Student, St. Augustine's Seminary, St. Jude Burse, $4; Mr. and Mrs. S. Brocklehurst, Sacred Heart Burse, $3; Miss M. Sullivan, Holy Soul's Burse, $4; Mrs. John Cree, Holy Soul's Burse, $1; Sadie Le Pain, St. Joseph's Burse, $1; St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Children's Burse, $8; Miss J. Flaherty, Holy Name Burse, $5; Mrs. V. Buckley, St. Jude Burse, $2.



The Christians of Kinhwa gather to welcome Monsignor J. M. Fraser who is now doing pioneer work amongst them in the district adjoining Chuchow. At Msgr. Fraser's right is Fr. Ging, at his left, Fr. Chang.

A MISSIONER'S DIARY

(Continued from page 106)

a rice-field. Just now these are all like miniature lakes. The Chinese think we foreigners are veritable dynamos when it comes to walking. My carrier is, I suppose, about the proudest man tonight in Lungchuan. As we were coming down the street his friends asked "Where do you come from?" and he answered, "From Shao Mei"; and then their exclamation of surprise, "Hao Kna!" (That fast, wow!). When I arrived I soaked my feet in hot water, dried out my things and at four p.m. sat down to have a bite to eat. I was hoping to be able to return to Shao Mei tomorrow but the chap I came to get cannot be ready until the day after. So tomorrow I can rest up for the return trip. I do hope it is not raining. If it is cloudy it will suit me fine, for when the sun comes out it is hot enough to slow me down. Anyway, we will make the return trip more leisurely, taking two or three hours longer. I'm for getting to bed early tonight. The bed I was using in Shao Mei is as hard as rock. Tonight I have a spring one and watch me spring! If you like walking on cobblestones just come on over and have a try. We'll take it easy for the first few lessons.

March 8th.

To-day I had a good rest physically, but more or less busy mentally. Since you have read that article, "China Balances Her Budget" you will realize some of the things you are liable to meet. Especially remember the part about the stove. And by the way, one of our priests got stuck the same way, an old stove all shined up. Yesterday, my carrier was telling me some things that another had told him,—how that last year when we were away at Retreat, my cook helped himself to wood and rice from the Mission. Of course, I'll have to wait till the tangle begins to unravel. This carrier was, in American slang, "putting me wise", but if I ever confronted the cook and said the carried told me, then the carrier would certainly "be at a loss" to know how I could ever have heard that he (the carrier) told anything. Nice muddle, isn't it?

Well, anyway, to-day another "little bird" told me that my Sacristan had purloined five dollars and had it marked down against meat. In this case there was something tangible to work on. I got hold of the meat account book and went through it, and sure enough there was five dollars too much. The way it happened is this: my curate gave him five dollars to buy dong-pan (cents). To avoid much writing we buy a lot of coppers, for business here has no currency between cents and silver dollars. He bought the dong-pan where we deal for meat and instead of giving the five dollars to the butcher, told him to write it down in the meat book. Now, you might think that all is cut and dried,—a clear case. But it isn't. For I had heard something else to-day that had apparently no



Before vacation at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, the Mission Crusade Unit there had a big "Mission Week" on each day of which attention was focused on a particular mission field. Attractive mission displays added interest to each day's "Intention." Picture above was taken on the day set aside for the Prefecture of Chuchow. The students and graduates of St. Augustine's Seminary are noted for their mission enthusiasm.

connection with this case. It was that this Sacristan was not going to stay in his new place. (He was recently transferred to another parish). This may be his way ot getting fired. But the second hypothesis seems better and it is this. He took the five dollars all right, told the butcher he'd pay it back to him. The butcher, having a grudge against him, wrote it down so I'd see it. To-night, when I called this butcher and asked him why he wrote it, he told me that it was the Sacristan's order. When he was leaving he told Fr. Curate (in a stage whisper): "Fr. Stringer certainly treated his Sacristan well, but he doesn't know how crooked he is".

Little by little it will all come out. If I was not so busy now I could clean it all up but tomorrow I must be back in Shao Mei. And since that means getting up at four a.m. (horrible thought) I'll sign off for to-day. Wouldn't you like to be Pastor with a job like this? Well, now go eat your ice cream and have one for me. I hope your eyesight is holding out. I have no typewriter just now, so you'll have to make the most of this scribbling.

March 9th.

This morning I rose at four a.m. and at quarter to seven we were on our way back. The sun was out all the way, a welcome sight after so much rain. There was nothing unusual on the way and at half-past four we arrived in Shao Mei, tired, but glad the trip was over.

March 11th.

It was very cold getting up this morning. These Chinese houses are fine for summer. From my bed I could just move a couple of pieces of tile and look at the sky. And maybe the old wind wasn't shrieking in all the nooks and crannies. But the sun was coming up so I managed to crawl out. It was very cold saying Holy Mass, especially on the fingers. And my Mass candles,—the wind burns them down nearly a foot every Mass.

About eleven o'clock we hit out in another direction looking up more scattered sheep. We walked about forty li and didn't get back for dinner until four p.m. We met no Christians. One had died; two had moved away, and the fourth was away in Fukien carrying mushrooms. So the trip was visibly fruitless,—but, of course, we preached a "silent sermon". Believe me, we were hungry by the time we got back. To-night it is clear and cool. A beautiful moon is coming up and looks very picturesque against the wooded mountains. My district is much like our beloved Gatineau and that makes me feel so very much at home. Tomorrow about noon, we expect to leave here for Ching Yuen taking two days for the trip. Coming back we'll come by the mountain road, the highest spot in our territory, and also under my care. We climb for three hours. Last year I made it

during the summer. The view from the pass is wonderful. It is up and down all the way but the walking is smoother than on the long road.

March 12th.

Fr. Serra waited until eleven-thirty to say Mass in hopes that those four Christians from Tso Tien would come. It was a fine sunny day, but again they failed to keep their words of assurance. Nice Christians, aren't they!

After dinner we started out for our next mission centre called Ching Yuen. It is about one hundred li distant. This afternoon we made forty li. I wish you could have seen the "hotel" we stopped in. Our room was dark and dirty. Our supper consisted of rice, bamboo, meat, and for dessert we had wine and peanuts. After finishing our Office we rolled into bed and smoked a pipe. I slept about forty winks and I guess Fr. Serra slept less. Our servant and carriers were up about four a.m. and we got up about five-thirty.

March 13th.

We walked sixty li and arrived here about three o'clock. I "sprung" a blister on toe and heel of my left foot. A little iodine fixed it up fine and after a wash I felt much better. Coming along the road we tried a new delicacy. This looks like dough. The seller has a big batter of it and weighs out the amount you want to eat. His hands are as dirty as can be with long fingernails. He rolls this dough-like stuff into little balls with his hands and drops them into a sugar bowl, whence you take them out and eat them. They sure did fill the aching void in our tummies. We had an excellent sleep and were much refreshed this morning.

March 14th.

To-day we rested up after our trip. I got a chance to do a little reading. After supper two Christians came along and I asked them if they had calendars. No, they hadn't. Now, a calendar is a necessity here for it takes the place of your Sunday announcements. I got two of them and told these fellows that since they hadn't (?) the five coppers to bring them tomorrow. Then I went to bed and in the morning I found the calendars still there. Can you beat that for being tight and indifferent! If they were pagan they would have to spend fifty times that amount buying stuff for superstitious purposes.

March 15th.

We started out to look up the Christians in the city proper. Where I am now is "Ow Tien" where we have our Chapel. The city is "Ching Yuen" and they are related much like Ottawa and Eastview. We also have property in Ching Yuen. To-day we went to visit what was once the Chapel. I wish you could have seen it,—practically demolished by soldiers who used the boards for fires. Two walls and a roof are all that is left. Some years ago the mission headquarters was moved from there to this present place,—like from Ottawa to Eastview,—because it is much more central for the country Christians. Whereupon the Ching Yuen Christians thought themselves insulted and left the Church.

According to the Register of Christians, there are only three left in Ching Yuen out of quite a few, and *not one sick call has ever come from there* to Lungchuan where the priest resides! And out of these three we could locate only one. He was baptized as a child and never received much more instruction. He has not made his first Confession and Holy Communion, never was confirmed, and is now over thirty years old. We had dinner with the one Christian *family* in the place, a cousin of Fr. Kam's. Perhaps later on I may have a chance to work amongst these people. There are lots of kids here and a good chance to open a school.

(Finish the trip with Fr. Stringer in the September "China").

LUCY WONG'S CONVERSION

(Continued from page 103)

time of my arrival she had sufciently recovered her consciousness to understand the teacher's words: "Lucy, the priest has come and is going to baptize you." At these words a smile of joy overspread the dying catechumen's features. There was no time to be lost, as a bustle outside indicated that the stretcher carriers had arrived. With Lucy's teacher acting as godmother, I poured out the regenerating water pronouncing the formula: "I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The door opened and Lucy's mother entered the room. She appeared surprised and suspicious of the purpose of my visit but said nothing. Lucy allowed herself to be placed on the stretcher and carried home without a word of protest. She lived but two days thereafter, and even in her delirium she kept on mumbling snatches of prayers among which: "Blessed Mother, help me" was the most frequently repeated.

Our Lucy was given a pagan funeral. It could not be otherwise. Her frail corpse was placed in a huge cypress coffin. The Taoist bonzes chanted their incantations around her for two days and two nights. Heaps of paper were burned before her coffin by her pagan girlhood friends, who wished by this means to supply her with pin-money to spend in the other world; but in the meantime Lucy was kneeling before the great white throne imploring her heavenly Father to grant to them the pearl of great price, the only true and saving Faith.

—*"The Christian Family."*



The little fellow is being "treated", and as soon as that coin drops into the "merchant's" palm there will be one bun less in the basket.

NONSENSE



"Doris thinks no man is good enough for her—she may be right."
"Um—and she may be left."

Diner: "Hi, waiter! Yo've got your sleeve in my soup."
Waiter: "It's quite all right, sir. It's only an old coat; it won't hurt it."

"I hear their engagement was broken off through a misunderstanding."
"Yes, he understood she had money, and she understood he had."

Vocalist—"I'm going away to study singing."
Friend—"Good! How far away?"

Office Boy—"A gentleman has called, sir. He would like to know the secret of your success."
Boss (cautiously)—"Is he a journalist or a detective?"

"A nice sort of a welcome," said the father visiting his son at boarding school. "I am hardly out of the train when you ask me for money."
"Well, dad, you must admit that the train was twenty minutes late."

"Hang it, man! If your car has been stolen, why don't you communicate with the police?"
"I'm not worrying about the car. I'm wondering how they got the thing to go!"

Little Charlie—"You look very tired, mother."
Mother—"So tired, dear, that I feel I cannot move hand or foot."
Little Charlie—"Then I want to tell you I've eaten most of the strawberry jam."

Angus came home looking down in the mouth.
"What's wrong?" asked his wife.
"Aren't we about the most unlucky family in the wurrld?" replied the Scot.
"I don't understand ye," replied his spouse, looking rather puzzled.
"There's a chemist in the toon selling his medicines at half-price, and here are we just back from holiday and all in the best of health!" Angus explained.

"Have you any children, Mr. Smith?"
"Yes—three daughters."
"Do they live at home with you?"
"Not one of them—they are not married yet."

Mrs. Mannerley (to her little daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends)—"I hope you said, 'No, thank you,' oftener than 'Yes, thank you'?"
Mabel—"Yes, I did. I hadn't been eating more'n half an hour before they began saying, 'Don't you think you've eaten enough? Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself ill?' And I said: 'No, thank you,' every time."

A golf professional, hired by a big departmental store to give golf lessons, was approached by two women. "Do you wish to learn to play golf, madam?" he asked one.
"Oh, no," she said: "it's my friend who wants to learn. I learned yesterday."

"Mose, can you explain wireless telegraphy to me?"
"Yessuh, it's like dis. Ef you had a long, long hound' dawg, an' he stretched from Cincinnati to Cleveland, and you stepped on his tail in Cincinnati he would howl in Cleveland. Dat am telegraphy. Only in wiahless you does de same thing without de dawg."

She (at football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful! Why, they will kill that poor boy underneath."
Escort—"Oh, he doesn't mind it. He's unconscious by this time."

A parson was invited to dinner at the house of a farmer. On receiving a generous helping of roast chicken the guest exclaimed:
"Well, here's where a chicken enters the ministry."
The host looked up with a dry smile.
"Well, let's hope he does better there than he did in his lay work."

She had just accepted him, and they were blissfully discussing the "might-have-beens."
"Darling," he inquired in the confident tone of one who knows what the answer will be. "Why didn't you accept that little donkey, Jones?"
"Because," she answered, dreamily, "I loved another."

An American was giving some ilustrations of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the State of Texas at dawn," he said impressively, "and 24 hours later you'll still be in Texas State."
"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."

Pat got a job at a railway station. When the first train came in, however, he forgot the name of the station, so he yelled out: "Here ye are for where ye are going. All in there for here come out."

"Rastus," said the judge sternly "you are guilty of having stolen two chickens from Mr. Johnson's coop last week. The fine will be five dollars."
"Yassuh, jedge, y'honor," said Rastus, placing a ten-dollar bill on the clerk's desk. "Here's ten bucks, which will pay you' up to an' including nex' Sattidy night."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the stranger, who had dropped into the police court to pass away half an hour; "they've caught a pretty tough lot this morning, haven't they?"
"You're looking at the wrong lot," said his neighbor. "Those aren't the prisoners. They're the lawyers!"

Suitor—"Jimmy, how would you like to earn a quarter?"
Jimmy—"Fine! How?"
Suitor—"Get me a lock of your sister's hair."
Jimmy—"If you'll give me 50 cents I'll get you the whole wig."

Two men were discussing the vexed question of the education of their children. Said one:
"What's your boy going to be when he finishes his education?"
"An octogenarian, I think," replied the other."

"Are you really a duck, doctor?" asked Tommy, of the family physician.
"Whatever do you mean?" inquired Dr. Treatem.
"Well, Pa said you were an old quack," came the unexpected answer.

Injured One (to workman who has dropped hod of bricks)—"Confound you! One of those bricks hit me on the head!"
Workman — "Lumme! You ought to consider yourself jolly lucky. Look at all them that didn't!"

Captain (to Irishman, applying at Liverpool for a seaman's job)—"Have you ever been to sea before?"
Pat: "Were yez thinking I came over from Oireland in a cab?"

She—"Before marriage you said I was your guiding star."
He—"I was in a fog when I said it."

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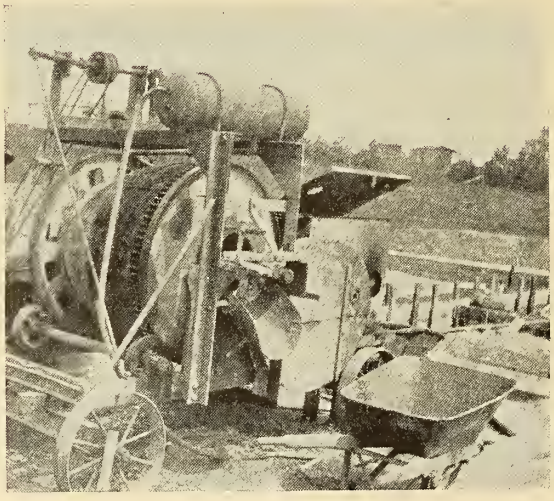
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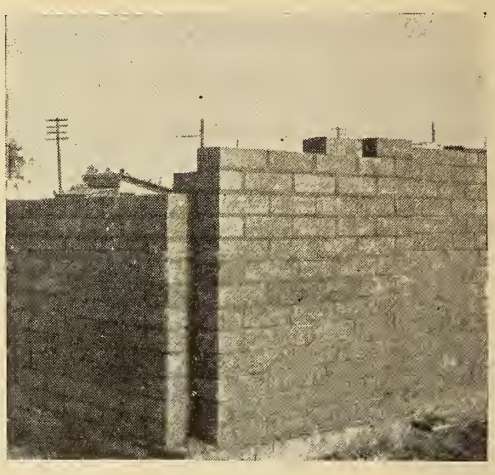
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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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THE BEGINNING

Had you been standing on the great docks at Vancouver fifteen years ago last month you would have seen one of the mighty C.P.R. liners slowly make its way to its berth. Had you watched the passengers descend the gangplank from that liner you would have noticed a tall, white-haired priest come down to the pier accompanied by a young Chinese student. The scene was simple enough, and not unordinary—yet the arrival of that priest was destined to make mission-history for Canada. From that date began the history of Canadian mission-effort in China. The priest was Monsignor Fraser, returning to Canada with the apostolic desire to do something amongst his own people to bring workers to the great mission fields of China.

PROGRESS

Now, fifteen years later, we are witnesses of the remarkable progress achieved by the Institution then founded. When Saint Francis Xavier Seminary begins its scholastic year on the 19th of this month it will have more students in attendance than ever before. The total enrolment will exceed forty, and in addition there will be nine others pursuing their theological studies in Brignole Sale Foreign Mission College in Genoa, Italy. The opening of the school year will be marked by two ordinations to the Holy Priesthood on September 21st, and it is indicative of the wide scope of the territory from which the Seminary draws its subjects that the Ordinandi are from such widely-separated places. Canada gives us our first priest from its vast West with the ordination of Rev. Roland Roberts in Victoria, B.C., and in the East, Newfoundland is represented by its fourth missionary priest, Rev. Craig Strang. The students at China Mission Seminary this year are representatives of practically each of the nine Provinces and Newfoundland, splendid young men who are devoting their talents to the magnificent work of the conversion of pagan China. We welcome them back from vacation, and beg God's blessing on their year of preparation which will bring them nearer their goal of missionary priesthood.

THE CHURCH CATHOLIC

Perhaps it often occurs to people to ask the reason why young men go to the foreign missions. Without wishing to muster the arguments in favour of their heroic decision perhaps it can be best explained in the words of our Divine Lord: "See the countries already white unto the harvest . . . the work is great but the labourers are few." And "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

Some there are—and, unfortunately, their number is too great—who raise objections to foreign mission work in general. Their objections are clothed in apparent solicitude for the welfare of the Church at home: "Over here we have enough to do to look after our own; our needs in this country are so great as to demand all our attention—why busy ourselves at all with the Chinese?" To simply say that those who express such sentiments have not the real spirit of Catholic Faith or do not recognize the purpose of Christianity is not answering them satisfactorily.

Had our Blessed Lord acted on such a policy He would never have become man. Had the Apostles acted on it they would have been content to restrict their labours to Palestine only. Had the great missionaries down through the centuries acted on it, the Gospel never would have been preached beyond their own countries. Those who now favour a policy of "There's China enough at home" are out of step with the policy of the great leader at the Vatican, and they would feel considerably abashed if they were told that they are denying their right to the name "Catholic", for as it belongs to the nature of light to illumine, and to the nature of the plant to develop, so is it essential to the Church to be active in Missions. As long as the Catholic Church claims to be animated by the spirit of God; as long as she claims to be the exemplification of God's plan upon earth; as long as she will obey her Divine Founder and remain faithful to her ancient traditional customs; as long as she is the one Church outside of which there is no salvation, so long, too, must she devote herself to the missions.

YOUR HELP NEEDED

It is all very well to sit back and thoughtlessly draw false conclusions simply because, in our selfishness and lack of true Christian feeling, we imagine that sacrifices are too irksome. Do we forget that Jesus Christ taught as one of his basic principles the need of making sacrifices if we expect to save our own souls, and that unless we seek to take our place in His scheme we are none of His. He came to teach, and ordained His ministers to "teach all nations", and until all nations have heard His word, His work—and ours—is unfinished. The work of foreign missions depends on our co-operation and sacrifice just as much as it does on the actual labour of missionaries in the field. Honestly ask yourself whether you can afford to be unmindful of the efforts the Church is making to bring into the one true fold those who know not their God and who still furnish most promising material for the truths of Christianity.

The Real Tragedy of Paganism

By OBSERVER

How would YOU answer these question?

1. Of the 250,000 pagans who died in China this week, how many are lost?
2. Do you think any of them may have gone to Heaven?
3. If you did think so, would you abandon all efforts to help the missions?
4. Does God want us to satisfy ourselves on such questions before we can make up our minds to help the missions?
5. What do you think of the argument: "Well, if there is any chance of salvation for them without Christianity, I certainly can't see why we waste so much effort, so much money and so many fine lives"?

You probably will not read this whole article. But answer those questions in your own mind. And if you wish to check up to see whether or not we are in accord on the matter, turn to page 121, where you will find our answers.

* * *

It is almost ancient history now, this question of the "heresy" of Mrs. Pearl Buck and her difficulties with the Presbyterian Fundamentalists. Most current questions are ancient history by the time we are enabled to comment on them. But Mrs. Buck's liberal statement of the case (just another of the Church's platitudes ushered in as a modern **discovery**) caused quite a stir over here; almost as great a stir as her arraignment of some of the missionaries of her own persuasion, whom she described as the kind of people who would bore congregations to death at home.

For Mrs. Buck finds she cannot subscribe to the Fundamentalist doctrine. She finds it hard to believe that a pagan, by the very fact that he is a pagan, cannot possibly have any chance of salvation. And her reluctance to believe such things is heralded the world over as a new discovery of religious liberalism. Hardly a priest has since been interviewed by a reporter but the question has been put to him: "What does the Catholic Church think of the possibility of salvation of the savage in darkest Africa or the head hunter in Borneo or the abandoned Chinese pagan baby?" The "amazing discovery" has been made that the Church has always taught that each man will be judged according to the light he has received; that no man will be condemned without a chance.

The Unbaptized Pagan

"Forgive me," says M. M. Halton of the Toronto Star to the distinguished Jesuit, Father Woodlock, "if I revive the old bromide about the unbaptized savage; but how does the Catholic Church account for the soul of the savage anyhow?" To which Fr. Woodlock replies, as any priest would have replied, that "the savage child who dies unbaptized cannot be punished for his ignorance". The savage child who dies unbaptized cannot, of course, get to Heaven, but—well, we better stop right here because it will lead us too far afield. It is with another point that we are concerned, one that we also discovered in the Toronto Star under the Observer column. It crystallizes the whole issue. Under an article entitled "The Heresy of Pearl Buck" the Star Observer poses a question: "Does this view (that some pagans may get to Heaven) CUT THE NERVE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, as good people PROTESTED forty years ago when this broader view began to make a stir?"

There you have it, something we had long expected to find. Evidently there were "good people" forty years ago who postulated one hundred per cent. damnation of pagans as the price of their own hard-earned money for mission support. If it could be shown —dreadful thought—that a solitary pagan might possibly be saved without Christianity, then the whole superstructure of mission endeavour at home would collapse like a house of cards. They would have every pagan's fate a foregone conclusion from the moment of his entrance into this vale of tears. He was simply to fall into line, take his place in that dreary march past of the countless legions of the damned. To our first question, then, namely, "Of the 250,000 pagans who died in China this week, how many are lost?" the answer for the Presbyterian Fundamentalist would be childishly easy. Simply "250,000".

The temptation to go into this question, as fully and as intrinsically as one may, is almost irresistible. But it would be a digression. Besides, the conclusion would be, when all was said and done, that it was simply an inscrutable mystery of Divine Providence. The point with which we wish to concern ourselves in the rest of this article is that it is utterly unnecessary to try to satisfy ourselves as to how many pagans are lost before we can leave home for China or give a ten-dollar donation to a Mission Burse Fund, or help the Missions in whatever way God wants us to help. A fortiori is it unnecessary to satisfy ourselves that they are all damned eternally. Most emphatically is it not the case that our willingness to help the Missions must be based upon the dismal conviction that every single pagan who ever lived must, if he remain a pagan in life, be banished from the sight of God forever. We have not time in this article to go fully into that phase of the question. The whole point is that, however obscure may be our knowledge as to what happens to pagans after death, there is nothing in the least obscure about what God wants us to do for them while they are alive. Mission work is essentially concerned with LIVE rather than with DEAD pagans, or the fate of dead pagans, or what we think is the fate of dead pagans. To refuse to succour the living until you have satisfied yourself that all the dead are damned is simply to place God on the witness stand and miserable, puny, little human self on the Judge's Bench; it is simply to give evidence of a mind diseased; a mentality that is as mulishly and oafishly stubborn as it is blatantly and egotistically blasphemous.

The Tragedy of Paganism

It all leads to the question, "What is the real tragedy of paganism?" Is it the fact that since this time yesterday 35,000 pagan Chinese have passed into eternity? Is THAT the tragedy

of paganism? Most assuredly not. The real tragedy was enacted before their eyes were closed in death. What happens after death is but the result of the dismal tragedy that is pagan life. Whatever be the tragedy of paganism—and that we shall presently show—it is very clear as to what is the tragedy of Fundamentalist Presbyterianism. It is the repulsive doctrine that our efforts on behalf of pagans must be in inverse proportion to our conception of the Mercy of God. Only when we have satisfied ourselves that God is an absolute tyrant must we soar to our greatest heights of missionary endeavour. As long as His loving Mercy might decree some way of giving a chance to a pagan who had never heard of Christianity we must be sceptical about Christ's command to "teach all nations" or "preach the gospel to every creature". Once satisfied as to the hundred per cent. damnation theory, the brave young missionary Horatius, more merciful than God Himself, will step forth to stem that awful tide of helpless, hopeless human misery forever rolling towards the shores of eternal woe. What, then IS the tragedy of paganism? For answer turn to your Butler's Catechism, or whatever catechism you know, and find there the answer to the question as to why God made us. The only tragedy, in life or in death, in time or in eternity, is to have failed to fulfil the sublime purpose for which we were called forth from nothingness. The answer is, in these or other words:

"TO KNOW, LOVE AND SERVE HIM HERE ON EARTH AND AFTERWARDS TO SEE AND ENJOY HIM FOR EVER IN HEAVEN."

It is most decidedly with the "HERE ON EARTH" part of the answer that the missionary is most concerned in his efforts for the pagans. God wants them to know and love Him. From them, as well as from ourselves, God yearns for the one and only thing in creation it is not His to command, the love of poor human hearts. That He must be denied this love two thousand years after Gethsemane and Calvary, and denied it by two-thirds of the human race, THAT is the grim tragedy of paganism. To be themselves bereft of the love of God, which alone can satisfy the ceaseless cravings of their poor human hearts, that is the tragedy that blights unhappy pagan souls. Like helpless, abandoned derelicts they drift aimlessly on the storm-tossed sea of life. If at the end, their real destiny unfulfilled, some of them should be caught by God's Mercy and tossed up on the shores of a safe eternity, surely nobody would use that very Mercy as an argument for abandoning efforts to rescue those who still struggle and perish far out at sea. And if you were as close to paganism as we are every day of our lives, you would realize that there is plenty of ground for pessimism as to the number who will be faithful to the undoubted chance God will give them at some period of their lives. To realize this we need only consider the number who are unfaithful to the tremendous graces bestowed upon every member of the Mystical Body of Christ. In life's stormy and ever uncertain passage towards the eternal shore even the shelter and safety of Peter's Bark avail not to save some souls from eternal destruction. What, then, of those who must brave the treacherous tempests of life's stormy sea with only a frail and waterlogged raft on which to make that dread passage towards eternity! Oh, no! One need be no blind optimist in order to defend the Mercy of God. One need not overstate the case and pretend that paganism is anything but the hideous slavery of Satan that it is. But neither must one acquiesce in the insult to God whereby He is supposed not only not to provide even that frail and dangerous raft, but to hang a millstone round every pagan neck lest they might by chance escape the lurking dangers that beset life's stormy sea.

A Wondrous Privilege

Why is this so, you ask. God could have saved all souls. As far as human minds may dare pry into the inscrutable secrets of Providence the answer is that the salvation of those souls who will freely choose God is more precious in His sight than that of a whole creation which was not free to accept or reject Him, a creation in which there would be no free will. The fact is—and eternity will be too short in which to thank God for it—that we, by our poor human efforts, can reclaim countless souls from paganism and give them back to the Heart of the gentle Man of Sorrows Who died that they might love Him forever. Thus it is that if we fail to do our part in helping the missions, whether that part be to leave all and follow Him, or to work with those who help by prayer and sacrifice at home, then undoubtedly and forever will the Sacred Heart be deprived of the love of souls for whom it bled. Do not ask why it is so. Thank God for the unspeakable privilege of being His co-worker in the grandest work in life.

Our duty in this regard is something not to be lightly esteemed. It is a very serious affair. Upon our efforts will depend whether or not many of those souls will come to know and love Him, but also—let us never forget it—upon our fidelity may depend our own very salvation. We are no mere spectators in this great march-past of humanity. We cannot stand aside speculating as to the eternal fate of pagans, the while we waste our own little chance and our own little lives trying to delve into the unsearchable ways of God. We have but one life to live and time will not pass our way again. Meanwhile there is nothing in the least vague or obscure about Christ's command, and His call to the Mission Field is the most desperately serious thing that can ever make itself heard in any young man's soul. When the rich young man "turned away sad" from the call of the Gentle Master it was for that young man's own salvation that Christ expressed the most concern. His comments have been interpreted by some spiritual writers as casting doubt upon that young man's salvation. Be that as it may; be the eternal fate of pagans as it may, it will avail you or me nothing to add to the tragedy of paganism the saddest and most irrevocable tragedy of Christianity, that in which a young soul destined by God to great things for eternity, turns sadly away to face the great empty outer darkness. Whether the vast majority of pagans—and that means the majority of the human race—be lost or saved, our duty is crystal clear. It is simply to obey the command of Christ to teach all nations; it is to give of the best that is in us even unto death that souls on earth may know Him and in Heaven may live forever in the ravishing raptures of His Eternal Love.

A MISSIONER'S DIARY

as kept by

REV. D. E. STRINGER

March 16th

THIS morning we went to the city of Ching Yuen to nail up what is left of the Chapel there. Next year I hope to be able to build a combination Chapel, school, and rooms for a resident priest. So if you know of anyone with money to spare tell them to send it along.

For dinner to-day we had eel. It was cooked with ginger. The meat was fine, but as for ginger—"I no like." The old "Baron" from Tieu Tang Shau came in to see us. It is about twenty li from here. On our way home we will likely stay at his house overnight. I will write more of this place later on. The weather is holding fine after almost more than two week's rain.

March 17th

It certainly does not look much like St. Patrick's day here. This afternoon we went to a village about five li away to visit four or five Christians. Only one was to be seen, however, as the others were away. In this village is a typical village school. The master is a reproduction of the old time schoolmaster. There was no pretense at discipline. The kids were talking and running here and there. It was the master who located our Christian for us. When we entered the school building, immediately all the kids crowded round. The master told them to scoot but nobody paid any attention and he passed it off nicely without losing face. One kid had almost lost his face for it was covered in big streaks with Chinese ink. And to see him lickin' his pen! The Chinese pen may be likened to our water-color brush. The kid had all his teeth, tongue and lips well darkened, and he seemed to enjoy it. We spent a quarter of an hour with our Christian and when leaving he promised to come to the city Sunday. I am not pessimistic, but—. Then to-night we had quite a little crowd in to listen to my Catechist explain a series of seventeen large pictures I brought along. They do like looking at pictures, and it is a thousand times easier to hold their attention by use of them. The crowd seemed a little more chummy to-night. At first they were very cool.

THIS letter to you all will, I think, be the most unique piece of literature you ever read. I am what we call "making the mission". That is, since becoming parish priest of Lungchuan, the duty devolves upon me of seeing to our outlying chapels. I have for company Fr. Serra, our Spanish priest, who has had seven years' experience. It is extremely fortunate for me that I have his help on this trip as you will see in the course of this narrative. So pull up your chair and "listen in" again as we complete the account of our three weeks' mission trip which appeared in the July-August issue.

March 18th

To-day we rested up and got in some much needed study. About eleven a.m. we took a walk up one of the mountains to have a look-see at the city. Coming back we saw them "fishing" (with a basket and stick) for what is called wine-fish. These are small little ones. When they catch them (and they are caught and kept alive) they are full of mud. A couple of eggs are beaten up and put into water. The little fish are then dumped in and in the course of a few hours, by dint of this egg-purgative, have rid themselves of all the mud. Then they are thrown into boiling wine which kills them and cooks them. I haven't eaten any and don't know that I'm fussy about trying them. Chinese food is one thing, Chinese delicacies are quite another, although they make some very good candy and biscuits. Well, tomorrow is Sunday and I have yet to finish my sermon so this must suffice for to-day.

March 19th

Last night, after the evening sermon (which is given by the Catechist) one family, whose marriages were all invalid, signified their willingness to have them fixed up. This is the first bright fruit of our trip. These people, whose knowledge of Doctrine is so deficient, took wives according to the pagan way. Doubtless they had some sense of guilt, but as no priest is stationed here, they just went ahead. We have to be so careful with such, not to antagonize them or unduly frighten them. We have been here a week and only last night did they open up. Their children are all unbaptized. There are four marriages, two males, two females. The two daughters are married (so-called) to pagans and as both the husbands are away on business, fixing these two will have to be postponed until I come again, which I hope will be before Low Sunday. This morning, after we fixed the marriages of the two boys they immediately wanted to have their wives baptized. However, it will be a year or two before they will be ready for that. This afternoon I will baptize the two children, one five, the other two years of age. Little by little we will get them all fixed up. There has been only eight confessions so far. The man we went out to see on Friday, and who said he *would* come, did *not* show up.

After dinner, Fr. Serra gave one of the Christians a pipeful of Philippine tobacco. Well, sir, even all the kids, five of them, had to have their "pull". This evening we are going to dine at a Dr. Wong's home. He is related to Fr. Kam by marriage.

March 20th

There was a pleasant turn-out of Christians to celebrate the Feast of St. Joseph. Six of them went to Holy Communion. The day was quite warm and sunny. The man we went to visit on March 17th and who said he would come on Sunday came to-day. The calendar used in the Republic calls Sunday by a special name and numbers Monday the *first* day. So our Christian was out a day. His is a marriage which

needs fixing up too. When we visited him we didn't do more than speak of generalities. It is strange how wary they are of the foreigner. Most of our Christians have merely a speaking acquaintance with the priest; they, for the most part, lack that freedom which marks our relations with our pastors. It is important to keep in mind that any remarks I make are only to be taken as descriptive of our District. I see so much written about China which does *not* apply to our part that I know something of the ideas which those at home have. Unless I explicitly state otherwise, I am using the words "China" and "Chinese" in a restricted sense.

When we were going around to visit our Christians the other day I had the Register and my notebook. A veritable army of kids followed us and every place we stopped young and old crowded around. What a chance to do any parochial work! Most everyone thought we were collecting money. Some thought we were taking a census for military reasons; some years ago, when Fr. Serra was calling on a Christian they thought he was a policeman. When they knew he was a priest they directed him to the Christians, even though a few minutes before "no one knew" where they were.

This afternoon we went to Tieu Tang Shau, which is about twenty li away. There is a Christian family, families of sons and daughters too, all living in a regular castle high up on the mountain. Golly, it was an awful climb. Ordinarily twenty li takes about two hours but this walk took three hours and a half. The "patriarch" is sixty-six years of age and rules the roost like an old emperor. He is a bit too strict, however. Anything to be done, any transaction to be made, requires his sanction. His eldest son is thirty-three but he might be thirteen for all the autonomy he has. The big business they engage in is tea growing. He has a regular chapel, not very clean though, holy pictures galore. He likes the notoriety this all gives him. In the household there are fifteen Christians and some pagan servants. I am almost sure the old fellow resents the fact that the authority of the priest is greater than his. However, it does him good to have somebody tell him things for a change. He himself is one of those Christians who like to be called so, but is not willing to see that the others are properly instructed. It was like pulling teeth to make the old chap allow the women to come for night prayers in the Chapel. So I just told him flatly there would be *no* prayers said until *all* the Christian members were present. So off he goes to get them, and they came. After prayers I went to bed and slept fairly well.

March 21st

This morning I had the same trouble with the "King" about the women coming to Mass. The men were all present but no women! He's a stubborn old gent. No Christian women—no Mass—ultimatum No. 2. He signed the armistice and we had Mass. After breakfast, by the use of pictures, we gave them their first instruction.

This afternoon I told the Old Man that I wanted the seven baptized adults to come for instruction on Confession. "Yes, yes," he replied, "I'll have them there." Well, after due time had elapsed there was no sign of anyone coming so I went to hunt him up. He was out in the kitchen cutting his toe-nails. I told him it was time for the instruction so he said they would come immediately. Another half-hour elapsed and finally I had four of them together. "But where are the two women?" I asked, "Oh, they are washing clothes!" Well, sir, I told the old fellow in two or three short sentences that they could wash any day but I could not come every day, concluding, "so call them *at once*". Previously I told the old man to tell the women *not* to bring the infants. It is difficult to make these people think at any time and all the more so when several lungs are being exercised. But you might as well have told the stones, for bring the kids they did. I let this stand, glad to have them all together. I hope they may have learned a little about the doctrine.

Later the old fellow told me he would like to open a school here. I commended the idea and told him I thought I could get a teacher. I told him too, that he must *feed* the teacher and *I* would pay his salary. Later I was told he was hoping I would give him two hundred dollars to add some more rooms to his "castle". I am now going to have

(Continued on page 123)



When the seminarians return from vacation on the 19th of this month, their manual labor "exercise" will be continued on their new baseball diamond. The pictures were taken at the close of last term's "muscle-building" periods. A little more excavating, filling in, and tree-transplanting and things will be in order for the popular recreation pastime—and then, of course, the "grounds improvement committee" will think of something else to keep the boys busy on Thursday mornings.

NEW CHRISTIANS of CHINA

Those who have been reared from infancy in the Catholic Faith, and who never have had to endure difficulties and hardships in the exercise of their holy Religion, find it not easy to appreciate the conditions that people in missionary countries have to meet and overcome in order to be faithful to their religious principles.

In our February issue we printed an article on China's old Catholic families by Father Laffan of the Irish Mission, and here we present to our readers, again through the courtesy of "The Far East", a companion article dealing with the new generation of Chinese converts. The heroism of these people in preserving the treasure of their new Faith may well serve as a reproach to lukewarm Catholics of the Western world, and for all of us it provides an incentive to do all within our power to add to the number of China's New Christians.

BY NEW Christians we mean those who have come into the Church lately, or who have not more than one generation of the Faith. From what we have said about the Old Christians and the grim struggle they have gone through in the past against paganism, we can understand to some extent the position of these New Christians. They, too, have cut themselves off from relatives and friends and from practically all social functions and amusements. They, however, have one big advantage the Old Christians did not have: thanks to God, there are dotted here and there all over China at the present time quite a number of Old Christianities. As a rule, therefore, a New Christian has these fine people as neighbors, to lean on when he leaves his own, to give him moral support in the struggle and the isolation that lie ahead of him.

Weak and Strong.

Still, we must remember that these New Christians are literally new in the Faith. The jeers and insults of their pagan relatives and friends, the cutting of all ties with the old order of things — these crosses are hard to shoulder. When a persecution, like the one that has raged recently, bursts on them, it takes a tremendous struggle on their part, and a tremendous effort on the part of the Old Christians and the priest, to keep them steady in their new belief. Needless to say, some fall away, but a number — a much greater number—stand their ground and defy persecution.

Imagine what happens in a new Christianity when the Reds, for example, parade through the town. The pagans join the melée as a matter of course. There is nothing in their religion to prevent them from having a day off with a crowd that is shouting: "Down with Capitalism! Down with Imperialism! Down with Religion! Down with the Foreigners!" The Catholics on the other hand — Old and New — know instinctively that they can have no part in a Red gathering that has for one of its slogans: "Down with Religion!"

A Testing-Time.

As the Red procession proceeds along the street, it stops at each house, and here is just where the Catholics come in for trouble. In China, the people have made it, from the beginning, a strict point to have their household gods, or rather a declaration of their religious beliefs, in evidence in a prominent place in the front room of their house — perfectly visible from the door. If the people of the house are Buddhists, they have the Buddhist gods and emblems. If they are Taoists, they have the Taoist emblems. If they are Catholics, they have the Catholic emblems and anyone can see at a glance what form of religion the owner of the house professes. Imagine, then, the sarcasm, the bitter remarks, the hard, cruel things a reckless crowd of Reds say, when they find one of these Christian houses displaying Christian emblems, where according to their views there ought to be no religious emblems, or at the very most, emblems only of old Chinese pagan religions.

The Catholics have to stand the scoffs and jeers of the crowd of pagan onlookers and of the Reds, and quite often it happens that the affair becomes even more serious for them. They may be ordered to remove the offending emblems at once; or they may be beaten because they are Christians. I could give many examples to show how difficult things can be for Christians—especially New Christians — when demonstrations like those I have mentioned are happening in their districts.

Heroism.

I know a man, a poor farmer, who lives away in the wilds, where there were quite a number of Christians once who relapsed into paganism for a number of reasons. A persecution came; they were remote and isolated; the district became so infested by bandits that the priests were unable to visit them even once a year for quite a number of years. On account of these things the Christians of the district, little by little, fell away from Christianity and began to live again their old pagan life. But the man I mention —Shu was his name—in spite of untold inconveniences, held on to the Faith. And all through the years in which no priest visited his place, he still kept his Christian emblems as carefully and publicly as he had them the day they were presented to him by the missionary who baptized him.

Now, a Red mob, like the one I have spoken of, traveling through his district one day, entered his house and demanded in surprise and anger "why he displayed those things". They referred to his Christian tablets. He replied that he was a Christian and that nothing could induce him to change his mind.

He said to them: "I am a Christian; if you tear down these emblems, I will remain a Christian still. If you beat or abuse me, I will remain a Christian still, and though you kill me, I will never change."

I expect it was the absolute determination of the man that won the day for him. Anyway, the Reds went away and never molested him afterwards.

No Compromise.

There are many other examples I could cite to show that Christians —I am referring to New Christians —have again and again made glorious professions of their Faith, suffering untold torture rather than deny their religion. I know one man whose Catholic tablets were torn down before his eyes. He said to the people who did it: "What have you gained? I am a Christian at heart now, just as much as I was when those tablets were hanging in

my house." Then they beat him severely, but when they had finished, he only laughed at them.

"I am a Christian still," he flung in their faces once more.

Then I have met New Christians who have clung so steadfastly to the Faith from the beginning that they seemed to grow to be Old Christians in a very little time. They cut themselves away suddenly and completely from pagan traditions and begin to live deeply Christian lives at once. Some families that I have before my mind now were as truly Christian, in every way, aften ten years in the Church as any of the Old Christians I have spoken about in a previous article.

The Weaker Brethren.

But from all this I do not want anyone to infer that these examples indicate the unvarying rule with regard to New Christians. No; many are weak in the Faith and feel the strain of the Ten Commandments. "We became Christians," some of them say, "but we did not understand that it entailed such complete sacrifice."

In peaceful times, people like these will remain Christian in name at least, and if the priest be continually watching them, overlooking their weaknesses and helping them on, he may, if he cannot make them good Christians, lay the foundation of a future Christianity in their homes. What I mean is that even if the fathers and mothers are weak in the Faith, the priest may be able to instill into their children the spirit which, with constant care in the future may grow to be truly and fervently Christian. But if a persecution swoops down on weak families of this kind, there is scarcely a chance in a thousand that they will survive the onslaught.

"Interested" Conversions.

Persecution brings out glorious examples of heroism in many of our Christians—New and Old—but it also makes ravages amongst the newly converted. In peaceful times these take their cue from the Old Christians who happen to live near them, and hence profess the Faith and treat the priest respectfully. In this their motives are often very human. We are prepared for this. How can we expect people imbued, as they are, with centuries of pagan traditions, to be influenced in the beginning of their conversion, to any great extent, by considerations other than merely human ones? I often think that in the ordinary course of things, human motives do most in turning pagans towards the new religion, and for quite a long time after their "conversion", these human motives still continue to influence them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

The Tragedy of Paganism

1. Nobody knows. All things considered, our opinion, for what it is worth, is that, while not impossible, it is terribly difficult for a pagan to save his soul.

2. Yes.

3. No. We are not required to satisfy ourselves on such inscrutable mysteries of God before obeying the very clear command of Christ to "teach all nations". Whatever be the fate of pagans after death, we know God wants us to help them to know and love Him here and then be happy with Him forever in Heaven.

5. Don't think much of it. Pushed to its logical conclusion it is a question of setting one's own will against that of Christ Himself. We are commanded to share with others the great free gift of faith.

Please remember the Chinese Missions when making your will.



Long-established Christian families in China like this Zee family of Ningpo (among whom there are two priests and a nun) are the greatest help to China's "New Christians", as Father Laffan points out in his article on opposite page. They give the recent converts that moral support which they need so much in the struggle and isolation which they must endure from their pagan neighbors as a result of becoming Catholics.

MISSION EPISODES

By FATHER BEAL, Sungyang

UNDER date of April 14th the Shanghai "Evening Post and Mercury" carried an article by Mrs. Pearl Buck, a Protestant missionary in China dismissed by her own Church for her attitude towards certain doctrines, in which she questions the efficacy of foreign missions among the heathens. Certainly no Christian would challenge the utility of efforts to save souls, but the fact that Mrs. Buck denies, among other things, the doctrine of original sin, excuses her from being classed as a Christian. To the Catholic missionary the all-sufficient reason for his labors is Christ's command to teach all nations.

It is not my intention to dogmatize on this important question, but by presenting a few incidents of my own personal experience to let the reader judge for himself whether or not there is a case for the foreign missions.

* * *

The place is Nan Dong, our baby mission forty miles from Sungyang where a chapel-school will soon be erected to provide accommodation for the growing Christian community. Holy Mass is celebrated in a Chinese house, and on Sunday afternoon sixteen candidates present themselves for Baptism. All but two pass creditably the oral examination. Sad but not discouraged these two promise to be ready for the next visitation by the priest. Fourteen souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ are regenerated in the sanctifying waters of Baptism and admitted to active participation in the Divine Mysteries.

Words fail to express the happiness and joy of these privileged souls and the satisfaction of the missionary who was the humble instrument through whom they were brought to know God. Any sacrifice that a missionary may make pales into insignificance when contrasted with the spiritual results brought about through his ministry.

* * *

We move to the country just outside the City of Suichang. An old Christian, a paralytic for three years, greets me: "I am glad you came, Father, I want to go to confession." After I heard the old man's confession he told me the man next door was quite sick and had been away from the Church for over twenty years. I called on this neighbor, and making him realize the danger he was in he gladly attended to his spiritual affairs.

Then his pagan wife kicked up an awful row. She implored all the devils and gods of hell to drive me from the sick room, and she roundly cursed her husband for allowing me to come in at all. She went through a pile of superstitious practices, lighting josh-sticks, making kow-tows, etc., and she told me in no uncertain terms to get away quickly and never come back. Quite an amicable person, to be sure, but I paid no attention to her ravings. She flew into a rage when I told her to have a care to save her soul. The poor husband lost heart after my departure and succumbed to his wife's threats. He did not receive Communion the next morning. The paralytic expressed his sorrow for the abuse I received by saying: "The devil is sitting on her heart."

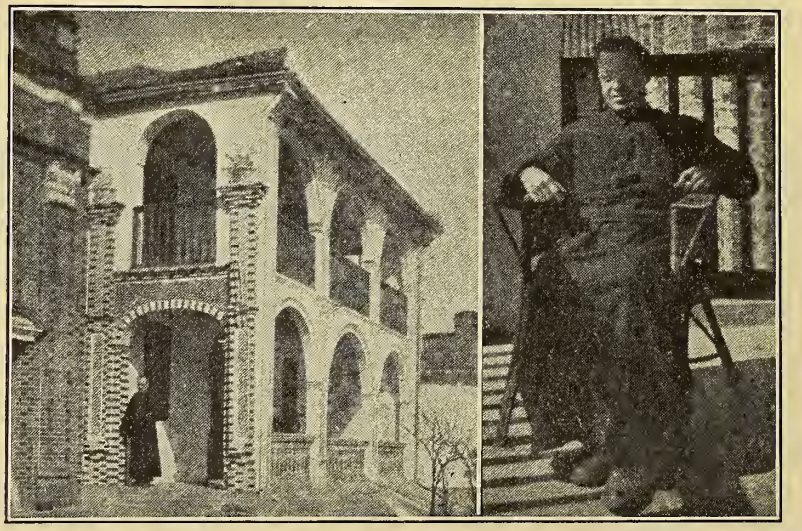
* * *

Across several mountains and bridgeless streams I went to our remotest station to baptize five little babies. The ceremony was witnessed by many pagans who afterwards asked to be admitted as catechumens. I placed them under instruction, and will examine them when I revisit this place in the Fall. En route to Uo Shi Kan I passed a night in a pagan village where I was given a tiny dark, stuffy room in the best "hotel" we could find. I expected to get a good rest in preparation for a thirty-mile hike the next day. A veritable army of hoppers came to life and kept me miserably busy till morning. Three late guests arrived, and one of them had "Mrs Grundy" beat every way for loquacity. Despite protestations from other guests she refused to be silent till she had unravelled a four-hour tale of woes. Just an ordinary and perhaps amusing feature of life in such a place.

* * *

Just a few nights ago I was summoned by one of the carpenters working here at the Mission to accompany him to his home where his brother lay extremely ill. The city doctors had assured him that all the medicine in Sungyang was powerless to stay the approach of death. For more than three weeks he had been suffering

(Continued on page 125)



Father Morrison and Father Beal had their share of work and trouble during the past year supervising the building of this new priests' residence at Sungyang. Every time they left on a mission visit new difficulties had to be smoothed out on their return. However, Father Beal looks quite satisfied as he rests on the verandah. Fr. Morrison is standing at the entrance to his new home.

A MISSIONER'S DIARY

(Continued from page 119)

it out with him. If he wants to do things right then I'll be reasonable too. If not, he will have to come to the city Chapel after this. (Later) Well, we had it out! I held him to the point, which he didn't like at all. He wanted to go off at a tangent all the time; talk about anything and everything but business. Finally I put a question to him point-blank and caught him in his words. The sons are all willing, he alone is the obstacle. Sometime in the future he *may* be reasonable. Before we left we had the four male Christians for Confession. The old man wanted us to hear the women out in their part of the house. Naturally, we told him they must come to the Chapel. However, they did not come, as they didn't dare cross the old man's wishes. Some Mussolini, eh?

March 22nd

This morning we baptized the infant child of one of the old man's sons. We got another glimpse of the "King's" despotism. Neither the father nor mother of the child came to the baptism. Remember, the Chapel is *right in this house.* The old man carried the child. We had, afterwards, another talk with him and I made him a new proposition. If each surrounding family would give about 15 pounds of rice a *year* I would pay the salary and other expenses of a school teacher. The old man vetoed this proposition also. I am certain that he would resent any higher authority than his own and hence he would sacrifice all to his selfish vanity. About nine a.m. we left to go back to the Chapel in the city. It was purely consideration for him that we went to his house. The reception we got and the difficulties he put in our way while there violated all forms of *Chinese* politeness. However, in God's good time, everything will come out all right. In the city we fixed another marriage, but it was tough.

March 23rd

Rising about five we prepared for our trip back to Shao Mei. This time we decided to go by the Mountain Road, thus making the destination in one day. Two hours walking brought us to the foot of the mountain. The sun was half shining, making the weather very sultry. We were quite hot before beginning the climb. Fr. Serra was keeping me laughing by his acting up and remarks about the climb we were going to have. At a quarter to eleven we started mounting and the first forty minutes was *steps all the way.* And oh! how hot that sun was! The next part of the climb took one hour but the slope was more gradual. Finally we reached the pass where a veritable cyclonic wind was blowing. It took my hat for a ride, but I recovered it. It had taken us nearly five hours to reach this pass and from it we could see the city whence we had come. Our carriers with our bedding and stuff were about an hour behind us at this time, so we found a shady spot and sat down to await them.

When they arrived we took the basket and ate our lunch. Two tins of beans, one package of figs, four chocolate bars, peanuts and small cakes, all "urged" down with cocoa All afternoon was spent walking along the mountain ridges and about five we made the descent. We were now about two hours behind time due partly to my side excursions looking for flowers. I succeeded in getting a small plant which will grow to quite a tree and whose flowers are very beautiful. As we went along we began to realize that we were not going to make our destination before dark. About six we heard rumblings of thunder! We had neither umbrellas nor coats. A few vivid flashes of lightning, dark clouds rolling up and gone in a flash was the short twilight. And then the storm broke. Tired though we were the storm gave us new strength and we literally tore along, hardly able to see the stone path. We kept slipping and sliding much like a train which has an attack of the "rolls". The last mountain we climbed brought us within twenty li of the city. Going down this mountain was hard work, steps, steps, steps, and the whiteness of them was turned into darkness, or rather blackness by the rain. Our Guardian Angels kept propping us up. Luckily the brunt of the storm passed to our right and we escaped with but a damping. Finally we arrived at the Mission but our carriers were too far behind to arrive. We ordered our supper from the restaurant, hired two quilts from a hotel, and fixed up some straw on boards. About ten we retired and slept like guardian dogs—one eye open.

March 24th

Hard boards are not conducive to "sleep-ins" so we rose about seven. We at first decided to remain the day here. But our Catechist wasn't feeling too well and we all needed a good wash so we decided to hit for Lungchuan. About ten-thirty a.m. we left in a deluge of rain but this time we had on our raincoats and carried umbrellas. The rain of yesterday had shrunk my left shoe and before we had gone very far it was pinching quite badly. So I ripped a handkerchief and tied it around my toes. This served the purpose quite well. For dinner we bought a few doughy cakes with sugar inside and drank some cold tea. About seven-thirty we arrived at Lungchuan and soon were at home. It was a hard thirty-six hours and we had covered about one hundred and seventy li. All three of us were stiff enough and after something to eat *and a bottle of beer* we hit the hay.

We had spent nearly three weeks searching and seeking out my flock in these sub-centres. Our spiritual fruits were altogether: Confessions (of duty), 19; Communions (of duty), 17; Confessions (of devotion), 6; Communions (of devotion), 39; Baptisms, 3; Marriages convalidated, 2.

The total number of Christians in the two sub-centres and environs is one hundred and thirty-six. Our three week's work succeeded in netting only *nineteen* of them! So you can see what is the state of this Mission. And, too, we consider this mission trip as *fruitful.* Next week we leave again to go to a place one day's journey away. Come on along!



Father McGillivray, of Glace Bay, N.S., no longer needs "lessons" in handling the chopsticks.



LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

CALL TO ARMS.

Awake, my soul, awake!
The Call to Arms is here
To strike a blow for Christ our King
And bring His Kingdom near.

Oh, Jesus, Lord, our Captain be,
Lead, oh lead us on
Till pagan souls be won for Thee,
Dear Christ the Father's Son.

—E. F.

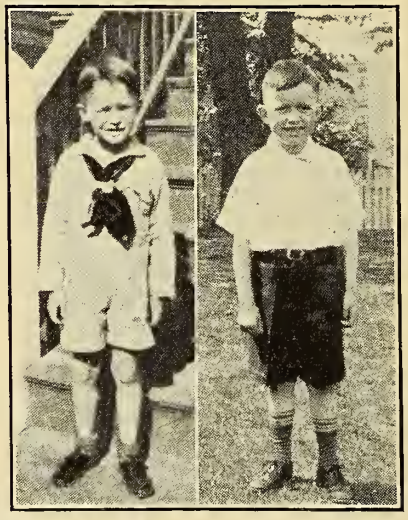
St. Agnes School, New Waterford, N.S. "I am writing for the boys of Grade 8. We all liked the badges and certificates you sent us. We are sending you two dollars from our mite-box. Bernard Gouthro."

It took me a long while to get round to it, but I must tell these buds from Dornock how much I appreciated their letters. They are always faithful correspondents. Since the letters to me counted in their "exams", I hope the teacher was as pleased with them as Father Jim was.

Edna Arsenault, Box 725, Summerside, P.E.I., has asked for letters from Mary King, Nfld., and Elizabeth Strong, Windsor, Ont. Alice Gallant, Summerside, 15 years old, also asks for pen-pals.

And here's a real proof of what our young members are doing to help save souls in China. The letter is written by Mary Morrissey and Mary McCann for the pupils of Mt. Carmel School, Mt. Carmel, Ont. "Our school receives 'China', which is read and enjoyed by all of us. Most of the pupils answered the 'Call to Arms' by seven masses and communions. Some living several miles from school have made this sacrifice willingly and generously, even some living four miles from church. We were glad to do our bit and will continue to pray for the success of your missions."

"By chance to-day I came across a copy of 'China' and at once decided to join your wonderful club. Am enclosing money order for a year's subscription to 'China'.—Mary Coady, Lamaline, Nfld." Thanks, Mary.



KEVIN MILLER JIM HANRAHAN

Two great little missionaries of whom we are very proud. Read about them in the letter printed below.

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

Have you room in your Rose Garden for forty-five more buds? We are the children of the Second Grade of College Street School. We love China. We have two camps who try to get ahead of each other in giving money to the missions. We have a big ship on the board and the leader of the winning side is to be captain of the ship and take all his crew to China. Two of our class got up a bazaar one Saturday and sold their toys and candy that their mothers made. They came to school with quite a lot of money Monday. They were six years old. We all clapped them. There was no snow to shovel this winter to make money for the missions. We are sending a spiritual bouquet for the missionaries. We can hardly wait for our badges. With much love.

Your little friend,
JOSEPH WALL.

P.S.—Jim Hanrahan and Kevin Miller don't know we got their pictures to put in "China."

Mount Saint Vincent,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

We are the Juniors of Mount Saint Vincent and we are in the primary division. There are seven of us. We have been very anxious to buy a Chinese baby, so we thought we would have a little play and invite all the Sisters and girls. The girls were to pay five cents but we let the Sisters come in free.

We made up the play all ourselves and we also made the costumes. The name of the play was, "The Witch of the Mountain." In the play there was a very bad witch; the witch stole the valuable birthday present of Lady Huntingdon. The Fairy Queen and her fairies helped to find the thief. At last they found her and Lady Huntingdon got her valuable birthday present back again. We received five dollars and now we are going to send it away and buy a dear little Chinese baby.

When the baby is bought, if it is a little girl, we should like to name it Therese Marie, after the Little Flower, because she liked the missions, and if it is a little boy we should like to call it Joseph Marie ,after the Little Flower and Saint Joseph.

The Juniors have heard so much about the dear little babies, how they are thrown away, that we wanted to save one so that it could be baptized and go to Heaven with our Lord.

Yours sincerely,
The Juniors of
Mount Saint Vincent,
SARAH LAKE,
Grade 5.

Dear Buds:

I am very happy to greet you all again at the beginning of another school year. Letters during vacation were not so numerous as usual, but I know you're going to make up for that now, and I want to hear from you all and have your pictures, too. The two letters you have just read from Halifax tell you in the best way how much is being done for the Missions by our younger members. Let's all be mission workers this year in school. Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.

A PAGAN or CHRISTIAN CHILD

(The writer of this little article in the "Far East", Father Hugh F. Sands, will be remembered by members of our "Rose Garden" as the Irish Missionary who spent many long months as a prisoner among Chinese bandits. His release was brought about largely through the prayers of little missionaries the world over.)

HOW different is the pagan from the Christian child! "Of course, of course," you say. "Everyone knows there is a great difference between a pagan and a Christian child." Oh, this is a truth that many theoretically know, but few—very few—vividly realize.

What is the difference anyway?

The Snare of Paganism.

One day, just a year ago, necessity and bad weather forced a crowd of us—Chinese fellow-prisoners and myself—to bundle together in a cold and wretched loft. Much snow had fallen. Food was scarce. The birds of the air were hard beset. Some venturesome sparrows made reckless by hunger came to eat the rice that was set to trap them. Two were caught.

Their captors immediately proceeded to torture them. They tied each at the end of a long, thin piece of wire, soaked it with kerosene and set fire to it. Slowly the unfortunate birds were burned—very slowly. The thing lasted for almost an hour. And I thought of the words of the psalm: "Our soul hath been delivered as a sparrow out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken and we are delivered." But the difference between those captive sparrows and their free companions is not so great as that between the pagan and the Christian child.

The Shelter of Christ.

Only a few months ago, a friendless beggar waif came to our door here. He was a pagan and had no one to recommend him. He was taken in. The months passed. All the time he seemed in a sort of trance or dream. Food and clothes were given him, and a measure of kindness. He had even a bed—not a very good one indeed, for we have no luxuries here—and a roof over his head. This might seem little to a Western child. But to him it was so great that he always seemed to think it was merely a pleasant dream—a dream that might break at any moment. And break it did.

Death and Heaven.

A week ago this child—for he was only seven—took ill. For a while we thought it was just a cold he had. Then one evening I saw he was much worse than he had been. He knew a little doctrine—not much.

I asked him: "Ja dzi (his name was Shu Ja Dzi), would you like to be baptized?"

He answered, "Yes."

He had been present when I baptized eight on Christmas morning and so he knew what to be baptized meant. An hour later he was baptized, too, and we called his name Joseph.

But his sickness and his dream continued—continued for two days more. Then the dream was broken. Death came and little Joseph awoke in Paradise. And that awakening in Paradise is another difference between a pagan and a Christian child.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Following are the contributions received between June 26th and Aug. 12th: Miss V. M. Harris, in thanksgiving, $45; Seminarians, Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, $17; Irene Robson, $2; Daniel O'Connell School, Montreal, $5.17; Children of Mary, Lafontaine, Ont., $5; Mary Fitzgerald, $5; St. David's School, Toronto, $1; Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont., $10; A Friend, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; Mrs. Arthur McCann, $10; Mr. Justice Kelly, $4.50; Boys, Grade 2, McKay's School, Halifax, $2; Mrs. D. E. Sheehan, $5; St. Patrick's School, Kinkora, $1; Mrs. M. H. McMahon, $3; Mt. Carmel Girls' School, Grade 6, New Waterford, $1.50; Notre Dame Convent, Cornwall, $4.11; St. James' School, Toronto, $2; Room 6, St. Patrick's School, Toronto, $1; St. Joseph's School, Ottawa, Sr. Third Girls, $4; Holy Angels' Sodality, New Waterford, $1; Mission Bureau, Grand Seminary, Montreal, $25; Kathleen Bird, $2; Phillip McDonald, $2; Priest Friend, Montreal, $5; Friend, Scarboro Bluffs, $1; Marjory Carew, $1; Miss J. Rourke, $1; Grade 3, St. Peter's Boys' School, St. John, N.B., $2; Mrs. May Faskin, $2; St. Brigid's Sunday School, Parrsboro, N.S., $5.15; Buds, First Class, St. Thomas' School, Sudbury, $1.14; J. J. Carolan, $1; Loretto Weir, $100; Friend, $5; A. J. Macdonald, $1; Gloucester St. Convent, Ottawa, $4.14; Buds, St. Albert School, Sudbury, $1; St. Vincent's School, Kingston, $14; T. M. Mulligan, K.C., $4.15; Helen French, $5; Friend, $1; Sisters, St. Joseph, Sudbury, $2; Mary Fitzpatrick, $1; Mrs. Dan McDonald, $3; P. W., Toronto, $5; St. Andrew's School, St. Andrews W., $6; Dr. H. D. McManus, $5; Primary Room, Sacred Heart School, Soo, Ont., $1.50; Rev. J. Rooney, $10; Friend, Toronto, $2; C.C.S.M.C., St. Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, $11.00; Mary McCarthy, $1; Mrs. J. E. Reynolds, $1; Mrs. N. A. McMillan, $1; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5.

Building Fund

Rev. H. Brunet, $25; Friend, Moncton, N.B., $1; Friend, Quyon, $2; Rev. J. Wylie, $4; Sisters Of Service, Toronto, $10; Anna King, $5; Alice O'Neill, $100; Mrs. J. W. Coffey, $5; Crusaders, St. Aloysius' School, Sudbury, $1; Rev. B. P. Malone, $4; Wm. Broderick, $1; Curry Hill, $10; G. McGregor, $5.

Burses

Miss Ella Leavey, $5; Miss Mary Gilmour, $5; Miss Patten, $5; College St. School, Halifax, $45; Mrs. P. Kelly, $2; Mrs. J. F. McKeough, $5; Miss H. McKeough, $2.

MISSION EPISODES

(Continued from page 122)

from a complicated form of smallpox. The carpenter, although yet a pagan, realized the advantage of a visit from the spiritual father.

A drizzly rain made walking difficult in the dark, narrow cobblestone streets, and the home of the sick man was at the furthest end of the town. My escort, with a look of anguish on his usually cheerful face, was urging me to step faster.

A pitiable sight met my gaze as I entered the hovel which was this man's home. In the corner of a dark, malodorous room lay the form of a once good-looking man, now practically unrecognizable with his face and body covered with black sores which emitted a stifling odor. When I asked that an opening be made in the wall to allow some fresh air to enter it was objected that the wind would carry the disease to others. I didn't feel as if I could last long in that room, so under such trying difficulties I explained the principal doctrines of our Faith and baptized the dying sufferer.

The following morning I said mass for his intention. It seemed hopeless to ask for his cure considering the unhealthy and unsanitary quarters he was living in. Be that as it may, I am convinced that a near miracle was worked in this case, because in the afternoon a messenger came to announce a partial recovery had been effected and the patient was resting comfortably. It is beyond me how these people survive even one night in such surroundings. A Westerner subjected to similar treatment would most certainly have gone down for the count. For the past four days I have visited this new Christian, and apart from other things he seems to be greatly worried as to whether or not his good looks are a thing of the past. Although I give encouraging answers to his questions I know full well that he cannot escape the inevitable disfiguring pock-marks.

* * *

I will make use of this opportunity to thank my many friends in Canada and the United States who have assured me of their daily prayers and sacrifices offered for our Sungyang Mission. God will surely continue to bless our efforts and reward those good friends who are thus sharing in the noblest task given to mortals to perform.

NONSENSE



First Man—"It is said that the average woman has a vocabulary of only 800 words—a small stock."

Second Man—"But think of the turn-over."

Old Farmer—"So you want to marry Sarah. But she is my only daughter."

Young Man—"Oh, that's all right, sir; I only want one."

Sambo had been back to the land of his ancestors with an English expedition, and was telling some friends of his adventures.

"When I saw dose lions I turned on my heels and ran," he said.

"That was not very brave of you," remarked a listener.

"Well," replied Sambo, "I remembered that the earth is round and ran off to attack him in the rear."

Hubby — "Here is five dollars. Don't you think I deserve a little applause for giving it to you without being asked?"

Wife—"Applause? Why, darling, I think you deserve an encore."

An eccentric old gentleman left a legacy to three of his friends on condition that each put £5 into his coffin. The first, a Dundonian, placed five sovereigns in the casket; the second, a Glaswegian, put in a five-pound note; and the third, an Aberdonian, deposited a cheque for £15 and took out the change!

Solicitor to plaintiff (under cross-examination)—"How far were you from defendant when he assaulted you?"

Plaintiff—"Two feet five and half inches, sir."

Solicitor—"What is the explanation for the accuracy?"

Plaintiff—"My wife told me to measure the distance. She said some fool would surely ask the question."

"And what happens to little boys who tell lies?" asked the benevolent old gentleman.

"They get in for half-price," replied the young football enthusiast.

The following was a verdict by a jury in a lawsuit against a railway company:—

"If the train had run as it should have been run, if the bell had rung as it should have been rang, if the whistle had blown as it should have been blew—both of which it did neither—the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

"Any luck at the races, Alf?"

"Sure! Found 'alf-a-dollar as I was comin' out, so I didn't 'ave to walk 'ome."

He had been reading knightly romances and grew dissatisfied with the present unromantic state of the world. He believed it his duty to inject some romance into the daily grind.

On a rainy, muddy day he sallied forth to perform some knightly errand. He saw a pretty girl about to step from her car on to the dirty pavement. Hastening forward he spread his coat under her dainty feet.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Well, of all the darned fools!" she exclaimed.

Woman—"I gave you ten cents last week and you look as disreputable as ever."

Beggar—"Well, lady it's deuced hard breaking into the smart set with one thin dime."

"Mike," said Flanagan. "How do you tell the age of a fowl?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth," said Mike.

"By the teeth," exclaimed Flanagan, "but a fowl has no teeth."

"No," admitted Mike, "but Oi have."

A modest Scotchman, in speaking of his family, said:

"The Douglas family is a verra, verra auld Scotch family. The line rins awa' back into antiquity. We dinna ken hoo far back it rins, but it's a lang, lang way back, and the history of the Douglas family is recorded in five volumes. In aboot the middle of the third volume, in a marginal note, we read 'Aboot this time the world was created'."

Police Inspector (to little Binks, who has reported that his wife is missing): "So you want us to find her?"

Little Binks: "Er,—no—thank you."

Inspector: "Well, why do you come here?"

Little Binks: "Because, if she came back and found I hadn't done anything about it, she'd half kill me!"

Irish Sailor (writing from Australia)—"Dear Mother — We gain a day coming here, so that my letter is posted a day before it is written, but as we lose a day coming back, we shan't be in England until the day after our arrival."

Much-travelled man (to acquaintance watching hotel fire): "Nothing to get excited about. I took my time about dressing; lighted a cigarette; didn't like the knot in my necktie and retied it; that's how cool I was before I left that blazing structure."

Bystander: "But why didn't you put on your trousers?"

It had been a very convivial reunion dinner, and when the time came for the guests to depart Smith and Jones found that their last train to the suburbs had gone, and they were faced with a five-mile walk home.

About an hour later, just as they had passed a church which had chimed out the hour of two, Smith broke a long silence.

"Does your wife miss you when you are late on such occasions as this?" he asked.

"Very seldom," his friend replied. "There are still two large lumps on the back of my head where she hit me the last time."

The general knowledge class had been discussing forms of government. At length, the weary teacher propounded the question, "Well, Simpson, what is the difference between a King and a President?"

"Please, sir, a King is the son of his father, but a President isn't."

"Sure," said Pat, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a Christmas box. "I always mane to do my duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank ye, yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."

"Ma boots were guaranteed for four months," said Mac to the bootmaker. "An' I've only had 'em six weeks, an' they need easing."

"But they seem to fit."

"Aye, they're fine on me, but tight for ma brother on night shift."

An American and a Jewish traveller were in the same railway carriage.

"I wanna tell, and let it soak in," said the former, "the village where I hail from hasn't a Jew. Get me?"

"Yes," replied the Jew, "that's why the place you came from is a village."

"I believe your friend Jones is taking up law?"

"Yes; his wife has been laying it down for some time."

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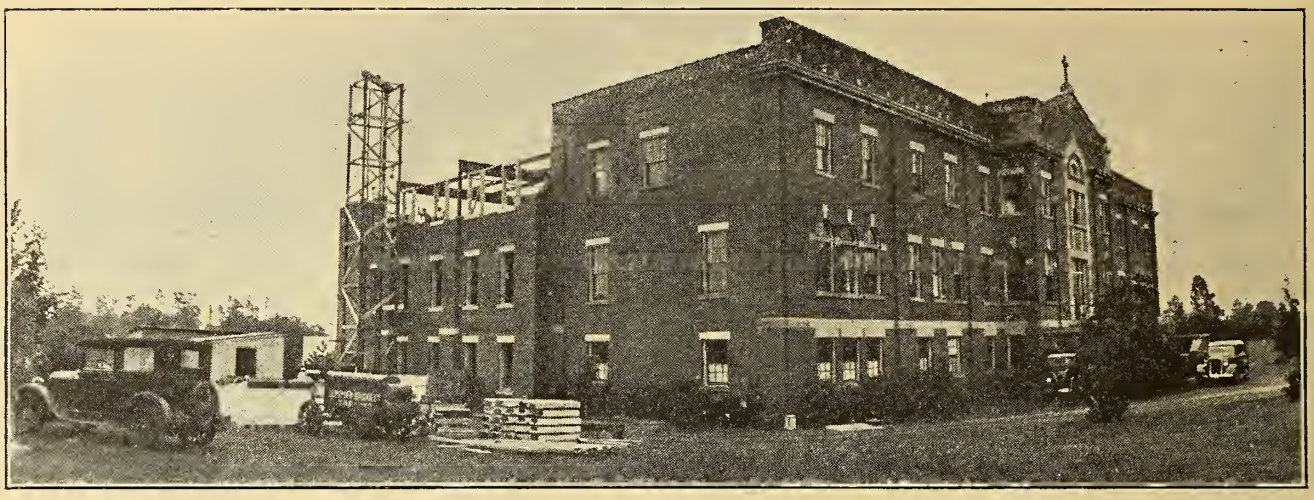
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Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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APPRECIATION OF OUR FAITH

Oftentimes, people are unduly careful to boast of their connection with this or that organization. A woman, perhaps, will positively be "thrilled" to belong to a certain club because it has the reputation of being just the last word in social affairs; a man may pridefully emphasize his blue-blood ancestry; a soldier may glory in his attachment to a certain division of the army, or a young man may consider himself in the preferred class of humanity because he has graduated from a certain swanky college. All, in their own way, have a reason to be boastful of their attainments, and no fault can be found with them. It is natural that they seek to impress others with their accomplishments, no matter how much room there is for doubting the real valuation of their claims.

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There is a society, an organization, which can verify its claim of being the best in the world. Its membership includes almost four hundred million people, and it dates back nigh two thousand years to its founding by no merely human person. Every individual member of that divine institution has a right to be proud of his association with it and a duty to live up to its requirements.

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Perhaps it is for want of reflection that Catholics do not sufficiently appreciate their membership in the Catholic Church. Proud, indeed, have they reason to be when they consider the past history and the present position of their Church. She stands alone today in a topsy-turvy world as the champion of eternal values, the one solid fortification against which the gates of hell are not prevailing; the winds of irreligion and the floods of immorality assail her in vain; she stands before the world for what she really is, Christ ever living among men. Such a Church necessarily excites our love and our admiration, and should excite our appreciation for the gift of Faith which makes us her active members.

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The Church deserves our loyalty because of what she does for us. In the beautiful words of Moehler (quoted from a translation of his "Symbolism") "The Church is the living figure of Christ manifesting Himself and working through all ages, whose atoning and redeeming acts it, in consequence, eternally repeats and uninterruptedly continues. The Redeemer . . . is eternally living in His Church; and in the Sacrament of the Altar He has manifested this in a sensible manner to creatures endowed with sense. He is in the announcement of His word the abiding teacher; in Baptism He perpetually receives the children of men into His communion; in the tribunal of penance He pardons the contrite sinner; and strengthens rising youth with the power of His spirit in confirmation; breathes into the bridegroom and the bride a higher conception of nuptial relations; units Himself most intimately with all who sigh for eternal life, under the form of bread and wine; consoles the dying in extreme unction; and in holy orders institutes the organs whereby he worketh all this with never tiring activity."

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Deserving our loyalty for what she does for us, the Church merits our support in the task that lies ahead of her. She is the divinely appointed custodian of the souls of men; nothing less than the salvation of the world is the work with which she is entrusted. "Preach the Gospel to every creature". The blessings purchased by the Redeemer are hers to dispense, and her missionary activity through all the ages is the pledge of her faithfulness to the Divine commission.

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Thus it is that the Church and missionary effort are inseparable. As long as the Catholic Church will obey her Divine Founder she must devote herself to the missions. To quote Rev. Herman Fischer: "The work of the foreign missions is not, as it is so often thought to be, a work of supererogation. It belongs to the very essence of the Church. It is part of her life, which manifests itself in outward activity. The progress and expansion of the Church was in the beginning, and is now, entirely dependent on her missionary efforts. Missions among the heathens were at all times, and always will be, the unfailing barometer of her vitality."

* * * * *

Viewed in this light, it will readily be acknowledged that support of foreign missions is a duty devolving on every individual Catholic since the missions have a sound claim to the general support of the entire Church. Catholics without number will be found to voice their praise of the missionary army of their Church and to acclaim the priests and sisters in Foreign Fields as examples of selfless devotion to Christ, but a far lesser number will remember their own obligations as members of that Church whose solemn duty it is to propagate the Gospel in every land. Again to use the words of Fr. Fischer: "**Foreign Missions are not outside our sphere of interest; they are a domestic concern of our Church; a family affair of our Catholic people.**" This being the case, we feel justified in appealing to the Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland for a more active interest in our missionaries and their noble work. Reminding you that Mission Sunday occurs on the 22nd of this month, we leave you with the suggestion that you do something to aid our Building Fund whose object is to provide a training-school for our young missionaries. A mission seminary is the "indispensable fountain for the nourishment of our foreign missions."

What Price Neo-Paganism?

By OBSERVER

1. Give the origin and accepted meaning of the phrase, "Kill the Brute".

2. How do you account (or do you) for the blood howl of the mob; the insistent demand for the killer instinct in its idols of the ring?

3. Is it, in your opinion, just mild hysteria or a "throw back" to the cave when the sweet young thing at the wrestling bout shrieks at her favorite pachyderm to "break dat arm off an' trow it up here"?

4. Does this mentality indicate a trend towards paganism?

5. Are there more sinister signs in other directions?

Incident No. 1. Recent Wrestling Bout in Well-known American City.

Let us not mention names. For practical purposes we can call the loser the Denver Dinosaur and the winner the Sabre-Toothed Tiger from Tennessee. Of course there are no sabre-toothed tigers in Tennessee, but does that really matter? How many "Panthers" are there in Utica or "Balkan Lions" in the Balkans? The newspaper account of the bout went something like this:

"That last knee to the stomach hadn't done the Dinosaur any good. He was writhing on the canvas while the crowd howled for his blood. But Sabre-Tooth—'Attaboy, Tiger!'—knew his public. Grabbing his now glassy-eyed victim by the hair, he dragged him to a standing position. Another well-placed knee to the mid-section, followed by two wicked haymakers to the jaw, and the boys were reaching for their hats. There wasn't any more."

Now, personally, we haven't one little thing against the Tiger. "Bad men" of the rasslin' game are made, not born; made exactly to the order and specifications of the boys, and we needn't go into that thoroughly aired question. As far as we know, Tiger may be the President of his home-town S.P.C.A. It is the reaction of the crowd to this type of bout, fast becoming popular, that provides interesting subject matter for the alienist or the uplifter.

Incident No. 2. Wife-beating Bout in Our Not-So-Well Known Lishui, China. Daytime.

"Mrs. Wan Lung was now unable to rise from the ground. She was almost unconscious from the heavy blows of the bamboo pole in the hands of her infuriated husband, but the crowd of bystanders realized, of course, that it was none of their business. After all, a man's little domestic quarrels are his own affair. Some of the foreigners in Lishui who afterwards heard of the episode expressed a rather curious view, which shows their utter inability to understand things Chinese. They were reported to have said that it was a strange thing to them how a crowd of able-bodied men could stand round and see a woman beaten almost to death."

The above as it might be reported by our Chinese daily.

Now, dear reader, we're not indulging in an outburst of moral indignation. "Missionary in China 'SCORES' modern sport." Not at all! You don't imagine we're really worried over the wrestling game. But in a mildly interested and detached sort of way we should like to put a few questions.

1. How much farther will the mentality of certain elements of the "sporting fraternity" need to travel before just such a wife-beating contest may be billed as a HEADLINER at some American arena?

Horrors! you exclaim.

Horrors! we agree.

2. What will remain on the card should the good old strangle fail to satisfy and the kick-in-the-face-for-good-measure no longer afford a thrill?

3. What more, short of the dying gladiator act, can the wily promoters dig up out of the bag of playful little wrestling tricks?

4. As we go to press, just how far removed are some of the boys from the "panem et circenses" psychology (whatever that means, you say) and the "thumbs down" movement for bigger and better thrills?

5. Could it possibly be that some of them have reached a sort of crossroads where a sign points "THIS WAY TO PAGANISM"? Could it be? We're asking you.

But elsewhere there are signs that are more disquieting for anybody who would permit himself to be "disquieted". And they are not connected with sport. The "boys" are still jolly good fellows in spite of the growing liking of some of them for the smell of newly spilt blood. Theirs is certainly no formal revolt against Christianity. Their noisy approval of what to some may savor of savagery can in no wise be construed as a "rah, rah, rah" for the forces of militant aetheism. So let it not really disturb our serenity if they continue to glory in gore. There are many "polished" and "cultured" gentlemen who wouldn't be seen at a wrestling bout, but who are working quietly yet indefatigably for the overthrow of much—if not all—of what we hold sacred in our civilization.

One school of what passes for "thought" comes right out in the open with aetheism as a "platform", just like free trade or the full dinner pail. The other school disgorges "best sellers" and is satisfied merely to take the starch out of the moral fibre of Christendom, with every man for himself in the sauve qui peut that may ensue. The latter class would prob-

ably disclaim any intent of setting up paganism. They are concerned with the new freedom. But if we were to be asked for our little list of public enemies numbers one to ten, or public menaces or perils that "have arrived" we should select friend Theodore Dreiser, a decided heavyweight of the latter class, as an outstanding member of our "All America". Sinclair Lewis, too, would make the team, with possibly Bertrand Arthur William Russell, F.R.S., as guest artist from over the sea. Nobody would ever dream of suggesting either Gus Sonnenberg or Bull Martin. Such a list, no doubt, would qualify us for an insane asylum in the view of the literary four hundred. But we have our own little lowbrow and Victorian ideas as to what makes best sellers sell. And if it were sheer literature, then dreary Dreiser would never crash the home-town public library.

There are those, we say, whose undisguised platform is aethesim and who would cheerfully erect a pagan society on the smoking ruins of Christian civilization. Just what sort of pagan society? As far as we can gather by comparison, the paganism of China seems to be about the least objectionable sort of paganism the world has ever known. Let us suppose, then, that the paganism with which the "Neo-pagans" would supplant Christianity would be no worse than the paganism that surrounds us over here. Let us suppose! But it is really an impossible supposition, a thoroughly Utopian "ideal". No mere natural and "unenlightened" paganism could ever sink to the depths sounded by a thoroughly perverted and depraved Christendom. It would take the product of a decayed Christianity to reach an all-time new low in the annals of human depravity, something, thank God, the world will never see. For nothing that was never any better can become quite as bad as something which has once been very good and fallen from its high estate. No mere fall, for that matter, can be quite as hopeless and irreparable as a calculated plunge from the pedestal to the sewer. If you doubt it, once more "take" friend Dreiser, what he defends. It takes a product of Christian decay to find glory where many a Lishui pagan would only acknowledge shame. Take him. Multiply him by one hundred million and then open the cage. Imagine, if you will, for one hideous moment, a civilization in which the mentality of a Dreiser would provide a sort of accepted norm of morality, a mentality "incapable of being damned because in all its weary centuries it has never attained the use of reason."

We say that the paganism of China is about the best paganism the world has known. Then let it show forth a contrast in regard to two matters which even some of the Neo-pagans profess to hold sacred, that is,

Regard for Human Life.

Respect for the Dignity of Womanhood.

When we speak of regard for human life some of our readers will indulge in a cynical smile. China may drown baby girls, they will say, but the enlightened West goes in for slaughter on a far grander and more scientific scale. The world war will be trotted out, possibly, and fingers will point to the glorified powder magazine which is present-day Europe. But it isn't the INDIVIDUALS of any Christian country who want war and destruction or who hold human life cheap. It is not the mere cannon-fodder who have anything to say about the matter. Look at the reception accorded by the League of Nations Assembly (of one) to the protest of the maimed and disabled veterans of the last war. As for the politics of the nations and the principles of human-vulture munitions manufacturers, what place has the gentle Christ or His Christianity in any or all of their treasons, stratagems and spoils! No, the individual Christian still has a sublime concept of the sacredness of human life. The individual pagan has not. Supposing we resume our stories:

Incident No. 3. In Christian Surroundings.

Some years ago a small fishing schooner was wrecked, during a blinding December snowstorm, on the Little Gull Rock in Jude Reach, Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. Nearly three days later, from the hills of Oderin, about two miles away, a boy on the lookout for ducks espied a dark and unfamiliar object on this rock. With the help of his long "spyglass" he identified the object as the inert form of a man and immediately ran to summon help. Willing hands soon pulled a dory to the scene, and in due course a young, frail-looking man, Michael Dermody by name, was being nursed back to health. During the long nightmare of terror, while icy waves washed over that rock, he had seen both his father and his uncle carried away to their watery graves. Yet he lived to tell the tale, thanks to a vigorous constitution and the spontaneity with which his rescuers rushed to the scene once they became aware of his piteous plight. Not for a moment did any of those fishermen think that there was any other course of action open for any man worthy of the name of Christian. Gladly would they have risked their lives, as you would risk your life, dear reader, under such pathetic and desperate circumstances. But why? Is that a natural thing to do? Is that altruism ingrained in human nature as such or has it been superimposed by the charity of Christianity? Was it ever thus, when Christians were fed to the lions or children to the fires of Moloch? In China it wouldn't have been done. A man lay dying on a bleak, sea-swept rock and anybody would tell you that only a yellow-livered cur would refuse to lend a helping hand. They wouldn't say so over here. Let us just re-set the scene.

Incident No. 3. Transferred to the Coast of Chekiang.

A boat approaches the rock. The Chinese boatman notes with regret that the man is lying unconscious. That's just his usual tough luck, he tells himself, because now how is he going to know whether or not the man will pay the rescue price. For without rescue price, gentle Christian reader, the sharks can have that man as far as the pagan boatman is concerned. They feel his pulse. Yes, he is alive. He stirs feebly.

"One hundred dollars, do you hear? One hundred dollars or you stay there and die." And stay there and die he will unless that boatman sees some chance of getting his price.

Michael Dermody may still be alive and may even read this story. If so, he will thank a kind Providence that he came to grief on Christian shores rather than on the coast of China.

(Continued on page 141)

SUPERSTITIONS of PAGANISM

I. Fooling the Devil

— *By* —

Rev. D. E. STRINGER

THE other night I was interested in what had all the earmarks of an acrobatic show. Not far from us lives *a butcher*—seller of umbrellas, tea, lamps, biscuits and so forth as a side-line. He had not been well for some time lately, due, as he supposed, to his soul which had gone travelling. Now when one's soul decides to leave its habitation one cannot simply say "Come back!" and back it comes: and this for the simple reason that a devil has got hold of it, and you must parley with him. This entails quite a lot of ceremony and not a little cunning. To this end you call in the sorcerer.

He puts a table at the door of the house and places on it food for the devil—rice in several different forms, and wine; all is prepared as though four people were to sit down to a meal. Resting on top of this table is a smaller one on which is a lantern and a small rice-measure. Incense sticks are strewn about in profusion, and lighted. Thus the stage is set for the drama.

Standing between the house and this contraption the sorcerer begins his work. In a singsong manner he recites the proper charms, waving his arms about the while, and bowing at stated intervals to the tables. This is the invitation to the devil to partake of the tasty meal prepared for him—to get him in good humor, as it were.

After the invitation has been accepted (a fact which the sorcerer seems to know with certitude), the devil is invited into the house. On the floor, and already prepared by an assistant, is a plate of food and a bowl of water with a chopstick lying across the top of it. The devil, in order to feast on the plate of food, must cross this bowl of water, and hence the chopstick is placed there to act as a bridge. While the sorcerer speaks all the honeyed words he can think of, inquiring after the health of the devil, belittling the quality of the food, the assistant "accidentally" tips over the bowl as he snatches away the chopstick. "Now, what bad luck," says the sorcerer to the devil, "for your bridge is destroyed!" Now the devil is in a fix, but he doesn't seem to realize it. As he gets on with his meal, he evidently has an unguarded moment. At that precise moment the sorcerer quickly overturns a large pot, previously prepared, and which thus effectively covers the plate and cages the devil. Things move rather rapidly now. Seizing a stick and straddling the upturned pot the sorcerer begins to beat it, the strokes penetrating through and bouncing off the hide of the devil within. "Give back the soul!" cries the sorcerer. At this stage the assistant acts as mouthpiece for the imprisoned devil. At first he denies any knowledge of what the trouble is all about. More beatings, "Give back the soul!" After a suitable time of denial and refusal to comply has elapsed, the devil gives in. The assistant then takes the rice-measure and puts into it a garment of the sick man and tells the wayward soul to return into it. It receives a sound lecture for its misdemeanour and is told to return into the sick man. Then the sorcerer asks the sick person whether or not he feels better, and on receiving an affirmative answer, the pot with the devil in it is taken to the river and his satanic majesty thrown in.

Need anything be said of the degradation to which paganism thus reduces its adherents?



"TSA SHENN", THE GOD OF RICHES

* * *

II.

ONE will not be long in China before noting the multifarious uses of paper. It is cut and pressed and stamped and fashioned into a bewildering number of uses. It serves the purpose of glass for the windows of what many call "home". It is used in place of bandages in treating the sick; and this for a very definite purpose, for it is by no means unknown that cloth bandages all too soon found their way into an already highly patched garment.

Red, the color of joy, of feasting, of happiness, predominates. For invitations to weddings, to cele-

(Continued on page 140)

Word *of* Inspiration

No Salvation for China Except in Christ, says Gen. Chiang Kai-shek

By PASCAL M. D'ELIA, S.J.

General Chiang Kai-shek, it will be recalled, was received into the Methodist Church in Shanghai on October 23, 1930. While he was in Hunan last year leading the anti-Communist campaign, he accepted an invitation to visit the Hunan Bible Institute in Changsha. On November 2, 1932, accompanied by Mrs. Chiang, Gen. Ho. Chien, Chairman of the Hunan Provincial Government, and by Miss Ho, daughter of the latter, he motored to the school, where there are actually over 90 students, boys and girls, receiving Biblical training.

The visit opened with the singing of a religious hymn, in which the Lord was asked to protect China and the Chinese people, and to help in "the spreading of the Christian doctrine everywhere so that everybody may be converted to the Gospel". All the audience joined in the hymn, the students and the professors as well as the four distinguished guests. After the singing, General Chiang was invited by the Principal of the Institute to address the students. Although the General had not foreseen this invitation and therefore had nothing prepared, still he accepted. His informal speech was written down by one of the listeners, who states that he has not changed a single character, although he has not been able to take down all that the General said. The speech has since then been published by the same author in the January-February issue, 1933, of "Evangelism", a bi-monthly magazine edited by the Hunan Bible Institute (Vol. VI, No. 1, pp. 6-7). The following translation, which has been made as accurate as possible, is based on this Chinese text. It runs thus:

Salvation for the Nation.

"Principal and students!

"It is a great honour for me to come to visit your school to-day. This is a Bible Institute. As soon as I entered into the premises of your school, my soul was moved and my heart was set at peace in seeing such grandeur and so much order.

"It is my opinion that schools like this Bible Institute are very necessary to make the Chinese nation strong and glorious. If there are now people who on the contrary are distrusting Mission schools, this is due to the fact that they do not know them. As for myself I think that schools of this kind are greatly concerned with the peace of the harassed Chinese nation and the welfare of their poor people.

"Naturally there are very many ways to save a nation, but the indispensable thing is to have a model. I realize that the Jesus taught by Bible schools may be taken as a model in saving a nation. If Jesus saved mankind, it is because he earnestly strove to reach the goal he had in view and finally reached it, thanks to his charity, his sacrifice, his disregard of everything else, and his heedlessness of his own dangers and trials. If, therefore, we want to save China now-a-days, we must needs make use of the spirit of Jesus and of his self-denial.

"Education in China is at present time in great danger. There are teachers who do not know what education is, and there are students who do not realize what they have to do as students. Nay, more than that, there are people who, ignoring the meaning of shame, are intemperate and spiritless. If we let things go along this line, education in China will be in great danger. To-day we have lost our morality and wiped out our sense of shame; to restore them, we need the work of schools of the type of this Bible Institute.

"I hope that you, students of Bible schools, will convert the youth and the students of the whole country through the personality of Jesus, and save the nation and the people through His doctrine. This is your duty. I hope you will be able to fulfil this duty of saving the nation and the people. Following in the footsteps of Jesus, save the nation, save the people! If you have the spirit of Jesus, you will neither be ashamed of Bible schools nor of being students of Bible schools. This is my hope."

Undoubtedly Christians in China, Protestants as well as Catholics, feel very grateful to General Chiang for such plain and encouraging words in favour of Christian education and Christian propaganda in China. Pronounced before a Chinese gathering composed of young men and women who are devoting themselves to Evangelical work in China, they have a momentum which should not be under-estimated. Would that his words might spread far and wide and reach the other leaders of the Chinese nation! They would convince them that China's welfare is at stake, if they would consent not only to refrain from any unkind and undue restrictions on Christianity, but also to foster and develop Christian teaching and practice in the country.



THE TOWER OF KINHWA

Monsignor Fraser's camera got this beautiful snap of a pagoda in Kinhwa district, where he is now doing zealous work. The article on this page was sent by the Monsignor from the North China Daily News.



SOME OPPOSITES of the ORIENT



There are many things "different" which a missioner in the Orient much adopt, and which change his viewpoint considerably. This mental mutation seems to take hold of one almost imperceptibly and to work itself into one's make-up. It must be so: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do" has its complement over here, and the continued effort to get the point of view of our people gradually brings a spontaneity of judgment along Oriental lines, which cannot but have its effect on one's mental processes.

Here are a few of the things which the newcomer to the Orient hesitates not to label "wrong", but which he gradually comes to realize must be classed "right", from the Oriental viewpoint.

If you wish to send a telegram, you are urged to hurry and get it off before nightfall, as it costs considerably more to send a telegram by night. In writing any sort of manuscript or letter, the prescribed form is always in vertical lines instead of horizontal, and from the right hand margin of the paper toward the left. The same holds true of addressing an envelope, with this in addition: you begin, not with the name of the person to whom it is going but with that of the country in which he resides, then follow the state, city, street address, and, finally, the name of the recipient. The address would read thus: U. S. A., N. Y., New York, 467 W. 59th Street, Mr. John Smith. All books, on the same principle, begin from the right hand cover (the back of a book for a Westerner), and progess to the left hand cover.

In stating the points of the compass: north, south, east, west, become east, west, south, north. Any compound of these, such as northwest, southeast, and so forth, is always put in just the reverse order: westnorth, eastsouth, and so forth.

There was a time when people back home used to talk of "putting up" the automobile for the winter. I could hardly restrain a smile when one of the natives here, speaking of an auto-bus line, solemnly explained that it ran only in the winter. I was just exclaiming mentally, "Another 'opposite' of the Orient!" when the casual explanation followed that a frozen river furnished the only roadway to the town in question.

When you buy a large quantity of merchandise at home, you expect to get it proportionately cheaper. We were doing a little pipe-fitting for ourselves over here, some time ago, and had to purchase quite a number of various fixtures from a native hardware store. Having previously ascertained the price of the respective pieces, we sent a man to the store to bring back the desired number. He returned with the report that the price had gone up as soon as the proprietor learned of the quantity we wished to buy. We investigated, and found this to be actually true, and a reliable native volunteered the information that such was the practice here. I have found instances contrary to this since, but it was true in the case cited.

In caring for bees in the West, the operator is careful to put on a bee-net, gloves, and so forth. In the East, or in Korea at least, the beetender strips to the waist as the necessary precaution for the operation; the idea seeming to be that the bee becomes excited and irritated when he discovers himself in the folds of a garment, unable to find his way out. You reply, of course, "But why let him get in?" Ah yes, but you're a Westerner!

When putting a horse in a stall, the Korean backs him in. If you ask why, you will be answered with, "Well, when are you usually more in a hurry — when putting your horse away, or when taking him out?"

The Western clock has now come into pretty general use; but I am told that the old clocks used to indicate how many of the hours of the day remained, not how many had passed. Thus, when our clocks would be striking two, theirs would be striking ten.

The Oriental blacksmith sits down at his work, and stands when he wants to rest; the carpenter saws and planes by pulling the respective tools towards him instead of pushing them from him.

In the hot weather at home mothers who wish to relieve their babies of the discomfort of clothes in public may take off the shirt but, usually, the body below the waist is covered with little pants or trunks.

Here, just the opposite happens. It is quite the common thing, sometimes even in cold weather, to see the little ones playing about in the streets with jacket covering the chest and shoulders, but entirely unhampered by any covering below the waist.

Again, in winter, Western ladies who wish to keep the head warm have the crown of the head covered. Here, however, the neck, chin, and mouth are wrapped with a knitted scarf, which some times goes up as high as the lower part of the ears; but the entire top of the head remains uncovered. This holds for unmarried women who have not yet donned the white linen turban of the Korean housewife. Once this is put on, it usually remains the constant sole head-covering, winter and summer.

The most marked difference between the Eastern and the Western mind, however, is undoubtedly the indirect method which characterizes Oriental thought process, and its expression. If there be any possible way (and I have yet to note a case where it is impossible for an Oriental (whereby a point to be discussed, or an end to be attained, may be approached in a roundabout manner, through another topic, or even through another person, then it is an Eastern axiom to approach it that way. To the American mind especially, direct even to bluntness at times, this is not only a stumbling-block, but a real hardship and trial.

Why a man who has come to tell you, for instance, that some one of your Christians has done something or other which needs your attention, should first consume one or more of the morning hours (which you hold so precious for study and desk work) talking about all possible variety of subjects, before getting to the one which is in the back of his head, and about which you know he has come to talk, is indeed an exasperating riddle to a poor Western missioner who has not been blessed by the Lord with more than his share of patience. And the hard part is: here is a man who may have something really important in regard to the work to communicate to you; if you interrupt him or approach him with a direct question to expedite the business, he is very likely to close up like a clam, and to withdraw without mentioning what he has in mind.

I have know an actual instance of this. A young missioner, intent on getting the language, along with attending to the other duties, arising in the little mission station, had settled himself at his desk after breakfast, and was just nicely "getting started", when the door opened (without a warning as usual), and in walked one of his Christians. "Another m o r n i n g knocked in the head!" said he to himself, as he arose with a smile to greet the venerable sire.

Filling his pipe, he sat down with the visitor, feeling sure that the latter must have something of consequence to say, as he had come from quite a distance. After a few general sentences; an exchange of courtesies, inquiries after the Christians of the man's locality, and questions as to how the crops out there were likely to turn out, the missioner felt that he had done pretty well,



No permanent street address has this Chinese shoemaker. If your shoes are in need of repairs just step right up when you meet him in the street, and he'll serve you while you wait—with one shoe on, like the customer in the picture.

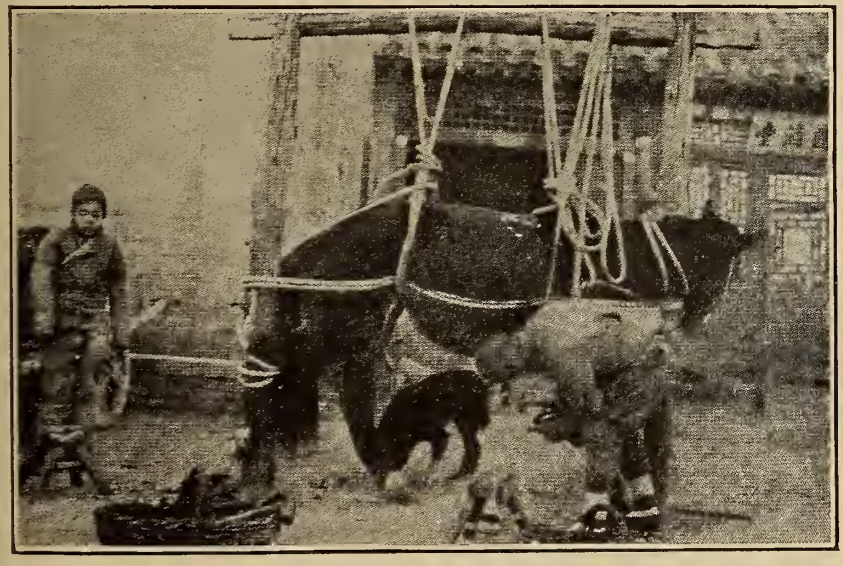
and that it would not be a mistake to get down to business. So he casually inquired, "Well, what's on your mind to-day?" His caller's face took on a blank, nonplussed expression; and when it finally dawned on him that the missioner had asked about what business he had come, he smiled ever so sweetly, and hastened to assure him that there was nothing special on his mind, he had come only to have a little visit with the Father. After a few more sentences, he withdrew. The priest returned to his desk puzzled; he felt sure the old fellow had had something to say to him which had not come out.

An hour or more passed by. The missioner went out into the yard to read his Breviary. He found the visitor of a short while before walking about restlessly, a short distance from the house. He gave the priest the usual salute, as though meeting him for the first time in quite a period, and so evidently wanted to talk, that the priest invited him to come in again, determined to hear him out this time.

So, he made no interruptions, just continued to be interested; and, though the dinner hour was considerably past when the interview closed, the old man had finally got around to the real object of his visit, and departed happy, a concrete example of the necessity of dealing with Easterners by Eastern methods.

There is at one of our missions a little orphan whose pagan name was Imbo (he has since become Antonius). He is about six years of age, and as bright as well could be. On a certain occasion, he heard that one of the Fathers had received a

(Continued on page 140)



This is the Chinese blacksmith's method of making sure he won't have to say "whoa, there! Dobbin." The poor horse just hasn't got a chance to give any trouble till the job is done.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Hello, Everybody!

Isn't it just great to be back in school again? I suppose lots of you are wondering if Father Jim really does imagine it IS great to have to stay in school the best part of every day, and then have to do horrible old home-lessons at night, and all the other things that make us wish holiday time had never ceased at all. Of course I do think it's great. When I was a boy in school I didn't think that, of course, but now I know that school days are the best and happiest days. "Oh, yes, where did we hear that before, etc., etc." Well, anyway, I'm not going to have an argument about it, but I want to tell you all about some letters that came to me just as summer holidays began. They were written by pupils at Immaculate Conception Convent, Pembroke, Ont., following reception of membership certificates in the Rose Garden. They told me of the way they celebrated the Feast of the Canonization of the Little Flower. The Life of the Patroness of our Club had been read to them by their teacher, and each pupil in turn afterwards wrote a "Tribute" to the little Saint and composed a prayer; their writings were laid at the foot of the Saint's statue in the Chapel, and later on each pupil wrote about it to Father Jim and sent me a copy of their "tributes" and prayers.

I thought so much of these letters (each one of which I read in detail) that I felt there and then amply rewarded for any trouble the editing of this column occasions. Moreover, it pleased me so very much to notice the sincere and practical devotion these young Buds had developed towards the Patroness of the Missions. I am persuaded that this little missionary Club of boys and girls is fostering a similar devotion in many schools throughout Canada and Newfoundland. Interest on the part of the teachers (such as this Sister in Pembroke Convent, the Motherhouse of our Canadian Sisters in China) can go a long way towards making Foreign Missions part and parcel of the life of their young charges. Have your teacher tell you something about the Foreign Missions as your celebration of Mission Sunday on the 22nd of this month. And don't forget that October 3rd is the big Feast of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus.

Yours for the Missions,
FATHER JIM.

A Welcome Gift

"Enclosed please find money-order for ten dollars, the result of mite-box collection at St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro. Wishing the Seminary every success, and assuring you of a share in our prayers every day.

Yours sincerely,
THE PUPILS."

Glad to Get This Letter

"Dear Father Jim:

We began a Spiritual Bouquet for your Chinese Missions to send when we would ask to be accepted as Buds in your Rose Garden. One pupil, Alice Doucet, had drawn a rose which was chosen as an appropriate card on which to put our offerings. The next day this same pupil was taken ill with spinal meningitis. We then decided to make another Spiritual Offering for your Missions in order to obtain her cure. God willed otherwise, and He took her soul to be a bud in His own heavenly rose garden. Will you please ask your buds to pray for the repose of her soul.

We enjoy Father Stringer's contributions to the "China" and we are interested in the buds who try to find out who you are. If you do not soon put your name and picture in the "China" we shall imagine you to resemble Daddy Long Legs. How dreadful that would be! Shall we continue offering incense to an Unknown Father Jim, or like the Athenians, until some missionary

THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY

DO you know how October came to be called the Month of the Rosary? You may, but perhaps some other boys and girls who read these pages every month, do not.

On Sunday, October 7, 1571, a Catholic army, led by Don John of Austria, made up of Papal soldiers, Spaniards, Venetians, and Genoese, won a great victory from the Turks at a place called Lepanto, in Greece. Confraternities of the Rosary were, as the battle raged, offering countless numbers of Rosaries to Our Blessed Lady for the triumph of the Church and the cause of truth.

In thanksgiving, Pope Gregory XIII decreed that the first Sunday in October should be kept as the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary. Later, Pope Leo XIII consecrated the whole month of October to Our Lady of the Rosary, and urged all Catholics to recite the Rosary every day.

The Rosary, as you know, is composed of fifteen decades, or one hundred and fifty Hail Marys and fifteen Our Fathers. Boys and girls are usually satisfied with the "beads", or the shorter rosary of five decades.

The custom of counting prayers on strings or chains is so very old that we cannot find out when it really began. Indeed, the common English word "bead" really means prayer. Instead of our Rosaries being called beads, because they are made of little round things strung on a string or chain, the little round things are called beads, because they were first so strung together to count prayers.

The French sometimes call the Rosary a "Crown", and the Germans called it a "Wreath of Roses". This is really what the Rosary is — a wreath, or crown, of prayers, fragrant and beautiful as roses, offered to our Mother in Heaven.

It takes only a few minutes to recite Rosary or beads. If you will try to remember, you can do so every day. Make a special time for yourself. At bed time, in the morning, or just after lunch, whatever time is most convenient, make a habit of saying your beads. Give these few minutes to honor the Mother of Our Redeemer, lovingly, generously. She is our Mother too, and will not be outdone in generosity.

comes to make you known to your buds whom you keep in the darkness of ignorance?

We ask God to grant you, dear Father, and the Chinese Missions, every success, and to your buds goodness and success in their school work. Will you remember us for these intentions in some of your Masses?

Yours respectfully,
Pupils of Grades 8, 9 and 10,
Rustico Convent, P.E.I."

The spiritual bouquet sent by these pupils was one of the most beautifully done I have ever seen; each rose petal and leaf was inscribed with the record of some spiritual act, and in the centre of the rose was a tiny little picture of our Little Flower. It is scarcely necessary to inform these Buds in Rustico that I have often remembered them in my masses, and especially the soul of their dear deceased companion.

Real Little Angels

"Dear Father Jim:

For a long time we have been interested in your Rose Garden, so today we are sending our names as Rosebuds of the Little Flower. We are members of the Guardian Angels' Sodality at St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., and from our fees we are sending $3 as a small offering to this cause of the Foreign Missions in China. We shall say every day the prayer for the conversion of China, and we hope that some day the many Chinese here in Victoria will have a priest to teach them about Our Lord as Father Sharkey is doing in Vancouver. Very sincerely yours, the Members of the Guardian Angels' Sodality."

Now, who would blame Father Jim for wishing to get letters, when they contain such wonderful missionary enthusiasm as that? The 55 new Buds from St. Ann's Academy are pleasing additions to our Western forces. No doubt these young Sodalists will be present at their Cathedral this month when Victoria will see its first foreign mission priest ordained by Bishop Murray.

Thirty-four new members have come to us from Senior III. Class, St. Joseph's Girls' School, Ottawa. Welcome, and thanks for your fine spiritual bouquet, girls.

Long Letter Wanted

"Dear Father Jim:

Knowing how busy you are I will not expect a very prompt answer, but when you do write please let it be a long letter. I love my certificate and badge very much. I'll not forget you and the missionaries in my daily prayers. Agnes O'Flaherty, 511 Magdalen St., Montreal."

Agnes, if I did what I would like to do all the Buds who write me would get a long letter in reply, but that is out of the question. I remember you all in Holy Mass every day, and in that way I thank the Buds for their mission interest.

Not To Be Left Out

June K. Durante, Wilmot Valley, P.E.I., thinks she couldn't remain just a reader of our club news without joining up herself, so we have another Bud asking for correspondents.

Margaret Doyle, 18 Shannon St., Toronto, had a birthday on July 20th, and is 11 years old. She has two brothers and one sister, goes to school at St. David's, Toronto, and wants to have letters from pen-pals of her own age.

Four Sisters

"Dear Father Jim:

My sister Marie became a Bud not long ago. She has interested me in praying for those courageous priests and nuns who risk their lives to save souls in China, so I want to join your Club, too. My other two sisters, Rita and Eleanor, know the conditions for becoming members and they want a certificate and badge also. We would all be delighted if some other Buds wrote to us. Our address is 140 Queen St., Kingston, Ont."

This letter is from Sheila Lentz. I bet there's a scramble for "China" when it arrives in a house with four Buds present. Here's hoping the postman will have some mail for 140 Queen St., very soon.

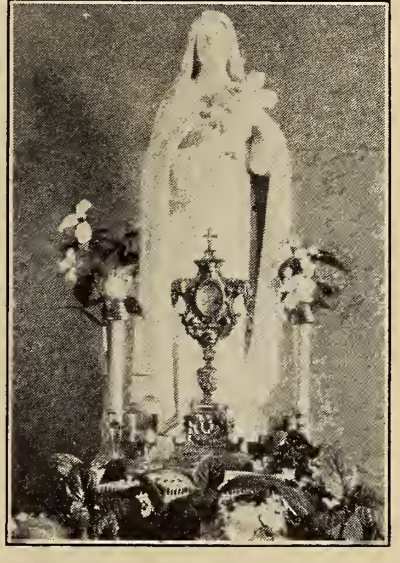
Going to Enlist Others

A little donation to help the missions came from Jeanette Yelle when she asked to become a member of our Club, and she says she is going to try to have others join at her school, St. Alphonsus', at Edmonton, Alta. Jeanette lives at 11923 82nd St., Edmonton.

Three Pals

Geraldine Eno, Anita Fortier, and Mayme Collison attend Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and they wrote a nice little letter when joining our Club. The "Soo" has given us lots of support, and we are thankful.

Dorothy White, 124 Oak St., London, Ont., is just eight years old, but she surely writes a neat little letter.



The Feast of our Patroness is celebrated on October 3rd. Picture above shows statue of Little Flower in our Seminary chapel decorated for the Feast. The reliquary shown before the statue contains relics of the Saint, piece of bone, hair and garment. It was a gift to the Seminary in 1927 from Archbishop O'Brien of Peterboro.

She reads the letters of our Rose Garden all the time. I hope your brother George got those Chinese stamps all right, Dorothy.

Not Going to be Stingy

"Dear Father Jim:

This is my first letter to you since I joined your Club, but it is not going to be the last. I am very proud of my badge and certificate. Margaret Gerrier, one of my school chums, is getting loads of letters from pen-pals and I believe I will be a little jealous if some do not write me. I have pen, ink, envelopes, and lots of writing paper, and I will not be stingy with them. I would like to get a letter from Mary King. Sincerely, Doreen Gillis, Box 595, Summerside, P.E.I."

I have an idea that Doreen is going to need lots of writing paper from now on.

A Friend of "China"

"I wish to join your Rose Garden. I am 15 years old. I think 'China' has been coming to our house since it was first printed. Bernardette McCaffrey, Luskville, Que."

Bernardette, I feel like saying something to you for not having become a Bud long ago.

A good old Irish name has Mary Burke, 1 Cottage Lane, Glace Bay, N.S. Mary is 11, goes to St. Anne's School, is a Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament, saves stamps for the Missions, says three Hail Mary's for the missionaries every night, and she wants her name in the "letters wanted" column.

Here's an Idea

If Sister Dolorita doesn't read this, things will be all right for Marie Donovan. Marie sent me a lovely letter which she tells me was written during arithmetic class—but Marie had all her sums finished, and said lots of nice things about her teacher, anyway, so all's well. And I won't give Marie's address, for there may be several Sisters Dolorita and several Marie Donovans, and there won't be any scoldings due anybody.

Margaret Lucas, 44 Locke St. N., Hamilton, Ont., was encouraged to become a Bud when she saw the nice certificates and badges received by some pupils in other classrooms. Thanks for the compliment to our Club, too, Margaret. Agnes Lucas, her sister, followed her good example.

A Long Walk to School

"I wish to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am a girl eight years of age. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I can go to Mt. St. Patrick's Church but attend Adamston Public School. Our teacher teaches us catechism. The games we play at school are Fox and Goose, Hide and Seek, Tag, Chicken and Hawk, and Blind Man's Buff. The next time I write I will send a picture of myself. Your little friend, Mary Lillian Gough, R.R. 1, Admaston, Ont."

Don't forget that picture, Mary. I hope there will be many others send me their pictures, too."

SUPERSTITIONS OF PAGANISM.

(Continued from page 134)

brations in honor of some one's birthday, red paper is used. New Year Greetings are written on red paper. But one sees paper at its best on the Feast of Lanterns. Birds, beasts, reptiles—and in this age of progress, airplanes; umbrellas, houses—in a word everything possible is made in paper for this big feast, and made, too, in the form of a lantern, lighted within by a candle. It is really a beautiful sight, and unfortunately I have seen it but once; for it is also an insight into Chinese character.

Yet even such a material thing as paper cannot escape the blight of superstition. The next life, in the opinion of many, is somewhat along the same plan as this present one. Clothing, food, money and a place to live in are all considered necessary in the life to come. And hence paper images of these articles are made and sent to the nether world by burning them—thus is the essence or substance of the things transported thither. But this practice has an origin of a quite different character.

Years and years ago, before Columbus and his Faith gave us the New World, a certain Chinese merchant found himself overstocked with paper. Being an ingenious fellow he cast about for ways and means of ridding himself of his surplus in a profitable manner. Together with his good wife they arrived at a possible solution; one, at least, which would be worth a trial. A coffin was made, and a small hole made in it. Then the merchant took "sick" and as quickly as he decently could, "expired". Amid much lamentation and crying he was laid away and the proper ceremonies performed. The neighbors who came to condole the poor widow were loud in their protestations of sympathy, but before long they noticed that she was carrying on in a rather strange manner. She was burning pieces of paper. Now that may have been a very good way of getting rid of too much paper, but to the thrifty neighbors there were many other and useful purposes to which it could be put. "But why are you doing so?" someone finally asked. She seemed reluctant to answer: but such innovations could not go unexplained. Then the "secret" came out. For three days she was to burn paper and the third day her husband would arise from the dead. (One might here wonder whether or no there is a devil-inspired parody in this.) The townsfolk must have watched such a proceeding with awe and growing excitement; but what their reactions were on the third day would be impossible to describe—for the "dead" man "arose".

Such is the reputed origin of the paper-burning superstitions of today. I suppose that the next time the stunt was tried the dead stayed dead because he really was dead. And gradually, or all at once, the idea came about that if he wouldn't come back from the dead he might want to use some few things if they could be gotten to him. And so today they burn the representations, and the souls of the nether world are grateful; at any rate one feels as though one has done a duty in a creditable manner—which is no small accomplishment.

Prayer to Christ

By Father Lynk, S.V.D.

Eternal Christ, who art God's light,
Pray, let me be Thy little lamp,
To light the path for pilgrim's feet
In life's night, dreary, dark and damp.

O Christ, who art God's melody,
May I not be Thy little song,
Unceasingly from dawn to dusk
To sound for Thee all my life long?

O Christ, who art God's gardener,
Pray, let me be Thy little field,
That under Thy benignant care
A hundredfold for Thee may yield!

O Christ, who art God's only Son,
May I not be Thy little child,
To play before Thy holy face
With heart serene and undefiled?

O Christ, who art the living God,
Pray, let me be these little things,
That make me great in Thy dear eyes,
Because Thou art the King of kings.

SOME OPPOSITES OF THE ORIENT.

(Continued from page 137)

box of candy from America; and here is the dialogue which took place when he came into the house looking for a piece of candy. Remember that the lad's sole end was to procure a piece of candy.

Imbo enters, salutes the Father in his best form, and gazes wistfully about, looking for an "idea-starter" among the objects in the room.

"Father, won't you buy me a clock?"

"What do you want with a clock?"

"Then, get me a Breviary like yours?"

"Why, what good would it do you?"

"Buy me a talking-machine?"

"No!"

"Buy me a stove, won't you?"

"No!"

"Then, a tobacco pipe?"

"You're too small to smoke."

"Well, then, Father, please give me some candy?"

You can imagine the mirth when we discovered what the lad was actually after. We said between chuckles to one another afterwards, "They surely begin at an early age over here to make a science of indirect approach!" — Rev. Father Cleary, in *"The Field Afar"*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Following are the contributions received between August 16th and Sept. 16th: Mrs. C. Hynes, $5.00; Friend, $1.00; Antony Gastick, $5.00; Margery Martin, $3.50; A. Boylan, $5.00; Mrs. J. Graham, $5.00; Anna Brochu, $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; Holy Family Convent, Inverness, N.S., $2.26; Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro, $12.00; J. J. Carolan, $1.00; A. J. MacDonald, $1.00; M. A. Morrison, $2.00; Mrs. W. M. Vale, $5.00; Friend, in honor of St. Anthony, $10.00; Mrs. A. MacIsaac, $1.00; Miss Maude Nelson, $25.00; Room 12, St. Mary's Girl's School, Toronto, $1.00; Friend, Glengarry, $25.00; Mrs. John Morry, $5.00; St. Anthony Girls, No. 7, Cornwall, $25.00; Emily McDonell, $4.00; St. Joseph School, Halifax, $7.25; Rev. Chas. A. McLaughlin, $10.00; Mrs. Peter Donovan, $5.00; S. Ryan, $1.00; Edna A. Blainey, $2.00; Kathleen Bird, $2.00; J. Murphy, $1.00; Mrs. Philip Meehan, $5.00; Mrs. Jos. Gracie, $1.25; Catherine Tomkins, $2.00; R. C. School, Otterbury, Nfld., $1.00; Mrs. F. Rolland, $5.00; Separate School, Mildmay, Ont., $1.00; Children of St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, $2.50; Thos. F. Higgins, $2.00; C. C. S. M. C., Charlottetown, $4.25.

Building Fund

Friend, $50; Friend, $5; M. Jordan, $1; Rev. J. F. Carrigan, $5; Mrs. John Driscoll, $1; Margaret Webster, $4.50; Andrew O'Brien, $5; Mrs. E. Berbenck, $1; Miss G. Hesen, $1.50; E. F. P., Montreal, $5; Adam Pataski, $2; Friend, $2; H. J. Reilly, $10; Rev. F. P. White, $25; Charlotte M. Fuller, $1; Mrs. Jos. M. Burke, $5; Miss Irene Robson, $2; Very Rev. D. A. Campbell, $25; Mrs. Jos. Gagnon, $1.

Burses

N. Krakansko, $1; W. J. Conally, $12.00; Friend, $50; Friend, Barrie, St. Anthony's, $5; "Thanksgiver", U.S.A., $10; Margaret G. Macdonell, St. Jude, $5.

WHAT PRICE NEO-PAGANISM?

(Continued from page 133)

Magnificent contrast, you exclaim. But, of course, it couldn't be true. Do you think so? Then read

Incident No. 4. Once More the Coast of Chekiang.

For over twenty hours Fr. Tai of Haimen and a pagan boatman have been clinging to the bottom of a boat overturned by a typhoon. There is no sign of rescue. The boatman, benumbed by the cold, can hold on no longer and slips quietly into the China sea. Fr. Tai is alone, hope almost gone. He feels that he cannot last much longer when suddenly a Chinese junk approaches. A small boat puts off to approach the waterlogged sampan, and from a distance of about ten feet the boatman makes his demands. He asks an exorbitant sum and Fr. Tai can only capitulate. Being Chinese, he knows full well just what would follow his refusal.

We have several other true stories, such as those of flood time, when people stand on the bank salvaging logs and boards and letting drowning children pass downstream, but this article is insufferably long. This is paganism. That is pagan regard for the sacredness of human life.

Respect for the Dignity of Womanhood.

Here we can do little more than state the obvious fact that Christianity alone enthroned woman upon the pedestal she occupies in Christian lands. Show me one pagan land today where woman is much better than a slave. Need we speak of India with its child marriages and its Suttee, or burning of widows upon their husband's funeral pyres? Egypt of old dominated by the shameless Isis! Babylon, Greece and Rome with Ishtar and Ariadne and Venus, glorified symbols of carnal lust! It was from out this mire that Christianity rescued womanhood.

Incident No. 5. Sinking of the Titanic.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! Whence that chivalry and gallantry of the sea which sends brave men to their doom that the weak and helpless may live? The Christian world still thinks with shame of the one coward who escaped dressed as a woman.

Incident No. 6. Any 100% Chinese Shipwreck.

Men first, last and always. A mad scramble in which the fittest will survive and in which women may look out for themselves. Were there space we could tell you stories.

Yet in Christian lands there are some women for whom the Christian heritage has been tried and found wanting, some who find a growing attraction for the mysticism of the East. Mysticism it may be, indeed, when viewed from the shores of America. But we have a somewhat closer perspective over here, and take our word for it that there is nothing in the least "mystic" about the lives of three foreign women whom we know to be living among the mountains of Chekiang. They have sought, and found, the mysticism of the East, and whenever one of them gets as far as the Convent at ——— it is a disillusioned and heartbroken creature who pours her story into the ears of the kindly sisters. One now wiser but sadder young French lady was married some years ago, in Paris, with great éclat, to a Chinese whose father was an Admiral. It was a swell affair, attended by some of the "very best people". Upon arrival in China she discovered that there had been some slight mistake; a few slight mistakes. First of all his father wasn't an Admiral, that is, not exactly. He owned a sampan, and there are only about 2,000 sampans on our little river alone. He also had another wife, or two, in China.

Another French lady is even now selling cakes in a small Chinese village near here. She, too, has found her mysticism, but it turned out to be a far cry from the Rue de Paix. And there are probably many more aspiring young mystics in Christian lands whose souls are cramped by the repressions and inhibitions of a narrow-minded Christianity. Not at all unlikely since Brahminism and Buddism became the vogue with some of the high-minded descendants of the fifty thousand who came over on the Mayflower and since bejewelled Rajahs became the object of the American maiden's prayer. Over here, unfortunately, we are a little short on Rajahs, but the supply of "Admirals" is virtually inexhaustible. So to those spiritual-minded young eagles who pine in the Christian cage we might say, "Go East, young woman, go East". It isn't really our personal funeral if you live and learn when hope has fled.

Regard for the sanctity of human life and reverence for womanhood are but two of the precious gifts of our Christian heritage which make society safe even for those who would fain encompass its downfall. As long as they are in Christian surroundings they enjoy a sort of a senatorial immunity from attack by their very own forces of destruction. It is still comparatively safe for Mrs. Neo-pagan to walk down the boulevard, and if little Willie Atheist falls in the well the average passer-by will at least make an attempt to fish him out. And thanks to the narrow-minded stubbornness of die-hard Christianity, even dear doddering old Grandpa may spend an evening on his verandah—at peace with the world—without the haunting dread of being impounded by the dog catcher and "delivered" to the nearest lethal chamber. Christianity will continue to save the world because "the Gates of Hell shall not prevail", but if the Frankenstein monster of Neo-paganism were ever to pierce civilization's first and only line of defence it would be rather pathetic to see to what extent the new school's theories of a vicarious sort of respectability would avail to save them in the tooth and claw jungle free-for-all that would ensue.

Monseigneur Hubert Otto, of the Scheut Belgian missions, recently celebrated on the one and same day the 60th anniversary of his ordination and the 57th anniversary of his arrival in China. Monseigneur Hubert Otto was ordained priest at St. Jean de Latran, at Rome, in 1873, by Cardinal Patrizzi. Three years later he arrived in China, and for 57 years he has not left the Mongolian steppes. He was nominated Apostolic Vicar of Kiangsu in 1890, which post he resigned in 1918. Monseigneur Hubert Otto is now 83 years of age, and continues to instruct neophytes for many hours every day.

NONSENSE



Gunn, the big-game hunter, was telling his stay-at-home wife all about his encounter with the Bengal tiger, and how he had finally shot it.

"Yes," he wound up, "it was a case of the tiger or myself."

She looked up at him proudly. "I'm so glad it was the tiger," she sweetly replied, "otherwise we wouldn't have had this lovely rug."

"They tell me your engagement is broken."

"Yes, and Bill behaved abominably."

"But I thought you broke it yourself?"

"So I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it."

Old Colored Mammy—"Ah wants a ticket fo' Florence."

Ticket Agents (after ten minues of weary thumbing over railroad guides) —"Where is Florence, Madam?"

Old Colored Mammy—"Settin' over dar on de bench, suh."

Mrs. Brown (concluding argument with neighbor): "Every time I look at you, Mrs. Smith, I feel I'm doin' the Government out of entertainment tax."

"Now," said the teacher, "which boy can name five things that contain milk?"

"I can," shouted a freckle-faced youngster. "Butter and cheese, an' ice cream an' two cows."

"Mrs. Upton's pet dog has been run over; she'll be heartbroken."

"Don't tell her abruptly."

"No. I'll begin by saying it's her husband."

Barber: "Haven't I shaved you before, sir?"

Customer: "No, I got that scar in France."

Heck: "In England to 'take orders' means to enter the church."

Peck: "It's slightly different over here—you enter the church, get married and then take orders."

Country Cousin (after prolonged inspection of building operations)— "I don't see the sense of putting statues on the top of your buildings."

Friend — "Statues? Those aren't statues. They're bricklayers."

"McTavish is an excellent judge of whiskey, isn't he?"

"Aye, a gran' judge—an' a merciless executioner!"

Dora had just returned from Sunday school, where she had been for the first time.

"What did my little daughter learn this morning?" asked her father.

"That I am a child of Satan," was the beaming reply.

Little Willie—"The teacher says the world is round. If I wanted to go east I could get there by going west, then, couldn't I?

His Father—"Yes, my son. You'll be a taxi driver when you grow up."

In a quiet country town a commercial traveller entered the general store. Going through to the parlor at the back, he came upon the proprietor and a friend engaged in a game of checkers.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "there are two customers in the shop."

Jones did not raise his eyes from the board. He merely nodded and whispered: "That's all right. Keep quiet and they'll go away again."

Hungry and tired after his long walk, Weary Willie at last came to a wayside cottage.

"Please, ma'am," he said to the kindly woman who came in answer to his knock, "could you spare me an old coat?"

The cottager looked down at the tramp's garments.

"But, my good man," she said, in tones of deep surprise, "the one you are wearing is nearly new."

"I know, ma'am," said Willie, despairingly. "It's this coat that's ruining my profession.

"My dear, listen to this and tell me what you make of it!" exclaimed the elderly English woman to her husband, on her first visit to the States. She held the menu almost at arms length, and spoke in a tone of horror. "'Baked Indian pudding!' Can it be possible in a civilized country?"

The objector to prohibition spoke bitterly. "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the teetotaler. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the Flood."

"Didn't you ever contemplate matrimony?"

"Yes, boy; but always from a safe distance!"

Pat was buying a clock.

"This," said the persuasive assistant, "is an eight-day clock."

Pat scratched his head in wonderment.

"What be an eight-day clock, mister?" he asked.

"One that will go for eight days without needing winding," explained the assistant.

"Begorrah," smiled the Irishman, "how long would it go if you wound it?"

Terence—"'Tis a fine lad ye have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Could ye lend me a couple of dollars?"

Pat—"I could not. 'Tis my wife's child by her first husband."

Customer: "Are these shoes worth repairing?"

Shoemaker: "Oh, yes; I can put new soles and heels on them, and also new uppers. The laces seem to be all right."

Lady Visitor to Marine Sentry: "How many sailors work in the navy yard?"

Sentry: "Oh, something like a third of them, I suppose."

"Yes, our new cook isn't bad; but one thing against her is she always boils eggs too hard."

"You're lucky. We can't get our cook to stay as long as that."

Minister: "I hear, Paddy, they've gone dry in the village where your brother lives."

Paddy: "Dry, mon! They're parched. I've just had a letter from Mike, an' the postage stamp was stuck on with a pin."

"I suppose you know the Millers are moving?"

"Why, they've only been here six months. People were just getting to know them."

"Yes. That's why."

"I think Uncle Jack is going to take us for a drive."

"You'd better go upstairs and wash your face."

Willie: "Hadn't we better find out for sure, mother?"

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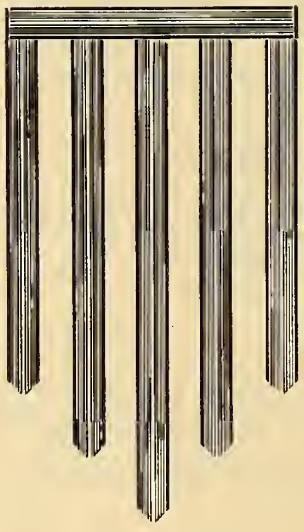


IS

MISSION SUNDAY

Throughout the

ENTIRE CATHOLIC WORLD



Our Holy Father, the Pope, Invites Catholics Everywhere to Make it a Day of Outstanding Missionary Significance.

Parishes, Schools, Sodalities, Etc., Clergy and Laity, Are Expected on This Day to Remember the Missionary Needs of the Church.

May we suggest to the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland that they remember especially on this Sunday our Seminary which is educating young men for the priesthood for the Chinese missions.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY

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VERY REV. J. E. McRAE, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS

NOVEMBER, 1933



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CHARITY TO THE MISSIONS

IT IS reasonable to suppose that many of our readers were surprised at our decision early in the summer to add to our accommodations at the Seminary. Knowing only too well the difficulties that lay in the way of raising sufficient revenue for the purpose, the natural question to be asked was: "How do they expect to pay for it?" To be candid about the matter, we had nothing to encourage us as to the future beyond the remembrance of the dealings of Divine Providence with our work in the past. But that encouragement was sufficient. The success of our missionary endeavours during the past fifteen years has clearly indicated the favour of God. We know that we are engaged in a work that was so dear to our Divine Saviour as to merit His last thought on earth, for His last consuming care was for the propagation and spread of that Gospel which He had come on earth to make known to man. Judged by merely human standards, we have been unwise in venturing into debt at a time of universal economic crisis, but our venturing has not been motivated by any merely human considerations. What we have done is for a spiritual purpose, nothing more nor less than the spreading of Christ's Kingdom on earth by the training of young apostles who will dedicate their lives to that end in China.

ALREADY we have had consoling evidences that our trust in Providence is being rewarded. Here are a few instances:

(1) Let us quote a letter from a benefactor. "Enclosed please find cheque for five hundred dollars to be divided as follows: twenty-five dollars for each of twelve Burses, and two hundred dollars for your Building Fund. I hope this little donation will lighten your worries even a wee bit. Not being rich in this world's goods, I want to make use of what I have to do good in this way while I am living."

(2) Francis J. Murphy, of Toronto, has handed us five thousand dollars to establish a burse, a gift which represents years of careful savings.

(3) From the estate of a deceased friend, whose name we do not even know, comes a bequest of five thousand dollars to aid our Burse Fund.

IT IS well to consider the significance of the above contributions. A lady has some hundreds of dollars over and above what she deems necessary for her own comfortable subsistence, and she is mindful of the tremendous amount of good she can do by aiding in the work of educating priests and providing a home for them during their period of training. She has rendered an important service to her Church in helping to spread the Word of God, and we cannot question the fact that she has earned for herself the blessings of the Almighty.

Mr. Murphy is not a wealthy man by any means, but one who after years of faithful hard work and service, has accumulated a savings account of good proportions. Imbued with the desire to do something worthwhile during his lifetime, he makes the laudable decision to devote his possessions to the service of God, reserving simply sufficient to live on. His sacrifice is a beautiful tribute to his spirit of faith and a very practical manner of showing his appreciation for God's goodness to him all through life. Many there are who could imitate his example and exchange their earthly treasures for the heavenly ones which "neither moths nor rust consume."

Realizing that "it is a poor will which does not mention Jesus Christ among the heirs", an unknown friend makes provision for the foreign missions in the distribution of the goods which he left behind at his death. Long years hence his generous act of remembrance will be giving assistance to future generations of young students, and their prayers will daily go up to God for the soul of their kind benefactor who made the Priesthood possible for them. We are deeply grateful to these, and all our friends whose assistance means so much to us.

WERE IT not for such occasional large donations we would be badly off in our efforts to keep going forward in our important Catholic work. We depend on our mail each day to bring us the means necessary to pay our current bills. Sometimes we are disappointed; other times we are jubilant; at all times we have need of a great deal more in order to be secure for a short time in advance. The "mites" we receive from our good friends are

(Continued on page 157)

VISITORS at LUNGCHUAN

By Rev. D. E. Stringer

LET ME tell you something of our Prefect Apostolic's first official visit to "The Castle", as I fondly call my mission of Lungchuan. Now, I have never been in a castle, but I have read a few mystery and ghost stories. You know the kind where castles are concerned. Deep and dark dungeons, gigantic spider webs, bats, and what-nots. If you can imagine such a setting, then you have an idea of what our "Castle" isn't like. I think that anyone of Monsignor McGrath's party would describe it somewhat after this fashion: "In the charming village of Lungchuan they have many beautiful trees, and rain. Flowers of many hues abound, and rain. The people teem, and so does the rain. The native foodstuffs are quite palatable, but not the rain. The Dragon Boat Festival was beautiful to see—in the rain." When I offered Monsignor a choice bit from the works of Mr. Chesterton entitled "The Romantic in the Rain"—well, let's forget about what happened. Isn't there some old song that goes: "It rained when I found you, it rained when I lost you"? I think the visitors could very well harmonize on that.

The word "old" brings to mind something that happened to me in Shanghai the last time I was there. It has no connection whatever with this story, but perhaps Father Editor will allow it to get by. I had been asked to get some radio bulbs. So bright and early one morning I sauntered down town to perform my errand. As I entered a store I was politely greeted with: "Well, what can we do you for, Sir?" No, no, I have it twisted; the clerk said: "What can we do for you, Sir?" We got to be quite chummy, and before long I was listening to a history of radio progress. When I saw an opening I chimed in with a question: "What about the So-and-So radio?" "Why, that is an old one, Father; very old, very old." I was beginning to wonder who among the ancient Greeks possessed a radio when I was abruptly brought to a stop. "Yes, Father, it must be all of two years old." How's that for modernity in China? Goodness knows how old the bulbs were—for he didn't have any. As I went out I was half-expecting to see the children with long flowing beards. But let's get back to the account of that official visitation at Lungchuan.

Rough Travelling.

The party was made up of Monsignor McGrath, Fathers Morrison and McNabb, and myself. We had not long been bundled into our two boats when the weather went against us. Rain and wind galore. The boatmen were forced to halt after struggling upstream for two hours. While dinner was being prepared I figured the trip would have to be called off as a miniature cloudburst hit us. We decided to keep on going as far as Pi-wu-ka, where we could enjoy the hospitality of the genial pastor, Father Boudreau. He boasts a new style of bed; "three seasons" is the name. You know that kind? No "spring". Ah! I thought so.

Sunday afternoon found us again on our way, experiencing intermittently wet and dry spells. When within 50 li of our destination the flood gates of heaven seemed opened and we literally got "the works". We anchored in a little inlet, and in two hours we saw the river rise two feet. It was, of course, impossible to row against it. The boatmen seemed to enjoy this forced cessation of their labours. Let me remind you that at this point we were five days on the journey, and had been reduced to reading the ads. from the papers we had along with us.

If ever any of you readers have to spend five days in one of these boats you'll understand how anxious we were for a chance to get a stretch. Monsignor and I decided to walk. A boy was sent to hunt up a carrier while we packed the very necessaries to take with us. Our frame of mind was something like that of a schoolboy getting ready to go on his annual picnic, and our reactions were identical when the servant returned with the news that the road was impassable. The river had overflowed its banks. We were not to be put off that easily, and sent him to ascertain if there was another road. Yes, there was another—a path leading over a mountain and joining the main road after seven li. Just the thing—perhaps a bit of adventure.

An Unpleasant Walk.

It was drizzling when we left the boats. An hour's walking brought us to the path. The climbing was laboriously slow. The wet, slippery surface combined with the now sultry weather didn't help us a bit. Once over the top, our way led through the rice paddies, and our walking was changed to sidelong ambling along the narrow, soft, yellow mud banks which separated the rice paddies. Finally, we came in sight of the river far below us. A few houses had been flooded, and water was everywhere. Trying to decide in mid-air whether it is best to fall into a river or into a muddy rice field is something that cannot always be done right. One of us, and it wasn't the Monsignor, solved the problem by choosing the happy (?) medium—mud to the elbows and water to the knees.

We breathed with relief when we came to a cobblestone path at the main road. Around a corner we saw that the road was submerged. Turn back now? Not a bit of it; if that water is not over our heads we're going to wade it. We went in over the knees, all right, and just then we regretted that a camera was not among our belongings. It is not often that a Prefect Apostolic visits a parish by wading his way along. At any rate we arrived in Lungchuan—**and it was raining!** The following day Fathers Morrison and McNabb straggled in, loud in their praises (?) of everything about the parish. If anyone should have it in mind to ask Father McNabb what they do in Lungchuan when it rains, do not be alarmed if his eyes flash and he answers in an obviously restrained tone, "They let it rain!"

Incidents.

During Monsignor's stay everything about the Mission was quite "nao nieh", as the Chinese say—quite bustling. On Pentecost Sunday morning he solemnly blessed the church. In the afternoon the Christians tendered their distinguished guest a banquet. The items of the menu may interest the readers of "China". If anyone has any doubts as to the edibility of the foods mentioned, let him write to Father Morrison and he will receive a glowing eulogy of Chinese fare. How would you like this menu? Hotei (bacon), tripe, pig's lungs, pig's tongue and bamboo shoots, sharks' fins, chicken pattie, turtle, chicken, water-lily hearts, soup à la eggs and bean-curd, squid with red pepper dressing, fat pork, watermelon seeds, pumpkin seeds, bi-lo, plums, Chinese grapefruit, candied peanuts, sugar tarts and rolls, and wine.

For the benefit of those people who so graciously answered the "Call to Arms" I will mention a case of obstinacy overcome. It was the misfortune of one of my Christians that he had to perform a public penance. During four years he had steadfastly refused to do so. I thought the Monsignor's visit an opportune time to bring the matter to an end. The old gentleman was called, but the only satisfaction he gave us was the assurance that he would think it over. It seemed that human respect was going to gain another victory, but after a few days the penitent came to us voluntarily and signified his intention of doing his duty. Here is the reason as he gave it to us.

He had been in church, he said, and dosed off to sleep. He dreamed he saw the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which adorns our church, come to life, and he asked her when he should die. To his repeated inquiries he received no answer other than a nod of the Virgin's head towards the Tabernacle. Interrupting him in his story, he answered my question by telling me that he never neglected a daily prayer to the Blessed Virgin to obtain a happy death. That night while he slept he dreamed again and saw three Chinese characters which translated would mean "Peace comes through being in accord with God". The combined urge of these two dreams could not be ignored, so he humbly performed his public penance—certainly no easy thing for anyone, let alone a Chinese with his cult of "face". The old man is now very fervent in his observance of his duties as a Christian. If the forty thousand masses and communions offered in response to the "Call to Arms" effected but this one reunion of a soul with its God, then they who offered these spiritual works can feel amply rewarded.

A humourous incident of the visit to Lungchuan was the following. One morning a man came to Father Wong and asked if it could be arranged for the Monsignor to visit his house. Fr. Wong, knowing him to be a pagan, inquired the reason for such a request. It came to light that, with the Monsignor as a drawing card, the visitors to that house would be many, and the number that would remain to gamble would enable our friend the pagan to loaf a few days on the profits derived from a percentage on each "pot".

The visit to "the Castle" was brought to a happy termination on the Feast of Corpus Christi, when Monsignor confirmed a class of sixteen. Friday morning, the Christians turned out in force to escort the party to the boat. A special chair was procured for the Monsignor, and to the din of exploding firecrackers the procession moved off to the river front, and the memorable first official visitation of Lungchuan parish was at an end.



Father Venadam is justly proud of his Lishui altar boys and choristers. And don't they look fine in their new soutanes and surplices? Father Arthur writes that it was due to the generosity of Mrs. Annie McInnis, Sydney, N.S., that he was able to secure these for his boys.

A CHILD BONZESS

HE was the greatest personage in the whole district, and his wife was the daughter of the Prefect. They were rich and powerful, and therefore it was thought that they should have been contented; but it was only people who did not stop to consider who said this, for they had no son. They had been married some years, but their only child was a daughter, and in China it is a terrible thing, almost a disgrace, to have no heir to come after the father and to see that all the rites which are supposed by the pagans to ensure peace to the soul are carried out.

At last one day it occurred to them to promise to give their daughter to be a bonzess if a son were born to them; and before very long their wish was fulfilled and Tchan-Se was the happy mother of a baby boy. But by this time they had grown very fond of their little daughter, and when the bonzess-in-chief sent word to say that she expected the fulfillment of their promise, they excused themselves by saying that the little girl was too young yet to be sent away from home.

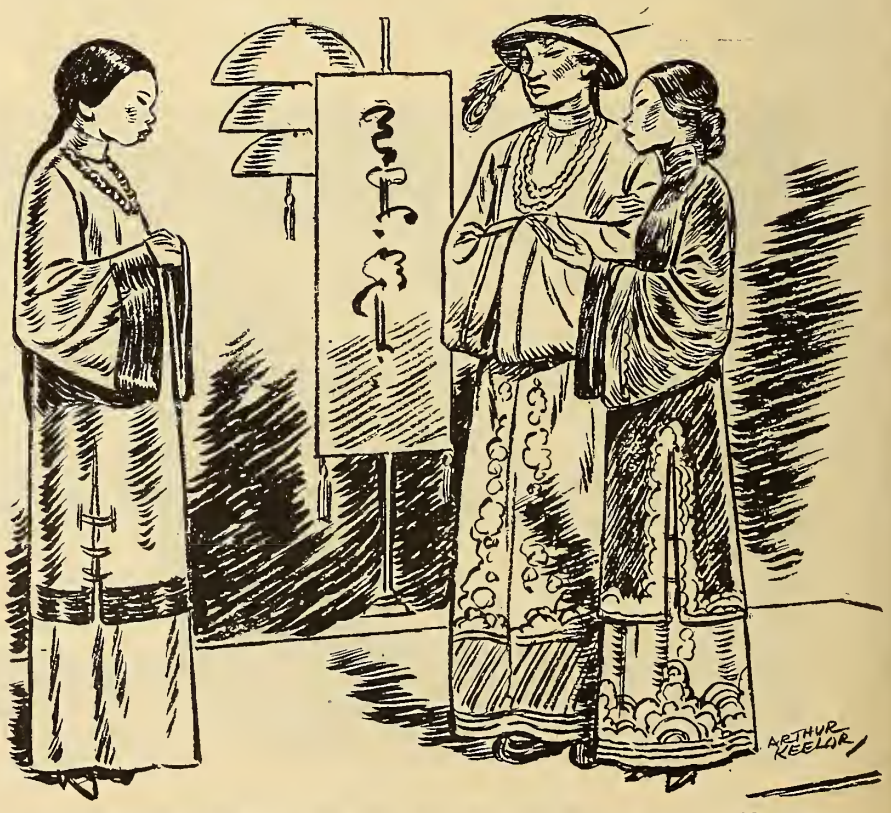
The next time that the same message came, they pleaded that their daughter was delicate and not as yet fit for the life of a bonzess; but when a third time the message arrived, and this time the words which were used to express the meaning of the bonzess held a menace, Tchan-Se and her husband no longer dared to ignore the demand. For a long time they consulted together as how they could manage to evade their promise, and at length they decided to go to the temple and lay the whole case before the bonzess, or pagan nun.

It is not the custom in China to say exactly what you mean at once, and a conversation which took place between the bonzess and the great personage had to be gilded with such compliments and beautiful speeches that it was a long time before the real object of the visit came under discussion. Each time that the bonzess had sent for the little girl, she had received, with excuses, presents both for herself and for her temple; and today, too, the child's parents had come laden with beautiful things, hoping thereby to appease either the gods or the priestess, they were not quite sure which.

The bonzess received the callers and was touched by their munificence, but she hinted that although she herself would be willing to forget the promise of dedication, there were powers that were not so easily put off; she also hinted at terrible calamities that she would be unable to avert, that might fall not only upon the little girl but on her brother as well. This seemed finally to decide the child's fate, when suddenly an idea struck Tchan-Se, and she turned again to the bonzess.

"We have in our household," she said, "a girl who has been brought up with our own daughter, and who is, I must confess it, more beautiful, more intelligent, and more docile than she is. The destiny of this child is in our hands. She is in fact our slave; but having, as I say, been brought up with our children, she is much superior to her state. If we give you this girl, and undertake besides to pay——" Here she referred to her husband, and he, after a moment's thought, mentioned a sum that was not to be despised, even by a bonzess. "Will you, under these conditions, consent to take the child, Mou, in place of our daughter?"

The offer, as they knew, was a good one for the bonzess. The recipient would be at liberty to keep or to spend the money as she desired. The gods would be



The bonzess received the callers, and was touched by their munificence.

propitiated by the offering of the other girl, and besides a slave would probably be an easier subject to govern than the spoilt child of a rich man who entered against her will.

After due consideration the bonzess consented, and the parents went on their way rejoicing. No one considered what the slave child herself might think of the bargain. After all, though she had been treated so well, as the companion and friend of the daughter of the house, she was in reality only a slave, and therefore she could be disposed of just as a rich man disposes of any piece of his property. Mou was at this time a big girl of twelve years old, and in China this is counted to be a grown-up age. Mou perhaps did not feel as grown-up as she would have done had she lived all her life in the streets, but the treatment she had always received had in other ways developed her intelligence, and when she was told what her fate was to be, she not only thoroughly understood, but she also thoroughly disapproved of it.

It was useless for her to cry and protest, and beg her little mistress to intercede with her mother for her. It was a choice between the two children, and Tchan-Se was certainly not going to sacrifice her own daughter for the fancies of a slave. There was nothing for it but to submit, and, worn out with tears and protests, the child was carried off and formally given over to the bonzess for the service of the temple.

Little Mou had dreaded the idea of becoming a bonzess, but in reality, she found, it was in most ways far worse than she had expected. Knowing that she had been a slave, the others gave her all the hardest tasks to do; and when from weakness or incompetence, these tasks were badly done, or sometimes not done at all, the poor little thing was beaten till her arms and back were black and blue. Her only joy was sometimes to creep to a corner of the temple, whence she could watch the happy children who were free to play in the streets and wander where they chose.

Day after day the poor little prisoner gazed on the earth outside, and by degrees she began to know the children by sight. There were several who always passed together, and took her fancy very much, and she tried to be at her look-out always at the same time, so that she would have a chance of seeing them. They were better behaved than the others whom she saw, and there was something in their faces that she liked.

Then she found that they passed back the same way in the evenings, and after that she tried to be at the look-out twice a day, though she found the evenings more difficult to manage than the mornings because then she was not supposed to be in the temple. In fact, she was forbidden to be there; but she had become so accustomed to be told how naughty she was, even when doing her best to be good, that now she had given up trying. As she was going to be scolded in any case, she thought she would please herself as much as she could.

One day Mou had been naughty, and had not really tried to do her tasks well, so the consequence was that she was beaten very hard. The next day she was so stiff and sore from the beating that, though she did try her very best, she could not sweep and dust as she was expected to do, and despite her bruises and her cries, she was beaten even harder than before.



Her shaved head showed that she had been admitted among the bonzesses.

For a long time she had woven fancies about herself, in which she escaped from the bonzesses and made her way to the home of the children she watched for, morning and evening, in the temple. This evening, however, Mou was too tired and too sore to think of anything pleasant, and it was more to get away from everyone, than to look out as she usually did, that she crept into the temple. Finding herself alone, as she had hoped to be, she no longer tried to restrain her sobs. She never thought how near she was to the children outside, who were due to pass by now, but whose very existence she had forgotten for the moment.

When the sound of sobbing fell upon their ears they stopped and looked around and finally decided that it must come from the little opening in the temple, above their heads.

"Who is there?" called the eldest one softly, standing on her toes to raise herself as much as possible. She wished to be heard by the child who was weeping—for they knew from the sound that it was a child—and yet not to attract the attention of the passers-by.

The second time that the question was repeated Mou heard what was said, and, sitting up, she peeped out into the street. Something had told her that her friends—for so she styled the unknown children—had come to her rescue.

"Oh, I'm so unhappy!" she replied, "and I'm beaten black and blue, and if I'm caught here I'll be beaten worse again."

What could the would-be comforters out in the street say to this? For a moment even the big

(Continued on page 158)

SIGNS of the TIMES
in Chekiang

Hangchow is living up to the reputation of "The Autumn Tiger". This term is used to describe unusually hot days at the end of summer and the beginning of autumn. The heat of recent days has been exceptionally trying, but the week-end has cooled off by very heavy showers, which seem to be the result of some typhoon in the offing.

The holiday season is over, judging from the signs of lively activity in the schools and colleges. Crowds of students are flocking to the various educational centres, and the examining boards are working under full pressure. The new Government school for girls, erected on the site of the old Manchu parade ground, is nearing completion. Within its portals modern Miss China will find a splendidly equipped institution with the latest school contrivances. There can be no doubt of the Hangchow educational authorities moving with the current scholastic developments. This new high school is well prepared to aid the young generation to fit itself for the economic struggle of the future.

Signs of progress in the administration of "Heaven Below" are never wanting. The young women police, in their smart uniform, look very picturesque as they speed about on brilliantly painted cycles. The latest innovations are the police booths erected at strategic points of the city and environs. These neat little bureaux, covered in with glass and electrically lighted, are fitted up with telephones and furnished with appliances used by the police force which enable them to get in vital touch with the remotest parts of the municipality with lightning speed.

At the main cross roads illuminated direction posts are nearing completion. These concrete pillars supporting an iron frame cylinder are surmounted by a clock with a large dial-plate. The Hangchow public have now the benefit of standard time, but old-time customs still linger, even in this progressive city, for the crier may be heard every night beating out the watches with his bamboo and gong.

Anniversaries and Mottoes.

The usual crop of anniversaries and autumn conferences are being announced. White streamers stretch the streets to impress the populace with their duty to pool their energies and resources in helping the Government in its effort to make China clean. The People's Party are celebrating the first united conference, and delegates are receiving a royal welcome. In bold letters the Party is exhorted to exert itself in securing "Freedom and Equality" for the land and people.

In the meantime the trade depression continues to be a source of worry to the trader. Strange to say, the price of rice has become so cheap that the ordinary farmer is faced with ruin; in some districts it scarcely pays to till the soil. Notwithstanding the dry summer, good crops have been garnered, but the scarcity of ready money is compelling many small shopkeepers to put up the shutters. China is facing the same problem of over-production which is bringing such chaos to other parts of the world.

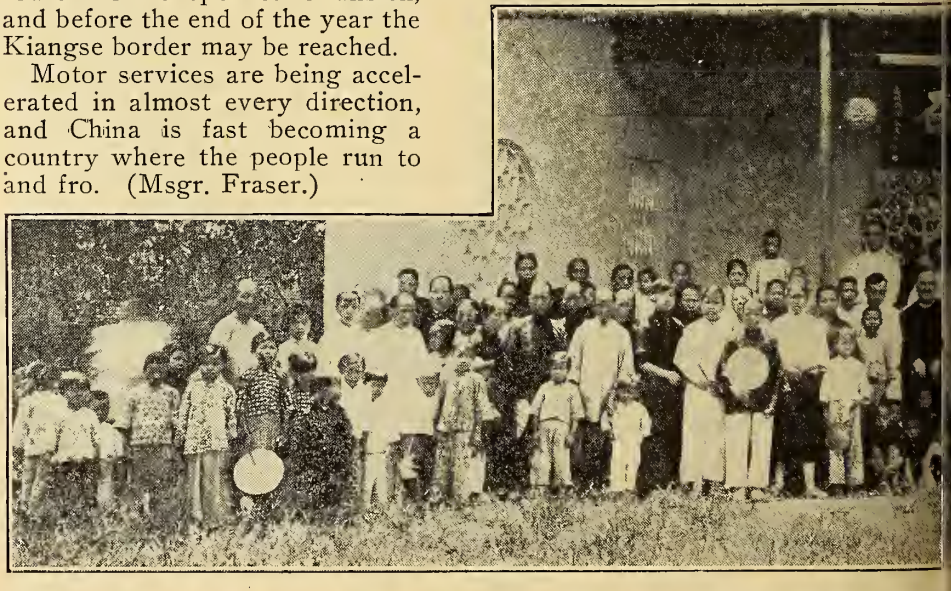
The Hangchow-Kiangsi railway continues its popularity and conveys crowds of enthusiastic passengers to and from Kinhwa and Lanche day and night. In a very short time it is expected the route will be open to Chuhsien, and before the end of the year the Kiangse border may be reached.

Motor services are being accelerated in almost every direction, and China is fast becoming a country where the people run to and fro. (Msgr. Fraser.)

CANADA AND ITS MISSIONARIES.

Rome.—There are 1,622 Canadians working in the mission fields of the world—431 priests, 218 brothers and 973 sisters, according to the statistics compiled by the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

Of these, some belong to strictly Canadian institutes, as the St. Francis Xavier Foreign Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, and the Quebec Foreign Missions, Pont-Viau, among the institutes for men, and the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Providence and several others, among the mission sisters. The majority, however, represent Canadian provinces of larger European congregations. In all, 23 congregations for men, working in 56 different ecclesiastical territories, and 38 institutes of sisters are represented. Priests and brothers, according to the continent on which they labour, number: 292 in North America, 173 in Asia, 158 in Africa, and 26 in the Pacific Islands. The Sisters: 557 in North America, 287 in Asia, 86 in Africa, and 43 in the Pacific Islands. 374 of the total 1,622 are working among Indians and Orientals of Western Canada, in dioceses which, though not directly under the Congregation of Propaganda, are nevertheless correctly considered as mission territories. (Fides.)

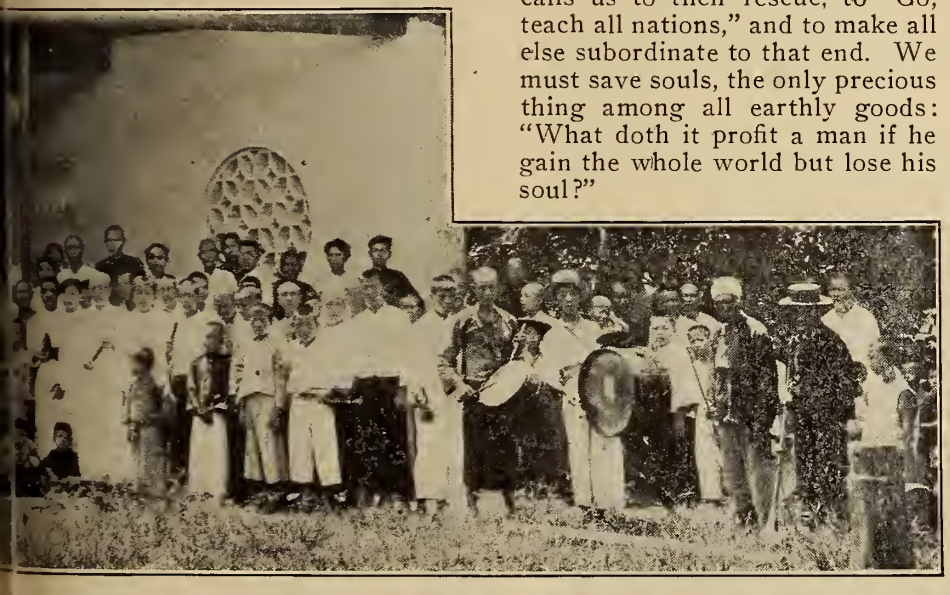


The picture above was taken during the past summer on the occasion of a visit to Lishui by McGrath, P.A., Monsi

WHERE XAVIER DIED.

The shrine of St. Francis Xavier on Sancian Island, off the South Coast of China, which marks the place where the Saint died while waiting to enter China, has been restored and plans are being made for pilgrimages there. Sancian Island is 100 miles by boat from Hongkong.

St. Francis Xavier died on this little island in 1552 while waiting for a boat which was to bring him to China, where he hoped to carry on missionary work. Bishop Guillemin, of the Paris Foreign Missions, erected the beautiful chapel in 1869, and brought from Europe, the same year, a bronze statue of the Saint, which he erected on a huge stone pedestal on the hillside behind and above the chapel. The building of two churches on the island in 1869 must have been a stupendous undertaking because all the materials, and perhaps all the workmen, had to be brought from Hongkong. The Maryknoll Missionaries were given charge of this sacred spot some years ago, and they have restored and renovated the shrine, which had fallen into ruins. A new pier of reinforced concrete, 200 feet long, has been constructed at the entrance to the shrine, and plans are under way for a pilgrimage from Hongkong in the near future. It is hoped that later on pilgrimages will be undertaken from North China, Japan, Europe and America. (Fides.)



ving some old acquaintances. In the centre are Fathers Beal and Morrison, Monsignor Serra and Venadam.

ONE BILLION SOULS
to be Saved

Who can fully comprehend the meaning and import of this—one billion souls to be saved! So many million heathen still living in this world ignorant of their God and their eternal destination! And yet these souls of the heathen are as immortal as our own; created for the same eternal happiness. Our faith teaches us this. No one of these billion souls will cease to exist after their earthly courses have been run. All will live forever, either supremely happy in the contemplation of God in heaven or eternally miserable in the depths of hell.

The Greek artist Zeuxis had employed all his skill and talent in his famous painting of the Adonis. A fire threatened to destroy his house and home. Terror-stricken at the thought of losing his greatest treasure, he anxiously cried out: "Let all be destroyed, but save my Adonis!"

In the same manner the Divine Artist created in each human soul His own portrait—the image of His goodness — living, divinely beautiful and immortal, the highest treasure of terrestrial creation.

And now He sees this precious treasure to which His great Heart is attached with the most tender love one thousand million times in danger of being precipitated into the eternal flames of hell. He calls us to their rescue, to "Go, teach all nations," and to make all else subordinate to that end. We must save souls, the only precious thing among all earthly goods: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his soul?"

Nothing is more touching in the Gospel than when Jesus weeps, when He cries, "I thirst!" as His eyes close in death, and His loving Heart is drained of the last drop of blood. This is His way of estimating the value of the human soul. Or is it possible that He was in error when He offered His life and precious blood as the price of redemption?—"For you are bought with a great price." When the Spirit of divine love and truth seeks a sanctuary wherein to dwell, He chooses the human soul as a living temple, created by the divine breath of God and sanctified by His grace. He alone is worthy and incomparable; all earthly splendor and glory must vanish in the ravishing light of His beauty and grandeur. "Know you not that you are the temple of God?"

Now what do some of the saints say, who are endowed with a deeper understanding and are more competent to estimate the ineffable value of the soul?

"The whole world is not worth a single soul."—St. Gregory the Great.

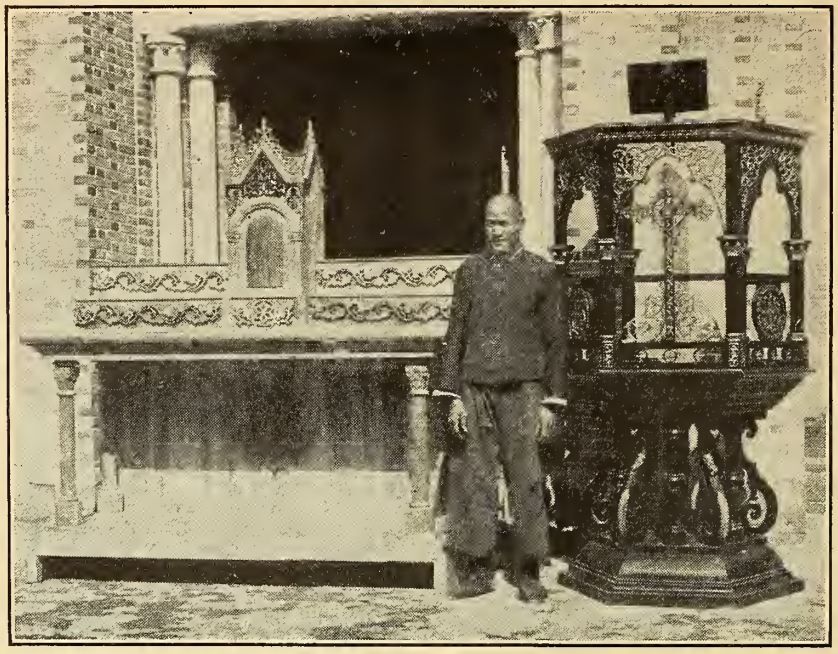
"Soul, thou art worth as much as the precious blood of Christ."—St. Bernard.

"The soul is the image of the Creator, the breath of God. Learn, O man, to know thy dignity and thy nobility."—St. Ambrose.

"There is in the whole world but one good — salvation—and only one evil — perdition."—St. Francis Xavier.

Like blind men, the precious souls of one thousand million heathen blunder along the edge of the precipice of eternal misery and pain. We have the means and can help them. God, the Creator of these souls, summons and calls us to their rescue. "Go, teach all nations." Whosoever saves a soul from ruin rescues his own from death. What more does it need to impel us to take an intimate part in the greatest work that can be undertaken for God's glory—the salvation of souls?

—Rev. H. Fischer, S.V.D.



A hand-carved altar and pulpit for one of our mission churches. The pagan craftsman is proud of his beautiful work, and you will agree that he has reason to be so.

A Virago in Action

Mighty oaks from little acorns grow, and likewise a terrible family row can be caused by a trifle. We are in the turnip season, and the women and children are busy cutting up the turnips to be dried and stored away for winter use. A brass slicer, much in the form of a cheese grater, is used to quickly reduce the turnips to thin strips, which are spread out on bamboo mats to dry. It just happened that the village blacksmith had no grater, but he had quite a crop of turnips this year. On the other hand, the village inn-keeper, a refugee from the Communists in Kiangsi Province, had a grater but no turnips. So what more natural than that the blacksmith should borrow the innkeeper's grater? In fact, the inn-keeper had no objection whatsoever, and if Eve hadn't eaten that cursed apple there would have been no trouble, and the blacksmith's turnips would have been duly cut, dried, and consumed. But, alas and alack, the inn-keeper's wife was not born free from the taint of that original sin. No, sir, she will not lend the turnip grater, and the blacksmith can go buy his own grater, etc. From sizzling verbal encounters the irate spouses proceeded to fistic engagements, and about noon a real battle was on, and no blows barred. About this time the neighbors sought to intervene, for the inn-keeper's wife had by now become little short of an infuriated demon and threatened to wreck the place. Her physical powers were not, by any means, to be despised, and the haymakers she was flinging in all directions were being to take their toll amongst the would-be peacemakers. The inns here are supplied with a goodly number of tiny earthenware stoves for the use of travellers, and one by one these stoves had been hurled and kicked at the hapless husband, and the air was clouded by the ashes from these improvised hand grenades. And what she called him, and what he called her, O me, O my. The Billingsgate fishmongers are still in the kindergarten class when compared to our friends, the inn-keepers from Kiangsi. But, as the tourist in Naples gasped, as he sucked and sucked at his string of spaghetti, "this can't go on forever", and so our raving Amazon was pinned down, her unlucky lesser half exiled to the far extremity of the village, and slowly the rumblings of the storm rolled away, and peace descended on us once more. But the blacksmith didn't get the grater.—Rev. J. E. Venini.

MANDARIN ENCOURAGES TEACHING OF RELIGION

Since last November the seminaries of Sienhsien, Hopeh Province, have been visiting the jails of the city to speak to the prisoners and instruct them. The Purgatorian Sisters have also been visiting the prisons and nursing the sick and injured. One day recently the Mandarin arrived just as a young seminarian was speaking to a group of ex-bandits. He waited until the young man had finished and then he repeated the discourse in his own style. "We cannot do much besides looking after your bodies," he began, "but the missionaries are thinking about you and wish to take care of your souls to make you better. This is a great benefit, so make sure that you heed them well. When you go back to your homes, give good example. It will not be difficult. Get busy and secure for others the good fortune you have had of learning of this doctrine which has changed you into other men."

Some of the old prisoners were so struck by the devotion of the Sisters in looking after their ills and cuts that they said, "But how can we help but become Christians when we see things like these. In this religion there is real love for men."

FLOOD RELIEF IN CHINA.

The story of how 1,400,000 men built 5,000 miles of dykes along the Yangtze in eight months during the 1931 flood disaster was related to a gathering of British soldiers in Shanghai by Mr. J. E. Baker, chief of the commissary division of the now defunct National Relief Commission in China.

The Mississippi flood of 1927 was thought to be the greatest flood disaster in history, said Mr. Baker, but the Yangtze flood in 1931 was the greatest in all history, surpassing that of the Mississippi in far greater proportions both in the area inundated and people affected. The area flooded in China was as big as that of England and half of Scotland put together, and the people directly affected numbered more than fifty million.

The amount of earthwork done in connection with the protective dykes along the Yangtze, its tributaries, the Grand Canal, and the Huai River, all joined together, would build an embankment 6 feet high and 6 feet wide round the world at the equator.

A CHINESE SHOPPING DISTRICT

By Rev. W. H. McNabb

SINCE we want to give the business section of Lungchuan the once-over, we'll turn east after leaving our front gate. "Main Street" is quite long, and both sides are lined with shops of every description. Although it is the business street, you must not imagine, therefore, that it is a "busy" street. It has none of the Western hustle: things go along very slowly, and the people on shopping tours have no need to be careful of motor cars, street cars, or even bicycles—for there just aren't any. The only unusual activity on that street is occasioned by the passing of a troop of soldiers or by the appearance of a foreigner.

The grocery store has the usual things one would expect to find there—and oftentimes a good many unusual things. Some of the preserved eggs look as if they had been just dug up from King Tut's tomb, but evidently they make a good dish to judge by the number of customers buying them. Rice is sold in bulk, and in every grocery store it is piled high in large vat-like containers. Packages of matches fill the shelf behind the counter. A rusty oil lamp hangs in a convenient place to supplement the service given by a single electric bulb of doubtful utility. The city's supply of electricity is meagre indeed, but what can one expect from a mere gas engine whose generating power is sadly overtaxed.

The shops are all of the open-air variety. And "variety" there surely is. Adjoining places of business include in order a grocery store, a barber shop, a blacksmith's forge, a tailor's, a "medicine shop", and a tinsmith's.

The barber shop boasts two large mirrors, which reflect the neatly-shaven head of the proprietor; at the blacksmith's two young lads are developing their muscles while an old man holds the red hot metal for their blows —from nails to plowshares can be bought here. Most of the tailors do their work entirely by hand, but some of the more modern ones make use of an imported "Singer Sewing Machine". This is the most common "foreign" machine in our section of China; hand labour is so cheap and so plentiful there is not much need for machinery. Perhaps that explains why the "Depression" hasn't made much difference in things over here. Of course, there is a certain amount of "unemployment", but it never seems to affect the usual run of affairs.

To the foreigner, the "medicine shop" is not always recognizable as such—at least it has that much in common with the modern Western "drug-store", but for a different reason. Here, in many cases, the drug-store appears to be nothing but a counter, but underneath that counter are little drawers, each with their own special medicine. Much of their stock in trade is made up of herbs and roots whose claims to fame have come down through long years of usage. Many of the remedies, though crude enough, have their own merits and effect cures. A few whose knowledge of "medicine" has carried them into foreign fields produce for sale such imports as Pink Pills for Pale People.

The unwary stranger would think at first sight that the tinsmith's is the proper place to stock up with Campbell's soups. The cans on his shelves, although bearing the unmistakable label, do not, however, contain soup. The cans are just waiting their turn to be converted into pots or spoons or whatever the customer wants made. Do your own explaining, aided, perhaps, with a drawing, and it is surprising what the tinsmith can do with these soup tins.

And then there is the vegetable-sellers' row. The countrymen sit near their baskets as the customers do their selecting. The amount of vegetables carried by any one "merchant" is, as a rule, limited to the contents of two baskets. Finally, an important adjunct to the "business district" is the transient peddler who moves up and down the street ringing a bell or twisting a noisy clapper to announce his presence. He carries his "shop" with him on the ends of a wooden pole, and his two cupboards (each about four feet high) conceal about as varied a stock as a "five and ten" store. Business is business with the Chinese as with other peoples, and if their "stores" are somewhat different than what we are used to, yet they have the same purpose—to cater to the needs of the people and to provide a living for their owners.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

The increasing interest of our people, and particularly of our school-age generation in the Catholic missionary endeavours; the multiplicity and diffusion of missionary literature; the extraordinary number of sacerdotal and religious vocations, compared to a few decades ago, are surely hopeful signs. They are like the buds on the trees which, in the words of the Master, bring with them the sure promise of Spring. —(*Missionary Bulletin*).



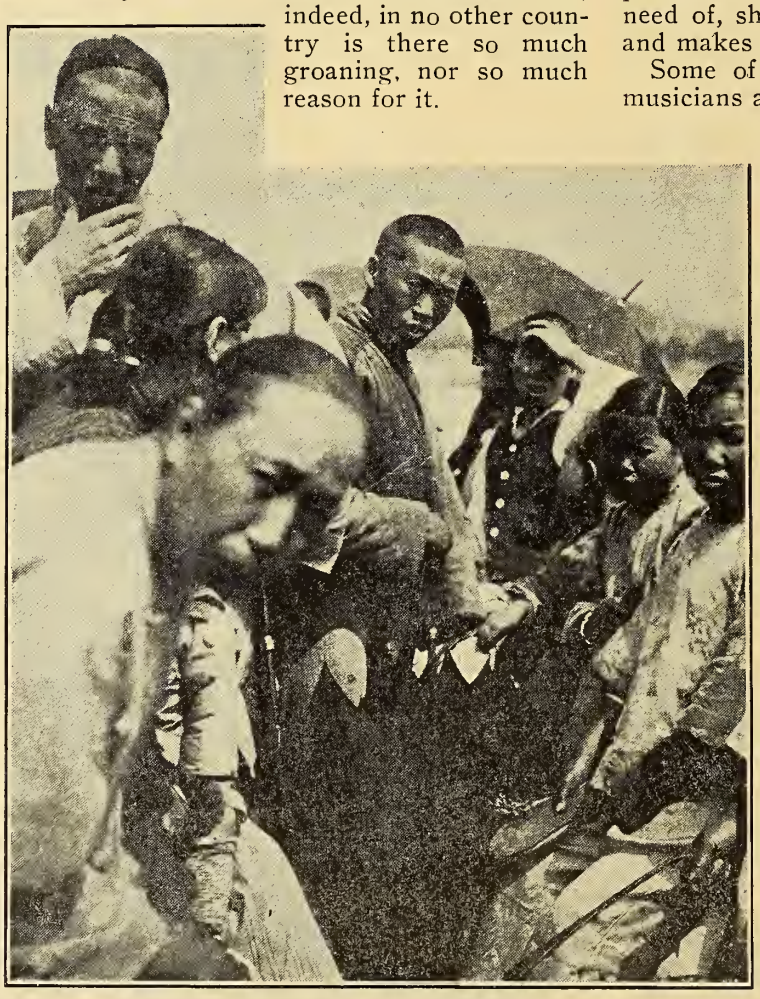
A new view of Lishui, the mission centre of our District of Chuchow in China. Convent of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception shown at right.

The Cries *of* China

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a nervous person, than the cries of China. Newcomers to this land of noises often remark, that they cannot get them out of their head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that they are in China. It has always been a delight to me to listen to them, and I prefer them to the song of larks and mockingbirds, with all the music of the fields and woods.

The cries of China may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are present under a very great disorder. Any individual peddlar of wares has the privilege for hours together of advertising his particular stock with the clanking of a brass kettle or a frying pan. The policemen's thump, thump throughout the night keeps the night prowlers informed as to his whereabouts, and saves him the annoyance of coming across a thief. The beggar's harp has indeed something musical in it, and can be heard day or night at almost any street corner. Bugles resound from every hill and street, wherever there are soldiers, and that is everywhere; during the day at all hours and during the night at regular intervals, according as the spirit moves them, or their superstition leads them, the soldiers blaa.

Vocal cries are of a much larger variety and, indeed, so full of incongruities and variations and tones, that to the inexperienced foreigners, who do not understand the meaning of such enormous outcries, this land seems a home of hoodlums. The most outstanding cries are those of the coolies carrying burdens. In China everything is carried on the backs of coolies, who accompany all their labor with a sort of sing-song moaning, or a rhythmic groaning, keeping time with their work. It is a sort of a "he ha, he ha, ha he, ha he". If there are two on the job, the first will use one tone and say one syllable and the other will use a different tone and answer. When they are working in large groups it makes a pleasant effect. To me it always sounds like groaning, and is a picture of a nation in distress. And, indeed, in no other country is there so much groaning, nor so much reason for it.



Passengers on the Lishui Ferry.

Then there are the cries of the peddlars. In no other country in the world is there such a variety. Everything, every conceivable article of food, every imaginable toy, any useful piece of clothing, any and many odds and ends, from American tooth paste to Chinese back scratchers, can be bought on the street. And for every separate kind of thing there is a special call. Some things demand such a high pitch that it sets our teeth on edge. Some things are uttered in the deepest bass. Every bit of all which is still as unintelligible to me as when I arrived on the first day. So far I can distinguish two calls, that of *lobo*—turnip, and that of *iogo*—a certain kind of oily doughnut. But it seems as if the Chinese house-wives understand them well, for as soon as one utters the particular kind of ware she is in need of, she appears at the door and makes her purchase.

Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that, during my stay at the hospital in Hankow, they caused me more than one nightmare, and tempted me either to commit murder or break up their goods. When I wake up at night with one of their cries sounding in my ears, I still do not know whether it is a fire, or the Reds are invading the city, or it is just a vendor selling matches. At first I was inclined to fear the worst, but now I always interpret things by opposites. The louder the yells the cheaper are the things the fellow is selling, and the less danger there is. Some day there will actually be a riot or war and I will sleep peacefully through it and not be the wiser. It must be admitted, however, that the newspaper criers over here are more temperate than their clan is in the States. An "extra" in the States is yelled out with the same precipitation as "fire". The reason is, I suppose, that the people here have been fooled so often and so badly that they re-

fuse to be excited by any news appearing in print.

Nor must I omit, under the head of cries, the many family quarrels which are aired out on the streets. When I first heard them I was nonplussed and my imagination pictured riots and uprisings. Now I apply the old proverb: "Much cry, but little wool." At least there is but little wool sent flying.

There is one set of cries which always amuses me, namely the cries of the school children studying their lessons. In China all lessons are studied out loud, each pupil studying on his own lesson and bringing in all the required tones. Some yelling at the highest pitch of their voice, others in contented grumbles. It reminds me of nothing more than a contented barnyard, with chickens cackling, roosters crowing, dogs barking, guinea hens squeaking, horses whinnying, cows mooing, calves baaing. As there are no large schools in my missions, these school yells are multiplied a hundredfold, and it lasts from the rising of the sun until its setting.

There is still another variety of cries one often meets with, and of which I am not at all fond. These are the cries of beggar women. They can present their pitiable lot with greater passions than even Shakespeare was master of, and they all have the gift of tears. While the lot of most of them is pitiable, their cries and tears are plain counterfeit. At first I was taken in by a couple of them, but now I laugh at them. When they see that I recognize their game, they laugh at themselves. If you make them confess the truth, you will find that they are quite well provided for after all.

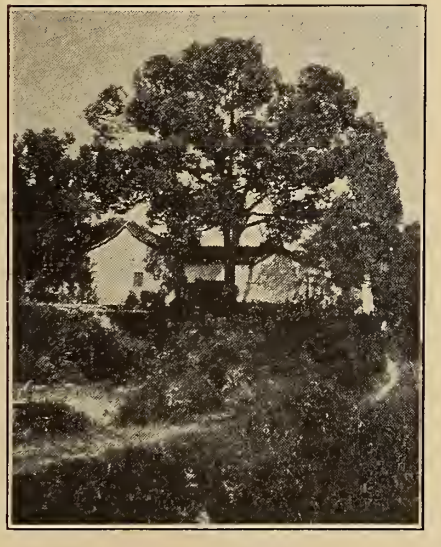
All these cries, together with the constant sounding of gongs in pagan temples, the numerous street singers, the cackling of chickens, quacking of ducks, squealing of pigs and howling of dogs, form an impression which is far more homelike than the cranking and honking of cars, the screaming of gears and the grinding and crunching progress of the street cars, which drown out the more human noises in the cities of the Occident.—Rev. A. Wecker, in "Franciscans in China".

PRAYERS ANSWERED AT HUANG D'AN.

A short note from Father King, received on October 23rd, reports the Retreat for our missionaries had concluded at Lishui and the priests were now "hastening back to the front".

"All is well at Huang d'An," he says, "and our little flock there is indeed worthy of great praise. When Father Amyot and I left there on Sept. 1st, to go up for Retreat, we had a very touching manifestation of the religious spirit of these people. We had to leave exceptionally early, but yet there were nineteen attended Mass, and ten of them received Holy Communion. Some men and boys came to the chapel as early as 3.15 a.m., although we had made no announcement of an early Mass. More than 200 were at Mass in Huang d'An on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. There was no room, of course, to accommodate them all in our old chapel, which wobbled and shook, but did not actually collapse. Many of our Christians returned to their villages after Mass, but we had 106 at Benediction and Rosary in the evening.

"Quite a remarkable thing happened on the Feast. At Mass, as requested by the people, we had offered special prayers for rain. It came down in abundance at 8.30 that evening, and, strange to relate, irrigated thoroughly only the fields of those who were Christians. In a pagan village less than a mile distant scarcely a drop of rain fell to save the drooping rice plants. Everybody noticed the strange occurrence."



A scene along the road from Lishui to Pi-wu-ka.

CHARITY TO MISSIONS.

(Continued from editorial page)

appreciated very much; they assure us of the goodwill and the interest of people who are making sacrifices on our behalf. We thank God that the poor are our helpers. Their own poverty does not lessen their Catholic spirit and their sense of responsibility to their Faith. The widow's mite drew from the sacred lips of Christ that brief, touching eulogy which shall forever remain the consolation and joy of the poor when presenting their gifts, with the goodwill of their hearts, to advance the interests and the glory of that God Who, without needing our help, is so condescending in receiving and so generous in rewarding it. No one has ever yet been impoverished by almsgiving.

We have mentioned these gifts editorially in order to emphasize the spirit of Christ-like charity which has prompted and inspired them. Maybe these generous friends are teaching a needed lesson to our Catholic people on the use of their worldly possessions. To us they demonstrate the fact that the Catholic Missions have a claim on the charity and the sacrifice of the individual members of the Church. All of us can and should be missionaries. Only a chosen few are called apart to devote their entire lives and all their energies to the spreading of the faith, but the work of sustaining these cannot be left to an insignificantly small number of the faithful. Every Catholic is obliged to assist and co-operate to the best of his ability to carry on the work successfully. Only in this way the great work of the propagation of our holy faith will be able to prosper and flourish. We believe that the only thing needed to evoke generous support for the missions is the spread of information concerning them. If Catholics only knew and understood this great and important obligation of their Church, if they realized their personal responsibility in the matter, and if they considered the manifold blessings which attend those who aid the work of the foreign missions, then we are persuaded that their generosity would be manifested accordingly.

A CHILD BONZESS.

(Continued from page 151)

one was at a loss. Then another question broke the ice, and after that the story of the unwilling little bonzess was told to them in full.

At this second visit it was the story of the outsiders that had to be told. They were on their way to school—that was the first piece of information they gave; but after that came stories of their school life, which were continued not only on that evening but for many days to come. Even these few moments' daily intercourse with other children, as a relaxation from the continual company and scoldings of the grim bonzesses, seemed to help little Mou to bear with her life more patiently. But what she heard about the wonderful school, from which her friends would not lose a day from any consideration, created in her poor little starved heart such a longing to share its delights that at length, driven to desperation by a continual series of cruel beatings, she decided to run away.

It was a dreadful thing to do, and her friends outside were so good that she was afraid at first to mention it to them. But at last she made up her mind to do so, and then that very evening they told her that for a whole month they could not pass that way because the school was giving them holidays. One or two promised to come and see her if they could; but as the days passed she found that they were too full of holiday-making to remember their promise, or at least just yet. Deprived of her only comfort, and worn out from beatings, she made up her mind at last to creep out at night when all the world was dark and climb up over the fence, to liberty.

The Sisters were not unaccustomed to children going to them for protection; but when little Mou came to their door, trembling, and marked from head to foot with all her beatings, they were at a loss to know what was best to do with her. Her shaved head showed that she had been admitted amongst the bonzesses, that she was not only a little servant maid; and if it was discovered that she was at the convent, might it not bring danger upon the helpless inmates of their little hospital?—for the Christian religion was only just tolerated in the town.

A TITLE FOR YOUR WILL

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary for the education of young men for the priesthood.

But a little questioning made it apparent that it was not only protection that the child asked; she wished to be a Christian. The children had told her what they were taught, they had repeated some of their prayers to her, and it looked as though our Lord Himself had taught the child to know Him, for it hardly seemed possible that the children's words alone could have enkindled such faith and love in her heart. She wanted to be a Christian, and to give up her life to the service of God, just as she had been forced to give it up to the service of the temple.

It happened that two Sisters were about to start for another convent down the river, and it was suggested that the child should be smuggled out of the town amongst their baggage. It would have been inhuman to send Mou back to the people who did not scruple to ill-treat her so cruelly; and then, when the little thing was taken into the chapel, it was plain that to send her back to paganism would have been even more inhuman, when it was so evident that God Himself had given her the gift of faith.

The orphanage down the river was already filled to overflowing, and "Ma Soeur" did not know where the money to buy food was to come from in another week or two, unless kind people at home in Europe happened to remember her and her large family. Yet little Mou, having come so far and with the marks of her bruises still fresh upon her, could not be refused. A corner was found for her, and very soon she felt not only at home and happy, but useful in the school. From the day she had learnt of the existence of God her resolution of dedicating herself to His service never wavered. Everything she did had this end in view, and there was no one more obedient, more docile, more in earnest than she. But she had many things to learn still, and for some years she must go on swelling the numbers for whom the nuns have to provide.

As for the bonzesses, they had inquiries made, and even her former master tried to find out what had happened to her; but as their only idea was that some of the child's own people had found her out, no suspicion fell on the convent. If, some day when little Mou had attained her wish, and is a real nun, she is sent back to the town where once she was a bonzess, there will be no danger of her secret being discovered; for it was reported that a child had died amongst her people soon after her escape from the temple, and the bonzesses are quite sure that this child was Mou.—*"The Schoolmate."*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Following are the contributions received between Sept. 16th and October 19th: Miss Rose McKenna, $1; J. C. Chisholm, $1; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Mrs. Alex. McNeil, $4; J. J. Carolan, $1; Annie J. MacDonald, $10; Agnes Coules, $1; Emile Pinel, $2; W. T. Featherstonhaugh, $4; Ursuline Convent, Calgary, $2; P. Plunkett, $1; Halifax Seminarian, 50c; Rev. Friend, Nfld., $5; Robert Kiely, $5; Alice Carney, 50c; Mrs. Lynch, $1; Mrs. Broderick, 50c; Children of Mary, Pres. Convent, Renews, Nfld., $10; Mrs. J. Morry, in honor of St. Therese, $5; James Chafe, $2; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, $2; Leo Smyth, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Mrs. Annie MacIsaac, $1; Julia M. Murray, per Mgr. Blair, $5; Rev. H. Brunet, $30; Agnes M. Ryan, $1; Miss Rose Brophy, $2; Master Wm. Reardon, 50c; Miss Elizabeth Sullivan, $5; A Friend, Salmonier, Nfld., $5; Miss E. Roche, $4; Mrs. E. Brown, $1; Miss C. Reilly, in thanksgiving, $1; J. J. Carolan, $1; Margaret McManamy, $2; Pupils, St. Nicholas School, P.E.I., $5; M. J. S., $5; Pupils, Sisters of Notre Dame, Souris, P.E.I., $5.50; Anon., Windsor, Ont., $1; Rev. J. R. Richard, $1; Miss Roberts, $3.21; Miss Elizabeth O'Loughlin, $5; Mrs. John Claeys, $6; Mrs. T. A. Harris, $2; Mrs. Thos. A. Phalen, $5.

Burses

Miss Mary V. McCormick, Perpetual Help Burse, $5; Friend, Sacred Wounds Burse, $25; J. Sniderhon, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Friend, St. Jude's Burse, $1; In Memory of M. Walsh, Sacred Heart Burse, $40; Friend, Hamilton, Sacred Heart Burse, $3; James McCrea, Little Flower Burse, $10; A Friend, $25.00 to each of 12 Burses.

Building Fund

Patrick J. Healey, $2; Friend, $200; Alice Conway, $10; Harry Joanette, $5; Mrs. B. B. Kay, $5; D. J. Rankin, $1; Friend, $5; Mrs. A. R. Macdonald, $2; Miss A. C. Sweeney, $5; Miss Annie McGoldrick, $2; His Excellency, Bishop Alex. MacDonald, $10; Wm. R. McDonald, $1.50; James Carroll, $1; Miss Catherine McRae, $1.



Judge: "It seems to me that I have seen you before."

Prisoner: "You have, your Honor; I gave your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Thirty years."—Watchman Examiner.

A fellow dialed his home telephone number.

"Hello," he said. "Is that Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes."

"This is Jack speaking. I say, dear, will it be all right if I bring home a couple of fellows to dinner?"

"Certainly, darling."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes—you asked if you could bring home a couple of fellows to dinner. Of course you can, dear."

"Sorry, madam," said the fellow as he hung up. "I've got the wrong Mrs. Brown."—New York Morning Telegraph.

Fat Man (fondling baby): "What do you think of my son, Jim?"

Jim (surveying father): "Well, I'd say that he was a stave off the old barrel."—Bell Hop.

Smith: "Jones expects 100 per cent. disability on his accident insurance policy. He says he is completely incapacitated by the loss of a thumb."

Smythe: "What's his vocation?"

"He's a professional hitch-hiker."—Foreign Service.

"Does your husband always lie to you?"

"No, some nights I'm too tired to ask questions."—Jester.

"What will the girl of eighteen be in ten years' time?" asks a critic. Twenty-one.—London Opinion.

Wife (to boxer returning from fight): "'Ow did you git on, Bill?"

Bill: "Fine—put 'im to sleep in the third round."

Wife: "Good. Well, now you can try your 'and on the baby."—Passing Show (London).

A chorus man out of a job was given a small part in a play. He merely had to walk on, seat himself and say, "Well, here I am." At rehearsal he did not give satisfaction.

"No," bellowed the director. "Try it again. Now come on like a man."

"My goodness," simpered the chorus man, "for $15 a week he wants me to do character parts."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Neighbor: "Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should just hear the witnesses contradicting one another!"—Everybody's Weekly (London).

Mistress: "Now, Matilda, I want you to show us what you can do tonight. We have a few very special friends coming for a musical evening."

Maid: "Well, ma'am, I ain't done no singin' to speak of for years, but if you-all insists upon it, you can put me down for 'The Holy City'."—Pathfinder.

"So Joe was the life of the party?"

"Yeah. He was the only one who could talk louder than the radio."—Life.

Patient: "Is the doctor in?"

Attendant: "No, he stept out to lunch."

Patient: "Will he be in after lunch."

Attendant: "Why, no, that's what he went out after."—Boston Transcript.

Just as Al Jolson was about to go on the air in one of his radio programs, he got a long distance call from a pal in a distant city.

"The broadcast was great! You were marvellous, Al!" the friend gushed.

"But heavens, man!" shouted Jolson, "I haven't even started yet."

For a moment there was silence, then this comeback: "Yeah, but you forget the three hours' difference in time. You're all through here."

The Bishop of London, speaking at a meeting recently, said that when he was in America he had learned to say to his chauffeur, "Step on the gas, George"; but so far he had not summoned sufficient courage to say to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "O.K., Chief."—Wall Stret Journal.

Peter (saying his prayers): "And please make Cyril give up throwing stones at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before."—Humorist.

Wife (as husband is leaving): "Dear, will you remember to bring home something for the rats this evening?"

Hub: "Something for the rats? Certainly not! If the rats can't eat what we have in the house, let them leave."—Boston Transcript.

"Did you ever attend a school for stuttering?"

"N-n-no, I j-j-j-just picked it up."—Purple Parrot.

A new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"For instance," he said, "supposing you want to remember the name of a poet—Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said a bright pupil. "But how is any one to know it does not represent Robert Browning?"—Watchman Examiner.

"K-k-k-ka-kantcha s-s-see whu-whu-where you're g-ga-ga-ga—"

"Going?"

"—going, ya b-bu-bu-big Boo-Boo-Boo—"

"Boob?"

"Thu-thu-thank you!"—Life.

John: "Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now——"

Joan: "Ah, love makes the world go round."

John: "Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to make me lose my balance."—Christian Science Monitor.

Young Wife: "Now, Bill, I want you to go around to the minister and arrange for having the baby christened."

Bill (shipyard worker): "You mean to say you are going to let somebody hit that little thing over the head with a bottle?"—Farm Journal.

The advertising man was proposing. "Remember," he said, "this is the last day for this astounding offer."—Lehigh Burr.

Burglar (to belated assistant): "You're late. I told you 'arf past one."

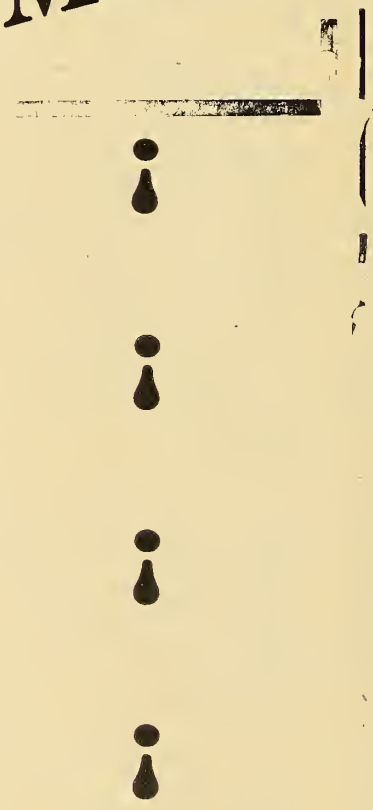
Young Burglar: "I forgot the number of the 'ouse. I've had to break into every 'ouse in the street."—Passing Show.

"Do you remember that couple we met on the steamer we took such a violent fancy to—I mean the couple we invited to visit us?"

"Yeah. You don't mean to say ——"

"Yes, the idiots are actually coming!"—Life.

Just a Moment, Please!



WE have been telling you about our new building at China Missionary Seminary. It is now completed and our students are comfortably housed in it. We are naturally delighted at the large number of students with us this year, but we have the responsibility of caring for them and of finding means to meet increased current expenses. Our Building Debt of more than twenty thousand dollars is a matter of grave concern to us, and we are appealing now to our friends—to you who are reading this—for help. Anything you can do to lighten our burden will not be without its reward from Our Divine Lord in whose name we make this request for financial assistance. Even a small gift will be much appreciated.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

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DECEMBER, 1933



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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THE GREATEST event in the history of the world will soon again be commemorated in the celebration of the Feast of Christmas. The circumstances connected with the coming of God to earth show us clearly indeed that "the ways of God are not our ways." One would imagine that the advent of One so mighty, "the desired of the nations", would be attended by all the magnificence that earth could know; one would think that the Mother of the Incarnate God would be chosen from the queens of the earth, from the richest and most renowned of these queens; and one would expect that he who was chosen as earthly guardian of the Divine Child would be none other than the world's most powerful prince. How differently did God ordain and dispose things!

Instead of the earth's most magnificent mansion, the Son of God chose a hillside stable-cave as His birthplace; instead of on earthly royalty, the privilege of being God's mother was bestowed on a humble Virgin in the unknown village of Nazareth, but never had this world seen, nor will it ever again see, a creature having such surpassing spiritual riches as had Mary the Virgin-Mother of Christ; and the honor of being the guardian of this pure Virgin and her Divine Child was given, not to any earthly potentate, but to Joseph, an unknown carpenter of the same humble village of Nazareth who, in the sight of God, was "a just man".

* * * *

CAN ANYTHING be more touching or more simply beautiful than the words of St. Luke in telling us the story of this wonderful first Christmas night, a story which has ever had the power to touch the hearts and minds of men in a harrassed and care-distracted world and turn their thoughts to the blessings implied in the angelic greeting: "Peace on Earth". The sweetest story ever told is this Gospel account of our Saviour's nativity. " . . . . the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary . . . . And it came to pass that . . . . there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled . . . . And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and the family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

"And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

"And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear.

"And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good-will.

"And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the Shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste: and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child."

* * * *

FATHER FABER, in "Bethlehem", writes about China thus: "We ponder in a puzzled way over that enormous hive of human life, where age has followed age and God is still unknown. How little did it feel the need of a Redeemer on that December night! How little does it feel it now! If anywhere on earth we can see unaltered what we might have seen that first Christmas-Eve, it is in that strange, unattractive, vexatious, disappointing land. As the winter stars shone unconsciously that night on the hurrying currents of those turbid rivers or in the stagnant pools of the rice-fields, so were the hearts of the dwellers there unconscious then, so are they almost unconscious now. It is chiefly the speechless unconscious babes of China that are the sweet prey of the Babe of Bethlehem, an artifice of grace which almost looks as if it stooped to suit itself to the condition of the land it fain would bless."

(*Continued on page* 174)

To All Our Readers — A Happy Christmas

THE MISSIONS
AS GOD SEES THEM
"The Kingdom of God knows no racial divisions"

By
RT. REV. W. C. McGRATH,
Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow

SOME people are never quite clear on certain features of what is often termed "this mission business, anyway". There is a certain amount of bewilderment, and the situation is rarely clarified by such statements as:

1. *"The work of the Foreign Missions is certainly the most important work of the Church. After all, if Catholics in Western Canada have lost the faith they have done so through their own fault, whereas the Chinese never have had a chance."*

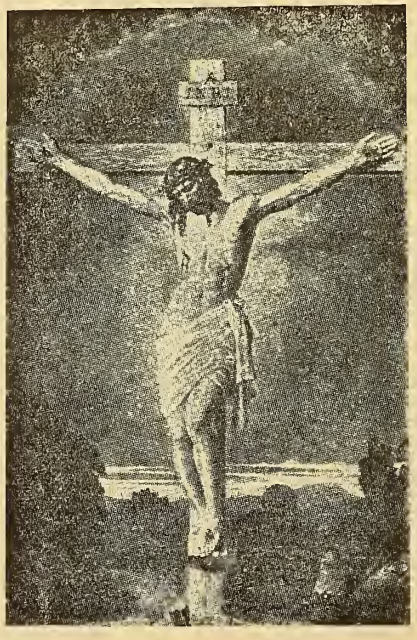
Or, on the contrary:

2. *"It is most unreasonable to talk about sending men and money to China when so much remains to be done right in our own Canadian West. The time to attend to Foreign Missions is when we have solved our problems at home."*

We sincerely hope that you disagree with both statements. For there is no "most important work" in the Church in the sense that all should concentrate their efforts upon that particular work to the exclusion of all other works of God. If you were to listen to some zealots of either cause argue their case you would infer that all the priests in the world should immediately be placed either upon Home or Foreign Mission territory. There would not seem to be room for some in each field. As for the "fallen-away Catholics" and their degree of culpability, the so-called argument is a two-edged sword. It cuts both ways. You can use it according to your point of view. You can say, for example: "Fallen-away Catholics have had their chance and thrown it away. Give at least a similar chance to the poor Chinese since there aren't enough priests to go around." Or again, you can remark: "Since the fallen-away Catholic is more culpable than one who 'never had a chance', his condition is more helpless and hopeless, and hence he has a greater claim on our charity. So try to save these stray sheep and leave the Chinese to the Mercy of God"—as if there existed any free creature who "never had a chance"!

Hence statement No. 1 is very misleading. But statement No. 2 comes right out with a delightful rapier thrust which gives the *coup de grace* to all Foreign Mission endeavour. Attend to Foreign Missions, it says, only when we have solved our problems at home. And we cannot refrain from asking: "When, kind friend, will we have solved all our problems at home?" And the answer we cannot hold back is: "Surely not before the crack of doom." After which, no doubt, Foreign Mission work should begin.

The thing that most wearies and saddens all true friends of both Home and Foreign Missions is the idea which seems to persist in the minds of some otherwise well-informed people that it is necessary to defend the one by attacking the other. Honestly, we should fear for the success of our own work in this portion of the Lord's Vineyard in China were we disposed to look upon the great mission work in the West with any feeling other than one of pride and enthusiasm; with anything on our lips or in our hearts but a prayer that God may bless and sustain the zealous efforts of those missionaries in Western Canada whose work is as "heroic" (if you insist upon the word) as anything we know in China.



"HE DIED FOR ALL"

Some are called by God to the Foreign Field, others to the Field at Home. In God's sight they are not two fields but one, and even if you are disposed to stress the differences, you will feel that in the heart of every true Catholic there is room for a little sympathy for both. For that matter, what is this *difference,* anyway? Is it slant eyes or yellow skin or the thousands of miles of Pacific Ocean that roll between? Are these things of consequence in the sight of the Eternal God Whose image is borne by every human soul?

It is "only natural" that work at home should appeal more strongly to many people than work among pagans in a foreign land. But we must try to rise above what is "only natural" else there will be no mission work of any kind, either in Canada or in China. If it were a question of motives that were only natural, none of those heroic young priests would be wearing their lives out in seeking the stray sheep on the vast Western prairies. Charity is something more than natural. It is supernatural. It is the driving force of the Missions at home and abroad. It is that Divine fire which "begins at home" but which, if it "ends there", must surely die.

As for the merely natural feeling at home in regard to the Chinese people, we know it only too well.

(Continued on page 167)

The Human Side of Our Holy Father

OUR HOLY FATHER fills the awesome role of Vicar of Christ upon earth. No more dizzy pinnacle of honor can be imagined for mortal man. This is true of every Sovereign Pontiff; and to the grandeur of his office Pope Pius XI brought personal qualities and attainments which have won for him the reverent admiration of his children and even of a world which refuses to adore the Master whom he serves.



Praise has come to him from many sources; it still reverberates on all sides. For example, on the day of his election to the Papacy, Cardinal Mercier paid him this worthwhile compliment: "Il a des idées larges." Stanley B. James, well known to readers of Catholic magazines, writes that "His is, from every point of view, one of the dominating personalities of our time." The Rector of the U.S. Catholic University did not hesitate to prophesy, "He will certainly take a place among the great Popes of all times"; and —two years ago—"If he lives another ten years, his place in history as the greatest man of the twentieth century is almost secure." A non-Catholic, in his book, "Makers of the Modern Age," pays Pope Pius XI what he deems the highest of tributes by ranking him with Lenin and Mussolini!

All must admit that he is a master diplomat. None question the fact that he stands among the great scholars of the world, and has always made his learning serve high purposes. When, as Cardinal Ratti, he presided at the dedication of the new Catholic University of Milan, the motto, "Learning for learning's sake," was chosen for it by a number of scholarly Catholic men; he corrected it to run, "Learning for learning and learning for life."

But the Holy Father is not only the most exalted figure in the world, not only very gifted and very learned; he is, too, intensely human: a man to be loved as well as revered. As he himself said to a visitor shortly after his elevation to the Papacy, "I am no dry-as-dust scholar, but very human."

The daily life of our Holy Father is passed thus: He rises at seven o'clock, and half an hour later says Mass in his private chapel. A breakfast of coffee, bread and butter follows. From nine o'clock until midday he is in conference with officials of the Church; public and private audiences come next. After they are ended, Pope Pius eats a light luncheon and, unless the weather is very inclement, walks for an hour and a half in the gardens of the Vatican. At eight o'clock he goes to his private chapel, where, with the members of the household, he recites the Rosary and spends some time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

At nine o'clock he dines. It is a custom, which Pope Pius X alone disregarded in several hundred years, that none may sit at table with the Sovereign Pontiff; but Pope Pius XI passes the time by having his secretaries bring him his private correspondence. The two following hours he passes in his library, where his attendants—many of them young men—gather about him; and with them he discusses the news of the day, the latest books, or some notable scientific discovery, as freely as a loving old father would chat with his sons. After they leave him for the night, the Pope has an hour—the only one in his long day—for the books which he loves or devotions that he has had to postpone. It is well after midnight before he goes to rest.

Those who are privileged to meet him, not in the hampering formality of a public audience, but privately, are charmed by his gentleness and benignity. He smiles often and readily; he laughs heartily. Severe when severity is necessary, much more often he is lenient and even genial. Hedged in by etiquette and traditions centuries old, he is, nevertheless, modern to his finger tips. He rides in an automobile, talks over the telephone, broadcasts to a listening world through his own station, and issues encyclicals on the burning questions of the day.

Among his more intimate characteristics may be mentioned an unruffled calm. Nothing disturbs him. When one of his secretaries mislaid an important paper during a particularly busy and hurried day, he explained to the Holy Father, "I put it down in a fluster, and now I cannot find it." "But why a fluster?" was the reply. "There is never occasion for a fluster."

That Pope Pius XI is fearless of bodily injury his record as a mountain climber proves; and his moral courage is as great as his physical. Early in his pontificate when Fascism talked violent anti-clericalism, and suited the action to the word, our Holy Father

(Continued on page 167)



The first time that all our priests were together in Lishui was during the annual retreat held in September. To these sixteen priests of St. Francis Xavier Seminary is entrusted the big task of converting more than a million and a half pagans in the Prefecture of Chuchow, Chekiang, China. Although so far distant from friends in their homeland they feel that they will be remembered and united with them this Christmas season in the strong bonds of prayer. Seated (left to right): Rev. J. Venini (Oshawa, Ont.); Rev. V. Morrison (Savage Harbour, P.E.I.); Rev. Fr. McArdle (Retreat Master); Right Reverend Monsignor W. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap. (St. John's, Nfld.); Rev. R. Serra (Palau Sabardera, Spain); Rev. Paul Kam, Rev. W. K. Amyot (Ottawa, Ont). Standing (left to right): Rev. J. King (Newburg, Ont.); Rev. W. McNabb (St. Thomas, Ont.); Rev. J. McGillivray (Glace Bay, N.S.); Rev. J. MacDonald (Windsor, N.S.); Rev. A. Gignac (Ridgetown, Ont.); Rev. A. Venadam (Pomquet, N.S.); Rev. Paul Wong, Rev. L. Beal (Otterville, Ont.); Rev. D. Stringer (Ottawa, Ont.); Rev. B. Boudreau (New Bedford, Mass). Correspondence for any of these missionaries may be addressed to Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang.



Our seven theologians at Brignole Sale College, Genoa, Italy, with Father Gerald Doyle (centre), now at Canadian College, Rome. Below: The thirty-eight students at Scarboro Bluffs this year, with the President of the Seminary, Very Rev. J. E. McRae.



THE HUMAN SIDE OF OUR HOLY FATHER

(Continued from page 165)

boldly denounced it whenever it encroached upon the rights of God and of His Church. "They may ask for my life but not for my silence," he said.

That his charity is both tender and world-wide he has repeatedly shown by word and deed. As is well known, the first utterance of his pontificate, spoken to the Cardinals still assembled in conclave, was: "I declare before the members of the Sacred College that I have at heart the safeguarding and the defense of all the rights of the Church and all the prerogatives of the Holy See; but having said that, I wish my first blessing to go as a token of the peace to which all men aspire, not only to Rome and to Italy, but to all the Church and to the entire world. I will give it from the exterior loggia of St. Peter's."

The three great Pontiffs who had preceded him, "Prisoners of the Vatican," had not appeared on the outer balcony; and the heart of the world was touched by the breadth of love which actuated this first public act of Pope Pius XI.

And on the occasion of the radio address which inaugurated the Vatican station, speaking to his children in all lands, none could doubt the sincerity of such words as, "Our heart swells with love for you"; and to the missionaries in every far corner of the world, "From Our heart we greet you." Many a missioner, lonely in a strange land, hearing his words, must have been fired with new courage. Henceforth he knew, as never before, how loving and understanding a father he had in Pope Pius XI.

His zeal is all-embracing. If it has a special predilection, it is for missions and missionaries. "Pope of the Missions" is the title which has been conferred upon him. It was from the depth of his apostolic soul that he cried, in the Encyclical "Rerum Ecclesiae," "After pondering on the fact that pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in Our spirit, and We seem to hear sounding in Our ears, 'Cry; cease not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet'."

Those who have heard Pius XI speak, either informally or on important occasions, tell how the depth and sweetness of his piety betray themselves; how he utters the holy name in accents which reveal that it is music to his ears. "Our dear Jesus," he will say in the course of a few-minute talk; and every hearer bears away in his mind and heart the most eloquent sermon he has ever heard on love for Christ our King.

In conclusion, two little incidents will serve to accentuate the tender kindliness of our Holy Father. When he was in Poland, not very long before his election as Pope, Msgr. Ratti saw one day a poor woman who was weeping bitterly. On making inquiry he learned that a cow, her one possession of any value, had just died.—Before that day closed the poor woman had another cow.

On his desk, beside papers of state and books of theology, there stands a small toy dog of black and white wool. Some time ago, as the Holy Father was addressing a group of pilgrims, he noticed among them a little child who held in his hand a toy dog. The child caught his glance and concluded that the Pope was eager to own it, so then and there he presented it to him. Pope Pius accepted it gratefully, and ever since it has had a place of honor on his study table.—Who would not love him? Simple and fatherly no less than the greatest figure of our day.—*Florence Gilmore in "The Christian Family."*

THE MISSIONS AS GOD SEES THEM

(Continued from page 164)

It is one, unfortunately, of prejudice which is as ineradicable as it is unfounded. And we cannot say that anyone is very much to blame. People just don't know the Chinese. But even those who would refuse to let a Chinese laundryman past the storm door must realize that there is even in this man whom they distrust so unreasonably something more than slant eyes and a penchant for tricks that are vain. They know that a Chinese soul isn't "yellow" any more than the soul of a Celt or a Nordic "superman". They know, if they are Christians, that the gentle Saviour died for Chinese souls as well as for yours and mine.

No, dear friends, the Kingdom of God knows no racial divisions. Canada and China are not two fields but one. The soul of an innocent Chinese child at this moment is more closely united to you as a fellow member of the Mystical Body of Christ than is the soul of your own friend or relative who may have fallen victim to the tragedy of mortal sin. It is, after all, only eternal values that will endure.

May God ever bless that great Christlike work of the Western Missions. We ask it in the same prayer with which we pray that He bless His work in China, too. May He inspire kind friends to regard Mission work both in Canada and in China as but one united effort to reclaim for the Sacred Heart forever the souls for whom It bled.



Msgr. John M. Fraser and five Chinese youths whom he has sent to the seminary at Hangchow to begin their preparatory studies for the priesthood.

The SACRED CONGREGATION for the PROPAGATION of the FAITH

THE CHURCH has received from Jesus Christ the command to preach the Gospel throughout the whole world, to extend to all peoples the fruits of the Redemption, to unite all mankind in one flock under one Shepherd: *"Go"*, said Jesus to His Apostles, "teach all nations" (Matt. 28: 19). "I have appointed you that you *should go* and should bring forth fruit" (John 15: 16).

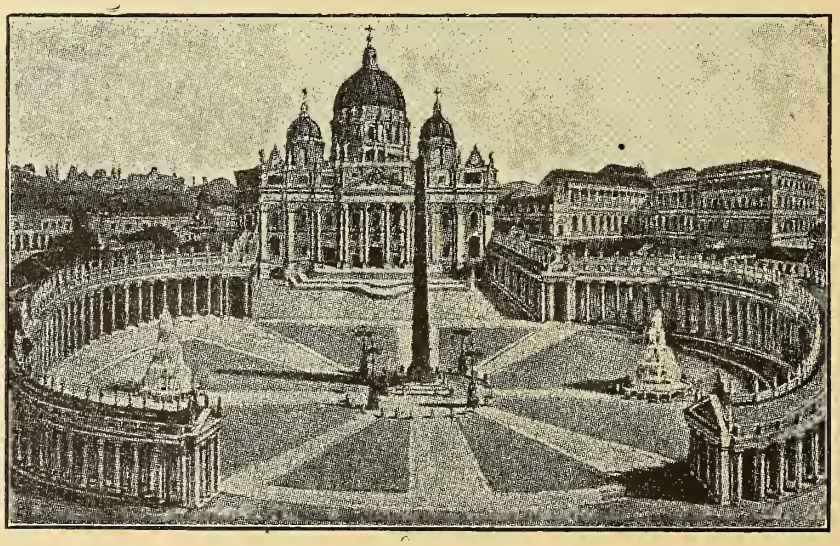
It is this activity which is expressed in the Gospel phrase, this apostolate which wins new peoples to the Kingdom of Christ, which we term *Missions*. We apply the title *Mission Countries* to territory in which the preaching of the Gospel has scarcely commenced, or where Catholic life has not yet been sufficiently developed to warrant the establishment of a regular ecclesiastical administration, a stable and definite hierarchical organization.

The chief direction of the missionary Apostolate is entrusted to the *Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide,* founded by Gregory XV, author of the Constitution *Inscrutabili divinae Providentiae arcano,* on June 22, 1622. According to Canon 252 of the Code of Canon Law: "The Congregation de Propaganda Fide has jurisdiction and charge of the Catholic missions for the preaching of the Gospel and Catholic doctrine, and whatever is connected with and necessary for the management of the missions. Councils held in missionary countries are subject to the Propaganda. Its jurisdiction is limited to those districts where either the hierarchy is not yet established, or, if established, is still in its initial stage. Moreover, societies and seminaries founded exclusively for the training of missionaries are under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda in matters which have to do with their constitutions, their administration, and concessions required for the ordination of their subjects. In addition, this Congregation is held to refer to the competent Congregations the cases concerning faith, marriage or general rules of the sacred liturgy and interpretation of liturgical laws. As regards the religious, the Propaganda has jurisdiction over them in as far as they are missionaries, individually and collectively; in their character as religious they are under the jurisdiction of the Congregation of the Religious."

At present, the Congregation of Propaganda (as it is commonly shortly called) is composed of 22 Cardinals, ten of whom reside elsewhere than Rome. It has a Secretary and Sub-Secretary, assisted by other officials, and numbers 24 Consultors.

Territories Under Propaganda.

THE CHURCH today has missionaries in all parts of the world. Only two countries, and these are in Central Asia, as yet remain closed to any Christian endeavour: the Mohammedans of Afghanistan forbid any missionary to cross their borders, and punish with death any native who becomes a Christian; Tibet, the inaccessible Buddhist stronghold, not alone forbids the entrance of missionaries but closes itself to all exploration by foreigners.



Geographically speaking, one can say that the jurisdiction of Propaganda embraces the greater part of the known world. It includes:

(a) Africa, with the exception of two archdioceses and a few dioceses;

(b) Asia, with the exception of the patriarchial archdiocese of Goa and its suffragan Sees in the East Indies, which belong to Portugal, and the diocese of Macao in China, likewise a Portugese possession;

(c) Oceania and Australia, with the exception of almost all the Philipine Islands.

Moreover, Propaganda has subject territories scattered throughout North, South and Central America.

In Europe there are certain ecclesiastical territories subject to Propaganda in Protestant or orthodox countries where Catholics, being in the minority, live under conditions similar, in some respects, to mission countries. Thus, subject to Propaganda are the Catholics of Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Iceland, Gibraltar, and the Catholics of the Latin rite in Bosnia, Albania, Greece, Bulgaria, European Turkey, and Palestine and Cypress.

Previous to 1908, some large countries were still subject to Propaganda; this was the case with Great Britain and Ireland, Holland, Luxemburg, Canada, and the United States. Pius X, during the reform of the Roman Curia, placed all these



PREFECT OF PROPAGANDA
His Eminence, Cardinal P. Fumasoni-Biondi, formerly Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

countries under the ordinary care of the different Roman Congregations, leaving to Propaganda about twenty Vicariates and Prefectures-Apostolic which, up to that time, had been under the supervision of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

In 1917, all Catholics of the Oriental rite, and, consequently, their missions, became subject to the Congregation for the Oriental Churches which had formerly been united with Propaganda.

Catholics in Mission Countries.

ON June 30, 1930, the number of Catholics in mission countries properly so called—that is, in infidel countries alone — was 13,665,141, divided as follows: Western Asia, 72,000; India, 2,535,958; South Eastern Asia, 1,411,440; Oceania, 385,217; China, 2,520,303; Japan, 106,000; Africa, 3,934,678; Americas, 2,301,144.

Considered in themselves, these figures are consoling. Yet there remains the painful consideration that if the population of the whole world is approximately two billion people, there are yet about one billion three hundred million pagan souls to be converted and saved.

Let us see now what forces are at the disposal of Propaganda for the preservation and the spiritual government of converts as well as for the conversion of infidels.

Missionaries Under Propaganda.

LEAVING OUT Europe and Australia, at the end of June, 1930, the total number of mission workers dependent on Propaganda was 163,422, of whom 15,234 were Priests, 4,952 Brothers, 27,272 Sisters, 51,606 Catechists, and School Teachers, and the remainder general mission helpers. This formidable army is at work in the mission countries. Native missionaries, who constitute roughly one-third of the Priests, Brothers and Sisters, number 16,299. Their number is increasing steadily, especially in Africa and in the four Asiatic countries, Indo-China, China, India, and Syria, which are the most important territories and the most fruitful and well-developed from the point of view of Catholic missions. The following table shows the missionary personnel contributed by five European nations.

Country	Priests	Brothers	Sisters	Total
France	2,974	713	3,541	7,754
Italy	866	208	1,582	2,876
Germany	649	245	1,677	2,807
Holland	729	456	1,301	2,503
Belgium	1,001	245	911	2,175

Although the nationality of all missionaries is not definitely certain, it can be seen from the above figures that these five nations together supply 38% of all workers employed in mission fields.

The missionary priests are either members of the old Religious Orders (the greater percentage being Jesuits and Franciscans) or of Religious Congregations of more recent origin, some of which have been established within the past century expressly for mission work. Some are secular priests, members of some Society or Institute or Seminary for Foreign Missions, as, for example, the Paris Foreign Missions, the Milan Foreign Missions, etc. Others still belong to no particular organization but are subject only to their respective mission superiors.

Almost half the European Brothers are sent by the Religious Orders and Congregations from which the priests come; others are members of Religious Institutes of Brothers. These latter devote themselves chiefly to the instruction and education of youth, to the care of the sick, or to agriculture, or various trades and domestic works.



SECRETARY OF PROPAGANDA
His Excellency, Archbishop Salotti.

The collaboration of Missionary Sisters is even more necessary than that of Brothers. From long experience it has already been demonstrated what great influence women exert in the conversion of the world. Rarely can the work of the female Religious in hospitals and schools be done so effectively by seculars. In our days, a very large number of Congregations both old and new send their religious into distant mission countries; in recent years there

(Turn to page 174)

PAGANISM and CHRISTIANITY

A CONTRAST

by
Rev. X. Rosso, O.F.M.

PAGANISM to a Christian in a Christian land is only a theory—it has no actuality—it has no power to touch the intimate things of the spirit, for it is confined to the realms of thought and memory alone. In a pagan country, paganism is a question of life and death—paganism is actual, it influences the beginning and the end of every act, it has its reactions in every vicissitude.

A Christian who lives in the midst of paganism, willingly or unwillingly, must enter into conflict with this power, he must struggle against it and must conquer lest he be conquered. Hence the continual study, the continual comparison between good and evil, the true and the false. The Christian doctrine is the diamond which uninterruptedly comes into contact with the hard immovable rock of paganism and from the conflict the diamond comes forth with a more brilliant luster while the rock's face is only scratched.

Paganism and Christianity are as opposite as good is opposite to evil. A long and intense analysis leads to a deeper understanding of the two trees and their fruits, the Christian good and the pagan evil.

The Orient may well be styled the observatory of the world, for here all the variations and vibrations of the human soul are registered; here the dividing line of the world between the City of God and the citadel of the devil is clearly defined. On this sounding-board all experiences are received and thrown back on the world—the experiences of the uneducated as well as of the learned. Any one living in China will quickly, and, as it were, naturally pass from the views he forms of Chinese paganism to generalizations about the true and the false.

The sun and the moon are divinities in China. And elsewhere? How many nations do not perdure in this belief? A metal or a wooden statue is considered a god, in China as well as in other countries throughout the world; and thus it was in every age, barring a few exceptions.

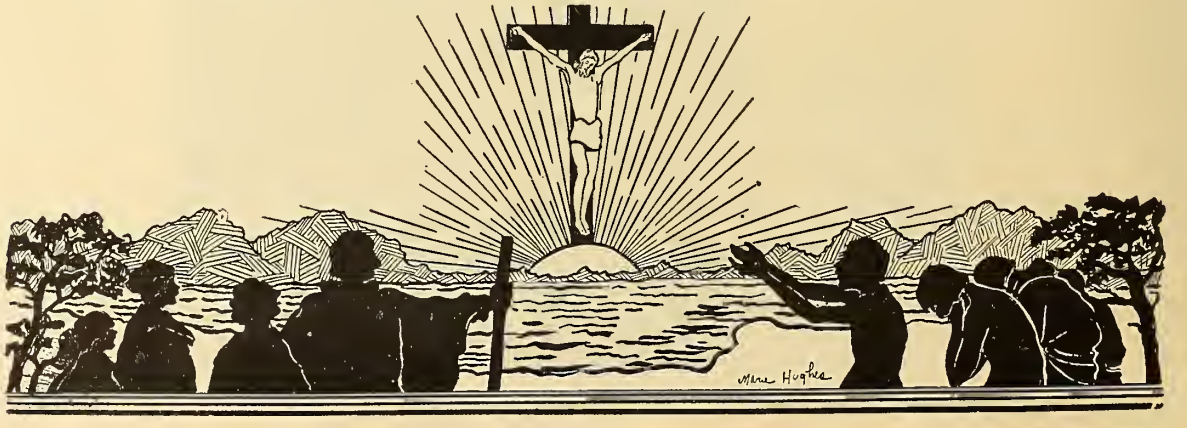
Emperors, philosophers, statesmen, even Catholic priests, have been deified in pagan lands. In Greece, in Rome, India, China, Japan, in fact in every place where paganism holds sway, it was ever thus. Totemism is a universal pagan, shall I say, doctrine. The tortoise and the dragon are sacred in China; the cow is sacred in India and in ancient Egypt it was the bull Apis.

Spirits! What pagan people does not believe in and fear them? Lightning, thunder, fire, the forces of nature, are the embodiment of spirits good and evil. China might be called the spirits' kingdom, or rather the absolute monarchy of spiritism. Probably there is no nation on earth that offers such consistent and varied cult to the devil as the Chinese people. For every occasion, such as birth, espousal, marriage, the opening of a new business, and for various occasions of the year, the devil is adored and appeased.

Man! What is man in China? His spiritual life is practically nil. In the realm of intellectual life there is but a semblance of spirituality. Man is not honored with personal dignity; much less is he united to his neighbor in the bond of brotherhood. The strong man is feared, the weak man is oppressed. The citadel of the devil which does not recognize God as a father and men as brothers, often witnesses the gruesome scene of man killing man, nay indeed, of man eating man.

Love your friend, love your enemy! This law can be proper only to the City of God. Only in theory can man elevate himself by his own power; in practice, without the Christian religion, he is no more nor less than an animal. A Christian is by exception bad; a pagan by exception is good. There is no such thing as moral independence in paganism. So-called moral independence really depends on Christianity; it gathers the fruit from the tree while spurning the roots.

Justice, the glory of the Occident, could not be natural in our soul without the Christian religion. What does paganism retain of justice? In China nothing remains but the name; there is not the least foundation of just dealing, and it is this fact which makes us West-



Courtesy, "Fransciscan Missions".



REV. ROLAND ROBERTS
Ordained to the Holy Priesthood by His Excellency Bishop Murray, C.SS.R., at the Cathedral in Victoria, B.C., on Sept. 23rd.



REV. CRAIG STRANG
Ordained to the Holy Priesthood by His Excellency Archbishop Roche, at the Cathedral in St. John's, Nfld., on Sept. 21st.

erners strangers in China. The mind of the pagan Chinese is so distorted that justice cannot even strike root.

The Chinese does not cultivate truth; on the contrary, falsehood is the foundation of his dealings (no one who is acquainted with persons and places in China will say that I am wronging the Chinese by making this statement). Everything is falsified, every sentiment, every taste. Only the obvious is sought for. What I assert about the Chinese a missionary in Africa last year asserted of the natives of that country, and he noted that fact as if it were a peculiarity of that place; but I contend that it is a mark of the citadel of the devil, whom Tertullian calls: "the falsifier of nature".

What is Christianity's glory is paganism's shame. Christianity has raised from the lowest status to a real pinnacle of eminence, for instance, womanhood, infancy, the aged. In other words, she has taken the weak and made them strong.

The position of woman in paganism is humiliating, to say the least. In China, woman has no freedom in the choosing of her consort, nor has she the right to arrange the affairs of the home. She has no part in public, and a very insignificant part in family life. She is the slave, the tool, the plaything of her master, man. If she has children, good. If her child is a boy, it is nursed and brought up; if a girl, it is liable to be exposed or it may even be killed. Cases of such unspeakable cruelty are not rare.

What a contrast to Christianity: "Suffer the little ones to come to me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven". "What you have done to the least of these, you have done unto Me". That is the City of God!

The principles of paganism are bound to bring forth a multitude of creatures who will always be deprived of education, of a home, of the means of sustaining life. Products of such circumstances and environments will be beggars for existence—not only that: they will also be centers of physical and moral infection. In paganism the poor, the sick, and the aged are despised; charity is an enigma. They are often left to die in their misery not even receiving as much as a word of compassion. How different the attitude of the Saviour who "went about doing good".

Extend the comparison, search deeper, and you will come to this conclusion: In modern times as well as in antiquity, in China as well as in other countries, allowing for small variations because of place, paganism is always and everywhere the same. In the spiritual kingdom there are only two trees the good and the bad,

(Continued on page 174)



The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and the young girls under their care at Lishui. Left to right: Sisters St. Angela, Mary Daniel, St. Juletta, Mary Catherine, and Mary Genevieve.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

On the third of this month the whole Church celebrates the feast of one of the greatest missionaries who ever lived. Members of our "Rose Garden", in common with all missionary clubs, ought to have a special devotion to St. Francis Xavier. The "Little Flower" shares with St. Francis the title of special patron of missionaries. Although he died 381 years ago the body of Xavier is still preserved incorrupt in the city of Goa.

St. Francis Xavier was one of the first companions of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus. In 1541 he went as a missionary to India, then a far-off world buried in the darkness of idolatry. For eleven years he labored in India and Japan and converted to the faith hundreds of thousands of infidels. Not content with the mighty conquest of India and Japan, his heart went out in sympathy to the hundreds of millions of Chinese to whom God was unknown. With the hope of bringing these people to the knowledge of the true God, Xavier sailed from Malacca in 1552 and soon reached the island of Sancian, off the coast of China. Here he was stricken with a deadly fever. In utter destitution, without proper food, under a wretched shelter, exposed to the biting December winds, deprived even of the last sacraments, the great Apostle Xavier breathed out his noble spirit on the third of December, 1552. His body lay unburied for two days and then, without any of the ceremonies of the Church, it was consigned to a lonely grave by the seashore.

When word of his death reached India, some influential Christians sent orders to have the body exhumed and brought to Malacca, where it arrived on the twenty-second of March, three and a half months after Xavier's death.

So far God had allowed His great Apostle to die a death that would seem to befit an outcast; but now He was about to manifest to the whole world the high degree of sanctity to which Xavier had arrived.

When the ship that conveyed Xavier's body reached Malacca, the city was in a pitiful condition. A fearful pestilence had been raging for many weeks, and the populace was simply melting away under the scourge. As soon, however, as the body of Xavier was brought ashore, the plague suddenly disappeared; no new cases developed and all who were already infected, Mohammedans and infidels, as well as Christians were cured immediately. In consequence of such manifest miracles the name of Xavier was enshrined in the hearts of the Mohammedans and infidels and Christians alike. From Malacca the sacred remains were transferred to Goa, and here again God testified to Xavier's sanctity. The report had reached Goa of the wonderful miracles that had taken place at Malacca and hence, when the saint's remains arrived in the harbor, the streets were lined with people suffering from every known human ailment. Many who were too sick to be moved from their beds were carried by friends and laid in the streets. While Xavier's body was being carried through the streets to the Church of St. Paul, the wonders of the "Apostolic Age" were renewed. There went out from the body a power to heal all. The blind suddenly recovered their sight; the lame and the paralyzed recovered the use of their limbs; the deaf recovered their hearing; the dumb recovered their speech; lepers were made clean; the bed-ridden arose and walked. Tears of joy overflowed from grateful hearts, while shouts of triumph broke forth from hundreds of lips as they beheld the instantaneous and miraculous cures all about them.

The miracles wrought here were so numerous, were so stupendous in their nature and were witnessed by so many thousands that they caused a great sensation not only in India, but also throughout Europe. The story of Xavier's Apostolic labors and his power to obtain favors from God was told in every land. Very soon an unbounded confidence in the intercession of Xavier diffused itself throughout all Catholic countries. Prayers directed to him, invoking his aid, brought such manifest proof of his power in heaven that on the twelfth of March, 1622, Xavier was canonized as a saint.

Dear Boys and Girls:

As this will be the only opportunity to say a few words to you before the Holy Christmas Season I want you to know that I will keep you in mind when I offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the Feast of the Incarnation, and in that way I can best express my thanks to you all for the splendid way you have been helping the Missions all the year in your prayers and by your generous gifts. This Christmas will be the happiest in your lives if Almighty God grants you even a few of the many heavenly favours I shall ask for you, my cherished little helpers in this great missionary "Rose Garden". My own Christmas will be all the happier if I hear from you. And you won't forget to pray for one another, either, will you? And especially at Mass on Christmas Day, and in your visits to the Crib, you should say some very fervent prayers that the poor pagan children in China will soon come to know of that God who came to earth as a little Infant for their sake, as well as for ours.

FATHER JIM.

MITE-BOXES

"Dear Father Jim:

At the request of Sister Adele I am writing to ask you if you would please send us six or more mite-boxes for our classrooms. We want to save our pennies for the Missions as we have done every other year. Everybody in our school, Immaculate Conception School, Peterboro, belongs to the Holy Childhood Association. We receive 'China', and enjoy Father Jim's corner most. I am in Jr. IV. Class and am 11 years old. We will be very thankful for the mite boxes. Respectfully, Marcella Baldwin."

Father Jim is always very pleased to send mite boxes to the schoolrooms, and now that another Christmas season is drawing near I hope many schools will continue to save their pennies for the Missions. Every penny is a help, and God's blessing will be with the young boys and girls who sacrifice their spending money to help the priests in China save souls. I hope, too, that many classes will enroll as members of the Holy Childhood Association.

The Children's Prayer

By L. Mitchell Thornton

The lifted hands of the children
Are white as the petals of flowers;
The voices of little children,
Somehow, are clearer than ours.
And Mary the Mother will listen,
And Mary the Mother will care,
Far more than to clamor of princes,
To children whispering in prayer.

The lifted eyes of the children
Look up to the angels above;
The simple songs of the children
Soar up to the Fountain of Love.
And Mary the Mother will bless them,
And Mary the Mother will share
The hopes and the dreams of the children,
The children who seek her in prayer.

(*The "Little Missionary"*)

Working Together

"My cousin, Rose Madden, told me about your Rose Garden, and now I want to join. Rose gets 'China' from her teacher, and she gives it to me after she reads it. I would be very pleased if you would pray for my dear father and mother, as our house was burned down a few months ago. Your friend, Mary B. Madden, 42 Lower Main St., Glace Bay."

Likes the Pictures

"I have been reading the 'China' book since I can remember. I have read the Rose Garden page and I am writing to join it. I am 11 years old and in Grade 4. The 'China' book is a very nice book to read. I have read it always. It is a very nice book, and the pictures of the ones you put in are also very nice. Good-bye, Father Jim. My address is Veronica Keating, Box 361, New Waterford, N.S."

New Members

Virginia Favetta, 404 Marks St., Port Arthur, Ont.; Marie and Beatrice Johns, 61 Laing St., Toronto; Mary Hughli, Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie; Gladys Gallant, Summerside, P.E.I.; Bernadette, Genevieve, and Joan of Arc Bonneau, Prescott, Ont.; and Margaret McAvoy, Brook Vale, Lot 30, P.E.I.

Young missionaries at St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro, sent $10 for the missions.

A Real Nice Letter

"Dear Father Jim:

I am writing you this letter to ask you about all the baby boys and girls and are they all going to Mass, and would you like a present, and are the 'China' people very poor and in need, and how old have a girl got to be to decide to be a sister, and will you like to have my picture. I have two sisters and two brothers. The sisters are Rita and Mary and the boys are James and William. James sings in the choir and he serves Mass, he is in high school. Dear Father, please may I join your Rose Garden club I was ten the 14th of April I am in Grade 4. Please Father excuse my letter because I am not used to writing letters and will you ask some of the Rose Buds to write to me. Good bye from Elizabeth Taylor, Box 297, New Waterford, N.S."

Elizabeth, I was very delighted with your long letter and I hope you will write me again. You have asked a lot of questions, and I am glad. The baby boys and girls in China are not as well off as the boys and girls in your school, and they do not go to Mass because they never had a chance to learn all about God, but I feel sure that the prayers you and other Canadian girls and boys are saying for the poor pagan children will help them to know about God sometime and thus get to Heaven. Yes, the poor people of China are very much in need. That's why we ask the grown-up people in Canada to help them and to send priests and nuns to help them. I would be very glad to get your picture and I hope you liked the certificate and badge I sent you. God bless you, dear little friend, and thanks for your lovely letter.

Sometimes I fear new members are a little discouraged when they do not receive their badges and certificates of membership almost immediately after they write to me. As a rule, I attend to their mailing as quickly as possible, but occasionally it happens that delays are unavoidable, especially when it is a question of filling out certificates for large numbers in schools, etc. Those who are still on the "waiting list" can, in the meantime, begin to fulfil the conditions of membership, and I promise you that Father Jim will always do his very best not to keep you waiting unnecessarily. It does my heart good to get so much mail, but it is a real "heart-breaker" when I can find room to mention only a few in our column.

Spiritual Help for the Missions

Members of our Rose Garden have time and again proven their great interest in the Missions by offering spiritual help in generous measure. We value greatly the spiritual bouquets sent us both from the schools and from individual members. The following acts have been offered by Grade 2, College St. School, Halifax; Grades 8, 9 and 10, Rustico Convent, P.E.I.; and by the Senior Third Class, St. Joseph's Girls' School, Ottawa.

Masses heard	219
Holy Communions	267
Rosaries	413
Prayers	855
Way of the Cross	99
Acts of Mortification	304
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	225
Ejaculations	24,847

Choose Your Pen Pals Here

Kathleen Boulogne, 56 Dingwall Ave., Toronto; Helen Walsh, Box 112, Newmarket, Ont. (especially to hear from Eileen Muldoon, Beech Grove, Que.); Pauline Michaud, Box 358, Thorold, Ont.; Frances and Johanna Sullivan, 252 Plummer Ave., New Waterford, N.S.; Lillian Kennedy, 7 Echo Drive, Ottawa; Alice Gallant, Duvar, P.E.I.; Joseph Ashmore, 1516-11th Ave. W., Calgary; Margaret, Gerrard, and Alonzo Moran, Holland Centre, Ont.; James Love, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; Ralph Gallant, Summerside, P.E.I.; Finlay Campbell, Riverville, N.S.; Harold Hendrickson, Plato, Sask.; Margaret Lavoie, 172 Coleman Ave., Toronto; Mary Josephine McLellan, St. Peter's Bay, P.E.I.; Irene Starling, 63 Dundurn Ave., Hamilton; Marguerite and Anna Morton, Grande Clairiere, Man.; Marjorie and Josephine Mulcahy, Bay Bulls, Nfld.; Phyllis Gyves, Fulford Harbor, B.C.; Kathleen Connors, 27 Blackett St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Josephine, Patricia, and Louisa Williams, Bay Bulls, Nfld.; Kathleen, Margaret, Evelyn, and Rita O'Brien, 54 Hastings Ave., Toronto. These last-named young ladies sent a nice spiritual bouquet, for which I thank them very much.



They live far apart, but they're all happy members of our young missionaries' club. Let's have your picture, too. Here we present to you (from left to right): Irene Bruce, Long Hr., Nfld.; Emma Plexman, 209 Elm St. W., Sudbury, Ont.; Jeanette Yelle, 11923 82nd St., Edmonton, Alta.; Berenice and Joseph McNamara, 23 Wilson St. E., Perth, Ont.; Mary Turner, 1585 St. Andre Street, Montreal; Louise Norman, Long Hr., Nfld.; Laura Gallucci, 342 Dufferin St., Port Arthur, Ont.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 163)

ALMOST TWO thousand years have gone by since that first Christmas, and Catholics who are enjoying the luxuries and benefits of Christianity, which are the heritage of that coming of God amongst men, will find it difficult to appreciate the infinite pathos in the simple remark of a little Chinese convert: "My people have no Christmas". Catholics, unfortunately, are only too apt to forget that even now there are people — many hundreds of millions of them —who do not know, and never will know, anything of the meaning of Christmas, unless those who do know it do something to spread the knowledge they mercifully possess. The articles in this issue of "CHINA" tell of the Missions, and Missions are the Divinely-appointed way to bring the knowledge of Redemption to all mankind. "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature". Read the article beginning on page 168 dealing with "The Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith" and you will understand something of the vast organization which gives direction to all Catholic missionary activity; read "Paganism and Christianity" (on page 170) and it will help you to appreciate the difference between moral conditions in Christian lands and those in a land where there is no Christmas. The article entitled "The Human Side of Our Holy Father" (on page 165) should serve to endear to our readers even more than ever this great Pope of the Missions who, in his own words, "knows no peace in his soul, recalling ever that the pagan masses number still a billion". The pictures in this issue include almost the entire personnel of our Institute's missionary forces at home and abroad, priests and future priests who are devoting their lives to hastening the day when China will join with Christian nations in singing its "Gloria in Excelsis Deo".

NOVENA BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A Novena of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament is celebrated yearly in our Seminary Chapel preceding the Feast of Christmas. This Novena is for all those benefactors who during the year have helped our mission work. All the intentions recommended to our prayers by our friends are remembered in a very special manner during these days.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

(Continued from page 171)

bearing good and bad fruits. Christ, in history, set up the distinction. His appearance dispersed the citadel of the devil; under the banner of His bloody cross, He established the City of God.

"By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have LOVE, one for another.—*"Franciscans in China."*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are very grateful to the kind friends who have helped us by their donations. The following contributions came to us between October 19th and November 14th, 1933:

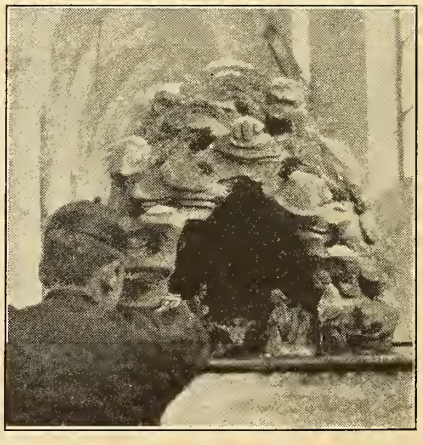
Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Mrs. T. G. McGuire, $1.25; St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont., $2; "E. McN.," North Bay, $1; St. Mary's Girls' School, Lindsay, $1; Mrs. J. H. McNeil, 50c; Miss Kathleen O'Meara, $1; Morrison Estate, $34; St. Clare's Girls' School, Toronto, $3; Friend, Reserve Mines, $2; Friend, Windsor, Ont., $1; St. Francis de Sales Deaf Society, Toronto, $2; A. J. MacDonald, $1; Miss L. A. M. Melaney, $10; Mrs. Maddigan, in thanksgiving, $5; Classes 13 and 14, St. Francis Rotary School, Toronto, $2; A friend, St. John, N.B., in thanksgiving, $1; Mrs. W. Collins, Jr., in thanksgiving, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Rev. P. J. Kirby, $5; J. M. Dooley, $10; Mrs. Crowe, $2; Mrs. J. Butler $1; J. J. Carolan, $1; Friend, Halifax, $2; Mrs. F. Carr, $1; Helen Glancey, 50c; Mrs. D. LeBlanc, $2; Estate, Anna MacDonald, $500; Estate, Sarah Kelly, $25.

Burses

Don. Beaton, MacPherson Burse, $2; Jos. Dumond, Sacred Heart Burse, $5; Margaret Bennett, Holy Souls' Burse, $2; Mrs. T. J. Pierce, Blessed Sacrament Burse, $1; Mrs. P. Kelly, St. Theresa's Burse, $3.15.

Building Fund

Mrs. K. Anderson, $1; Miss Loretto Martin, $15; Andrew V. Kelleher, $1; Mrs. O'Brien, $1; Subscriber, Bay Roberts, Nfld., $1; Rev. Jas. P. Whalen, $5.



The Crib in Father Gignac's Church at Tsingtien.

THE SACRED CONGREGATION

(Continued from page 169)

have been founded religious congregations of women devoted exclusively to foreign mission endeavour. Almost all the Religious Congregations, both of men and of women, whose work is strictly foreign missions, depend on Propaganda. In mission countries all religious are subject to the jurisdiction of Propaganda in matters concerning their missionary activities.

The Financing of Propaganda.

THE Congregation of Propaganda has many enterprises to finance, including the entire support of students at the Urban Pontifical College of the Propagation of the Faith, whose purpose is the training of priests for every mission country; Propaganda contributes also to the expenses of the Apostolic Delegations which are subject to it.

In its early days, Propaganda was well endowed by its promoters, Father Dominic of Jesus and Mary, a Carmelite, and the Blessed John Leonard; the palace where Propaganda now is conducted was a gift of the Spanish prelate, Vivès. Its founder, Gregory XV, made generous provision for its upkeep, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries large gifts were made to Propaganda by popes and cardinals. The French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the Italian laws against ecclesiastical property resulted in a tremendous decrease of the patrimony of Propaganda.

At present, the financial administration depends on the Cardinal-Prefect, under the immediate direction of a prelate known as the Sub-Secretary of the Treasury. To aid the missions materially, and to provide for the education of a Native Clergy, Propaganda dispenses the revenues secured through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy, and the Association of the Holy Childhood. These three Pontifical Works are under the direction of Propaganda.—*Rt. Rev. Joseph Monti, in "L'Illustrazione Vaticana".*

"Let not the hope of some day doing great things for the service of God make you neglect present opportunities; in so doing you would lose the one without gaining the other." — (St. Ignatius).

SMILES

An efficiency expert was sent out in the Colorado mountains to advise the miners. One old miner, driving the expert through the snow and cold, spread a buffalo laprobe over the knees of both of them as they sat side by side.

"You ought to turn the hair on the inside," said the expert: "don't you know it's a great deal warmer to have the hair next to your body?"

The old miner obeyed, and then sat there chuckling.

"What are you laughing about? Are you laughing at me?" exclaimed the expert, with an air of dignity.

"No," replied the miner, finding it difficult to restrain himself. "I was just thinking about the buffalo. What a fool he was all his life long not to know a simple thing like that!"

"How do you explain the miracle of an apple ripening and falling to the ground?" asks a correspondent.

"The boys in the neighborhood must have overlooked it."

Irate Caller: "You spoiled my article by a misprint."

Editor: "I'm sorry. What did we get wrong?"

Caller: "A proverb I employed. You printed it 'A word to the wife is sufficient'."

Boarding-House Waitress (during soup course): "Water, sir."

Guest: "No, thanks. I have a plateful already."

Flapper Ann: "Good-bye, mother."

Modern Mother: "Just a minute, dear. Sign the visitors' book in the parlor before you go!"

Persistent Tramp (successful at last): "Thanks, ma'am. Is there anything I can do by way of return?"

Housewife (shortly): "Yes — don't."

"When the judge ruled that Jones had to pay alimony, how did he feel about it?"

"Chagrined."

"And how did his wife feel about it?"

"She grinned."

It was his first great speech, and he wanted it to be a success. His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning. He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original. He thought of something better. Then he shouted: "Don't, I beg you, don't wait till the house takes fire before you summon the fireman."

"What happened when the police searched your house?"

"It was fine. The police found the front door key which my wife had hidden, a penny stamp I lost weeks ago, and four collar studs."

"I think, Harry," said Mrs. Barton, "I'll ask those new people next door to have dinner with us tonight."

"What for?" asked her husband.

"Well, the butcher left their meat here by mistake, and it seems only fair."

Customer: "I'd like to see some good second-hand cars."

Salesman: "So would I."

Maid: "Madam, master is lying unconscious in the hall with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box by his side."

Mrs. X (joyously): "Oh, my new hat has arrived."

A keen sportsman turned up, by error, half an hour too early for the meet. He jumped off his mount and tossed the reins towards one of the village children. "Hold my horse for a few minutes, boy." The boy looked in scared fashion at the big horse and said:

"Will 'e bite, sir?"

"No, no, not at all."

"Will 'e kick, sir?"

"Of course not."

"Will 'e run away, then?"

"No, no, of course he won't."

"Then," asked the lad in a burst of curiosity, "why do you want 'im 'eld?"

"How long does the train stop here?" the old lady asked of the guard.

"Stop here?" answered the functionary. "Oh, four minutes. From two to two to two-two."

"I wonder," mused the old lady, if that man thinks he is the whistle?"

Golfer: "Isn't the Major out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?"

Caddie: "Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!"

The plumber was a mild sort of a man, but he could not get away from the fact that his assistant was constitutionally lazy. For a long time he said nothing, but at last he could contain his exasperation no longer.

"Lummie, Bill," he complained, "you bother me, standin' there with both 'ands in your pockets! For goodness sake take one of them out!"

A nice little boy had a favorite Irish terrier called Paddy. The dog became ill and died. On the fateful morning the mother crept into the boy's bedroom and said, "Dear, I'm sorry to tell you Paddy's dead." The little boy gave a disinterested grunt. In a short time he rose and whistled for the dog.

"But, dear," said his mother, "don't you remember I came to you and told you that Paddy was dead."

"Oh, Paddy," said the boy, bursting into tears, "I thought you said Daddy."

"When I was twenty my ambition was to save the world."

"And now?"

"Now I'm satisfied if I can save a small part of my salary."

Immigration Official: "And what do you plan to do now that you're in the United States?"

Immigrant: "Anything to earn an honest living."

"Well, you'll make good. There isn't much competition in your line of business."

The little girl returned from school and said: "Oh, mummy, we had a lovely lesson all about Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve, and they lived ever so happily in the Garden of Eden until the servant came."

The company promoter was trying to raise capital for a new scheme.

"I'm telling you," he said to a financier, "it will make gigantic strides later on. Just now, of course, it's only in its infancy."

"Perhaps," replied the financier; "but I'm not in mine."

He: "But, darling, we arranged to keep our engagement secret."

She: "Yes; but I could not help it. Yesterday Joan said no idiot would ever marry me, and I had to contradict her."



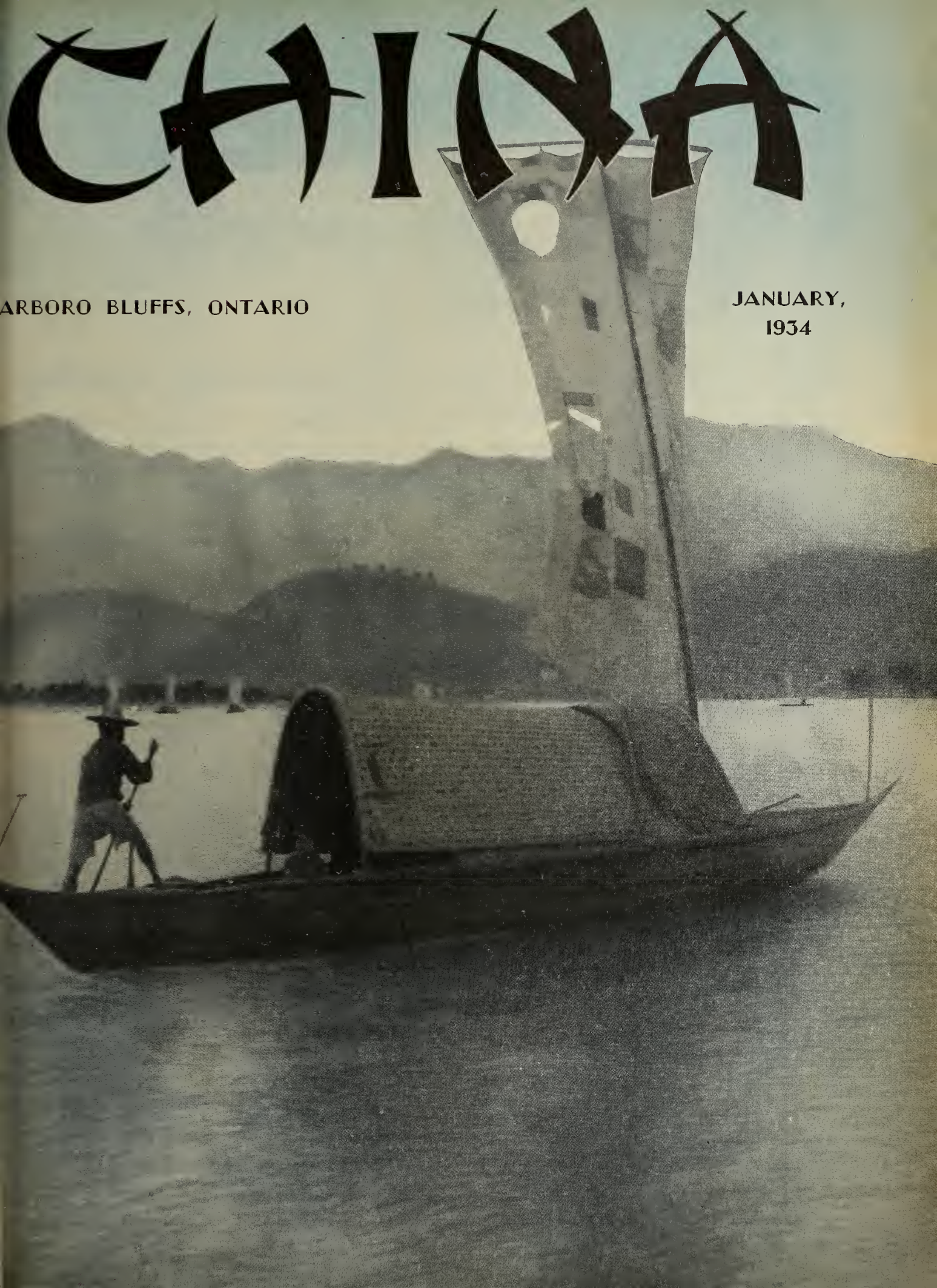
HELP us to complete our Burse in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Patron of Missions and Patron of our Seminary. Contributions to Burses are used to pay for the education of students for the missionary priesthood. Such a work is deserving of your support. To date, St. F. X. Burse amounts to $1,654.40. It needs $3,345.60 to be completed. A little from many will do it.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
China Mission Seminary
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.
Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

ARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

JANUARY,
1934



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

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Considering the joyful acclaim with which people welcomed the Year 1933, it will be interesting to note the buoyant good humour with which they will "give it the boot" a few days hence, and usher in another New Year. We suppose it will always be thus: the beginning of another calendar year always holds out promise of better things to come, and the hope that we entertain for better conditions in the future prompts the joyful welcome we extend to the New Year. It is all too true that the year just finished has failed to bring that expected and long-hoped-for betterment of business conditions; even if we would, we could not forget that 1933 has been decidedly a year of "Depression", and we are all sadly aware of what that word implies. But "times of depression" have not been an unmixed evil. There have been bright days shining through the dark, and we like to think that people the world over have been brought closer to God in their needs than they ever would have been in more comfortable circumstances. Reverses in material things have meant advances in spiritual affairs.

* * * *

It was reported at the first Italian National Missionary Congress, recently held at Padua, that six million conversions have taken place during the pontificate of the present Holy Father. In the same period, the number of native clergy has risen from 2,670 to more than 5,000, twenty new mission districts have been entrusted to the care of native clergy, and almost 2,000 clerics are now studying in seminaries in pagan countries. The number of missionaries has increased by 4,000. Surely these are facts that speak mightily of the mission progress of the present day.

The claim of Pope Pius XI to the title of Pope of the Missions has now come to be generally acknowledged. Not only by administrative and legislative measures has the present Pontiff so distinguished himself, but he has again and again raised his voice in behalf of the missions of the Church, pleading with the faithful throughout the world to support them by generous spiritual and material aid. Whilst a most glorious leadership on his part is certainly not lacking, the question remains as to how far the members of the flock of this Supreme Shepherd are responding to his appeal. In his Encylical Letter "Rerum Ecclesiae" urging Catholics to "the custom and practice of daily mission prayer" he writes: "Even though the missionaries labor zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic religion; though they employ all diligence and industry and all human means, still all this will be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught, unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him." Surely the great Shepherd of Christendom, and his humble missionaries, too, know whereof they speak when they beg YOU to save souls by your prayers.

* * * *

It is fitting that this New Year edition of "CHINA" should refer to the splendid work done by the Catholic weekly newspapers of Canada in giving publicity to the work being carried on by St. Francis Xavier Seminary. We know right well that the success which has attended our missionary efforts since the beginning has been made possible by the interest of the public at large, and gladly do we acknowledge the big part played by these Catholic papers in making us known to their large circle of readers. During 1933 especially, generous space has been allotted week after week to the featuring, by picture and story, of our Chuchow Missions. One of our priests in China, writing under the non-de-plume of "Sinicus", has given the needed personal touch to the relations between our Canadian missionaries and their thousands of Catholic friends in every diocese in Canada, and this is the result of a happy spirit of co-operation for which we are very thankful to the following weekly newspapers: "The Catholic Record", London, Ont.; "The North-West Review", Winnipeg, Man.; "The Canadian Freeman", Kingston, Ont.; "The New Freeman", Saint John, N.B.; "The Beacon", Montreal, P.Q.; "The Casket", Antigonish, N.S.; "The Prairie Messenger", Muenster, Sask.; "The Western Catholic", Edmonton, Alta.; and "The British Columbia Catholic", Vancouver, B.C.



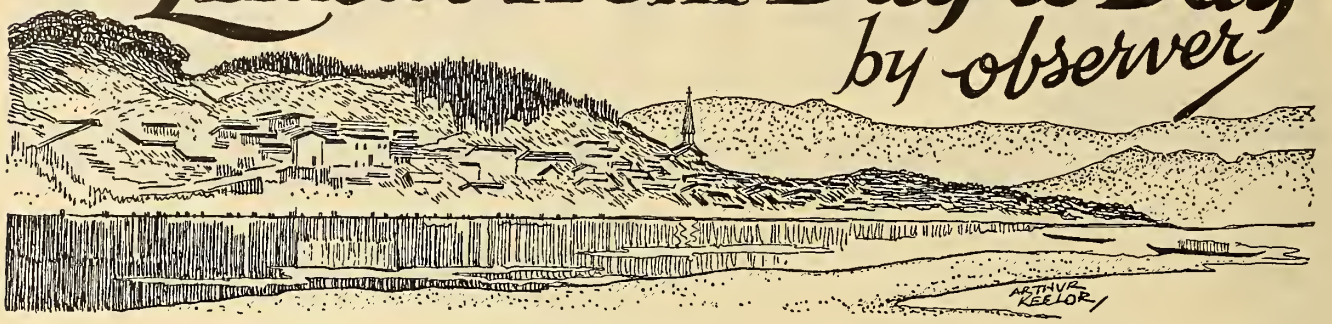
A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION: "HELP THE MISSIONS!"

It is our privilege once again, as an Old Year passes, to extend to all the readers of "CHINA" our sincerest wishes for their success and happiness in the year just commencing.



Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



GREETINGS from Shanghai! Father Beal and I have made a record trip from Yanchinuen, one of the most remote mission outposts in the district, a little village lost among the mountains where the people are so poor that they have not even enough rice but subsist on corn and sweet potatoes.

* * *

It is now nearly two years since we have seen the white lights of the big city. Imagine real motor cars, radios, buildings more than two storeys high, and a place where you can get a real cup of coffee. And what a thrill we did get yesterday steaming up the Whangpoo to Shánghai, when from the deck of our little Chinese coastal steamer we espied the great Empress of Canada at her pier. There were hundreds of steamers of all kinds, tramps, freighters, President liners and the rest. But we noted with pride that not one of them could compare with our great white Empress. It did seem to bring Canada just a little nearer.

* * *

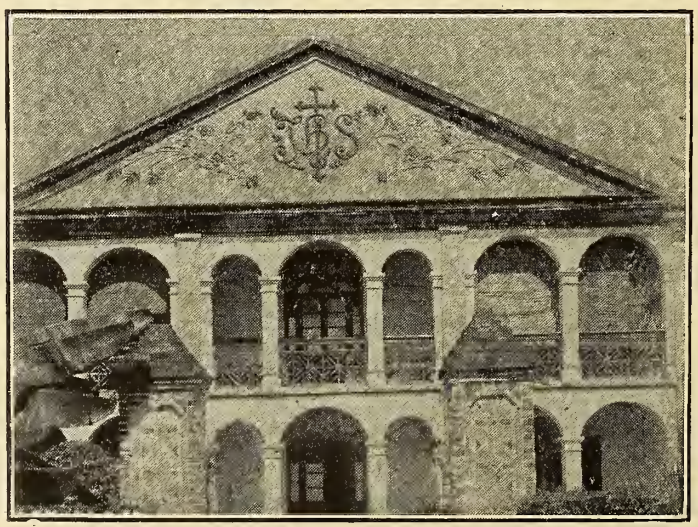
And Shanghai! It is daily becoming more like New York. This morning we had to wait in our rickshaws at a street intersection for nearly a quarter of an hour to let the stream of traffic pass by. What you see in the course of a morning rickshaw drive down the Bund and along Nanking road simply beggars description.

* * *

The East and the West have met alright. Anchored just off the Bund, her twelve-inch guns lying comfortably in their turrets and an aeroplane resting on its runway on her upper deck, H.M.S. Kent stands like a grim and ever-watchful sentinel. Two years ago, when rumours of "trouble" were still rife, they told us that she could raze Shanghai to the ground in about twenty minutes. And Shanghai's skyline, let me tell you, almost rivals that of New York.

* * *

Clustered around the Kent, like ants around an elephant, are hundreds of sampans and small junks, while bumptious and officious-looking little tugs are steaming here and there as if they really had somewhere important to go. A large white pilot boat is on her way out to meet the Empress of Russia, while aeroplanes are circling overhead.



This is the priests' house in Lishui to which "Observer" makes reference here.

On shore, rickshaws and tan-tan men and human beasts of burden dragging truckloads of freight are dodging in and out among Packards and Rolls-Royces and Pierce-Arrows. Beside the many ladies of Shanghai's smart set, Chinese ladies attired a la Rue de Paix, are beggar women and children in rags, and derelict-looking old white Russians with a pathetic-looking stock-in-trade of shoelaces and pencils as an excuse for demanding a "dime for a cup of coffee".

* * *

And the foreign children. We just can't keep our eyes off them. It seems almost unnatural now to see children with blue eyes and golden hair. For the past two years the only white faces we have seen have been our own. Only once—in Sungyang—did I see just such a child, a fleeting glimpse of loveliness as we passed by in our sedan chairs on the way to the outside missions. A little girl of about five years, with golden curls hanging over her shoulders, was playing in a narrow, dirty street with four or five Chinese ragamuffins. She was speaking Chinese, of course. It seemed almost a sacrilege.

* * *

Back "home" in Lishui things are progressing favourably. Father Boudreau has just finished his new church, the gift of an anonymous friend from Newfoundland. It was erected at a cost of approximately $2,000.00, and you will see from the picture on the next page that it is a substantial and attractive-looking building. Now Father Boudreau is supervising the erection of a school at Lishui which is to serve for the whole Prefecture. As yet we cannot afford schools for many of the outside missions.

This is to be a boys' school. A new girl's school for the present is out of the question in spite of the fact that we could fill one tomorrow if we had the building. Just now there are about forty children housed in a few ramshackle old buildings in the compound of the Sisters. Many more would like to come, because school life for the children, under the care of the Sisters, is just a little bit of Heaven compared to the treatment they receive at home. But for the present we can only refuse them—and hope.

* * *

I certainly never intended, when starting these few notes, to make them a recital of our needs, but now that we are on the subject, we may as well tell you the whole story. It is rather a glorious story, at that, because it implies that Canada is going to do big things for the Missions.

* * *

There is our house at Lishui, the central house for the whole district where our annual retreat is held and where our priests come in out of the wilds for an occasional rest when the going has been a little hard. It looks like a million dollars, due to a cleverly disguised front, but it is forty years old, rat-ridden, and shakes with the palsy if anybody moves too fast upstairs.

* * *

Up till now it has served the purpose in spite of overcrowding once in a while. But there are sixteen of us over here now, four more priests to come next year, please God, and over forty students preparing for China. Forty students! The Seminary course is six years. Figure it out for yourself. In six years from now —even in three or four years from now! Well, you won't call it extravagance if we say that a new house will be an absolute necessity this year or next if we are to prepare to receive the young men who soon will leave the shores of Canada for Lishui.

* * *

Hence, dear friends, if you can see your way to help us financially, need we say that it will be deeply appreciated! Any little offering you have may be sent by cheque or money order direct to Monsignor McGrath, Lishui, Chekiang, China; or, if you prefer, to the Seminary with the request that it be forwarded on to him.

* * *

After a little necessary medical attention we will soon be on our way "home to our mountains" again. Regards to everybody.

* * *

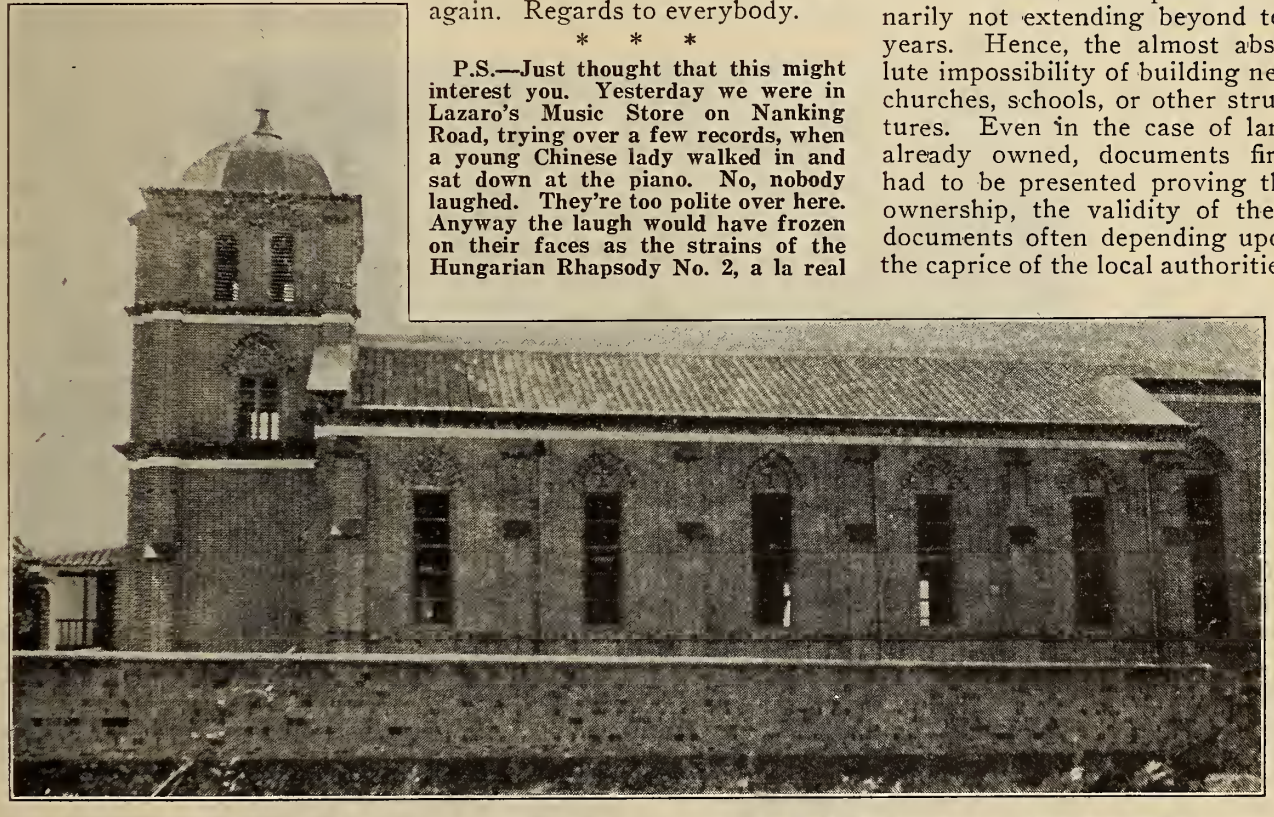
P.S.—Just thought that this might interest you. Yesterday we were in Lazaro's Music Store on Nanking Road, trying over a few records, when a young Chinese lady walked in and sat down at the piano. No, nobody laughed. They're too polite over here. Anyway the laugh would have frozen on their faces as the strains of the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, a la real virtuoso, began to issue forth from that piano. She also rendered a Chopin waltz that would have made old De Pachmann sit up and take notice.

Father MacDonald told me last night that Maestro Pace, the local impressario, has a Chinese lady pupil who will, he says, startle the world later on. It may have been the same lady for all we know. By the way, Father MacDonald, who has been over ten years in China, is a native of St. Andrew's, P.E.I. It would be impossible to tell you how much he has done for all our men who come to Shanghai from the mission outposts once in a while. He wouldn't want us to tell you anyway.

CHINA MISSIONS MAY NOW HAVE PROPERTY TITLES.

Catholic missions of China have been granted the right of leasing property in perpetuity, according to a Fides telegram from Shanghai.

This important decision, issued by the Executive Department of the Nanking Government, restores, in part, freedom of action to our missions and brings to an end a long and distressing controversy. One of the major difficulties faced by China missions in recent years has been the prohibition, placed on them by the government, of acquiring immovable property. Permission could be had only to rent buildings or land for a certain limited period ordinarily not extending beyond ten years. Hence, the almost absolute impossibility of building new churches, schools, or other structures. Even in the case of land already owned, documents first had to be presented proving the ownership, the validity of these documents often depending upon the caprice of the local authorities.



The erection of this beautiful new church by Father Boudreau in his parish of Pi-Wu-Ka, China, was made possible by the generosity of a friend in Newfoundland. In congratulating Father Boudreau on his zealous work we wish other friends would make possible the building of similar churches in Chuchow Prefecture.

AND TO OTHER PAGAN LANDS

Here Is Catholicism

THIRTY-SIX NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED UNDER ONE ROOF IN A ROMAN COLLEGE

By DR. W. E. ORCHARD,
noted convert to the Faith.

PROPAGANDA. . . . No, not the thing; but the place, and the persons; in short, the College for the Propaganda of the Faith, the great Missionary College of the Church.

For propaganda has acquired an unfortunate connotation since the war, having been associated with methods dictated by the aim of misleading the enemy and heartening people at home, in neither case caring anything about the truth. The propagation of the Catholic Faith can never stoop to such methods.

Its one aim is to tell the truth to the enemy, if, for the moment, those who follow religions contrary to the Catholic Faith may be so designated; for it must be in such a way as to recognize and welcome everything that may be true and good in those religions, while at the same time showing where they are false or fall short, by setting alongside it the complete and perfect truth of Christianity: a difficult business.

Neither can support for such work be gained from those who already know the Faith by providing them with optimistically colored accounts of how the great fight is going on: it is bound to be a long, slow business.

But there is no choice. The Church is committed to the task of carrying the Gospel to every creature, and has been commissioned to make disciples of all the nations. There can be no bounds to its concern; no race or clime can be left out on the plea that the difficulties or the dangers are too great; and no halt can be called until the Gospel has been preached to all the world and Our Lord shall have decided that the end has come.

It is reported that in some Protestant quarters there is an increasing difficulty in securing support for foreign missionary enterprise. That may be in part due to the great financial depression which is the most tangible bequest of the Great War, and Catholic Propaganda must be feeling that strain perhaps even more; but because of the vowed celibacy of the priests and religious who undertake this work, and the willingness of Catholic missionaries to say good-bye to home, if needs be, for ever, Catholic missions cost far less than with the Protestants; as the latter have been forced to recognize, but dare not try to imitate.

But there are deeper reasons why Protestant missions must not only continue to feel the strain, but eventually break under it. The support of foreign missions among Protestants has in the past been largely confined to those who hold a very narrow type of theology; yet as their theology has broadened, it has become so broad that any sanction for taking Christianity to those who already possess a religion has been entirely lost.

It is no uncommon thing to meet Protestants, who would be indignant if their Christianity were questioned, who nevertheless think that the different nations have developed that kind of religion which is best suited to their mentality, while the more backward races would be unable to appreciate or respond to it. Ever since the early Reformers, who in many cases were entirely opposed to the Gospel's being taken to the heathen, Protestant missions have had to fight to convert their own people at home.

But to abandon the universality of Christianity is to surrender its essential truth, and surely the acid test of one's faith is whether it is worth while passing on, and is of such value and necessity that it must be proclaimed to the whole world.

In 1900, Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President of Saint Francis Xavier Seminary, assisted at a seance in the College of Propaganda when 33 languages were spoken in the course of the evening's programme.



Association with students of other nationalities is a boon to our seven "stalwarts" at Collegio Brignole Sale, Genoa. Here we see them with two of their Chinese fellow-seminarians.

Heresy of "Selective" Faith

Every Catholic must shrink from the contamination of such an obviously destructive heresy that Christianity is only suited for special people or for chosen races. Yet sometimes Catholic apologists have been betrayed by their antipathies

into speaking as if Christianity were peculiarly suited to the Western world or the Latin races, and of regarding the Oriental and the Jew as if the only duty was to build barriers against their influence.

No doubt the Western world needs be protected against Oriental thought, with its awful ideas of pessimism and delusion; and the Jews may become a world menace when they lose their religion and give themselves up either to financial exploitation or atheistic communism.

But here, as elsewhere, the best form of defence is to attack; these races must be converted to Christianity, or the world is going to remain hemispherically divided, and humanity exposed to the danger of a worse kind of war than ever we have experienced who have passed through the greatest catastrophe of history, the European War.

The College of Propaganda

Against all that type of thinking there stands in Rome its practical as well as theoretical antidote: the College of Propaganda; and if a proof of the thoroughness and vitality of the Catholic Church be sought, it can be found.

The College was previously housed in the great, dingy, brown building off the Piazza di Spagna. The new buildings are between St. Peter's and the Janiculum, overlooking the city, and are of glistening white stone. They are vast and airy, most suitably designed for the coolness and quiet that study needs, and are the last word in efficiency and convenience. They themselves convey an impression of something considered, purposeful, confident; indeed, they remind one more of the scientific theatres and laboratories of some modern university, save that they are grouped round the chapel, which nevertheless by its plainness and austerity seems devoted to the generation of power more real and powerful than anything science knows.

But it is the persons who excite the greatest interest and hope; for in this business everything depends upon them; the quality of character, the sense of a Divine call, their mental and spiritual equipment. Let us stand aside and watch them as they pass, coming from a visit to the Blessed Sacrament on their way from classes to the refectory.

As they walk swiftly by we notice how silent and springy is the walk of some, and as we look up at their faces we see they are dark-skinned; in fact they are of every color, from almost ivory white to almost ebony black. Thirty-six nationalities are represented, we are told: out of the two hundred students, twenty-five are from the far Orient, Chinese or Japanese; and altogether forty-eight nationalities will be found gathered to the lectures given at the College. It is Pentecost perpetuated.

Religious Unity in Being

There can be nothing so completely and fully international in the world. I think most of my Protestant mission-loving friends would be converted on the spot, for they have nothing like this. And here they would see solved at once, what their own mission efforts have compelled them to seek, namely, unity; for on the foreign fields the perpetuation of their divisions hovers between a farce and tragedy. Propaganda would surely convince some of my internationalist, socialist friends that the Church they so much criticize for not sharing their ideals and hopes has attained what they are after, while they have only been talking about it. Here is Catholicism; a religion already universal; the only Church that can unite the world.

When the students are settled to their tables in the spacious and pleasant refectory, and grace and the short reading are over, they, as well as we at the high table, begin to talk, not quite so noisily as schoolboys, and not so boisterously as in Hall at Oxford or Cambridge, but still in a very free and friendly fashion.

Head Student a Jamaican Negro

Close here on the right nearest to the high table is a curly-headed, coal-black negro showing his white teeth in happy laughter. Why does he sit there? We are told that the College is divided into houses of twenty-five, not sorted according to their nationality; on the contrary, carefully mixed, and all changed once a year, so as to make for every one the widest possible contacts. Each house has its own head student chosen for his capacity for managing his fellows, and the head of one of the houses is this Jamaican negro, who is therefore set in command over British, Americans, Scandinavians, and Orientals!

In addition, his house is at the head of the table, because he himself is the head student of the whole College, that distinction being gained because he has outdistanced all others by his studies and examinations, and many of them university men.

The glorious internationalism of it all and the triumph over racial prejudice set so vividly before one's eyes so rouse my emotions and satisfy my enthusiasm that I can scarcely do justice to the lunch that is set before us all, which is so excellent that I pleased the Bursar by saying each course deserved a special grace.

After the meal is over the men go off for a short siesta and then to their games; for everything is done to keep them in good health and spirits, in order that they may be equal to the strict discipline and intellectual demands that the seven years' course in philosophy and theology makes.

Yet there are no signs of repression or strain, as was soon proved by what was then arranged for the sake of the visitors. Some of the

(Continued on page 14)



Father Strang celebrating his first Holy Mass in the chapel of St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Newfoundland.

OF SALVATION TO NUMEROUS SOULS.

A Mission Trip in Kinhwa

By

RT. REV. J. M. FRASER

ON Sunday last I took a trip to Tangchi for the first time to see the place. It is twenty miles west of here. A new line of railway has been recently opened connecting it with here. Father Kiang accompanied me. We rose early, before four. Father Kiang said Mass and breakfasted. It was pouring rain, and had rained the whole night. Rickshaws were waiting for us at the door. We were rushed through the dark, dismal streets to the station a couple of miles away. The train was supposed to start at 6 a.m. but did not pull out till seven. We crossed the newly-built railway bridge, 700 feet long; steel, on concrete piers; cost about a million dollars. Half way to our destination we passed through one of our Mission stations. There is a railway station which will make its visitation quite convenient. The rain did not improve the roadbed laid on a newly thrown-up mud embankment. The train moved along very cautiously.

We arrived at the Tangchi station an hour-and-a-half late. The newly erected station was a small house in the middle of a great patch of mud ankle-deep. It was like walking on wet ice. We managed to get into the chairs awaiting us. The poor chair-bearers struggled for two miles and a half through the sticky, slippery mud, along a newly built motor road to the city of Tangchi, where we found the Christians assembled in their little chapel. An abundance of fire crackers and cannon crackers were let off to welcome us. Father Kiang put up a piece of cloth for a confessional in the priests' room and started to hear confessions. About twenty went to confession. Then morning prayers and catechism were recited, followed by Mass. While I was celebrating, the Rosary was recited. It would be hard to describe the "chapel". It was a poor little back room about 10 x 10 feet in size; no ceiling, and no front wall. Besides the tiny altar and the celebrant there were thirty persons crowded inside. On my right were two old men, and on my left an old woman right up against the altar. I doubt if Mass was often offered in such tight quarters. It was noon before we sat down to combined breakfast and dinner. The catechist's bright little boy entertained us. He knows his prayers and catechism so well! He is a great favorite, I am told, with the teachers at the public school he attends. After dinner, which was all that could be desired, we inspected a large piece of ground next door, belonging to the Mission. It is a fine building site, and I am longing for a priest to come along and build himself a church, residence and school on it. Pray that Tangchi (boiling torrent) will soon have that blessing.

Mounting our chairs again we proceeded to the next chapel, five miles away, in a place called Zioka. After several hours of travel in the rain (we did not get wet, as the chair was covered with oil paper) we noticed that the carriers seemed to have lost their way. Every now and then they would ask directions from the farmers. They were told that they were going in the right direction, to go straight ahead. Finally we came to Zioka, but oh, what a disappointment! It was a place with the same name, in the next county, and not belonging to our district; and the place we wanted was seven miles away. It was now too late in the day for me to visit Zioka. So Father Kiang set off on foot to that place, losing confidence in the bearers, and I proceeded to the railway station.

We passed through a large town crowded with visitors. A comedy was being enacted, and as these are free and acted in the open, the country folk from all the towns around were present. My chair could hardly squeeze through the street. It knocked down a nicely-dressed child, on the muddy pavement. I felt so sorry to see the mess. Night came on while we had still miles to make over a quagmire of a road. Fortunately, few cars passed us; but when they did, it rained mud. I was protected by the covering of the chair, but the poor peasants, when they saw those road hogs coming would crouch in the gutter and try to shield themselves with their umbrellas from the liquid shower. The cars looked like speedboats plowing through liquid mud. Soon we got on to a side road leading to Tangchi which as yet has no surfacing and consequently cannot be used in such weather. Here we met no cars; but the mud and slime! It was like wading through a rice field. We thought we would never arrive. The carriers were all in, and it was impossible for me to walk with leather boots. I was alone with the pagan carriers, Father Kiang and the Christian baggage carrier had gone off in another direction. We were traversing a vast cultivated plain, but there was not a person, not a house, nor light in sight. At last in the distance, miles away, we espied the tiny railway station we had left in the morning. This heartened the men; they used every ounce of their strength. Once they let the chair down in the middle of the mire to take breath and light a cigarette.

What a relief it was when at length we struck the railway tracks. Here I descended, and aided by the men, walked the ties quite a distance to the station. The station-master disappointed me with the information that the train was delayed on account of damage to the tracks, and would not arrive for three hours! But he was very kind and invited me inside his office, which is a great privilege here in China. I said my Office and conversed with him while waiting. I had had only one meal so far, and nothing was to be bought there. Every now and then the telephone would ring and announce the whereabouts of the train. At long last it did arrive. I got into a coach on the only vacant seat; all the other seats harbored sleeping officers and soldiers.

(Continued on page 14)

AS A CATHOLIC YOU HAVE THE

90% OF CHINA MISSIONS FUNCTIONING NORMALLY.

A much larger proportion of Catholic missions are functioning normally than was the case five years ago, 90% of the 119 ecclesiastical territories in China now being able to prosecute mission life practically undisturbed, while few of the others are suffering seriously.

Energetic mission work is possible, it is estimated, among 350,000,000 of China's 400,000,000. As a result, mission societies are assigning new forces with greater confidence and mission leaders are going forward with their programs for advance. They are greatly encouraged by the new laws permitting the leasing of property in perpetuity. For some years many missions have been unable to secure a clear title for land.—*Fides.*

A USEFUL FISH.

The Chinese steamer, "San Hsin", on the Canton-Shanghai run, limped into Canton to tell the remarkable story of how it was "rescued" on the high seas by a large fish, described as a silver carp weighing thirty-five pounds.

Whilst passing the Yuchu Forts en route to Canton, the boat, with two hundred tons of cargo, struck a reef and was badly holed. Water was rushing into the hole of the boat with great rapidity, and the vessel was in danger of sinking. Several pumps were kept working to draw the water back to the sea. To the astonishment of the crew, however, the inrush of the water suddenly stopped and it was possible to keep the boat afloat and continue its journey.

Immediately after its arrival the cargo was unloaded, and upon inspection of the damaged hold, it was discovered that a large-size fish—a silver carp—had wedged itself squarely in the hole caused by the accident, which fact accounted for the retarded inflow of the water.

The fish was dead when it was removed ashore, but instead of making a feast of it, the crew unanimously decided to have it interred with the epitaph: "Here lies the remains of a fish that has saved a ship from sinking and her crew from drowning."—*Reuter.*

NEW DIRECTORS OF PEKING UNIVERSITY.

By decree of the Propaganda of August 5th the Holy See has named Very Reverend Father Grendel, S.V.D., Superior General, Chancellor of the Catholic University of Peking, which on June 20th passed formally into the hands of the Society of the Divine Word. The Society has named Reverend Joseph Murphy, S.V.D., University Rector. As Superior General he will be able to direct the Society's finest talent toward the University, so dear to Pope Pius XI.—*Fides.*

ENRICHED BY THEIR GIFTS.

Are donors to the missions enriched by their gifts? Missionaries may say, as did St. Paul to the Philippians: "I have received the things that you sent, an odour of sweetness, an acceptable sacrifice, pleasing to God." And they will add, in the words of the same great missionary: "Not that I seek the gift, but I seek the fruit that may abound to your account."

MEN FOR THE "19TH" DESERT

Mass desertion, and no bones about it, provided an extraordinary scene on the waterfront on Wednesday afternoon (Oct. 25) when the S.S. Tin Yat came alongside her wharf in Hongkong from Canton.

Her third class accommodation was packed with Chinese soldiers destined for the 19th Route Army, who are fighting the Communists.

Before the Tin Yat had time to form a link with the shore by gangways, the men poured out from the ship from every available opening on to the wharf and fled into the street, discarding their uniforms and equipment as they ran.

Once into the street, the soldiers scattered in all directions, some trusting to their feet, others engaging rickshaws and others jumping upon a passing tram. Within a few minutes of the ship's arrival, there was not a soldier to be seen.

The last seen of the affair by a "Hongkong Telegraph" representative was a disconsolate Chinese army officer looking pensively at the pile of uniforms, blankets, etc., discarded by his troops in their flight and afterwards collected together.



Church of the Holy Rosary at Kinhwa, where Monsignor Fraser is now. This church was built in 1922. At the right is shown the presbytery.

SOLEMN DUTY OF ASSISTING THESE MISSIONARIES.

"PASSING the YEAR"

With the Chinese

FATHER JOSEPH VENINI TELLS US ABOUT NEW YEAR, 1933, IN KANKOU, CHEKIANG

TO-DAY, January 26th, is the first day of the Chinese New Year. It was ushered in last night to the accompaniment of a perfect bedlam, caused by the explosion of string upon string of fire-crackers. To-day, all is quiet on every front, and everyone is a year older than he was yesterday. Here, the age of persons is not reckoned from birthday to birthday (neither is it in certain other climes, I am told, especially among those of a certain sex) but from the first day of each succeeding year. Thus everyone gets away to a fair start from scratch and there can be no cheating. So, if one should happen to be born say on the last day of the last month (some years have thirteen, others twelve, months), on the first day of the first month of the New Year this one would be considered no less than two years old, despite the fact that not more than forty-eight hours have elapsed since he entered this vale of tears.

THIS New Year Festival is the one real holiday of the Chinese. *Cuo nieh* they call it; literally, "to pass the year". On this occasion they all do things up brown, each to the best of his ability, which is another way of saying according to his pocketbook. As regards the external, or secular, or whatever is the right name for it, feasting, the holiday might be compared to our Christmas. Gifts are exchanged, greetings sent to friends, and much frenzied financing indulged in. The end of the year is the accepted time for rendering account of one's stewardship, and hence nearly every one is mad in a strenuous effort to pay one's debts, and nearly everyone is still madder in a still more strenuous effort to collect one's debts. Nevertheless, a merry time is had by all. As nearly as I can figure it out, with the money exchange almost four to one in my favor, and judging from the number of people who have tried to borrow money from me, I am the only person left in this town with any cash. If such be the truth, I am to retain my title. Diogenes was unsuccessful in his search; experience has taught me likewise, and so I do not choose to loan.

"PASS the year" this festival is called, and pass it they do. I doubt if there was a single man, woman, or child old enough to smear everybody with lollypop, who went to bed before one o'clock this morning. Certainly no one in this locality did. I can swear to that. Business in many lines ceased several days ago because the people were so busy getting ready to "pass the year". The general order to cease fire went into effect last evening, that is, the evening of the last day of the passing year. What would correspond to our Christmas dinner is partaken of everywhere from 10 p.m. on into the wee hours of the morning. To-day the town presents the appearance of a deserted village. At noon very few had revived sufficiently to be able to leave the place of their slumbers. In the afternoon a few groups of young men are gathered about amusing themselves tossing pennies. The ban on gambling has been lifted for five days, so all may, and do, gamble unmolested to their heart's content. Even the little girls may be seen playing with their lone pennies, but not "for keeps".



It does seem that somebody's goose is about to be cooked.

TO-MORROW everybody will be astir in good time for it is the first day that opens the season for visiting one's friends to wish them a Happy New Year. The season is also productive of an extra abundant crop of superstitions. As I went to the front gate this morning to take a look-see, the huge sticks of incense, stuck in the walk in front of each home, were slowly burning themselves out. The ordinary sticks of incense are only about ten inches long and very narrow. Those used for the New Year celebrations are fully two and a half feet long and as thick as the wrist of an average man. As I stood at the gate, a nearby blacksmith's son came out of his home. He immediately tore off to where a group of his companions were gambling with their pennies Soon the boy's elder brother put his head out of the door and called to him: "Mind you, now, don't go into anybody's house." I asked the cook the meaning of the order and he informed me that it is absolutely taboo to visit anybody on the first day of the year. The idea seems to be that it would be a mark of impoliteness as it might embarrass one's host. When the youngsters visit anyone at the New Year Season they are usually (so I am told) rewarded with a few coppers. But to pass out coppers on the first day of the year would be the height of folly, as that would surely indicate a greater output than income for the whole year. Likewise, on the first day of the year, one should not say that something is wanting in the house. For example, if one should ask for an Eskimo pie he

should not be told there was no Eskimo pie, but in all seriousness he is handed a piece of sweet potato, and thus the principle is saved, and Eskimo pie will be plentiful during the coming year. No doubt we have here the origin of that clever American masterpiece, "Yes, we have no bananas to-day".

THEN again, should a family be so unfortunate as to have one of its members die on the final day of the year, no mention is made of the fact, the event is completely ignored. The body of the deceased is left in its bed unnoticed, and the inmates of the house "pass the year". On the third day of the year the fact is recognized that one of their number is no more. The weeping and wailing is then permitted to go on as is customary at funerals here, and in this case, too, the principle is saved that no unbecoming act, no portent of misfortune, shall be allowed to contaminate the year on the day of its inception.

THOSE things seem so silly, so superstitious, to us. At least they may be condoned on the plea of ignorance, and of century-old traditions. Those who do such things here in this pagan land are simply doing what the others do and have always done; they are simply keeping up with the Joneses. But what would you say if you were told that people were doing such things in America or in Europe? What would you say if you were a priest, say in Italy, and as you were walking down a busy thoroughfare at mid-day in the midst of crowds of people, and you saw a college professor, a student, a clerk, a customs official perhaps, people with an average education—perhaps even more than an average education judged by worldly standards—what would you say, I ask you, if you, a priest, should see those people deliberately seek something made of iron, a drain pipe or a hydrant, to touch this iron article because they believed that by doing so they would render you, the priest, powerless to cast a curse on them? Or to enter a street car and to witness some half-naked, brainless flapper make frantic efforts to open her purse and clutch her ring of keys, contented that she had thus succeeded in forestalling the priest and his maledictions? If one were willing and able to gather together knowledge of all the superstitions that were practiced in Europe and America I dare say there would be some new ones to teach the pagans of Asia. The black cats, the white horses, the rabbit's paw, the lucky and unlucky numbers, the horseshoes, the broken mirrors, not one of the pagan superstitions are more silly than any of these.

IN a Shanghai paper, owned or controlled, I believe, by some missionary body, runs an advertisement by Madame de Bunk, the famous clairvoyante, who for the small stipend of a few cents will reveal for you the secrets of your future. A great many of the paper's correspondents are missionaries living in the interior of China, and their letters quite often describe the Chinese superstitions and how the poor people are being continually duped by the fortune-tellers. Pigs is pigs, but business is business.

Problems Can be Solved by

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

The instinct is strong to keep "what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF .....

YOU CAN AT LEAST PRAY FOR THEIR SUCCESS.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN



Edited by FATHER JIM

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Greetings, Boys and Girls!

Starting off the New Year let us all renew our efforts to help the salvation of souls by our prayers and sacrifices on behalf of the Missions. 1933 has seen a tremendous increase in the number of boys and girls who have joined our Club. Great things are going to be done during 1934, and as a "bud" in our "Rose Garden" each one of you is pledged to do his or her share, and I know you will, too.

Let me remind you of three important anniversaries occurring this month: the birth of the "Little Flower" on January 2nd, 1873; her Baptism on January 4th; and her taking of the Religious Habit on January 10th, 1889.

May God continue to bless you all throughout the year, and ever increase in your hearts a real love for your Catholic Faith and the desire to share it with the poor pagans of China.

FATHER JIM.

In sending us a splendid spiritual bouquet from the pupils of Junior III, B., St. Stanislaus School, Guelph, Rev. J. Prendergast, S.J., writes: "This 'spiritual cheque' shows the results of what the children of this class are doing for the missions. I had intended to have this reach you for the big Feast, but I pray that St. Francis Xavier, your Heavenly Patron, may to-day present this 'cheque' to Our Lord, and through his intercession may it show its efficacy in abundant blessings for you and the Seminary."

To these young missionaries at Guelph, and to many others who have sent spiritual bouquets for our missions, we are very grateful. It is "cheques" such as that mentioned above which do the work on the missions, bringing down heavenly grace from God on the poor souls who need it so much.

I was very pleased to hear from Sister St. Eulalia reporting the "Ursuline Buds" at Quebec as keen as ever about their membership in our Club. "We thank you very much for your certificates and badges. For so many days the morning greeting had been: 'Has Father Jim written yet?' that when your letter came there was great joy."



This is an actual photograph of Saint Thérèse, the "Little Flower", taken in the garden at the convent, where she lived her "little way" of sanctity.

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 days' Indulgence)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

Alex. Watson wrote me a fine letter from 614 Curry Ave., Windsor, Ont. He and his brother Robert joined our Club two years ago, and now that their sister, Margaret Mary, has made her First Holy Communion she becomes a member, too. Alex. had the privilege of serving Mass for Monsignor Fraser in Windsor. Thanks for the gift you sent, Alex. I hope "rice eating" will not hurt yourself and Bobby in your "preparation" for becoming missionaries.

From St. Rita's School, North Bay, Ont., comes this letter from Jack Vendetti. "We find 'China' very interesting. Our Third Book Class have saved pennies to get a year's subscription, and we are going to help the Chinese Missions. There are about 40 pupils in our class who want to become members. We offer our masses and communions for the missions." Thanks, Jack; write again, and send me the names of your classmates and I will send them certificates and badges.

An "old friend" is Mary M. Kerr, Box 47, Perth, Ont. Mary complains that Mary McAskill owes her a letter. She says, too, that she is glad to see so many new members coming to our "Garden" because it means more prayers for the Conversion of China. By the way, Buds, if you do not yet know the prayer for China by heart, cut it out of this issue, and make sure you say it every day.

A very welcome gift for the Missions was sent by the Little Flower Club at St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax.

And isn't this nice? From Zita Cameron, Antigonish, N.S. "You may be surprised to hear from a little girl away down here. I am the President of our Sodality of the Infant Jesus. Our class holds a meeting once a month; we have little plays and we sing hymns. Each child pays a small

fee. We are sending you today three dollars of our money for the China Missions. We hope to be able to send some more before the end of the school year."

It's next to impossible to keep Sudbury out of these columns—not that I would want to, but there you are! Just read what Billy Maloney has to say, writing from St. Thomas' School. "I am writing a few lines to tell how the pupils in our school are getting along in their promises made last year. There are only four in our class who do not belong to the Rose Garden, and here are their names: Ellen Whalen, Leah Giroux, Leo Primo, and Gregory Mulville. We are trying very hard to fill our mite box. Some of the pupils are sending you their pictures. We have offered a spiritual bouquet for the Chuchow missions, which we enclose; also fifty cents for 'China'. Please pray for our class." You bet I will, Billy, and for all the boys and girls who help us by being "buds". And these pictures will be published at a later date, too.

The teacher at Dornoch, Ont., says that "my pupils have told me so much about you, Father Jim, that I feel as if I am acquainted with you personally." She pays some compliments to her pupils, too, but of course we don't want the boys and girls at Dornoch to know that. If Father Jim ever decides to make himself known, Dornoch School would be a suitable place for the "revelation", for I think I have no more faithful correspondents than the buds there.

"Classes 13 and 14 of St. Francis Rotary School, Toronto, have read about your work in the China Magazine, and we find it very interesting. We would like to help you tell those poor pagan children about Jesus and His Blessed Mother. We are very poor and not able to send much money. However, we have collected two dollars by sacrificing our coppers which we would otherwise have spent on candy or shows. We are also enclosing a spiritual offering of our prayers. This we gladly do for Our Dear Lord who has done so much for us. May God bless your missionary work. Signed, Virginia Giammottalla."

The letter you have just read shows how much in earnest are the young readers of "China" when it is a question of doing things for the missions.

It is typical of the spirit in evidence among our Catholic boys and girls in schools all over Canada and Newfoundland, and it is our happy boast that thousands of such young people are active members of our missionary "Rose Garden" Club. May their numbers increase.



SOME "BUDS" YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW
Left to right: Anita Flesch, Box 693, Cobourg, Ont.; Annie J. Mahoney, Lourdes, N.S.; Yvonne Arsenault and her sister, Summerside, P.E.I.; Gertrude Walsh, 374 Watson St., St. John, N.B. Representatives from four different provinces. Have you sent your picture to Father Jim yet?

Patroness of the Missions

IN the chapel of the Carmel at Lisieux, there is a wall-painting representing the four favorite saints of the Little Flower: St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, St. Joan of Arc, and Blessed Theophane Venard. Blessed Theophane, with palm in hand, heads the group which faces toward the reliquary of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus.

The Flower of Carmel was supernaturally attracted by the character of the young apostle. "I have read the lives of several missionaries," she wrote on May 13, 1897, to Father Roulland of the *Missions Etrangeres* in Paris. "Among these the life of Theophane Venard has touched and interested me more than I could say."

She entertained devotion to him because of his cheerful and quiet courage and his smiling simplicity, because she discovered in him a model of the *spiritual infancy* which she herself was to exemplify to the world. She prayed to Blessed Theophane and caused others to pray to him. Her wish was to go to the Carmelite Convent at Hanoi, to the very country where he had suffered martrydom. And from there came ardent requests for her coming. She turned for advice to her holy friend.

On May 28, 1897, four months before her death, she said to Mother Agnes, her sister: "Do you remember that last year, toward November, when my departure for Tongking was being planned, we started a novena to Blessed Theophane Venard in order to know the will of God? At that time I used to follow all the exercises of the community; I even went to Matins. Just during the novena I again began to cough, and since then I have been growing worse. *He is calling me.*"

One of her happiest days, we read in *Histoire d'une Ame*, was that on which she providentially received a relic of Blessed Theophane. Several times she had expressed a desire to possess something which had belonged to her holy friend, but when she saw that her request was not heeded, she spoke no more of it. She was highly pleased when the Mother Abbess presented her with the precious relic; she kissed it devoutly and did not want to part with it.

When she was about to die, possessing nothing, she nevertheless desired to leave a remembrance for her Sisters of Carmel.

"*Theophane is a little saint,*" she said to them. "As a parting remembrance I have copied for you some passages of the last letters he wrote to his parents; they are my thoughts; my soul resembles his."

This is what she wrote with a hand already touched by death:

" . . . I find nothing upon earth that can make me happy; my heart is too vast; nothing of what is called happiness can satisfy it. My thoughts fly toward eternity; time will end. My heart is peaceful as a tranquil lake or a cloudless heaven; I do not regret the life of this world; I thirst for the waters of life eternal.

"Yet a little while and my soul will leave this earth, end its exile and its struggle. I fly to Heaven. I go to the land of the blessed to see the beauties which the eye of man has never seen, to hear the harmonies which the ear of man has never heard, to enjoy delights which the heart has never tasted.

"I have arrived at the hour which each one of us so ardently desires. It is true that the Lord chooses the *little ones* in order to put to shame the mighty ones of earth. I do not rely on my own strength but on the strength of Him who on the Cross vanquished the powers of hell.

"I am like a spring flower which the Master of the Garden can pluck at will. We are all flowers growing on this earth, flowers which God will pluck in His own good time, some earlier, some later.

"I, a little passing flower, shall go first. One day we will meet again in Heaven where we shall enjoy true happiness."

Do not these lines written by the prisoner of Tongking seem to have been expressed by the Little Flower herself?

As shown by the list of missionaries murdered in China in the last six years, the toll of sacrifices laid upon missionaries in China has not yet been fully paid.

To our missionary brethren who might find themselves called upon like Theophane Venard and like the modern victims of China to seal their apostolate with their blood, we wish that they might remember and share the sentiments of Blessed Theophane which their heavenly patroness, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, applied to herself when she felt the approach of death.

—"*Franciscans in China.*"



Father Morrison with the schoolboys and their teacher at Sungyang.

A MISSION TRIP IN KINHWA

(Continued from page 8)

Some time after eleven p.m. we pulled into Kinhwa. Our little sacristan and several of the schoolboys were awaiting me—they had been there for three hours in the cold, raw weather; a waiting room is in the course of erection. At a quarter to midnight I was able to sit down to a hurried meal, the second that day.

Father Kiang, after leaving me continued his journey on foot with our cook carrying the luggage (Mass box and bedding). When night came on they bought a lantern. Entering the hills they lost their way. There were no passers-by. They knocked at a farmer's house and asked for directions. The old couple took them for highway men and begged them to do them no injury. Father Kiang explained that they were from the Catholic Mission, which did nothing but good. At last after much persuasion the old man consented to show them the way. He had kindly offered as a compromise to harbor them for the night. In leaving, the old lady again besought them not to do any harm to her husband who was a "good, simple man". The Christian station was reached. Next morning the old guide, who by this time had become thoroughly reassured, consented to round up some of the converts who lived near his village. He returned to the chapel not only with them but also with several of the pagan villagers. His contact with the priest and Christians had converted him, and he in turn had convinced his neighbors of the wonderful religion he had discovered. They gave in their names as catechumens.

HELPING GOD'S WORK

Those who readily and regularly give financial help to the Missions are none the poorer for it, but without their assistance we would be badly off. Help to swell our donation list next month. From Nov. 14th to December 11th, 1933, we received the following gifts for our work:

Mrs. J. Cree, $1; Rev. Chas. McRae, $8.50; Agnes Coules, $2; Mrs. McAdam, $1; A Friend, Toronto, in thanksgiving, $3; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; In memory Mrs. Bridget Pinel, $3; Sodality of Infant Jesus, Antigonish, per Zita Cameron, $3; Mrs. Susie MacDonald, $2; In memory, "M.A.M.", Toronto, $5; Philip Grubb, 50c; Mrs. C. Del Monte, $3; Mrs. C. Brownlee, 50c; Rev. Fr. Feurth, $1; Mrs. J. Fry, $1; Little Flower Club, St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, $2; Rev. A. J. MacDonald, $1; Friend, Alexandria, Ont., $25; Patrick Maloney, $2; In memory of O'Connor family, Wakefield, Que., per Edward O'Connor, $250; J. F. Perry, 50c; D. and F. McCarthy, in honor of St. F. X., $5; Mrs. J. H. Schneider, 50c; Miss Ruth MacDonald, $5; Mrs. J. J. McHale, in thanksgiving, $10; Agnes Boylan, 50c; Kathleen Bird, $2; Alex. and Bobby Watson, $1; Anonymous, Toronto, $100; Tessie Crilly, $2; "F. C.", London, $2; Morrison Bequest, $10; Crusaders, St. Joseph's School, Blind River, Ont., $2.

Building Fund

A. MacDougald, $1; Rev. F. Monaghan, $5; Mr. John Moore, $2; Mrs. Jas. Duffy, $1; Mrs. Philip Beal, $1; E. J., Toronto, $1; Mrs. Mary Summers, $3; Sister Pitre, $2; Mrs. Mary Power, $1; Miss Louise Pautler, 50c; James De Coste, $1.50.

Burses

Mrs. G. Allen, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Mrs. Mary Power, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Dolores Macdonnell, in thanksgiving, Little Flower Burse, $1; J. J. Heydon, St. F. X. Burse, $10.

THIS IS CATHOLICISM

(Continued from page 7)

students gave us an impromptu concert, one playing the violin and another the piano in a manner worthy of concert-hall professional standards; and then the Rector sang some Neapolitan songs, laughing together with his students at his much more amateur performance. One could hardly imagine the Head of an Oxford or Cambridge college daring to do this. And yet the Rector is recognized as the supreme authority, which must be strict, and, if needed, can exact severe penalties; though we are assured these were rarely ever called for, only two or three having had to be sent down in as many years.

As we leave this inspiring place, which holds so much of the hope of the world, there comes to us the serious reflection that many of these happy youths will soon find themselves in positions of great loneliness and responsibility, some of them, no doubt, destined to wear the episcopal purple, but some the richer purple of martyrdom. For some will have to go to savage lands and some will be sent to disturbed countries like Russia. But so the Faith must be handed on, and at this cost.

Surely those whose only part is to support such work will not be found wanting in much lesser sacrifice, and those of us who have suffered some little unpleasantness for the sake of the Faith we profess will not fail or prove unfaithful.

COMMUNISM'S REIGN OF TERROR

Canton, Nov. 1.

The massacre of 2,000 Communists, who attempted to desert from the Red army and surrender to the Government, is reported in a Chinese despatch from Yutu, South Kiangsi. Yutu is one of the Communist strongholds in Kiangsi, where all inhabitants have been forced to become members of the Communist Party and many to serve in the Red army.

Recently, about 2,000 men, no longer able to stand the hardships in the Communist camp, deserted and made an attempt to cross the line at night to go over to the Government troops. Their plot, however, was discovered and nipped in the bud. Rounded up and disarmed, the deserters were ruthlessly slaughtered.—Reuter.

NONSENSE



A Negro met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street one day and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come yo' dressed up dis way? Is you got a job?"

"I'se got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other. "I'se got a profession."

"What is it?"

"I'se a orator."

"What's an orator?"

"Don't you know?" replied the resplendent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell yo' what a orator is. Ef you was to walk up to an ordinary Niggah and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say, 'foah', but ef you was to ask one of us orators how much was two and two he'd say: 'When in de cou'se of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add it to de figger two, I says unto you—an' I says it without feah of successful contradiction—dat de result will invai'bly be foah.' Dat's a orator."

First Cannibal—"The chief has hay fever."

Second Cannibal — "Serves him right. We warned him not to eat that grass widow."

Professor—"Can any one give the derivation of the word auditorium?"

Student—"Yes—from AUDIO-hear, and TAURUS-bull. A place where you——"

Professor—"That will do."

Boy—"Mamma wants two pounds of butter like what you sent her last week. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it."

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers but I do. It's my delight to get them just what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, my boy."

Boy—"All right, but be sure and get the same kind. A lot of papa's relations are visiting our house, and mamma doesn't want them to come again."

"Do you like codfish balls, Art?"

Art—"I dunno; I never attended any."

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Johnny—"Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

A school teacher asked her class in what part of the world the most ignorant people were to be found. A small boy volunteered quickly, "In London, England."

The teacher was amazed and questioned the lad as to where he had obtained such information.

"Well," he replied, "the geography says that's where the population is most dense."

John—"Just burned up a $100 bill."

Demijohn—"You must be a millionaire."

John—"Well, it's easier to burn them than pay them."

Visitor—"Now, little Walter, I know you help your mother a lot when she has a big party in the house."

Walter—"I sure do; when they are all gone she makes me count the spoons."

The curate of a very poor parish was showing a rich lady round, hoping to touch her heart and receive a substantial cheque for his people.

"We are now going through the poorest part of the place," remarked the clergyman, as the visitor's magnificent car turned slowly into a side street. "These people have little to brighten their lives."

"Oh, poor things!" sighed the wealthy woman sympathetically. Then, turning to her chauffeur, she said, impulsively:

"James, drive slower and switch on the headlights."

A girl from a telephone exchange fell asleep while at church.

The preacher announcing the hymn, said: "Number 428."

At that moment the girl awoke.

"I'll ring 'em again," she murmured.

The young mistress sent her colored maid, newly hired, for a bill of toilet articles.

"Mandy," said the mistress a few days later, "where is that tar soap you got for me the other day?"

"Lawzee, Miss," exclaimed Mandy, "what all's a blonde baby like you to do wid tar soap? Ah thought you ordered it for mah own pussonal use."

Eloise—"Just think of it! A few turns of a knob and you get Cuba."

Aloysius—"Yes, just think of it! A few turns of a knob and you get twenty years."

Building Foreman—"Excuse me, but are you the lady wot's singing?"

Lady — "Yes, I was singing. Why?"

"Might I ask you not to hold the high notes so long? The men have knocked off twice, mistaking it for the noon whistle."

A timekeeper for a railroad gang in Missouri asked a new workman his name.

"George Washington, suh," replied the dusky son of toil.

"You're not the man who cut down the cherry tree, are you?" asked the timekeeper jokingly.

"No, sah! 'Twan't me, suh. This is the fust work Ah's done for over a year."

"You are the biggest fool I have ever had the misfortune to set eyes on," exclaimed one lawyer to another.

"Order, order," said the judge gravely, "you seem to forget that I am in the room!"

The master told a class of boys to write an essay on "Mother" for their homework and the following day on going through them he found two of the essays, the work of two brothers, exactly alike.

He called one of them to him.

"John," he said, "how is it you've written just what your brother wrote?"

"Well, sir," came the prompt reply, "it's the same mother."

The Patron — "How much for steak?"

The Waiter — "Twenty-five and thirty cents."

The Patron—"What's the difference?"

The Waiter—"You get a sharp knife with the thirty-cent one."

A Scotsman invited to a golden wedding was told that each guest would be expected to bring a golden present.

He took a gold fish.

"What are the rates for your rooms, Mr. Manager?"

"Fifteen dollars on the first floor, ten on the second, eight-fifty on the third, and five on the fourth."

"Thanks, and sorry to trouble you unnecessarily, but your hotel isn't high enough for me."

Housekeeper — "I never feed tramps."

Ne'er-do-well—"I ain't asking yer ter, lady. Jest gimme the grub an I'll feed myself."

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CHINA

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FEBRUARY,
1934



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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THE CLERGY AND THE MISSIONS

A little while ago a parish priest visited us, and after seeing the students filing into the chapel he turned to us with the remark: "If anybody had told me twenty years ago that it was possible to have such a number of splendid young men gathered together from all over Canada for the purpose of preparing for Foreign Missions, I should scarcely have credited the fact. I firmly believe that we can count the increase in vocations to the Foreign Missions as being a very special manifestation of the 'shower of roses' which Saint Therese promised she would send down on earth after her death."

* * * *

There was good reason for our priest friend's surprise. Twenty years ago it would have been a matter for wonderment had anyone prophesied the present flourishing condition of missionary seminaries in Canada from the standpoint of numbers. But the years have brought about a wonderful change. No longer, thank God, is mention of Foreign Missions received with the surprised look and the shake of the head which betokened the introduction of an unknown and mysterious subject. The Catholic people of our land have become educated to regard the Foreign Missions in their true light; they have come to accept as "perfectly natural", yet, withal, as something "heroic", the spectacle of young priests bidding adieu to their families and friends and going off to a distant foreign clime in order to exercise their priestly office amidst a strange people and in strange surroundings. Our Catholic people, we repeat, have become acquainted with the work of the missions as a normal, and indeed an essential, functioning of the Church in carrying out her Divine Founder's injunction to "preach the Gospel to every creature".

* * * *

Agencies which have constantly given "publicity" to Catholic Missions, such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the various mission periodicals, and the Students' Mission Crusade Movement are now reaping results in the form of an increasing number of vocations and in the sympathetic attitude of the general public, an attitude which has led to the supplying of the necessary spiritual and temporal aid to organizations whose concern it is to maintain the forces engaged in Foreign Mission enterprises. The school and the pulpit —the teacher and the priest—have done yeoman service in the past decade to make Canadian Catholics "mission-minded", and "China" gladly pays tribute to their zeal.

* * * *

We would say a special word of commendation for the Clergy whilst expressing our appreciation for all they have done to forward the cause of the Missions, and for their support of our own missionary efforts in particular. We fully realize that what success we have achieved has been due in large measure to the whole-hearted co-operation of priests in every section of Canada and Newfoundland. Not alone by recommending our work to their congregations, but by their own personal contributions have they given us encouragement and confidence for the future. Some of our most regular and most generous benefactors are members of the Clergy, who, despite financial stringency which makes it difficult to maintain their own portions of the Master's Vineyard, yet find opportunities to help the propagation of the Faith in foreign lands. Their vision is truly Catholic, and their zeal is expansive enough to include others outside the immediate boundaries of their own parishes.

* * * *

The Seminaries of Canada are taking care that graduates of the future will continue the splendid traditions of missionary zeal which characterizes the present generation of clergy. In every Seminary in Canada, as we know from correspondence with them, there is being instilled into the hearts of their priests this spirit of all-embracing Charity for God's Missions away from "home". The formation of mission societies among seminarians is stimulating their interest in Foreign Missions. Prayers, almsgiving, and study of mission problems constitute the means to this end, and affiliation with various pious associations and the Pontifical Works for the Propagation of the Faith guarantee the continuance of their well-directed missionary activities.

With a Clergy at home to whom the Missions are a vital issue, we can look forward to the day when the laity will, without exception, respond to their leadership and imitate their personal example in doing things for Foreign Missions.

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

The RELIEF of KANCHOW

Catholic Missionaries Save a Chinese City

The story of the heroism of Bishop O'Shea and Father Meyrat during the Red siege of Kanchow.

By "OBSERVER"

AT the Procure, Shanghai, we had an interesting visitor today; a man who is sentenced to death and isn't worrying about it in the least. Fr. Meyrat, of the Mission of Kanchow, is the man in question, and the sentence may never be carried out. Suppose we tell you all about it, for it is a very wonderful story.

* * * *

His Excellency Bishop O'Shea and Fr. Meyrat are heroes of the memorable siege of Kanchow by the Reds during 34 days of this year. And both are marked men should the Communists ever get control. Fr. Meyrat is just returning from a short holiday at home. He smiled when we suggested that his nerves must have been in bad shape after such an ordeal, with the fate of the city hanging in the balance and with the Bishop and himself singled out for certain death should it fall. "Nerves," he replied, with real good humor, "My nerves were *killed* long ago." We don't wonder, considering that he has spent 33 years in China and the last five or six of them in Communist-infested Kiangsi.

* * * *

You have heard, of course, the whole world has heard, of the memorable siege of Kanchow. But Fr. Meyrat supplied us with details I never saw in any account of the siege. It is now universally admitted, and by none more gratefully than the notables and business men of Kanchow itself, that it was the heroism of these two men that saved the city from certain destruction.

* * * *

Did you ever wonder why the Communists made a practice of liberating all prisoners as soon as they captured a town? It is because in their desperate hand-to-hand fighting they always force this rabble crew to the front to demoralize their adversaries and then they bring their crack troops into play. And when a town *is* taken this crowd is free to loot and rape and murder at will for a three-day period, after which strict discipline is enforced. It was from this that the Catholic missionaries saved Kanchow.

* * * *

With practically all of that section of Kiangsi under their control, the Reds made a desperate bid for the key-city of Kanchow. And the gallant Garrison Commander fought like the hero that he was while the city walls were crumbling around him and his ammunition perilously near exhaustion. Appeal after appeal he sent to Nanking. And again and again the high-sounding answer came out of the ether: "Fight to the last man". It might easily have been another case of a "Chinese Gordon" and his tragic end were it not for the fact that this man turned his radio equipment and codes over to the Mission with the request that if the foreigners insisted on staying and courting certain death an appeal from them might get results. "They won't listen to me," he said.

* * * *

It did get results, after twelve telegrams had been despatched, and, of course, duly intercepted by the Reds, who had secured the code from renegade soldiers. It took the relieving force two weeks to reach the city. Meanwhile, Russian-directed artillery and 48 machine guns were playing on the city walls. Realizing that it was a desperate race against time the Reds fought like demons. Time and again they tried to force an entrance through the breaches made in the walls. But inner sand-bag defences had been thrown up and machine-gun fire from the defenders piled them high as they were driven to the attack.

In the thick of it all the Red Commander sent a special message to the mission. It was to the effect that when they took the town the Bishop and Fr. Meyrat wouldn't have to worry about ransom money as just one bullet was being reserved for each of them. They knew perfectly well that but for the foreigners they would by now have been in possession of Kanchow. The fact that a relief force was on the way inspired the gallant Hunanese to fight to the last breath.

* * * *

After the twelfth day it had become necessary to drop ammunition by aeroplane as there was no more in the town. Daily, planes arrived from Canton. They bombed the Red defences. They flew low and raked the Red lines with machine gun fire. Sometimes huge bundles of machine gun bullets would drop through the roof of some of the Mission buildings, but that was a mere trifle. One hole, more or less, in the roof wouldn't have made much difference had Chu Teh and his horde just got their clutches on Kanchow. The great climax was a three-day pitched battle under the city walls after the relieving force had arrived. The Reds took a terrific beating and Kanchow was saved and the defences have now been so reconstructed that it will never again be in danger.

* * * *

Just one instance will show the nature of the fighting. Fr. Meyrat was one day standing beside the Commanding Officer just inside the wall where the fighting was severe. No soldier was allowed to leave his post without orders under penalty of death. Suddenly a huge Hunanese leaped down beside them, stood for a moment and asked for a cigarette. "Are you hurt?" the officer asked as he significantly unloosened his revolver. For answer the man nodded towards his stomach which he was holding with his hands. A hand-grenade had practically disembowelled him and he fell dead almost as he spoke.

* * * *

We asked Fr. Meyrat all kinds of questions. Were they really Reds

or just one of China's many mere rebel hordes? He told us that all the documents bore the sign and seal of the Chinese branch of the Third International; that the artillery was directed by Red Russian officers and that their wireless was in daily touch with Moscow. Happily for the Mission they were short on artillery shells and had to use them only to batter down the walls.

* * * *

One day the Reds announced that on the following noon they would send a little token of greeting to the three principal places in town, the Mayor's Residence, the Garrison Headquarters, and the Catholic Mission. Precisely at the appointed hour a shell was accurately place in each spot designated. When the fire started in the Mission had been extinguished and the debris cleared away, Fr. Meyrat found a brass ring from the shell. On it was inscribed: "Rochester, U.S.A., 1929". A pleasant little reminder of home for the American Mission and a gentle touch of irony on the part of the attacking force.

* * * *

We also wanted to know how it was that the notorious Communist leader, Chu Teh, had been able to elude capture for so long in spite of the fact that the Government had offered $100,000 for him, dead or alive. Knowing the "amenability" of Chinese in such matters we were surprised that some of his men, even of his personal bodyguard, had not decided to collect part of that reward. The answer was that Chu Teh had a bodyguard of 500 armed, fanatical women. Viragos, Fr. Meyrat very mildly called them.

* * * *

And that explains everything. The average Chinese, above all the average half-paid and half-starved Chinese soldier, might cheerfully sell his soul for considerably less than a hundred thousand dollars. But if die he must in the quest for such a fortune he draws the line at falling into the hands of 500 armed and fanatical Amazons who would rend him limb from limb. Others have felt the same way.

* * * *

"When you're wounded and lie on Afghanistan's plains
And the women come out to cut up what remains
Just take up your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your Gawd like a soldier."

Chu Teh will probably remain "at large", rewards notwithstanding.

* * * *

Fr. Meyrat is now on his way back to his Mission. He hopes to be able to persuade Bishop O'Shea to take a well-earned rest. His Excellency has received from the Holy Father a special recognition of his bravery and the wonderful service rendered the cause of Catholic Missions, and the whole world knows by now that never was recognition more nobly won.

Belgium and Mercier! Warsaw and Ratti! Kanchow and O'Shea! We feel, that as the Holy Father prepared a fitting tribute for his heroic son, his own mind must have harked back to a not too distant day when the devil's hordes were thundering at the gates of Warsaw even as they thundered at the crumbling gates of Kanchow. Poland was saved as was Kanchow and God is still in His Heaven, and the gates of Hell will not prevail as long as there are God's heroes who refuse to be dismayed.



Views showing Father McGillivray officiating at a funeral in Lishui. Top: the funeral procession; centre: the blessing of the grave; below: the person being buried is the wife of the young man in the foreground with crepe on his arm.

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

From PRISON to PARADISE

Written specially for "CHINA" by a Sister of Charity at Chusan Island, Chekiang, China.

THIS year our Islands have suffered much from brigands and pirates. It was said that we had 300 brigands on the Island of Chusan, and 600 pirates on the seas around. The poor country people and fishermen lived in constant terror, life was not easy for them. Many times poor fellows have come to our hospital beaten black and blue. On one occasion a fisherman struggled in almost at his last breath. He had been taken prisoner by the pirates and had been hidden in a cave in the mountains for one month, during which time he was starved and continually beaten. Then, because his ransom was not forthcoming, they shot him through the head three times, threw him down the mountainside and left him, as they thought, dead. When he was brought to us he had several holes in his head and neck and it seemed indeed a hopeless case. However, after weeks of careful nursing he slowly recovered and has now gone back to his island home thoroughly convinced that it was the God of the Christians who cured him. He has promised to come and study in our catechumenate.



The executioner's bullet (the mark of which is clearly shown in the victim's forehead), opened the gates of Heaven to Tze Pao-ding, notorious bandit, who was shot at Chusan on November 12th.

In the villages on this Island the richer men who possess some property have not dared to sleep in their own houses at night. Many have gone to the houses of their neighbors night after night with their families. Shops have been closed up, business stopped, and formerly respectable villages have fallen into poverty and misery through the ravages of the brigands. Such a life could not go on, and eventually some of the well-to-do-men offered a large sum of money to the Government soldiers to come and make real efforts to catch the brigands. They have been very successful and now there are large numbers of pirates and brigands in prison.

Sad to say, one of the leaders of the band was a Christian boy, aged 29 years, named Li Yungsung. He belonged to a big village in the interior near Sinkomen. As a boy he came to our parish school here but had been very badly brought up by his mother. His father was an invalid. Li Yungsung was an only son and had his own way always, as many Chinese boys have. Eventually, he persisted in his intention of going to Shanghai to work; in the great city he fell into bad company and became a brigand because he could not pay his gambling debts. Three months ago Li Yungsung was caught by the soldiers and we heard that he was in the special prison here, the one reserved for those condemned to death. Thinking of his soul, two of our Sisters went to see him, explaining to the Chief Mandarin, when they sought permission, that the Sisters do good work not only for the body but also for the soul—that Li Yungsung was a Christian and if he was going to die, as he deserved, he needed help to prepare his soul for death. The Judge was very polite and quite understood, remarking that he himself had received part of his education in a Christian school under Father Lebbe at Shirshing and so understood the ways of Christians.

The boy was called into the Public Court of Justice before the two Sisters, and heavy chains were dragging on his legs. All around were pagan officials, who were rather surprised at the way the Sisters turned on the prisoner severely and gave him a first-rate scolding, telling him of the shame and disgrace and misery he had brought on his family and on all the Christians of the Island. He listened in silence, and then tears began to roll down his cheeks. The Sisters spoke to him seriously, reminding him of the Commandments of God and of his great sin in stealing from the poor. They told him of the near approach of death, and the boy became quite penitent and said humbly: "I lost my Faith; I listened to the Devil." He begged the Sisters to help him and to send him a priest that he might make his confession. He also asked for his books of prayers and instructions that he might prepare well for death. With the permission of the Judge, two days later Father Luke Yao, his parish priest from Sinkomen, went to the prison and heard his confession.

A little later he was sent to the ordinary prison, and when the Sisters visited there, caring for the sick prisoners, they always spoke to Li Yungsung. He used to come out to the little dispensary and ask

to have the wounds on his legs dressed. He was very quiet and well-behaved, wearing devoutly the Miraculous Medal and scapulars outside his coat. Quite suddenly one Sunday morning the order arrived and with a few minutes warning he was taken to Sinkomen and shot. May the good God have mercy on his soul!

Unfortunately, Father Yao was away from Sinkomen on that day making a mission tour. We could not let him know in time, but on his return to Sinkomen he made inquiries. He was told that just before Li Yungsung was shot the officer asked him if he had any last words for his family. "No," the boy replied, "but I would like to go and see 'Yao Kong' (Father Yao) at the church on the hill there." They told him it was not possible to take him there. He then asked that someone should fetch "Yao Kong" or any priest. This was also refused, with excuse that there was no time. He then said: "Tell 'Yao Kong" from me that I wanted to see him and ask him not to forget me." After these words he was shot.

A few weeks later the famous leader of the band, Tze Pao-ding, was arrested with others by the soldiers in Shanghai. For years they had been trying to catch this man, but he was a very elusive brigand. We heard of his imprisonment, so when the Sisters visited the sick they asked to see him, and knowing that he was condemned to death, they spoke to him of his soul and the Christian religion. He listened very attentively and seemed to be very sorry and ashamed of his bad life. He confessed that it was his gambling debts that had driven him to brigandage. He asked us to write out on paper the prayers and doctrine we were teaching him so that he could study them himself. On our next visit he told us that he could not read, but an educated man in the same cell read what we had written for him, and Tze Pao-ding, his companion brigands, and all in the cell listened attentively and were much interested. At his own request, we baptized Tze, but we wated till later before baptizing his companions, who did not seem to us to be serious enough at first. After continued instruction they changed greatly and requested to be made Christians. During our last visit to instruct them a man in a cell opposite called out: "I, too, want to adore your God. In this book I have here the doctrine is beautiful; I have read it and want to believe in your religion." We asked him where he had gotten his book of Catholic doctrine. He answered: "The Christian brigand, Li Yungsung, gave it to me before he died, and he explained much of it to me."

It was said that Tze Pao-ding was remarkable for his simplicity and honesty in the Court of Justice. At each accusation he said simply: "It is true. I did it. I must be honest, as I am going to die." In the prison were many members of his brigand band, and earnestly he appealed that their lives might be spared. To the Judges he said: "These men are not big bandits like we three; we made them follow us; they are countrymen with families. Do not kill them. Kill us, the three guilty ones who deserve death." Each time we visited these men they were full of gratitude, saying that the Sisters were the only people in the world who wished them well. They assured us that their souls were in peace and that several times a day they repeated the prayers we had taught them, and that they would be their last words at the moment of death.

Sunday, November 12th, the order came and Tze Pao-ding and his two companions were taken to be shot. We may surely believe that our Divine Lord received them as He received the Good Thief on the Cross beside Him and from whom He asked but one small act of faith before He promised him that he should be with Him that day in Paradise.

ARE YOU HELPING THE MISSIONS?

Those who readily and regularly give financial help to the Missions are none the poorer for it, but without their assistance we would be badly off. Help to swell our donation list next month. From December 11th, 1933, to January 15th, 1934, we received the following gifts for our work:

James P. Larkin, $1; Sodality of the Child Jesus, St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., $5; A friend, St. Mary's, Nfld., $2; Agnes Donley, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $5; P. W., Toronto, $5; Rev. Ralph Egan, $2; Frances Sheehy, $2; Mary Columbus, $1; John MacDonald, $2; J. J. Carolan, $1; Mrs. John Langmuir, $2; A friend, L. M., Barrie, $5; Stafford Higgins, $15; Mary V. Power, $1; Mrs. V. Buckley, $2; The Misses Garmey, $5; Teresa Flick, $1; Mary M. Grant, $2; Mrs. Edwin Harris, $1; Mrs. C. Wickett, $1; Gena Hobson, $1; Miss G. Malone, $5; Mrs. T. Finucan, $2; Ed. Svenciski, $1; His Excellency, Bishop MacDonald, $5; Harry Joanette, $4; Frances Murphy, $2; Crusaders, St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, Ont., $5; Rt. Rev. W. C. Gehl, $10; A friend, St. John, N.B., in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; Mrs. Steele, $50; Mrs. A. Lecteau, $2; Mrs. Jeffrey Sampson, $10; Edward O'Connor, $10; W. A. Fawcett, $4.50; Joseph Foran, $1; R. J. Twohig, $5; Mary M. Kerr, $1; Sisters of St. Joseph, House of Providence, Toronto, $10; Sadie Macdonald, $1; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, $5; Miss Julia Pender, $1; Mrs. Julia Herbert, in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B., per Rt. Rev. F. L. Carney, $18; Pupils, St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ont., $7; Margaret Cronin, $3; Estate, Margaret C. O'Driscoll, $50; Estate, Mrs. Sarah McKinnon, $100; Friend, St. John, N.B., in thanksgiving to Little Flower, $1; James A. O'Halloran, $3; Crusaders, Mount St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax, $10; Mrs. L. H. Timmins, $10; Rev. E. J. Wilson, $5; Kathleen Bird, $2; Irene and Catherine Struthers, $3; K. B. Andrews, $2; Mrs. John Walsh, $1; J. J. Carolan, $1; Mrs. John Trainor, $5; Mrs. McGoey, $10; Beatrice Caverley, $3; Albert Cruickshank, $5; Pupils, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, Ont., $4; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Jr. and Sr. IV. Classes, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, $2.50; Mrs. Mary Dion, $25; Miss V. de Leon, $2; A. B., Toronto, $2; Pupils, St. Ann's Convent, Renfrew, Ont., $3; Mr. and Mrs. Michael V. Brussard, $1.

Burses

J. J. Heydon, St. F. X. Burse, $10; Helen Moylan, St. F. X. Burse, $1; A friend, Barrie, Ont., St. Anthony's Burse, $5; M. McNeil, St. F. X. Burse, $20; John F. Lally, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Jos. Robillard, St. F. X. Burse, 50c; Miss Ella T. Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $5; Ida M. Patten, St. F. X. Burse, $13; Rev. Chas. Corrigan, St. F. X. Burse, $1; Nora Mason, St. F. X. Burse, $10; Mrs. E. T. Draper, St. Anthony's Burse, $2; Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, St. Madeleine Sophie Barat Burse, $50; Florence M. Stewart, St. F. X. Burse, $1.50; Rev. Father Feurth, Rev. Dr. Foley Burse, $5; Margaret G. Macdonnell, St. Jude's Burse, in thanksgiving, $1; Miss E. C. Kearns, Immaculate Conception Burse, $2.

Building Fund

Irene Robson, $2; Anna King, $5; Miss Ellen Malloy, $2; Emile Pinel, $3; Miss K. Stringer, $5; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wall, $4; Miss Mary A. Monaghan, $100; Anonymous, Alexandria, Ont., $20; Catherine Lewis, $1; Pupils, 6A Class, St. Willibrord's Academy, Verdun, Que., $1; Margaret Ryan, $1; Austin F. Hall, $5; Well-Wisher, Tignish, P.E.I., $10; Minnie Connors, $10.

Mass Intentions are always a practical help to priests in mission lands. The missionaries often have no other means of support than their Mass stipends. Our priests will be glad to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your Intentions if you send your Mass offerings to the Seminary.

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

The HOME of C

Written specially for "CI

Illustrations through

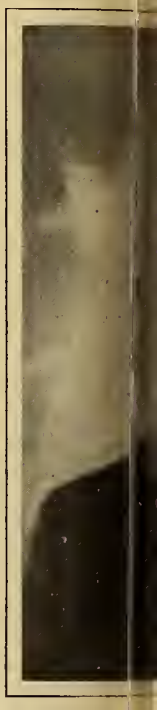
CATHOLICISM was born in Canada, this very year, four centuries ago when Jacques Cartier in 1534 planted the cross of Christ on the Gaspe peninsula and dedicated the newly discovered land to his God, to his Church and to his King. When his little fleet weighed anchor in the Baie des Chaleurs we may say that the Ship of Peter touched our shores for the first time.

Four hundred years have rolled by and still the very map of our great and immense country continues to speak to us of the Catholicity of its first discoverers. The names of its rivers, of its islands and of its capes bear the stamp of their Catholic Faith. The little acorn planted by Jacques Cartier and Champlain, watered by the blood of the Jesuit Martyrs, has grown into that mighty oak whose branches now extend from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

Quebec stands to-day as the citadel of Catholicism in our land. There was a time when that grand old See extended its jurisdiction across the Continent of North America and reached from the frozen Arctic to the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Never was more beautifully and graphically realized the full meaning of that Prophetic verse of the Psalmist in which the Fathers of Confederation found the very name of our Dominion, and our Government its motto:

"His 'DOMINION' will extend from 'SEA TO SEA' and from the river unto the ends of the earth" (Psalm 71: v. 8). To-day the territory of our Dominion—"that land of magnificent distances"—is under the spiritual care and guidance of a fully constituted "Hierarchy". Twelve Archbishops, twenty-nine Bishops, and eight Vicars Apostolic now guide the destinies of the Saviour's flock in Canada. In a population of 10,376,786 (1931 census) there were in Canada 4,285,388 Catholics. They constitute the strongest religious body of the country. That Catholic life is strong and vigorous is evidenced by the fact that Canada has already sent thousands of her sons and daughters into the Mission Field Afar. Pagan lands are benefitting by this overflow of Canadian Catholicity.

In the face of these facts how can we maintain that Canada has still a Mission Field. Does it not seem a contradiction to assert that after four centuries of Catholicism our Dominion has within its boundaries the responsibilites of a mission territory just as equally pressing as those of China, Japan or other pagan countries. The solution to this religious problem depends on what in reality constitutes essentially a Mission Field in the eyes of the Church. The French Author, Georges Gogau, in the concluding chapter of his wonderful book, *"Missions and Missionaries"*, has a lucid explanation of this point of doctrine which he calls "the philosophy of missionary action".



" 'Christ who came to save all men,' as St. Paul tells us in his Epistle to Timothy, desires that the revealed truths and the supernatural graces of which He has made His Church the intermediary should be within the reach of all men, available to all men, and this not at random, occasionally, but in a permanent manner. He desires that His Church be implanted everywhere, and that in all climes her organism of salvation be active. His Divine Commission as handed to us in St. Matthew XXIX, 19: 'Go and teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you . . . ' implies not merely the preaching of the Gospel by apostles, who, their messages delivered, would simply go away, leaving baptismal grace to increase and multiply by itself in souls, but the founding by these apostles of churches, whose spiritual chiefs, succeeding one another from age to age, will teach successive generations to observe what Christ has commanded. The characteristic of missionary activity, and what properly speaking constitutes its essence, is not to instruct and baptise, here and there, souls willing to be instructed and baptised; it is to assemble together in every part of the earth nuclei of souls whom the organized Church will set on the way to salvation, and maintain on that road; it is to prepare and to establish the Reign of Christ, not only on scattered souls, but as soon as possible upon the whole of a region where a common observance of Catholic practice will serve as the foundation of a Church. The aim of the missionary must thus be to establish the mystical body of Christ, that is, the Church, there where she is not as yet established; to consolidate her, there where she has taken root, to encourage and secure the gradual observance by societies and by individuals of the Commandments and the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. From the above principles it follows that the missionary must endeavor to build on solid foundations; that his chief care must be to promote and to protect Catholic morality both in Societies and in individuals; that he must have a care to



A typical emigrant group from Central Europe at the Hostel conducted by the Sisters of Service in Edmonton, Alberta.

SION FIELD ADA

REV. G. DALY, C.SS.R.

The Field at Home".



promote the formation of a native clergy, so as to hasten the dawn of the day when the native Church he will have founded shall no longer require his help, but will entirely be able to provide for her own spiritual needs."

In the light of these principles one can understand how even a one-time Catholic country like England after the trials and the persecutions of the Reformation, reverted back to the state of a mission land. Thus she remained until at last a "Second Spring" came to the Church with the re-establishment of her Hierarchy.

Has not North Africa in the centuries past known also the glories and benefits of a fully constituted Catholicism. And yet to-day it stands out as a vast necropole over which Islamism still keeps watch. Slowly the Church is emerging from the tomb and we owe to the enlightened zeal of the great Cardinal Lavigerie to see the Sees of St. Cyprian and St. Augustine restored to their primitive glory.

To what causes, therefore, should we retrace the existence of a Mission Field in Canada? The Church here has not known persecution like England or Northern Africa, and yet there are vast stretches of our Western Provinces where she is not established so as to provide from her own resources for the spiritual needs of her children. The opening up of these new provinces and the sudden and immense immigration which followed are the explanation of this fact.

From the very dawn of Canadian history until some fifty years ago our Northwest Territories that extended from the Great Lakes to the Rockies and from the American boundary line to the Arctic were looked upon as the privileged domain of the roaming tribes of Indians and of the buffalo herds. Even some of our pioneer Bishops of the West believed that these territories would ever remain the great waste lands of the Dominion. But the plough of some more venturesome settlers had scratched the rich loam of the Red River district and given to the world the famous Manitoba hard wheat. The potentialities of that virgin soil became evident. Ever since the "call of the West" has gone through the land and been re-echoed throughout the world. Our Government opened wide the gates of the country and offered free homesteads to land-hungry settlers from Eastern Canada, the British Isles, and Continental Europe.

A tidal wave of immigration swept over the land and in the space of a few years the solitudes of the Prairies were created into the most prosperous Provinces of the Dominion. The barren wastes of the West had suddenly become the "granary of the world".

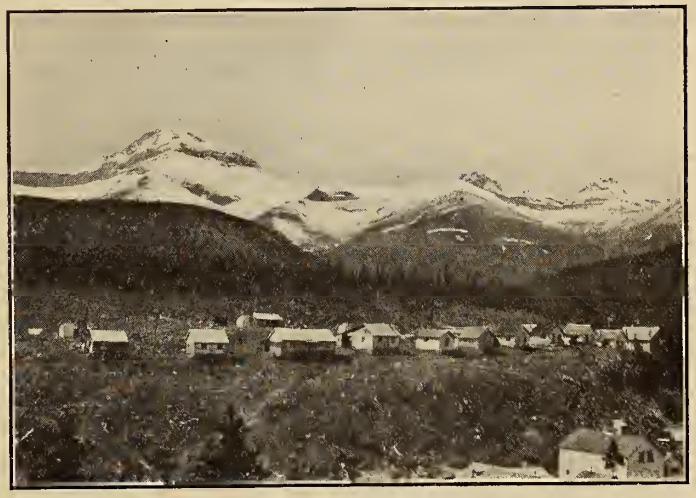
This unexpected transformation created tremendous problems for the Church. The vast majority of the immigrants from Continental Europe were her children. They did not speak the languages of the country and a great number of them belonged to the Greek Catholic Rite. They settled where land was available. To organize the Church among those hundreds of thousands through an immense territory, it would have required an army of priests speaking various languages and knowing their customs. This impossibility created there and then a Home Mission Field in Canada. It is true a marvelous development has taken place. The vast territory of the Prairie Provinces has been divided up into flourishing dioceses; Catholic institutions of education and charity have blossomed like flowers in a desert and Catholic life holds great promises for the future.

But throughout the vast hinterland of these Catholic centres lie hundreds of thousands of Catholics who are not in touch with the Church, with her teaching and her Sacramental life. They are just as destitute of spiritual help as many Catholics in the Foreign Mission Field. It will take years and years before the Church will have there developed her normal life and organization. In the meantime it rests with us to send out missionaries and help just as we are doing in the Field Afar.

As Msgr. McGrath stated in a recent edition of this magazine, there is in reality but one mission field in the Church. Geographical or racial lines mean nothing to God. The salvation of souls through the Church is the only thing that matters. And the Catholic heart should always be large and generous enough to embrace with liberal sympathies the Mission Field as a whole, be it at home, or abroad.

* * * *

(Editor's Note: To Catholics who want to "do their bit" for the Home Missions we very gladly recommend that they become readers of *"The Field At Home"*, a quarterly magazine published by the Sisters of Service at 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, which interprets in words and pictures what these valiant Missionaries are doing to preserve the Catholic Faith among thousands of New Canadians. Worthy of every Catholic's support are these Sisters, whose unselfish labors are directed towards the extension of the beneficent influence of our Holy Mother the Church.



A mining settlement in Luscar, Alberta, where the missionary Sisters of Service have done excellent catechetical work.

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

On a MISSIONARY JOURNEY

With

MONSIGNOR FRASER

ON NOVEMBER 11th, 1933, I paid my first visit to the subprefecture of *Pukiang*. This is the seventh out of the eight counties of *Kinhwa* District that I have visited since my arrival in China eleven months ago.

Taking the Mission servant boy with me, I left Kinhwa by train at 9.30 a.m. The weather was perfect. The last four months of the year in China are very agreeable. On opening the morning paper, which arrives here the day after publication, the first thing to catch my eye was an article on the very railway I was using and the scenery through which it passes:

"The Hangchow-Kiangshan Railway runs its long steel fingers through cultural landscapes and lovely valleys. This wonderful light railway offers an attractive outing to the keen hiker, especially at this season of the year when the magic summer fades into autumn mists and the whole countryside is ablaze with changing hues. The track penetrates a charming undulating country, with woodlands, orange groves and bamboo trails. It is a fat land, full of the fruits of the earth, and a veritable fairyland to wander in, where foot-paths dip and rise. At last, the beauties of Chekiang are now open to easy travel, and the cost is small in both time and money.

"One distinctive effect of this great modern enterprise has been to give a stimulus to the building trade. Quite a burst of building activity is manifest on every hand. Houses, shops, small factories and hotels—'modern and clean' as one enterprising proprietor designates his new-fashioned hostelry —are in course of construction all along the 'Iron Road'. From the railway stations, motor roads are radiating out in all directions, linking up the busy marts of town and village. This mode of rapid transportation has quite caught on with the country folk, and the rural class, who formerly seldom left their homes, are seized with the wanderlust and the novelty of joy rides. In the vicinity of the stations new communities and business centres are springing up with mushroom growth on sites which have never known intrusion save by the ploughman and his ox. The garnering of bounteous harvests is an interesting sight, and a journey to Kinhwa through this rich country is a feast to the eyes. But, alas, this peaceful countryside is not devoid of sighs and groans, and the man with the loudest complaint is the farmer. He says he is being worked to death for little profit. Cheap rice and dear labour is compassing his ruin. In the matter of commerce, too, it is noticeable that business worries furrow many faces, and even the small shopkeeper is baffled by depression and the economic puzzle.

Lanchi, Model City

"The decree has gone forth that the town of Lanchi (in the *Kinhwa* District), an important trading centre, has to be transformed into a model inland city. A young official has taken office as mayor and is primed with all authority, and the latest academic learning, to see that the transformation takes place with the least possible delay. This up-to-date official is not afraid to mix with the throng. He ventures out, incognito, personally to witness what is going on behind the scenes, in the various sections of the county. The gamblers and opium eaters are scared to death, for already, it is said, more than two hundred have been gaoled for such offences. The street pedlars, and stalls, have disappeared from the side of the roads, and ramshackle shops are being torn down. Streets are to be widened, and kept clean, and receptacles are being provided for rubbish. Model markets are to be erected for the sale of vegetables and other produce, and sanitation is to be brought to a high level of efficiency. These are busy days for the professional house-wrecker, and every erection which spans a street or alley, shutting out the sunshine, is in course of demolition. Since the order went forth, the streets look much cleaner, and, if present plans materialize, Lanchi will become the paragon of beauty in the West of Chekiang."

Father Tcheng boarded the train, as arranged, at *Suchi*, and we had a very pleasant chat together until we arrived at *Ginchau*. On leaving the station we crossed a bridge and came to the terminus of the *Pukiang* bus line. After refreshments at a tiny stall, candy and "wenden" (pork enclosed in pastry and steaming hot), we boarded a crowded bus. For the next hour nothing unusual, people mounting and descending. Opposite me sat an officer in mufti holding in his arms a new-born baby; beside him sat his delicate-looking wife. Every now and then she would gently lift the muslin cloth from the child's face to see if he were sleeping. The officer was very careful to keep people from crushing against the baby. One could see that they had a most affectionate love for their child. On arrival at *Pukiang* they were met by soldiers in uniform, and a servant carefully bore the baby to their home.

Father Tcheng's "boy" had never seen or been on a motor bus before. The heaving made him "seasick", the inevitable result. The catechist was at the depot to meet us. We were invited to enter two sedan chairs; men shouldered the baggage, and four policemen followed up as an escort. At the Mission gate quantities of crackers were set off. This, the northern part of *Kinhwa* District, is Father Tcheng's parish. The chapel and parlour are downstairs, with three sleeping rooms upstairs. There is also a fine, large piece of property attached for future building purposes, big enough for church, residence, school, etc. Fortunate will be the young missionary who gets this place.

Some of the principal persons of the city came to see us. Besides conversation on the news of the day, we instructed them in Catholic doctrine. To one, a Protestant, but not yet baptized, I gave a book called "The True Religion of Jesus", written expressly for non-Catholics. The Chief of Police, a Catholic, was delighted to see me. He used to be my parishoner in *Chuchow*. He wanted to accompany me on horseback with a bodyguard to the next mission, but I would not hear of it.

The Christians went to confession, and next day, Sunday, Father Tcheng preached, and I said the



FATHER ANDREW KIANG,
the youngest priest in the Kinhwa mission, who, with Father Ly, a newly ordained priest, is assistant to Msgr. Fraser. The Monsignor speaks highly of the Chinese priests who are his co-laborers in Kinhwa.



Orders have gone forth that Lanchi, the principal commercial centre of the Kinhwa district (where Msgr. Fraser is working) is to be transformed into a model city which will become "the paragon of beauty" in the west of Chekiang Province. This city has a pagan population of 238,000, and a Catholic population of 500 souls. It is in easy communication with Shanghai. There is a Catholic chapel in the city, but no priest yet. Notice the towers, or Chinese pagodas.

community Mass and distributed Communion. The catechist treated us liberally. There was at table, besides chicken, beef, which is an unusual treat, and all sorts of good things. In the afternoon we made a tour through the city, which is small, only about a mile across. Through curiosity we visited a large pawn shop, the solid wall of which towered above the street. Many poor people were redeeming their winter clothing and bedding. The men behind the counter looked like Shylocks. Eighteen per cent. is charged on the money loaned in exchange for clothing. If not ransomed within two years it is sold.

Next day we boarded chairs and set out on a long journey over the mountains. Though the bearers were brisk walkers, it took us eight hours. The first part of the route led through a smiling plain, richly cultivated, interspersed with trees in autumn hues—a riot of colour. The prettiest was the tallow-tree, with bright red or purple leaves and snow-white berries. These are melted and used to manufacture candles.

It took us several hours to cross a very high pass in the mountains. At places it was very steep, and hundreds of steps aided the ascent. Towards evening we arrived at our destination, a village, many of whose inhabitants have recently entered the Church. I noticed that scrolls were pasted on the houses, "Welcome to Monsignor Fraser". Here we were treated royally. Our mission quarters, however, is empty of furniture except for the benches and table-altar in the chapel upstairs, but the good Christians came to the rescue with everything needed. We are in hopes some day of having a resident catechist, or better still a Canadian priest. He will find fertile soil for the spread of the Faith in these simple-minded mountaineers who live amidst wonderful scenery and in healthful surroundings.

Next day after Mass and a sick-call, concerning which Father Tcheng told me he was much edified with the piety of the dying woman, we said farewell. At her request, I sent her a beautiful picture of the Holy Family for her bedside. To other important Christians I also made a gift of pictures. These good people accompanied us for several miles and then with many bows and good wishes took their leave. Another eight-hour journey by chair through rugged mountains and verdant valleys brought us to the nearest railway station. We passed three old ladies with staffs, preceded by a young lady and a boy bearing a basket full of candles and incense. They politely got off the path to let our party pass. They overtook us at a wayside temple where we sat to rest. Going straightway into the temple, they lit candles and incense and began to bow in adoration of the idols. At another place we rested at a very beautiful temple, exquisitely carved and decorated. The idols were richly gilded and profusely coloured, and, as usual in China, represented handsome personages. At another stop we entered a small temple converted into a school-house. The Master was absent. We told the boys how futile it was to adore idols which can neither hear nor see. One of them said they adored the idols at New Year's, and then, I think more in fun, began to bow to the deities on the altar beside their desks.

Idolatory has a firm grip on the population. They are inured to it from their earliest infancy. Not long ago I was standing at our entrance gate. It was a bright moon-

(Continued on page 30)

YOU CAN USE THIS COUPON IN RENEWING YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

"CHINA"
St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Dear Fathers:—

Enclosed find $.....as a subscription to "China" for ..... . years.

Name ..... Name .....

Address ..... Address .....

....

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I was seriously considering asking for an "assistant" to help me with the "Rose Garden" correspondence, but when I thought that it might deprive me of the real pleasure of reading ALL your letters, I decided I would not take the chance, so now there's nothing left for me but to keep on working "overtime" in order to keep up with "business". No, thank you, there's no "depression" in our Club, but the staff of one is away behind in filling "orders".

Lent is approaching—and all our youthful missionaries are reminded to make this Season especially valuable for the Missions. Decide on ONE LITTLE THING that you are going to do for the missions daily during Lent, and having decided, stick to your decision. You'll be glad at the end of Lent if you have been faithful to your ONE LITTLE SACRIFICE EVERY DAY.

Best wishes from

FATHER JIM.

A priest from China Mission Seminary was privileged to attend the final meeting of the Crusade Unit at St. Brigid's School, Toronto, before Christmas vacation. A splendid programme of missionary items was given by the Crusaders, and short talks given by the three priests of the parish as well as by the visiting priest. We wish success to this enterprising Unit during 1934.

In response to the request for more pictures for the "Rose Garden", I have received a good number, and in due time they will adorn our pages. Especially glad was I to get group snaps from Dornoch, Ont., and St. Thomas School, Sudbury.

Clara Yielle, of 313 Albert Rd., East Windsor, Ont., sent me a long and interesting letter telling of a club formed amongst fourteen of her companions to help the Missions; the members meet twice a week in Clara's home and talk over ways and means of doing their share for the Missions. It was a letter that called for one of the very few "personal" answers that Father Jim finds time to write.

The girls of St. Clare's School, Toronto, made our Missions the object of their Mission Sunday activities, and as a result we received from them a fine spiritual and material offering. That's the spirit, St. Clare's!

Comment is unnecessary on this beautiful letter from Edith Murphy, Crusade Secretary at St. Mary's Academy, South Windsor, Ont. "The students of St. Mary's Academy are deeply interested in your lovely magazine, 'China', which comes every month. We enjoy Father Stringer's and 'Observer's' contributions a great deal. Although we have missions of our own in Basutoland and Japan we will do our utmost to send a little help now and then for the cause of foreign missions in China. Our teacher has told us something about the foreign missions and the great work that is being done to bring poor souls out of the darkness and into the light and kingdom of God. We will ask God to grant you, dear Father, and the Chinese Missions every success, and we hope that you will remember us in your holy masses."

JUST IN TIME

Clara Lang is a new Christian, the wife of a pagan army officer, in whose heart the divine precept of charity has taken deep root. She attends Mass every morning and usually receives Holy Communion during Mass, which means getting up at five o'clock and walking nearly a mile to the church on her little bound feet.

Yesterday morning on her return from Mass as she was nearing her home she found a middle-aged man lying on the street, his face and clothing one mass of sloppy mud and filth —how long he had been lying there in the rain she did not know. He was too sick to stand on his feet, even with her help. Touched with pity, Clara asked several workmen who were passing by to carry the man to her home, thinking only of cleaning up the man and getting him into some clean dry clothes. The workmen bore the man to her home as she requested.

In the warm room he soon recovered consciousness sufficiently to understand what she was saying and informed Clara that he had not been feeling well for several days and now felt as though he was going to die. The good Christian woman thereupon spoke to him of life after death and told him in a few simple words the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. She asked: "Do you believe all this?" He answered in the affirmative. She then spoke of the necessity of baptism and asked if he wished to receive the sacrament—again he answered: "Yes".

Feeling that it might be well not to be in too big a hurry about baptizing him, as she was not absolutely sure that he was in danger of death, she told him that as soon as he had gotten better she would bring him to the priest for further instruction before he was baptized. He still insisted that he was going to die; Clara, nevertheless, was doubtful; she did not administer private Baptism.

A few minutes later she left the room to prepare breakfast for her husband who had not yet gotten up. After she had started the rice cooking she returned to the room where her patient lay; she spoke to him, but he did not answer — she called to him in a louder voice and then found that he had again lost consciousness. Clara was frightened and not a little nervous. The thought came: "He seems to be dying; he asked to be baptized: Hurry up! get some water!" She ran into the kitchen, grabbed the first empty receptacle at hand, a gourd dipper, filled it with water and rushed back to baptize the dying man. A few moments later he breathed his last.

And Clara Lang was worried that the Baptism might have been invalid because she had not used holy water. —"Franciscans in China."

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

On several occasions we have recorded the fact that the young missionaries at St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, Ont., have ransomed a Chinese baby. Here's the latest letter from St. Michael's, received at Christmas time. "We are sure you will be pleased to hear we have saved up five dollars to buy another baby, and we want it to be called John Francis after our Pastor. We offer up our prayers, Communions, and Masses for the missionaries. Every Friday afternoon at three o'clock we have a meeting. The President is Nellie Dorian; Vice-President, Phyllis Asseltine, and Treasurer is Jack Kelleher. One day we had a play for our C.C.S.M.C., and Monsignor Nicholson and our Inspector, Mr. Nicholson, were present. Yours truly, Jack Barrett."

Our **"Ursuline Buds"** from Quebec also remembered us with a gift, and a welcome note remarks that it is a pleasing sight to see all the members of their "Rose Garden" club wearing their badges of the Little Flower. The Ursulines in China and a missionary in the Canadian Northwest are the special objects of their missionary prayers in addition to the Canadian missionaries in Chuchow.

"We read 'China' every month and are impressed by the instructive and interesting articles concerning our zealous Canadian missionaries. We are sending herewith a Spiritual Bouquet and a small material offering as a token of our sincerest appreciation. We hope God will bless your work and prosper you in your temporal and spiritual affairs. Sincerely, Lillian O'Hearn, President, Form 1D, St. Joseph's High School, Toronto."

Lucretia Pepin and her sister **Alfreda** from Blind River, Ont., sent along their pictures when they asked to be made members of our Club. Lucretia tells me of the formation of a Crusade Unit in her school, of which she has been elected Secretary-Treasurer. You'll find members of the "Rose Garden" always to the fore in missionary activity everywhere.

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

ZEAL

Our interests and zeal should be as wide as the world. Therefore, let us pray and work for the intentions of Holy Mother Church. All the interests of God will then be the objects of our interest and zeal.

The world is in a sad state because it has neglected God. Pope Pius X of saintly memory has told the world the remedy—"All things must be restored in Christ." If all people and nations would come to the Feet of Our Eucharistic Lord by receiving Holy Communion frequently and making Jesus Hostia their King, then all things would be properly restored.

ANNIE McNEIL,
Halifax, N.S.

The long and newsy letters that come frequently from some of our "pioneer buds" are always a delight to Father Jim. Especially, I wish to thank the following for their regular mail: Alma Chayer, Chiswick, Ont.; Eva LaLumiere, La Fontaine, Ont.; Evangeline Pierce, Bridgeport, N.S.; Frances Cooney, Montreal; Norma Mills, Toronto, and Jack Connors, Kingston, Ont.

Many thanks to the pupils of St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, for a gift of seven dollars received for the missions at Christmas time.

Winnifred Conroy, 901 Fairfield Road, Victoria, B.C., would like to hear from some of the older buds. Winnifred, 18 years old, joined our Club when she heard of it through Patricia Howard, who has since become a Grey Nun in Vancouver. One good friend tells another, and thus the work goes on. Winnifred in her turn got her sister, **Lily**, to join, as well as a friend, **Francis Cownden**, 1527 Comosum St., Victoria.

Mary M. Kerr, one of our very staunchest members, writes frequently, and I appreciated Mary's card and gift for the Missions at Christmas.

CHOOSE YOUR PEN-PALS HERE

Often I get letters asking for the names and addresses of members of our Club to whom fellow-members may write. As a rule, I cannot encourage such requests, but I feel that the names appearing monthly in our columns ought to supply pen-pals from widely-scattered sections of the country. Here are some whose names have not yet appeared. They are pupils of Grade 5, Mt. St. Bernard College, Antigonish, N.S.: Nora McKenna, Mary Oicle, Mary Bell MacDougall, Adele MacGibbon, Isabel MacLellan, Anna Duggan, Isabel MacDougall, Zita Cameron, Mabel MacNeil, Sarah Wheten, Mary Rita MacDonald and Rachel Grant. And here are some names supplied by Mary Keeping, Marystown, P.B., Newfoundland: Gladys and Madeline Foster, Winnie Power, Sadie Pittman, Lottie Mullins, Veronica, Sarah, Alice, Mary A., Marie and Bernice Ducey, Rita Smith and Earnestine Pittman. And from Quyon, Que., we have Mildred McCann, Rena Murphy, Stella Murphy and Hilda Brown. Also anxious for pen-pals are: Agnes Ryan, 11 Newton Rd., St. John's, Nfld.; Anita Arsenault, Ira and Eldric Gaudet, Margaret Gerrier, Edna Arsenault, Frances Gallant and Marion Arsenault, all of Summerside, P.E.I.

From the very young—and sometimes from the very old—come letters to Father Jim. In this group of pictures we introduce you to some of our youngest friends. At the extreme left is a swell snap showing Henry Carr Casey, of 348 Simcoe St. N., Oshawa, Ont.; then we have Mary Chafe, of Petty Hr., Nfld., wearing her First Communion veil; next is little Miss Doreen O'Brien, from St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, Ont.; and the curly-headed young lady in the next picture is ten-year-old Marjorie Mulcahy, from Bay Bulls, Nfld., as she appeared when four years old; three years ago Dan McNeil, Steele's Hill, C.B., got his picture taken, and we're glad to present Dan to you now; and the snap at extreme right is of Vivian Goslin, 635 Carnegie Ave., Oshawa, Ont. Vivian is 10 years old now.



DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY

(Continued from page 27)

light evening. Unknown to them, I watched two little tots, not more than two or three years old, who, when they caught sight of the full moon joined their chubby hands and, kneeling, bowed down to the ground in adoration. When they saw me watching them they scampered off to their home. How sad to be dedicated to idolatory at such an early age! I hope readers of "China" will pray much that we succeed in gathering the rich harvest in this *Kinhwa* District, which is an ideal Mission from every point of view.

NATIVE CLERGY IN MISSION LANDS.

Rome.—Twenty per cent. of the Catholics of Asia are under native bishops, while it is estimated that 60% of the Catholics are now cared for by native clergy. Missiographists point out that, while in many regions the episcopacy is as yet strongly Western, a first generation of native clergy has now taken charge of the majority of the faithful under the tutelage of the foreign clergy.

In India this indigenous clergy number 2,000, while foreign priests are 1,500. Of the 3,500,000 Catholics, 30%, or over a million, are under Indian bishops, while approximately another million faithful are cared for by Indian priests in territories with clergy of mixed nationality.

In Indo-china, native priests total 1,100 and Western priests 360. Phat-diem, of which Bishop Tong will be coadjutor, counts but 8% of the 1,300,000 Catholics of the country, but it is estimated that 800,000 of these Catholics are cared for by Annamese clergy.

China has 1,420 native priests and 1,980 foreign priests. In the 19 ecclesiastical divisions under Chinese ordinaries the Catholics approach 450,000, while it is calculated that another million of the 2,500,000 faithful of the country are in stations manned by Chinese clergy.

Japan, with 62 native priests and 222 foreign, has a single diocese, Nagasaki, under a Japanese bishop, containing two-thirds of the 100,000 Catholics of the country. Korea has 64 native priests and 81 foreign; it is estimated that 40,000 of the 100,000 faithful are in care of Koreans.—*Fides.*

VICTIMS.

Father D'Elia writes in the *China Year Book*: "From an exhaustive inquiry which we have personally conducted among all the heads of the Catholic Missions in China, it results that, during the years 1912-1932, outside of the large number of Chinese Catholics who had often so much to suffer, there were as many as 47 Catholic Missionaries who were slain (to them should be added Father Stimpfl, O.F.M., Tyrolese, killed on March 25th, 1933, in Yungchow, Hunan Province) by Communists, brigands and other outlaws, and at least 320 who were captured by the same, the duration of their captivity varying from a few hours to three years. Most of the victims are priests (204 captured and 39 killed), while others are Vicars or Prefects Apostolic (9 captured and 4 killed), Mission or Religious Superiors (5 captured), Seminarians (28 captured and four killed), Lay Brothers (9 captured), and Sisters (65 captured). As for nationality, the highest percentage of both captured and killed is held by the Chinese (105 captured and 17 killed), while the Italians come next for the captured (52), and Belgians for the killed (10).

The Chinese secular clergy has the highest percentage for both the captured (89) and the killed (16), thus splendidly bespeaking the heroism of the indigenous Church, which is second to none in this martyrology.—*Fides.*

A LETTER FROM YOU

Let your resolutions for Lent include one to do something for the Missions. We depend on our daily mail for the wherewithal to keep our work going. Join the number of our good friends who write us and help us so much.

Antigonish, N.S.—"I am sure that your priests are in need of some help, so I will send them all I can spare. I cannot do much for anybody; I am a widow all alone and not very well. I am sending you two dollars."

Detroit, Mich. — "Enclosed please find cheque for five dollars. Two dollars for my subscription to 'China', and the balance is stringless. I was wondering how often you looked at this old account and said 'hopeless'."

Monklands, Ont.—"I am sending you a little offering in thanksgiving that my two daughters have been able to find work. I ask your prayers for my family and myself. I wish you every success."

Toronto, Ont.—"I am enclosing one dollar for the Chinese Missions. Sorry I can't spare more just now, but will remember you again. I enjoy reading 'China' and find it most interesting. I am pleased to know our missionaries are doing such wonderful work among our pagan brethren. Wishing them every success, and asking to be remembered in your prayers."

Ottawa, Ont.—"I promised to send two dollars to the China Mission Seminary in return for a favor granted. You may use the money in any way you wish. Please pray for my intention."

Mabou, N.S.—"Enclosed please find money order for two dollars. Please renew my subscription to 'China' for one year, and give $1.50 to the Building Fund."

Regina, Sask.—"In spite of many pressing needs at home you are very welcome to the enclosed little gift. We enjoy 'China' immensely, and wish you every success."



Father Arthur Venadam, Pomquet, N.S., is caught by the camera during a restful period at the mission residence in Lishui, China.

DURING LENT—PRAY AND SACRIFICE FOR THE MISSIONS



Murphy had been careless in handling the blasting powder in the quarry, and Duffy had been deputed to break the news gently to the widow.

"Mrs Murphy," said he, "isn't it to-day the fellow calls for the weekly payment for Murphy's life insurance?"

"It is," answered Mrs. Murphy.

"Well, now, a word in your ear," said Duffy. "Sure ye can snap your finger at the fellow to-day."

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I am an undertaker."

A Scotch farmer had agreed to deliver twenty hens to the local market. Only nineteen, however, were sent. and it was almost evening before the twentieth bird was brought in by the farmer.

"Man," said the butcher, "you're late with this one."

"Aye," agreed the other, "but, ye see, she didna' lay until this afternoon."

One bright sunny afternoon Mr. Wood met Mr. Stone and after greeting him, said: "How is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

Mr. Stone answered: "Fine, and how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

Jack: "Can you tell me why a watchdog is smaller in the morning that at night?"

Bill: "No—why?"

Jack: "Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning."

First Pickpocket: "Why are you reading a fashion paper, Bill?"

Second Pickpocket: "Well, if we are to do well in our profession, we must know where pockets are worn."

Poetic Wife: "Far below I can see a long white road stretching out like a paper ribbon back to our hotel."

Unpoetic Husband: "That must be the hotel bill overtaking us.

Mrs. Hodge—"What a funny name Alias is to be sure. I read of so many of that name in the paper nowadays."

Mr. Hodge—"Yes, and they all seem to go to the bad, somehow."

Proud Mother (exhibiting baby)—"Don't you see the resemblance? Look at our faces side by side."

Her Friend—"Nothing could be plainer."

"Ah shuah does pity you," said a colored pugilist to his opponent, as they squared off. "Ah was born with boxin' gloves on."

"Maybe you was," retorted the other, "and Ah reckon you's going to die the same way."

Dr. Strongheart gazed into his eyes. "You say you have trouble with the eye?" he said. "But there's something more. On looking at it, I see signs of liver trouble, of anemia and I fear of chronic nervous affection."

"Look at the other eye, doctor" said the patient. "That is my glass eye."

Mary: "I've just received a letter from my brother in America. He's gone into the hold-up business."

Joan: "Good gracious, has he turned gangster?"

Mary: "No, he's selling sock suspenders."

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, what happened when the cow jumped over the moon?"

Jimmy: "Somebody got an idea for vanishing cream."

Foreman: "You must not smoke at work."

Laborer: "Who's working?"

The farmer met one of his new employes coming toward the house in a dripping condition.

"Say, Bill," he said, "what 'ave you been a-doin' of?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I've just been 'aving a game of cricket wi' the old bull by the pond. I won the toss and went in first."

Wife: "But I enclosed a small file in that last pie I sent you, Bert."

Convict: "That's your blinkin' pastry again, Liz. I didn't notice it!"—Humorist.

Teacher: "Yes, Johnny, Lapland is rather thinly populated."

Johnny: "How many Lapps to the mile, teacher?"—Boston Transcript.

Two Irish women were discussing a railroad accident. One asked the other if any were killed in the terrible crash. She replied, "Shure, twinty-sivin Oitalians and wan Irishman," whereupon Mrs. Dooley, with a long sigh, came back with, "Oh, the pore feller."

"And you say she's forty-five. How well she carries her years."

"M'm. She drops a few now and again."

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS RECIPE?

A June bride asked her husband to copy the radio cooking recipe one morning. The husband did his best but got two stations at once — one broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipes. THIS IS WHAT HE GOT:

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulder, raise knees and depress toes and wash thoroughly in one-half can of milk. In four counts raise and lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour. Breathe naturally. Exhale and sift. Attention. Jump to a squatting position and bend the whites of three eggs backward and forward over the head and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop to a standstill and boil in water to a gallop afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.

"Lost, an umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head"; "House wanted, suitable for small family that has been recently papered and painted"; "Tenders invited for the erection of a school large enough to accommodate 2,000 scholars four storeys high"; "Young man wanted to take charge of horses with a religious turn of mind"; "Nurse wanted in a small gentleman's family"; "For sale, a pony suitable for a lady without vicious habits and quiet in harness"; "Wanted, a mahogany child's chair"; "Overlooker wanted for 5,000 sheep that can speak Spanish."

Young Man: "Why do you keep a parrot?"

Very Old Man: "Because I like to hear it talk. The parrot is the only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a long story of it."



Problems Can be Solved by

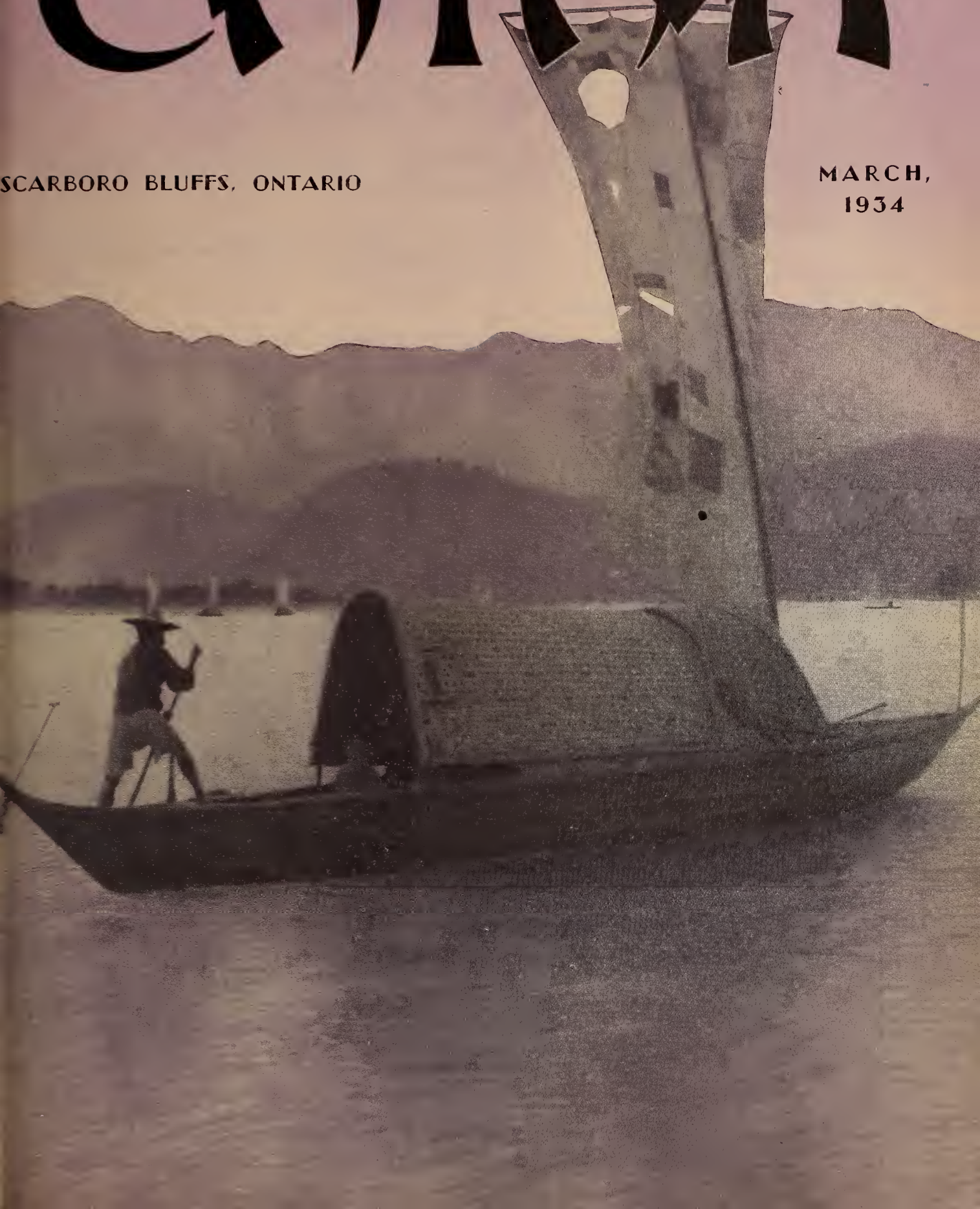
CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF .....

CHINA



SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

MARCH,
1934

CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



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THE SISTERS IN CHINA

In almost every well-established parish in this country a familiar sight is the religious habit of the Sisters who teach in the parochial school. Nuns have become so much a part of well-regulated parish life that our Catholic people can scarcely imagine their absence. Certainly, pastors will readily admit that the most influential agency in assisting the spiritual uplift of their parishes is the presence of Sisters in the schools. The influence of the Sisters goes out beyond the schoolroom; it reaches the homes from which come the young boys and girls who are being solidly prepared for life by the teachings and example of virgins consecrated to a life of service for God.

* * *

In the distant future there may come the time when, please God, parishes in pagan countries such as China will become familiar with the work of Sisters even as many of our Canadian parishes. So far as the missions in China are concerned this blessing has been up to now more or less restricted to the larger centres of population in cities and towns. For quite a number of years the big cities of China have profited by the ministrations of Sisters engaged in school, dispensary and hospital work, but in these later times the work of the Sisters has providentially been extended to the smaller mission centres.

* * *

There is a reason for the apparent restriction of Sisters to the larger centres. At no time has China been a safe place for Nuns to carry on their work without fear of disturbance. The constant state of turmoil in that unhappy country rendered it unwise for Mission Superiors to invite Religious Communities of Women to take up residence in places far removed from the Treaty Ports, and consequently exposed to many dangers in case of military or civil uprisings. The solution of the problem is the development of a Native Sisterhood, and this oft-expressed idea of the Church is being put into execution nowadays with wonderful results. China is being slowly but surely converted, and thousands of native Sisters are being trained as members of foreign and of native Communities.

* * *

It is the dream of every missionary that his field of labor may one day be blessed by the ministrations of Sisters. They are so necessary to consolidate the gains made through his own ministerial work. The establishment of schools, the giving of religious instructions in these schools, the opening of small hospitals or dispensaries, the conducting of catechumenates for women—all of these features of mission life could be maintained so much more easily and effectively if only there were Sisters to aid. Progress in every direction is more definitely assured when the gentle hand of some Sister is there to continue to guide and guard the fruits of the missionary's labors.

* * *

Our own Canadian missionaries in Chuchow have been most fortunate indeed in having the assistance of Sisters. Although only a young mission field, as missions are reckoned, for more than four years Chuchow has witnessed the marvelous effects of the presence of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario. Time and time again the pages of "CHINA" have recounted incidents redounding to the glory and credit of their heroic lives, and bearing testimony to their worth as missionaries in the truest sense of the word. For the first time, we are privileged this month to publish an account of their activities as related by the Sisters themselves. Only after much persuasion were they prevailed on to give to our readers a first hand account of some of their experiences, and as a result we have on pages 40-42 of this issue an unforgettable record of just what life in China means to our missionary Sisters. And we are happy to state that the April "CHINA" will continue the story of their experiences.

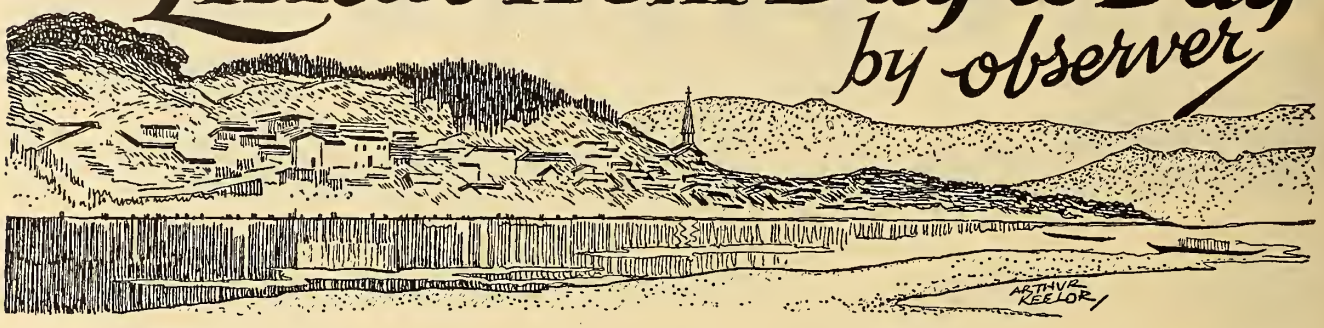
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As you read of these "Angels of Mercy in Pagan China", try to imagine yourself in their places. Transport yourself from your comfortable home surroundings and visit the hovels of the wretched people to whom these valiant women minister; go with them to the bedsides of pagans dying with meningitis, cholera, or malaria; stay with them as they dress nauseating sores on the bodies of poverty-stricken human beings; watch them as they sometimes furtively administer baptism

(Continued on page 45)

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



WE are in Shanghai. And today there is a 2,000 ft. ceiling with visibility of two miles, and the weather report from Zikawei Observatory says all clear over Chekiang. Yes, today a plane might be able to get from Shanghai to Lishui and back. Capt. Bond, of the Lunghua airdrome, tells us that they might be able to get by on a 2,000 ft. ceiling, but that some of our mountains down there hit 3,000 ft.

* * * *

What's it all about, you ask, this talk about aeroplanes and "ceilings" and visibility? What's all that got to do with the prosaic existence of missionaaries among the mountains of Chekiang. A great deal, we answer. And had you been here during the past few hectic days you would have agreed. For back in Lishui Fr. McNabb was lying at death's door with pneumonia, and it seemed that the only hope of saving his life was to get a plane and doctor through and have him brought to hospital in Shanghai.

* * * *

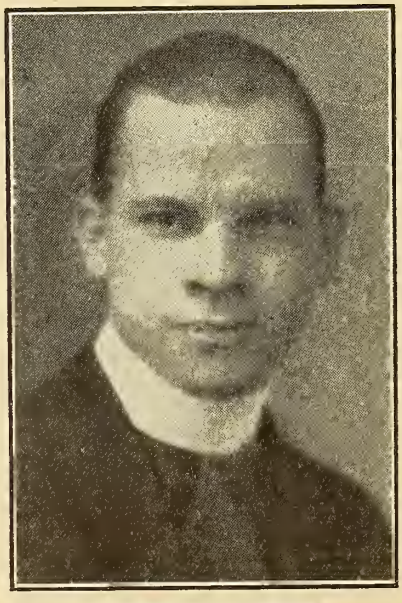
That's all over now. A specially chartered plane did make the attempt, only to be forced back by impossible weather. And a Lishui message informs us that the patient is now improving and out of danger. He was anointed last week. Toxemia had set in, almost on the stage of coma, and you know what that means.

* * * *

But suppose we begin at the beginning and tell you our little story of a grim battle for life with a dread disease, far away from hospitals and modern equipment, a story of the heroism and devotion of the Grey Sisters in Chuchow. It was on Christmas Eve that Fr. McNab contracted pneumonia, and he was doing well until toxemia developed. Happily, two of the little Community of Grey Sisters are thoroughly trained nurses, and all through his serious illness they remained at his bedside night and day.

* * * *

The first intimation we had of his serious condition was the arrival of a wire from Lishui: "McNabb very sick, flu. One hundred and three for six days." And, the same evening, another: "McNabb dangerous; pneumonia. Seminary not notified. If doctor could help, send him via Kinhwa." We immediately consulted several medical men in Shanghai, but they found it hard to leave their practice for the time required to attend the case. Besides, they told us, if it is a question of pneumonia and you have two trained nurses, they can do about as much as any doctor. Still not satisfied, we telegraphed Hangchow and Wenchow, but from both places came the answer that no doctor could go.



FATHER WM. McNABB

Then came the message telling of complications and another urgent appeal for a doctor. What was to be done? "Have you tried Dr. O'Hara?" a friend asked. "I'm sure he will go." We did try Dr. O'Hara and asked him if he would make the trip by aeroplane. He cheerfully consented, and from the contents of the last message advised that Fr. McNabb be removed to hospital immediately. We phoned Capt. Bond at Lunghua, and he told us that a plane was available, but that, owing to the Fukien hostilities, it would be absolutely necessary to get permission of the military authorities to land in Lishui. He hoped to be able to take off next morning at 8.30.

* * * *

As events turned out, it was well that we had sent that message to Wenchow. For while we were still negotiating for the plane, the good Sisters of Charity there, knowing only of our failure to obtain a doctor, immediately despatched a special courier over the mountain road, carrying with him some of the precious dienol serum. Our own Sisters now tell us that it was this serum that saved Fr. McNabb's life after they had all despaired of his recovery.

* * * *

Next morning, at 8 o'clock, we were at the air field. The pilots were somewhat sceptical about their chances of getting through. Chekiang weather report showed poor visibility and a 750-foot ceiling, and a few weeks before, in just such weather, a huge W. Sikorsky amphibian, on its trial run to Canton, had crashed on the rocks of Chusan island.

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But they would try, for it was a matter of life and death. The plane had been specially prepared. Two seats had been removed to

make place for a bed. Dr. O'Hara was taking an oxygen cylinder, and the flying job was in the hands of their two best American pilots, one an ex-war aviator who had been twice decorated for conspicuous bravery in the air. "It's a tough assignment," said Captain Bond, as he glanced at the last-minute weather report over our district. "But rest assured that if anybody can get through, those two boys will." It was with mingled feelings that we watched Dr. O'Hara climb aboard. And as the plane gathered speed down the runway and finally rose gracefully into the air we could but mutter a silent prayer that they would arrive, and that it wouldn't be too late.

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Two hundred and fifty miles to Lishnui. About three hours! We headed back to Shanghai, realizing that we should very soon know. As we passed the main streets a special heading caught our eye at the various newsstands. The aeroplane venture had been singled out as the most interesting news item of the day, and almost at every corner we were greeted by the sign in huge green block letters, "AIR TRIP TO SAVE PRIEST". The story was spread across the front page of the North China Daily News, and it gripped the imagination of Shanghai.

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"Plane left 8.30," we wired Lishui; "arrival uncertain owing hopeless weather." The Mayor there had provided a guard of thirty soldiers and twenty policemen, fully armed. Preparations had been made to have Fr. McNabb placed on board at once, and if all went well, he would be in Shanghai hospital by 2.30 p.m. The trip, by our ordinary means of travel, requires from five to seven days.

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Three hours passed; three hours and a half, and then a phone call. It was from Dr. O'Hara. He told us that they had landed at Hangchow en route; had been advised there by the air pilots to give up the trip, but they had still pushed on to within about 50 miles of Lishui, only to have further progress barred by impenetrable ranges of mountains reaching high above the cloudy "ceiling". It would have been suicidal to go on, so there was nothing for it but to return to Shanghai. They would try again, as soon as the weather lifted.

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There was nothing for it but to wait—and pray. A cable had already been sent to the Seminary. Special prayers were being offered, we knew, by friends at home as well as many friends in Shanghai, and, plane or no plane, Providence would save our youthful missionary if it were for the best. We could but do our little human best and leave the rest in His hands. Meanwhile, step by step, over long miles of cobblestone mountain road and along the winding banks of the Wenchow River a poor Chinese coolie was plodding his weary way to distant Chuchow. He carried that precious little package of serum, and he arrived at our mission residence when all had given up hope.

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The patient was almost in coma when the Sisters, as a last desperate measure, feverishly opened that little packet and gave the first injection. The results were almost miraculous. While we were still bemoaning our failure from Shanghai a message of hope came over the wires: "Dienol injections wonderful. Patient improving." Since then message has followed message, all telling of gradual improvement. Fr. McNabb is now well on the road to recovery, and the Sisters give all credit to that little packet of serum. They say nothing, of course, of their own heroic efforts lasting over two anxious weeks, during which a nurse was always at his bedside.

* * * *

We avail of this occasion to express our deep and lasting gratitude to Dr. O'Hara and Capt. Bond, who did everything humanly possible to reach Lishui; to our good friends, the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow, whose prompt and thoughtful action brought that precious serum in the nick of time. And, need we add, that now more than ever we have reason to thank God for the little Community of Grey Sisters in Chuchow.

Some who Love Missions

and who know
their great need
of financial assistance have
had the idea of making

Their Last Will

a proof of life-long interest in the work of saving pagan souls in China.

MAY WE SUGGEST THIS AS A TITLE to be included in a Catholic Will?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
for the education of young men for the Chinese missions.

TRY IT!

As Lent occupies our attention, we probably welcome the opportunity of getting in closer touch with Heaven. The question is, "How shall we do it?" "What are we doing this Lent?" Abstinence from sweets, from entertainments, from movies? Well and good, but let us have something new, something different and vitally consequential to ourselves and to others; something that will grow and reach millions of our fellow-beings, specially those who have never heard of God, who have never knelt down to ask His blessings, to praise Him, or to ask His love and forgiveness.

Let our Lent be a concentrated effort to keep in touch with God by frequent acts of self-denial and by the frequent use of ejaculatory prayer. These require but a moment, and yet they will reach millions of people. Interrupting other thoughts to say, "My Jesus, mercy!" will help the dying; saying, "Thy kingdom come!" during a moment's visit to the Blessed Sacrament will reach the distant missioner and his people; waiting a minute before beginning our meals or the taking of a less comfortable position will cause "Mary, our Hope" to pity some poor pagan or infidel; and "O Sacred Heart of Jesus. I trust in Thee" will bring the grace of conversion to some sinner. And so on down the list of countless needy souls. We shall touch the Heart of Christ by our aspirations and by our acts of self-denial; we shall cancel our debt of sin, heap up treasures of grace, and come forth from Lent holier, and happier. Try it!

—*"The Bugle Call."*

A LETTER from FATHER JOHN McDONALD

OUR PARISH of Tsingtien is the first in Chuchow Prefecture. Father Gignac and myself like to think it is first in many ways, but certainly it is so geographically. Whether entering our district from Wenchow or from Shanghai, Tsingtien is "first" port of call. And we are glad of that, for it gives us an opportunity of being hosts to our brother priests from time to time as they have occasion to go through to or from Wenchow or Shanghai. Being but a day's journey downstream from Lishui, our priests must either pass the night under our roof or else sleep in the river boat on which they make their journey.

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Thus it happens that since we returned from Retreat last September our humble home here has been made cheerful by visits from many of our priests from other mission stations. Although usually one of us is away on mission trips of some sort or other, our visitors have been made as comfortable as possible, considering what comforts are ours to offer them. In the past few months it has been my good fortune to be "at home" when Monsignor McGrath, Fathers Serra, Amyot, Stringer and Beal were passing through on various occasions. Need I say how welcome they were, and what a pleasant few hours we passed in "swapping news" of events big and little. In China, one appreciates these "calls" by fellow-missionaries; it means such a pleasant interruption of the monotonous daily round.

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At Tsingtien we cannot boast of the pleasing sight of a shining cross atop a comfortable church. No such "luxury" graces the landscape here to serve as a guiding sign to the thousands of poor people who shuffle along their weary way from day to day emersed in the darkness of paganism. But there are times when we are mightily consoled by the proofs of devotion on the part of our Christians. The Christmas season just passed was such an occasion. It was without doubt the happiest of my three Christmas seasons spent in China. Absent, of course, were those outward signs which we naturally associate with that great Feast at home, but there was a touch of them in the mail at Christmas, and in the several parcels which helped to make the time enjoyable here.

To a missionary, Christmas accentuates the problems that face him. Think as one may of the churches in Christian lands filled to overflowing for the Midnight Masses, still there persists the reality of conditions in his own surroundings. There remains the thought of the many thousands of souls for whom the Christmas season has no meaning whatsoever. In other words, while we are kneeling in adoration before the Infant Jesus we know of others not a hundred yards distant who are bowing in adoration before mere idols of clay, seeking from their powerless gods the favours which their poor pagan souls so ardently crave.

* * * *

But there is a consoling side to the problem. Thanks be to God there are some, though relatively few in number, who have accepted the grace to renounce their idols and embrace the Truth which gives light and comfort to their souls. We were blessed and extremely happy this year to have 180 Christians present at Tsingtien for the Midnight Mass and the services on Christmas Day. It was a problem to find room for many of them. Our little upstairs chapel wasn't equal to the task. As I feared, some of the congregation succeeded in "breaking through" the floor, which was also the ceiling of my room beneath.

A goodly number of these Christians had walked six or seven miles over the mountains in order to be present for Christmas Mass. Not having relatives or friends with whom they might stay for the night, they brought their own beds (a straw mat and home-made blanket) and were glad of the shelter provided in the mission compound. Truly a striking similarity to the Evangelist's description of that first Holy Night in Bethlehem, in memory of which these good people had come so far to receive Holy Communion.



Father McDonald tells us that Skippy, his dog, is the pride of Tsingtien.

* * * *

Incidentally I might also mention in passing the all too evident fact of the great and urgent need we have for a church here in Tsingtien, to accommodate our Christians, who, we are very glad to say, are increasing year by year. At present, besides the mission house, which includes the chapel, we have only a flimsy wooden structure for a kitchen and servants' quarters, and now this year, since our fondest hopes of having a little school have taken form, this building also includes a small school room for twelve little Chinese fellows who come every day to learn the three R's and the prayers and truths of the good God Who created them. Of these twelve only two are baptized, as they are the only ones having at least one Christian parent, but we hope to baptize the others before many years.

As the present mission property is sufficiently large enough, and considering the real need we have for a church, it is needless to say our constant hope and prayer is that some of our good and charitable friends at home will receive the holy inspiration to come to our assistance in building a small church and school for the glory of God and the education of the Chinese children.

WORSHIPPING CHINA'S GODS

By

REV. J. L. BEAL

THERE WAS considerable excitement a few days ago outside the north gate of Sungyang when work began on the new motor road which will connect us with Lishui. My boy and I strolled out that way to see how things were shaping up. The scene of action was in front of the famous Ta Ba Temple. The Director of Roads was talking and gesticulating in an excited manner, proclaiming to all and sundry that he was empowered to put the road where he thought best, and intimating that the Si Da, or open-air stage adjoining the temple, had to be demolished. One of the generous donors to the project (who also liked his theatricals) asked to have the discussion postponed for a few days till other surveyors could be consulted. His wish was granted, and the workmen departed.

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The picture on this page shows the entrance to one of the noted temples of Sungyang, the Temple Ta Ba Miao, palatial residence of the gods. On the right and left respectively of the temple entrance prominent places are given to Chien Li Yen (literally, one thousand mile eyes or telescope) and Shuing Fang Erl (hears everything). These "gods" are constructed to live up to their high-sounding names. Chien Li Yen is a dark graven figure with eyes centered in the palm of the hands. This location of the optical organs is, of course, to help him see all things in the city. Shuing Fang Erl is more interested in hearing all things—good and bad—so he has his ears located in the palms of his hands.

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While we were in front of the temple we noticed two worshippers approach bearing the usual basket of food to be offered to the gods. In that basket there would be chicken, bean-curd, macaroni, rice, and candles and josh-sticks of incense. More than likely these people were come to ask the help of their favourite idols to obtain a son in their family, and to make the usual offering to Buddha. The food is prepared at home, and the sticks of incense, candles, brown paper, and fire-crackers are secured en route to the temple. And now let's have a look at these worshippers and see what use they make of their offerings.



Father Morrison, Pastor of Sungyang, standing at the entrance to the famous Ta Ba Miao Temple.

Entering the temple, they place their things on a long narrow table in front of Buddha. Candles are lighted and placed before chosen idols. Those reputed to have great authority in granting favours receive two candles; other less powerful deities get only one. Each idol is honoured by placing before them three lighted josh-sticks and giving the usual kow-tow, or profound bow. Several sheets of brown paper are burned in front of each set of images. These things are in the nature of preliminaries to stir up the favour and goodwill of Buddha.

On the sedilla in front of Buddha rests a bamboo case containing chientz, or scrolls, with writing upon them; some bear numbers, others carry written instructions. The bamboo case with the scrolls in it is passed three times to the right, then to the left around the burning josh-sticks in front of Buddha. Then the supplicant, using a Tien Tz (kneeling mat), bows down and begins to shake the case till a scroll falls out. This is then taken immediately to the manager of the temple to be read. If it contains a number only, the master of the temple consults a book under a corresponding number. The "translation" of the number is then torn from the book and handed over to the worshipper on the payment of a small fee. The key to the number is an "instruction" to purchase, perhaps, five pounds of candles or ten measures of oil and present them as a gift to the temple. On this particular occasion the lady we were watching seemed to be very pleased with her "instructions", and lost no time in settling things with the temple manager, certain that her expected favours would be granted. She then started to make the rounds once more on her knees before the idols, thanking them for hearing her request. A long string of fire-crackers was then set off in honor of all the gods—a polite way of bidding a friendly goodbye.

* * * *

The master of the temple usually beats the temple drum as soon as the food-offering is laid on the long narrow table. Then he rings a large bell with a battering ram affair to call the gods to the temple to take possession of the images which represent them.

The temple treasury is sure of a generous gift if a son is born to a supplicant within a year. An acceptable gift is a pig's head. More wealthy worshippers make an offering of a whole hog. Often have I seen coolies bearing a pig trussed upon a long pole; flute and drums announced the bearing of the offering. And, incidentally, the temple assistants live well while the pork lasts. It seems useless to try to persuade some of these old people that it is all a fake. "We must honor our gods; we do not know your foreign God"—these are the responses we often hear.

* * * *

Some time ago I tried to make contact with one of the temple priests through the medium of a middleman, but without success. The philosophical remark of my middleman was: "Why do you try to persuade this priest, who has spent over thirty years in this profession, to give it up and become a beggar? He earns his rice by interpreting the mind of the gods for the people. He knows it is all false and a huge deception, but he is sure of his livelihood while he stays on the job."

Angels of Mer

EXPERIENCES

MONOTONY is a word not found in the vocabulary of a Mission Sister; there is no place for it. The daily round of duties never wears the garb of routine because every day brings something new. One precious occupation confided to nearly all Sisters in foreign lands is the care of the sick—young and old—at home, in dispensaries, temples and streets. This work is one which calls for the tenderest charity, sympathy and patience—yet leaves no entrance for weariness or routine.

PRACTICALLY all our time is devoted to the sick, and, of late, sick-calls have become quite numerous. It is while out amongst the people that we get an insight into life—I mean, life, as the Chinese see it. During any hour of the day you may find us in rickshaws, rumbling over cobblestone streets to the homes of those who need us. Owing to the small number of Christian families, it is not surprising that most of our calls are to the home of pagans. And it is here especially that we find how much has yet to be done before the Reign of Christ begins in China.

A SHORT time ago we received an urgent request to visit a home nearby, and we immediately set out to the stricken patient. As we neared the house, weird sounds of human voices and brass or tin pans reached our ears. On entering, we found a young boy in a very serious condition. All Chinese medicine had been applied, but to no avail. As the child grew worse, the distracted parents had recourse (as all pagans do) to the spirits to cure their son. It was in the midst of this pagan ceremony that we arrived. Placed before the gods was a table on which fourteen small bowls had been set. Each contained some fond delicacy—a gift to appease the anger of the gods. It was around this table that the elders of the family grouped to try, I presume, by their wailing and petitioning, to coax the spirits to dine. The boy, who was afflicted with spinal meningitis, was also subject to the pagan customs. Resting comfortably on his chest was a living white cock, painted pink for the occasion. The presence of this object was to entice the spirit of evil which was supposed to be in the boy, into the cock and, in return, the spirit of life in the fowl would take up its abode in the patient. This superstitious ceremony had been going on for three days without any result. Then a little bit of white powder hidden away in our medicine kit was brought to the front, and, strange to say, it succeeded where all the spirits had failed. That afternoon he took a turn for the better, and with each visit his chances for complete recovery increased. Now he is back to work with his father. He always has a smile of gratitude for us, as he firmly believes that we enticed the spirits of evil out of him. We heard later that he had swallowed a paper picture of a god, and that the god, in rage at such debasement, had taken his revenge by upsetting the spirit of the boy. This is one case—but there are hundreds of similar ones.

A VICTIM of the same dreaded disease was another boy of twelve years, and we were called to him, too. Here again, superstitious practices were well in force. The sick child was lying on a bamboo mat in a small, dark room. The parents, and relatives to the sixth or tenth degree, surrounded him, each calling, in his or her own weird fashion, the spirits of their ancestors to intercede for the afflicted descendant. A pagan monk was on the scene, too. What his gestures were all about, I am sure I could not tell you, but I suppose they were part of the ceremony. He was certainly not giving much consolation. The little fellow was in a very low condition, and it took time and care to tide him over the crisis, and even then, constant attention for several weeks before the danger had been entirely warded off. Twice daily we visited him where he lay in a room full of earthenware crocks and baskets of dead fish. Perhaps his surroundings account for the length of time he was recuperating.



As the years go by, the labors of our Canadian priests in Chuchow are bearing fruit. The hearts of Fathers Gignac and McDonald last Christmas at Tsingtien. Writing in this issue have of a church building in order that their work may progress unhampered.

n Pagan China

E GREY NUNS
JI

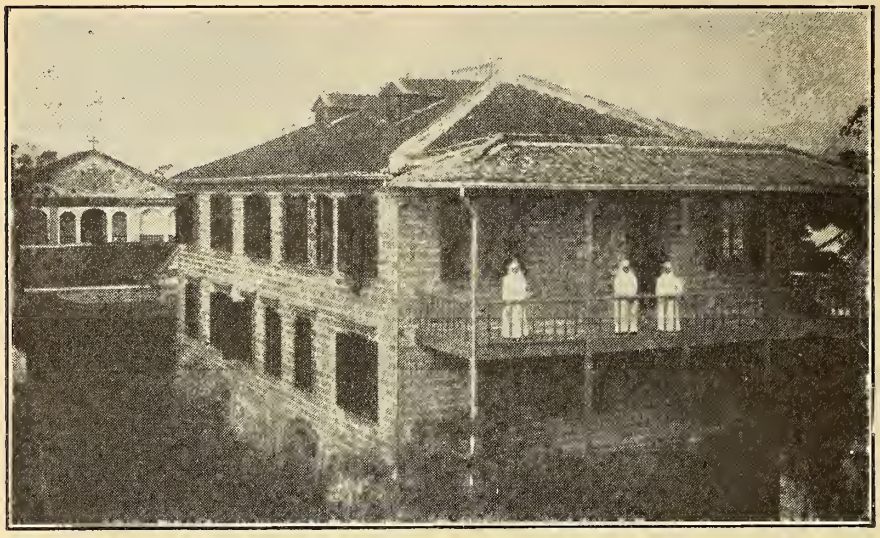
However, he did recover completely, and, in gratitude, his father presented us with gifts—two chickens, four dozen eggs, three dozen oranges, and Chinese nuts. Since then, the once sick boy is seen in Church frequently. Who knows—maybe in time he will join the ranks of the catechumens and later on be admitted to the Church.

MENINGITIS gave us many similar calls, but in all cases, as you would expect, we were not successful. Death claimed many as its victims. When the news of the recovery of the above-mentioned patients spread around, our calls increased daily. Late one afternoon we made our way through the narrow city streets, while a distracted father kept urging the coolies to move faster. When we were only a few doors from the house to which we were hurrying, a strange feeling came over us—why—we were soon to find out. On arriving at the door, we had only to look. There in front of us was a huge camphor wood coffin (and it was not empty—so one of our senses told us). Paper flowers were in profusion, paper hangings, lanterns and josh sticks paid silent tribute to the dead master. Such an array—yet the dust and faded flowers could tell a tale of having hung there some few months at least. The lanterns gave little light, only a dusty sunbeam, which stole in from I don't know where, showed us the door leading to the patient. In feeling our way in the darkness we, unawares, rested our hands on one end of the coffin. It, in itself, was nothing, but inside, as we knew, was the lifeless body of a pagan, a man who knew not God, a man whose life was lived in the impenetrable shadow of darkest paganism, a man who met his God for the first time as his Judge. But, here our thoughts must return, for who are we to be judging, or trying to conceive what happens in the world beyond! It was not a coffin we came to see, but a sick child. A little boy of some six or seven years lay in a critical condition, another victim of spinal meningitis. We did what we could, but the little half-starved frame had not the strength to fight its battle for life, and death found it a ready prey.



dually increasing, and in the picture above we see the faithful converts who brought joy to the tor of Tsingtien (Fr. Gignac) and his assistant (Fr. McDonald), mention the great need they for some charitably disposed reader to become the donor of a church for Tsingtien.

HARDLY had meningitis closed the door which was trapping so many victims, when cholera raised the screen and was there before us, ready to follow suit. We tried to keep ahead of it with the serum, but in many cases it got a pace ahead of us. One case in particular was that of a little girl of four years. She had been sick a week before we were called to see her, and by this time the plague had run its course. The little one was surely nearer to heaven than earth; this fact was evident enough at first sight. What else could one expect? Where were the little cot, the soft mattress or downy baby clothes, necessities of a little tot at home, but not even dreamed of here? Where were the dainties to tempt baby's appetite—where were all the little things a sick child craves for? Wherever all these are hidden, it is certainly not in China. In a small, dark house of mud structure, where sunlight never entered, our patient lay dying. Her bed was only a bare board set on two benches; her coverlet, an old blue padded coat. We knew well that she would not live through the night, so we gave the serum and promised to return later in the day. Returning from the other calls scheduled for the day, we again visited her. This time the child was lying on the floor in an outside room. She was dying, and the parents were aware of the fact. Rather than have her die in the house, she was taken to their outside hut, as death is considered a terrible evil which must be kept as far away as possible. There was only one thing left for us to do, yet how much it was going to mean to the little soul so soon to wing its flight heavenward. We secretly baptized her and then had to leave her in the hands of pagan parents, who would soon call on the spirits. Little they knew that not the powers of earth or hell combined could tear their little one from God.



A rear view of the Convent of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception at Lishui. In the background is the priests' residence. A street runs between the two buildings.

NOT far from this home another baby lay struggling between earth and heaven. On the previous day, one of the Sisters had baptized it, but as it still clung to life, we went to see it. There was not the slightest hope, yet to pacify the parents, we gave it some medicine. When lifting the child, its coat loosened, and there in a pool of blood on its chest was a dead frog. The father noticed our surprise and immediately removed it. So far as we can make out, the frog, in dying on the little one, would give its spirit to the child and his health and life return. The frog must have bled to death on the little patient, as a small hole had been cut on the child's chest to receive the supposed life-giving blood. Early next day, this little soul sped away to begin life in Heaven. Nor were these two the only ones to steal away in the glory of baptismal innocence. Many, under similar pagan customs and surrounded by the severest poverty, slumbered starward and beyond; a rich reward for their short life of pain and want here awaited them there.

NOT only children, but grown-ups, too, fell victims of this disease which they fear so much. Usually, after a good fight and constant care, there is some chance of recovery. In fact, we record only three deaths among the adults as a result of cholera this year.

SOMETIMES we have real rush calls, and when a Chinese gets a-hurrying—well—there must be a reason. This day it was serious. A woman had taken poison and was, when we arrived, in an agonizing position. A Chinese doctor had preceded us, but being sure of death, he would not treat the patient, as there might be loss of face. We spent three hours trying to remove the poison from her system, and it was no easy task. She was frantic with pain, yet we remarked that at intervals she stared at a young girl and at the same time screamed furiously. The girl in turn answered with a hysterical cry and rushed from the room. Outside, all was in confusion. A crowd had gathered for a "look see", and, as usual, each had a "hear say". Above the drumming voices of the crowd, that of the girl rose and fell alternately in high pitched tones with that of the gruff voice of a seemingly angry man. Several times the girl came crying and stood close to us, only to be recalled by a young man. Then the noise outside increased. From some of the women present we learned that the patient and the young girl were mother and daughter. Both had been quarreling, and as the daughter triumphed, the distracted mother took poison—nothing less than nitric acid. Indeed, the mother was suffering physical pain, but it did not exceed the mental anguish of her repentant daughter. Incessantly she kept asking if her mother would live, and as we could not reassure her, she would plead with us to increase our efforts. Well she knew that, in the eyes of her country people, she was the object of derision and subject to the dictates of an angry father. The mother lived until evening; we were not there to witness her death, nor did we care to be present. What happened to the daughter we never heard, but no doubt she paid dearly for her ill-chosen words. Quite frequently we are called to similar cases, but the poison consumed is seldom as deadly as the above mentioned.

SEEING the conditions in which these poor people eke out their meagre existence, we often wonder what keeps them living at all. Pulled up to shore, quite close to our Convent, is a small bamboo covered sampan—there are many, in fact, but this one is of special interest to us. Small as it is, it is the home of a family of three. At present it harbours a sick mother and child. On our first visit the woman huddled on a bed of straw at one end of the boat, while her husband, in an awkward but tender manner, did his best to keep her comfortable. At his mother's feet, a small boy slept. The mother is quite sick, yet there is no danger so far. In her present state, however, it is hard to say what the result may be. Her life on a sampan is not so pleasant, no indeed; like that of all other women in China, it is one of strenuous labour. She must help her husband in rowing and handling the little craft, up and down the river—walking several times in a day's journey through water two or three feet deep, pulling or pushing the boat as they go. Their only means of earning a livelihood is to transfer baggage from one village to another, and there is not much money in it, either. If she gets over this, her husband promises that he will give her a long rest before commencing again, and when she does begin it will be with less vigour. The little lad was not seriously ill; a few capsules of quinine helped to ward off for the time being the fits of chills and fever, symptoms of the too common disease, malaria.

AT THE SEMINARY

Early in February, following several weeks of class work after return from the Christmas vacation, the mid-year examinations occupied the attention of the Seminarians. As we go to press the results are not yet announced, but "anxiety" as to results does not seem to interfere with the recreation periods of the students. They are making the most of the winter weather in getting some strenuous exercise at their hockey games.

News Items from the Missions

(Supplied by Fides News Service in Rome)

His Excellency Bishop Andrew Defebvre, C.M., of Ningpo, calls attention to the interesting fact that almost everywhere in the mission world the seed of faith takes root very unevenly. In a given region, there are usually spots where Church members quickly become very numerous, and then other areas with graduating proportions of converts down to those points which remain thoroughly sterile.

His Excellency gives his Vicariate of Ningpo as an example. The population is 9,206,824 and Catholics are 43,051, a proportion of one to 213. The prefecture of Wenchow, however, within the Vicariate, has a proportion of one Catholic for every 101 non-Catholics. The sub-prefecture of Yungkia, in the prefecture of Wenchow, has an average of one Catholic for every 45 non-Catholics.

Then, three villages of Yungkia have a proportion of one Catholic for every 19 non-Catholics. Finally, in one village of Yungkia, Catholics are one in three of the population.

"When shall we have a general proportion for all China of at least one to 19?" asks His Excellency. The present proportion is approximately one to 160, since Catholics number two and a half millions in a population of 400,000,000.

—Fides.

Father Ernest Jasmin, of the Canadian Missionaries of Pont Viau, has published a book in Chinese which sets forth a system for the writing of the Chinese language from Latin letters. At present an educated Chinese must master 7,000 characters, and while a rich tradition makes the Chinese people proud of their language, nevertheless many today recognize its inconveniences for practical purposes. Father Jasmin awaits with interest the reception which his proposal will receive.

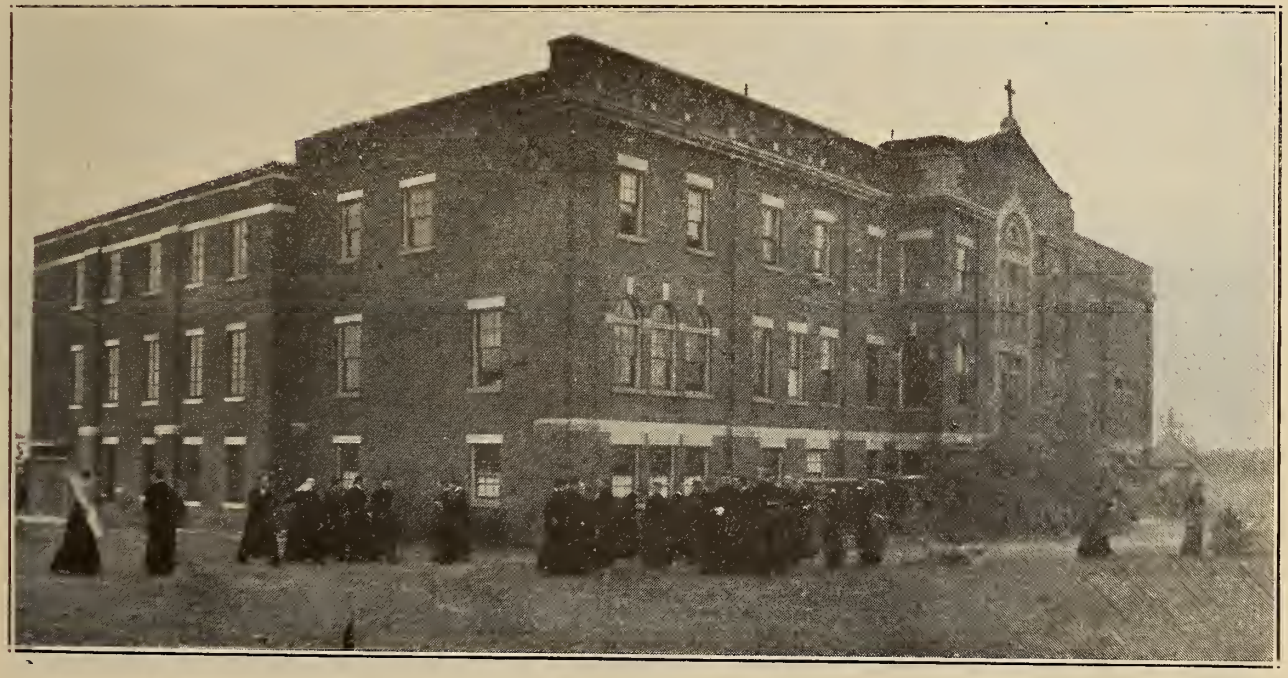
—Fides.

The Catholic community of Tantseshan has hit upon the happy idea of interpreting Catholic Action in terms of coffins. It provides the elderly poor with coffins, the sight of which is consolation for their last hours, and insures fitting funeral rites. A delegation of men and women participate at each funeral, chanting prayers.—Fides.

Some 200 pilgrims of Ichang have commemorated the Centenary of the Redemption by climbing the mountain of Sise, near the mission of Si-sha-ho, to the Calvary on its summit. Many of the women of this region still have the "lily feet" of the days when binding was in vogue, but in the ascent kept pace valiantly with the men. The party sang hymns as they climbed. The Sise Calvary, erected some years ago, appears prominently throughout the surrounding valleys.—Fides.

A pagan iron worker has forged two artistic crosses for the summits of the twin towers of the new cathedral of Idu, which rise 100 feet over this new mission centre, confided to the French Franciscans.—Fides.

A rich pagan of Hengchow has expended $10,000 gold (over $30,000 Mex) on the funeral of his mother. There were over 8,000 persons in the funeral procession, including the city authorities, the school children, over 200 bonzes sounding instruments and chanting prayers, and men carrying enormous banners, dragons, and idols. The highly ornamented coffin was carried by 64 bearers. The Italian Franciscans, missionaries of the territory, speak of the event as a striking demonstration of filial piety.—Fides.



A view of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, showing, at left, the part added last summer. On the ground floor of this new addition is the lecture hall. Students' rooms occupy the second and third storeys. Extending to the rear in similar manner at the western end of the Seminary another new part provides increased space for dining-room and chapel, and, on the third storey, a new library. A donation to our Building Fund would be very welcome.

A VISIT to the MISSIONS of TSINGTIEN

with Father Gignac

Bright and early on the morning of November 23rd I set out from Tsingtien to make the Fall visitation of five of our ten mission stations. I chose the five on the near side of the river in the hope that I would have the visitation completed and be back "at home" when some of our priests were due to be with us on their return from Shanghai. My "baggage" consisted of a folding chapel and bed, and I was assisted by a young man who later proved to be too good a walker for me.

Our first stop was at Lei Zhih, a village thirty li (ten miles) from Tsingtien. Here we passed three days, receiving a hearty welcome from the thirty Christians. The time was well occupied in visiting our converts and giving them instructions. In the evenings, after "rice time", they would come to the chapel to hear a sermon. As many as could do so got in to the chapel, the others having to stand outside the door and look in. Confessions followed the sermon and night prayers. On the second day I prepared a few women for baptism, and the next day administered the Sacrament to those who passed the tests. A few were deferred to a later date, much against their will. On the last morning of our stay (Saturday) a fine group received Holy Communion.

Just as I was about to leave Lei Zhih a Christian from Banga rushed in with the news that some man was making plans to build on the mission property in that town. What was I going to do to stop him? What could I do? Finally I wrote to the curate and catechist, and sent the messenger back to Tsingtien.

Five miles further on we stopped at Do Lu. Some years ago this town of Do Lu had but a few Christians, and these were ill-instructed in the Faith. A great change resulted when we sent there as catechist a man who claimed to be nothing more than an honest farmer, but he was a catechist of sterling qualities. Now the little chapel is nearly always crowded, and some of the people say that happenings closely akin to miracles have occurred there.

In order to accommodate the increased number of converts in Do Lu, converts who are very loyal in the practice of their religion, we bought last year a piece of land large enough on which to build a church, a priest's house, and a school. It is our fond hope to be able to go ahead with this project in the near future, and for this we depend on some benefactor to give us the means necessary. With two thousand dollars we could establish a substantial mission property in Do Lu, as the Christians there have volunteered to supply us with stones and with much of the labour required for building.

During the best part of three days at Do Lu I surveyed the newly acquired mission property, visited our Christians, and preached several sermons besides hearing confessions. We had to supply extra seating accommodation in the chapel to take care of the numbers who came. During Mass I could hear a woman telling her neighbour some gossip, and she was promptly brought to order by a man, evidently her husband, who reminded her that Mass was being celebrated. It was in Do Lu on this occasion that I performed my first marriage ceremony in China. The bride came from a good Catholic family, but the young man was a pagan.

A journey of eight more miles brought us to another mission, Shiao Nyueh, which means "Little Fountain". Arriving there shortly after midday on Monday, after a hasty lunch we set out at once to visit two towns in the neighbourhood. The Christian population of one of these towns is merely twelve souls, and I found them suffering much want. Three years before, this place was visited by bandits, who burned it completely and left not a log upon a log. Now the poor people are living in hastily-constructed shacks, open to every wind that blows. I got into conversation with a very sick man and discovered that he was baptised. The catechist urged him to make use of the visit of the priest to prepare for death. The sick man protested that, as



The mission property at Tsingtien. The building shown here serves as chapel, school and residence for two priests and catechists. Father Gignac appeals to the readers of "China" for funds to build a church large enough to accommodate his Chinese converts. **(See picture on centre page).**

he had nothing to offer the priest to eat, he could not ask him to administer the sacraments. It took a little persuasion to convince him that the priest could look after himself without the necessity of being fed by this family, and we left the sick man in a happy frame of mind after he had received the sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction.

Early on Wednesday morning we left Shiao Nyueh for the last of our mission stations on this trip, a place almost fifty miles distant from Tsingtien. At noon, after walking four and a half hours, we reached a little village situated near the river. I had reason to remember this place, for it was the same in which I spent a night four years ago on my first entry to our mission district in China. On that occasion I found lodging in an inn with Monsignor Fraser and Father Sharkey, while the others of the party slept in the river boat. I also remembered the little bridge over which Father Stringer and myself had promenaded, reciting the rosary together. Little did I dream then that four years later I should be revisiting these scenes as Pastor of the district.

Regaled by a dinner of rice, preserved eggs, sweet potatoes and peanuts, we continued our journey and reached Hai Keo just at dusk. But it wasn't all over yet; we still had ten li to make, and it meant over the mountains, too. As we stopped to rest our weary limbs at Hai Keo, many people came to have a look at us. When they found out who we were and what was our business, they invited us to remain, but we couldn't accept their invitation. We pushed on to Yih Tuh San and reached there just after seven o'clock. Everybody in the place was in bed, and not a light softened the darkness. Barking dogs roused some householder, who, with native politeness, directed us to the chapel. We managed to get a bowlful of rice before we went to bed, completely tired out.

On Thursday I attended to the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of the few Christians hid away in these mountains. Returning to Hai Keo, I boarded a boat with my catechist for Tsingtien, and was glad to get back home again late in the afternoon.

MASS INTENTIONS

are always a practical help to priests in mission lands. The missionaries often have no other means of support than their Mass stipends. Our priests will be glad to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intentions if you send your Mass offerings to the Seminary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We very gratefully acknowledge the following donations received between January 15th and February 15th, 1934.

A friend, St. John's, Nfld., in gratitude to St. Theresa, $5; Mrs. N. B. Langmuir, $3; Miss J. A. Kenny, $1; Rev. Gordon Carroll, $15; Misses A. C. and M. T. Musgrave, $3; Miss C. H. Gillespie, $1; Form 1D, St. Joseph's High School, Toronto, $1; Rev. David MacDonald, $15; Mrs. John Lyons, $1; Mrs. Lowe, $1; Children of Mary, Presentation Convent, Renews, Nfld., $1.50; Friend, Ottawa, $10; Rev. J. M. Castex, $1; Well-wisher, Cornwall, $2.50; T. F. Kelly, $25; Mrs. John C. Ryan, $2; Mary J. Cameron, in thanksgiving, $1; Friend, Barrie, $1; Christian Mothers, St. Vincent de Paul Parish, Toronto, $10; Friends, Barrie, $5; Rev. Friend, Toronto, $5; Pupils, St. Bon's College, St. John's, Nfld., $5; Crusaders, St. Vincent de Paul School, Toronto, $5; Mrs. G. Weber, $1; Alice Conway, $9; Ella Delaney, $1; Mrs. James F. Morris, $3; St. Joseph's Convent, Sudbury, $2; Pupils, Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $5; Pupils, St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, $4; Rev. G. A. Thibault, $5; Mrs. S. E. Sheehan, $5; Mrs. Elizabeth Dowling, $20; Miss K. Bird, $2; M. J. S., Toronto, $2; Rev. J. Dantzer, $5; J. C. De Kruyf, 50c; J. J. Carolan, $1; Crusaders, St. Monica's School, Toronto, $8; Mrs. L. Joyce, $1; Mrs. W. P. Hourigan, $2; J. F. Moynihan, $4; His Excellency, Bishop MacDonald, $10; Pupils, Grade 4, Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, $1; Mrs. James Parker, $5; Classes 13 and 14, St. Francis Rotary School, Toronto, $2; Jos. Battistuzzi, $1; Miss Mary Findley, $3; Rev. T. Ash, $1; Mrs. P. H. McGrath, $1; Catholic Women's League, Alberton, P.E.I., $10; A Friend, Fournier, Ont., $5; Margaret Bain, in thanksgiving, $1; Sacred Heart Parish, Ingersoll, Ont., $54; Little Flower Club, St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, $1; St. Mary's Convent, Newcastle, N.B., $1; Rev. J. Dantzer, $20; Estate, Johanna Tracey, $207.66; Mrs. Mary A. Hogan, $5; Estate, M. J. Kerwin, $437.

Burses

Friends, Barrie, Ont., St. Anthony's Burse, $6; Mr. Don Beaton, MacPherson Burse, $2; Rev. Fr. Feurth, Rev. Dr. Foley Burse, $5; Nicholas I. Battista, Holy Souls' Burse, $5; J. E. Maloney Estate, Maloney Burse, $500; Miss Nellie Cavanagh, Holy Soul's Burse $1; Miss Evelyn Donegan, Little Flower Burse, 50c; Miss Ella T. Leavey, St. F. X. Burse, $10; J. H. D., Halifax, St. Joseph's Burse, $2; Loretto Martin, Holy Soul's Burse, $27.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 35)

to a dying infant, and then, after all that, ask yourself if you can remain indifferent to the cause for which these heroines of Charity are spending their noble lives.

* * *

That the Fathers appreciate most highly the work done by these Sisters, their character and their courage, goes without saying. Nobody realizes more clearly the immense amount of good that is being done by these valorous women than the Fathers who direct them in their work for souls. It is this realization that has prompted this editorial, so that our readers, too, may know of the work, the self-sacrifice, and the tremendous power for good that is too often taken for granted.

* * *

The case of Father McNabb (as related on page 36) serves but to emphasize the debt that our missions owe to the Sisters. Very happy are we to offer this tribute to the work of the Grey Nuns in Lishui. And we shall be most happy if from this short appreciation our readers will feel themselves bound to sympathize with the hidden life of these Sisters and will show their sympathy in a practical way, by helping them in their various works, by prayer and by contributions, so that their work may not be curtailed because of a lack of means to support themselves and their endeavors. Thank God for the Sisters in China.

NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CHINA.

Some months ago the first Apostolic Delegate to China, His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, resigned owing to ill health. On January 7th his successor, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, was consecrated in Rome by His Eminence Cardinal Sincero. The new Apostolic Delegate to China has held many responsible positions in connection with Missions. In 1919, he was one of the charter members and associate founders of the Missionary Union of the Clergy; in 1926 he became director of the Press Department of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Italy. Since 1930 he has occupied the office of Secretary-General of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the Native Clergy.

NONSENSE



"What is heredity?"
"Something every man firmly believes in until his son begins to act like a fool."

Customer (suspiciously): "How is this hash made, waiter?"
Waiter: "Made, sir? Why, hash accumulates."

"Dear Madam—Please excuse Willie from school this morning. He fell in the mud, and by doing same, you will greatly oblige.—Yours truly, Mrs. Hughes."

Child: "Oh, papa, what is your birthstone?"
Father: "My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."

"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?" the teacher asked.
"You don't have to pay for lightning!" came the prompt reply from a bright boy.

Shipping clerk (reading report of Cabinet Minister's speech): "I hope this is true. He says that the battle against depression is won."
Colleagues: "Let's show that to the boss and perhaps he will cease firing."

Mrs. Brooks: "I often wonder why some folks go to church.
Mrs. Rivers: "So do I. Now, there's Mrs. Short, why she hasn't had a new hat for twelve months."

A dealer in South Germany has been arrested for selling cheese which was considered not fit for human consumption because—
(a) Rats had gnawed in it;
(b) Some of the holes had been filled with cement; and
(c) It was rotten.
"Otherwise," says Reuter's Munich correspondent, "the cheese was all right."

Mother (reading inscription on tombstone): "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."
Child: "But, mummy, why did they bury two men in the same grave?"

May: "I'm terribly worried. I told Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."

A notice in a restaurant runs like this: "The spoons in the establishment must not be treated like medicine, and taken after meals."

Tragedian: "I think it within my right to ask for real wine in the banqueting scene."
Stage Manager: "Right, old man. And perhaps you'd like real poison in the death scene."

"Would you mind walking the other w'y and not passing the 'orse?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid a minimum fare.
"Why?" she inquired.
"Because, if 'e sees wot 'e's been carryin' for a shilling 'e'll have a fit."

The hotel guest was thoroughly annoyed. People were running backward and forward along the corridor outside his room, making a terrible noise. So he took the telephone and spoke to the manager's office.
"I can't get to sleep with all this noise going on," he complained angrily.
"I'm sorry, sir," replied the clerk, "but I'm afraid we can't control the movements of the fire brigade."

Simpson: "How much are they asking for your rent now?"
Timpson: "About twice a day."

Judge: "Too old! Why, I could give you ten years."
Friend (hastily): "Now, now, judge, don't start talking shop."

The only thing to be said for the people who keep on predicting the end of the world is that they get a bit closer every time.

Political Speaker: "I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here tonight."
Voice from the crowd: "Don't be too pleased. We ain't all dense."

"Waiter, my bill!"
"What did you have, sir?"
"I don't know."
"You don't know?"
"No. I ordered a tender steak."

Wife: "I can read you like a book, John."
Husband: "Why don't you, then? You skip what you don't like in a book, and linger over it in me."

"I suppose," said the lady to a tram car conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat?"
"Of course, madame," the conductor replied politely, "he will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!"

"This is the third time you have asked for an advance on your salary."
"My wife needs the money badly, sir."
"May I ask what for?"
"You may, sir, but I may not."

Clerk: (making an excuse for error): "But, sir, a man isn't a machine. He can't go for ever."
Boss: "Oh, yes, he can. You're going for ever at the end of the week."

Mrs. High: "How did you come to propose to me, John?"
Mr. High: "I suppose I just wanted to be different from other men."

"Well, well, I never knew that the firemen were so childish. It says here that, after the flames were extinguished, the fireman played on the ruins for some time."

"Flag of truce, Excellency."
"What do they want?"
"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a tin of condensed milk."

The burglar effected an entrance into the bank. He found the way to the strong room. When the light from his lantern fell on the door he saw the sign:
"Save your Dynamite. This Safe is not Locked. Turn the Knob and Open."
For a moment he ruminated. "Anyway, there's no harm in trying it, if it really is unlocked."
He grasped the knob and turned. Instantly the office was flooded with light, an alarm bell rang loudly, an electric shock rendered him helpless, while a door in the wall opened and a bulldog rushed out and seized him.
"I know what's wrong with me," he sighed an hour later, when the cell door closed upon him. "I've too much faith in human nature. I'm too trusting."

Jaywalker: "So many people are struck by motor cars while alighting from trams."
Tramway Official: "Well, yes, but those people have paid their fares. It's this running over people who are waiting to get on that makes me mad."

Gruff Father to Son: "Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for $5.00 a week in a store, and, at the end of five years I owned the store."
Son: "You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers."

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\+ +

SEVERAL of the Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of the Incomplete Burses listed on this page. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

\+ +

YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

Following are totals as on February 10th, 1934, including receipts by "Catholic Record" and China Mission Seminary combined:

St. Anthony	$3,711.85
St. Andrew	5,000.00
Blessed Sacrament	1,254.00
Comforter of the Afflicted	745.50
St. Francis Xavier	1,720.40
Rev. Doctor Foley	27.52
Holy Name of Jesus	794.50
Holy Souls	4,042.50
Immaculate Conception No. 1	5,000.00
Immaculate Conception No. 2	167.76
St. Joseph No. 1	5,000.00
St. Joseph No. 2	383.60
St. Jude	752.50
Little Flower No. 1	5,000.00
Little Flower No. 2	2,323.90
MacPherson	1,268.88
St. Madeleine Sophie Barat	1,547.00
J. E. Maloney	500.00
Elizabeth Murphy	4,912.38
McCarthy	5,000.00
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Our Lady of Perpetual Help	29.00
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Papineau Memorial	1,000.00
Precious Blood	2,115.00
Queen of Apostles	5,534.05
Queen of Martyrs	31.00
Sacred Heart No. 1	5,000.00
Sacred Heart League	5,000.00
Sacred Heart No. 2	1,398.40
Sacred Wounds	4,675.00
Students'	1,327.39
Children's	116.00
St. Anne	27.00
Holy Ghost	53.00
Holy Family	7.50
St. Joan of Arc	5.00
St. Rita	10.00

Remember CHINA in making your WILL

\+ +

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CHINA

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

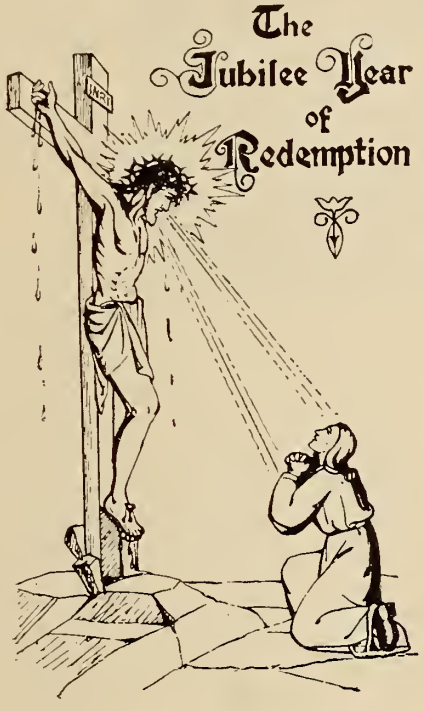
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Vol. XV. APRIL, 1934 No. 4

"GOD so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son . . . that the world might be saved by Him" (John iii, 16-17). Jesus Christ gave up His life on that first Good Friday in order that all his human creatures might be freed from the bondage of sin and attain life everlasting. Nineteen centuries have come and gone since the world was redeemed. The second day of this month will mark the closing of an extraordinary Holy Year which was proclaimed by our Holy Father, Pius XI, to worthily commemorate the nineteenth centenary of our Divine Lord's Death and Resurrection. Since April 2nd of last year, Rome, the Eternal City, has welcomed hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all over the world who journeyed thither in response to the Sovereign Pontiff's appeal to fittingly observe the most important act in the world's history. Now as the commemoration officially approaches its close, the voice of God's Vicar on earth sounds a plea for prayer that the blessings of the Holy Year may have lasting effects.

* * *

It was nothing short of a Divine inspiration that prompted the Pope to commemorate in a most solemn manner the event of our Redemption. It was his intention, and his hope, that Christian hearts and minds would cease to fix themselves on things temporal and turn to those of high spirituality; that they would "not only recall with renewed faith and reverence the sacred mysteries of our Redemption, but by fervent prayer and serious thought come to a clearer and deeper understanding of their all-important con-



sequences, and so be moved more and more to conform their thoughts, their judgments, their conduct with those teachings of Eternal Truth which God has revealed to them through His Divine Son for their temporal and eternal happiness."

* * *

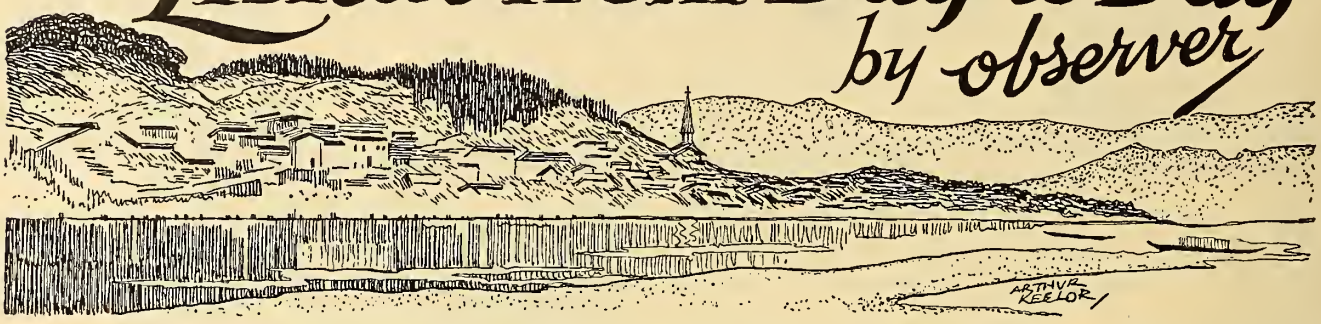
As Catholics, members of the One True Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, we all share in the great gifts of the Redemption. It is our bounden duty not only to put into practise in our private lives the teachings of our Divine Redeemer, but also, in equal measure, to strive for their fulfilment in the lives of others. Christ left us His Church as the agency through which all might come to know Him and partake in His Redemption. Through nineteen centuries that Church has never lost sight of her teaching Mission. Today, more than ever before, is she exerting every effort to bring within her fold the souls for whom Christ died. We cannot, even if we would, escape our responsibility to support and second her organized efforts for this purpose.

* * *

The fact that after nineteen hundred years two-thirds of the human race does not yet acknowledge the True God certainly is worth reflection. It is terribly sad to think that in all these years millions and millions of souls have been deprived of the benefits of Redemption. In God's designs everyone who knows Him is commissioned to be the instrument of making Him known to others. We are living in an age when it would seem that individual Catholics are recognizing their duty in this regard more than ever before. The work being done by missionaries in pagan lands is a sure index of the consideration being given to the spreading of the Gospel. More than one hundred and seventy-five thousand apostles (including priests, sisters, brothers, catechists, etc.), are at the present time engaged in foreign mission labors. They are reaping an encouraging harvest of souls. There are about five hundred thousand conversions to Catholicity every year, and in recent years the number of souls won to Christ is on the increase. Every new Christian is a new apostle who carries the name of Christ further, and in the efforts that are being made by missionaries to bring more souls to God we are required to be co-operators.

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



AT present our Sisters in Lishui are in the midst of a smallpox epidemic. Many children are dying, and while the efforts of the Sisters are often unavailing to stem the ravages of this dread disease, yet they have the happiness of baptising a great number of children. It is this feature of their heroic work that affords them such consolation and makes all their sacrifices seem more than worthwhile.

* * *

At last we have a motor road completed from Lishui to Kinhwa, a distance of 90 miles and the last "lap" linking up Lishui with Shanghai by motor bus and train. Up to the present the return trip from Shanghai has always been a matter of about a week because from Wenchow it is upstream by sampan. With this section of motor road completed and public buses operating daily, it will now be possible to make the trip either to or from Shanghai in less than three days.

* * *

The other day a Chinese river steamer, the "Fu Yen", capsized in the Yangtse near Hankow with a loss of 450 lives. It was the third such disaster to occur in the vicinity in the short space of a few months, and was due, as usual, to hopeless overcrowding.

* * *

As the boat was sinking and hundreds of helpless passengers were struggling in the muddy waters, a fleet of sampans put out from the nearby shore. "To rescue the drowning", did you say? No, but to snatch from their hands the pitiful little New Year presents they were carrying to relatives and friends in the little villages along the river, and, of course, to loot the steamer, if possible.

* * *

Such instances are quite ordinary in China. Some years ago in our own district during flood time crowds of people lined the river banks to salvage whatever of value might be floating downstream. There were women and children clinging to wreckage and floating to their doom, but nobody bothered about them.

* * *

All of which leads to the old platitude that human life is cheap in China. It is. Such things simply couldn't happen in Christian countries. Possibly the only difference is that worse things happen in Christian countries simply because Christian countries are no longer Christian. What we mean is that China simply carries on a little retail business when it comes to the matter of death and slaughter. The big wholesalers are to be found only in the enlightened West.

* * *

Within your memory and mine some ten millions of lives were offered to glut the maw of the insatiable god of war. Within your lifetime and mine and possibly in the not-distant future there may be still greater slaughter, on a grander and more scientific scale than ever in the history of merciless mankind.

* * *

It is rather a baffling sort of business to compare the relative value of human life in China and in the West. Governments and societies at home will spare no expense today to rescue a lone flier marooned in the wilderness or a ship in distress at sea. They will despatch aerial expeditions, if necessary, over vast stretches of territory, at a cost of thousands of dollars, to save one life. Hence you may conclude that one human life in the enlightened West is worth thousands of dollars. What a pity it isn't that easy!

* * *

The trouble is that that same Government tomorrow may be draining its treasury and exhausting its every resource in a frenzied effort to destroy human life. And, as a rule, it is not things that we value that we attempt to destroy.

* * *

Only where you find real Christianity will you find real regard for the sacredness of human life. Where will you find real Christianity? Need we answer. We know one place, and that is the little Convent at Chuchow where the Grey Sisters are giving their young lives to relieve the distress and misery of a long-suffering people with the hope of leading them to a happiness that will be without end. We know that there are thousands of such communities in China and tens of thousands throughout the world, generous, noble, self-effacing souls whose beauty is known to God alone, and whose prayers ascend daily to stay the Hand of an avenging God lest it again repent Him that He made man.

* * *

And, if we may say so, there is possibly less of the spirit of Christianity in the councils of the Christian nations than in the hearts of those seemingly ruthless sampan men who snatched the little New Year gifts from the hands of drowning children. It is one thing to refuse to rescue a drowning man. It is quite another to plan the slaughter of a million.

CHINA'S CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES ADVANCING

The increase in the entrance figures for the three Catholic Universities of China, those of Peiping, Tientsin and Shanghai, promise a satisfactory year.

Fujen University at Peiping will undoubtedly see prosperous days under the Society of the Divine Word, which has just assumed control. The Society has inherited from the Benedictines an establishment which from many points of view is remarkable. The Chemistry Department, as an instance, cedes place to that of no educational institution in North China. During the recent political disturbances the student body at Fujen has shown an esprit de corps which does honour to the teaching staff.

At Tientsin the Institute of Industry and Commerce of the Jesuits is in full prosperity. Recognizing the wisdom of the statement of the Commission of Inquiry of the League of Nations that the best university in China will be that which possesses the best preparatory schools, great attention is given at Tientsin to the annexed secondary college. Last year, almost 50 baptisms were recorded at the Institute. without doubt a fact unique in Catholic higher school annals throughout the mission field.

Aurora University at Shanghai has made important steps ahead. Proof of the prestige of its Medical School is found in the enrollments from abroad this year. Applications were received from the Philippine Islands, Korea, Japan and Russia. Thirty Catholic hospitals in China now employ doctors from Aurora. The Science Faculty likewise reports gains, especially in the Department of Electricity, where the students are particularly numerous.

In short, the three Catholic Universities in China hold an honourable place among the 59 universities of the country. Of importance is the spirit of cooperation between the Catholic institutions. For instance, Shanghai applicants to Fujen now take their entrance examinations at Aurora. It is to be hoped that before too long every large centre of China will have its Catholic university.—Fides.



TO THE POPE

Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

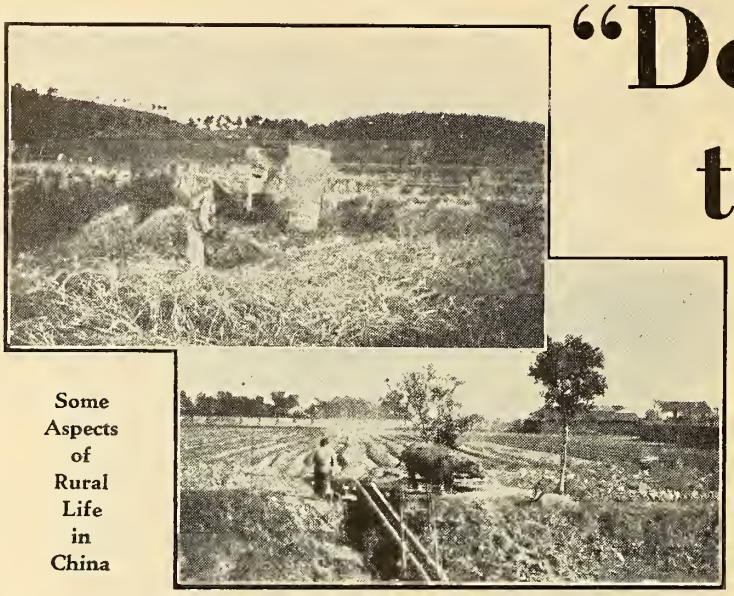
From torrid south to frozen north,
That wave harmonious stretches forth,
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's,
Than rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

For like the sparks of unseen fire,
That speaks along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

CARDINAL WISEMAN

"Down on the Farm"

By
REV. JOSEPH VENINI
Kankou, Che.



Some Aspects of Rural Life in China

"HOMEWARD the ploughman plods his weary way." So, I believe, mused the poet as he sat in the village church-yard. Had the musing taken place in a Chinese village, the result would probably have been: "Homeward the ploughman plods his wearier way," because in China the ploughman has to carry his plough as well as his weary self on his homeward journey. The plough, of course, is not such a terribly heavy thing in itself, nothing to be likened to those iron monsters that tear up the Canadian prairies. The plough here consists merely of a naturally bent tree branch, with the ploughshare attached to one end, and an upright piece of wood to the other end to serve as a handle. The harness for the buffalo is equally simple, a boomerang-shaped wooden yoke to fit over the hump on the buffalo's neck, and to this yoke are fastened ropes, these being the traces. A third length of rope fastened to a ring in the buffalo's nose serves as reins. With this outfit the mire in the rice paddies is prepared for the rice planting. Man, beast, and plough literally wallow in the muck, and, with many a lusty Chinese equivalent for "gee-haw", "whoa", and "giddap", the work gets done, much too quickly, perhaps, for the liking of the crows, magpies, and cow birds, who follow the plough up and down the field, feasting on the fat, juicy slugs turned up in the mud.

SURELY the Chinese farmer earns his bread, i.e., his rice, in the "sweat of his brow". Many a drop must roll down his sun-bronzed face ere his toils will be rewarded by the boiling rice-pot. The rice is first sown in a carefully prepared seedling bed. When the young plants are some five or so inches high, they are transplanted bunch by bunch into the fields. Here they are carefully nursed along, with the roots always well covered with water. At definite periods the muck is well turned up with a long-handled hoe to keep down the weeds, and the young plants are given individual attention, a handful of well-prepared fertilizer being placed at the foot of each cluft of plants. Comes harvest time and everyone is busy from dawn to dusk. The men-folks are off to the fields with the first streaks of light, carrying along with them their mower, binder, and thresher. The mower is simply a small curved knife with which the rice stalks are cut. The binder is of the simplest also, being the two hands of the harvester. Nor does the budget call for any binder twine, as the rice stalks are quite suitable for binding the sheaves. The thresher, then, consists of a large wooden tub, a bamboo mat and a small ladder-like affair or grate. This grate is placed in the tub, and on it the sheaves are beaten. The bamboo mat is also inserted into the tub, enclosing it with the exception of the front, thus leaving free space for the farmer to swing his sheaves freely. The purpose of the mat is to prevent any grains of rice from falling outside the tub. In Chicago 'tis said that the squeal is the only part of the pig that is not utilized by the meat packers. The Chinese have nothing to learn from them, be it in the slaughering of pigs, or farming. The choicest of the rice straw will be made into very comfortable mattresses; some will be made into ropes and sandals; it will be used for bedding for the animals: coverings for the seedling beds in the vegetable garden; kneeling mats for the women when they work their clothes by the creek or canal, and also when they make their kow-tows before the idols in the temple. Any surplus straw there may be is burnt in the fields to serve as fertilizer.

AT noon, and in the evening, when the men return for their meals, they carry home the rice in bamboo baskets, and the women and children enter the scene. Their task is to spread the rice out on huge bamboo mats to dry in the sun. Several times during the day the rice must be turned over and evenly spread out, a long-handled, wooden instrument, T-shaped, being used for this purpose. As ploughing time was the feasting season for the crows and magpies, harvesting time brings the turn of the domestic animals and fowls, and whilst the rice is drying a continuous battle of vigilance is waged between the inhabitants of the barnyard and the custodians of the rice. The youngsters of the village, too, get great sport out of the whole business, especially in the evenings, those wonderful sunny fall evenings, the best time of the year here from the weather viewpoint. The laughter, joking, and bantering that goes on as they gather up



the rice for the night, is pleasant to hear. Pleasant also to the eye are these simple rustic scenes, scenes worthy of the brush of a Millet. Alas! how much more pleasant to the ear would all this bantering and joking be, if such a great part of it were not so offensive to Christian ears. What a sad thing to hear the innocent mouths of babes of four and five years repeating the foul ejaculations and imprecations that have fallen on their pagan ears since the day of their entry into this vale of tears.

THE rice, then, when thoroughly dried, is passed through a winnow mill to separate the grain from the chaff, and the cleaned grain is stored in the rice tubs, safe from the ever-hungry rats that infest every Chinese house, the mission houses not excepted, as my well gnawed books will testify. When the rice is to be used it must first be pounded in a mortar to free the grain of its husk, or, as in some places, a machine made of bamboo sections embedded in clay is used for this purpose. The more the rice is pounded the whiter it becomes, the increased pounding wearing away the red covering of the grains. The pounded rice must be passed through a fanning mill to separate the rice from the bran, and the rice has finally reached its journey's end. That is not quite all. A washing, a boiling, a few flourishes of the chop-sticks, and with amazing rapidity several bowls of the Chinese staff of life are reduced to calories, vitamins and ergs. Seneca, I believe it was, said that man does not die, but kills himself with fork, knife and spoon. Seneca's knowledge of China and the Chinese was sadly lacking. I do not think any Chinese doctor ever grew rich in China treating gout patients. I read recently that the Chinese do not like meat. The Chinese don't like meat!! (This last sentence is to be read with all possible scorn.) Certainly the Chinese like meat, but the Chinese (about three hundred and ninety-nine million out of the four hundred million) cannot afford to buy meat except on rare occasions. Meat here ordinarily costs about three to four pounds per dollar. The usual day's wages is fifty cents. The Chinese don't like meat! Truly has it been said one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Like most wise cracks, this epigram might be very ambiguous. The obvious meaning, I believe, is that one-half of the world is ignorant of the customs and living habits of the other half of the world. But it might also mean that one-half the world doesn't know how the other half



(especially the half of which China comprises such a large part) manages to exist. And that is all a very great part of the people hereabouts do. They eke out a mere existence. And would that they were at least sure of being always able to do that. Yes, the Chinese don't like meat!

CHINESE farming instruments may be primitive, crude, if you will, but it cannot be successfully denied that they get the work done, and very well, too. And they don't tend to complicate the unemployment situation. For example, with a modern thresher all the beans that are grown in this locality could probably be threshed and cleaned in a single day. But what would the men do when the day was over? As it is now, each family brings in its tiny crop of beans, grown, by the way, on the ridges of ground separating the rice paddies. The whole plant is uprooted, the plants are tied into bundles, and carried home. Here they are strung up in the trees or any available place beyond the reach of the roving hens. By and by they are well dried and are taken down and placed in a pile in the barn yard. The flail then comes into action, a flail without doubt similar to those used in the time of our Lord, and perhaps of Adam, but effective nevertheless. When the plants have been flailed till the last pod has spilled its beans, the plants are gathered up, to be cast, like the cockle of the parable, into the fire and burned, the beans are swept up, sent on a trip through a fanning mill, and are ready for the evening's supper of pork and——.

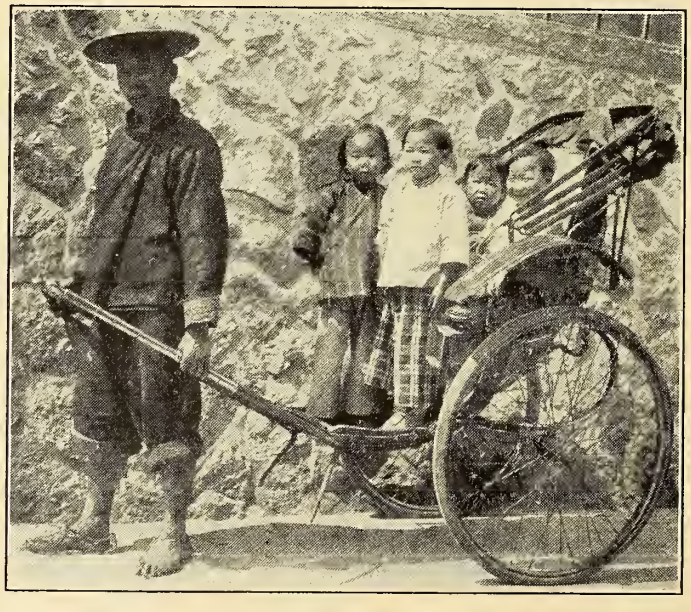
AMONGST the other implements seen hereabouts, the harrows are of interest. They have a straight-tooth harrow much similar to our drag-tooth harrow. Then they have a harrow which is really a glorified fork. About twenty prongs, some six inches in length, fitted on a crossbar, to the ends of which an upright handle is attached. There is also a roller harrow, a log of hardwood along the length of which are gouged grooves. The log is fitted into a frame, rectangular in shape, on which the driver balances himself—a feat of no mean skill—while the whole business is dragged hither and yon about the field, by the patient, slow-moving, water buffalo. But by far the most curious of the harrow family is what, for lack of a better name, might be termed the snowshoe harrow. Two rectangular frames, about four feet long by two feet wide, are fitted

(Continued on page 58)



WE are learning more about sampan life, as of late calls have come from a village a few li upstream. The afternoon's outing up the river would be a very pleasant one except for this. While we and our guide rest comfortably under the bamboo covering, a little girl of ten is engaged in the burdensome task of rowing. She is not alone, of course; her father is there, too. At times he rests, and then the child must exert all her strength to take his place. Nor does she hesitate to wade through water knee deep, pushing the little craft over the small rapids encountered several times in a few hours. We pity her, and would help her if we could. She is only one of the thousands of child labourers in China, and I suppose she thinks that she was born just to work. The extent of her knowledge is limited to her own childish experiences on her father's sampan. She is, however, a happy little sailor, and would rather help to navigate a small fishing boat than study a few complicated characters in a noisy classroom. Work and no play or pay seems to be the motto of her river boat career.

YET, in our rounds about the city what else do we see but child slavery? The numerous canals scattered about are constantly banked with little girls doing the household washing. With a rough stone as washboard they scrub away, utilizing their own strength to supply the lack of soap which cannot be afforded. Others troop off to a day's toil, the match or cotton factory, where hours are long, labour monotonous, and wages scant—hardly more than one cent a day. In rain or shine, little ragged barefooted peddlers tramp street after street in an attempt to sell their wares before dark They may eat their rice, but it is earned first. Small wonder, then, that so many children, when once stricken with sickness, never recover. If they do, it is only to continue to carry and to increase with the years the yoke placed on them years ago. And does this not account for the fact that at present over seventy-five per cent. of our home patients are young men and women, worn and wasted after a few years of physical strain.



"Four little maids from school are we." And life in Lishui is not hard so far as we are concerned, because the Sisters are caring for us as we have never been cared for before. Of course, a lot depends on our "taxi-man."

Angels *of* Mer

FURTHER EXP
NU

LYING in the ruins of an old temple at the outskirts of the city is one example of over-taxed youth. A young man of twenty-three, he has been confined to bed for over a year, and is now in the last stages of tuberculosis. For over eight years he had been earning a poor living as a water carrier. The heavy weight of those large wooden buckets began long ago to tax the strength of their immature bearer. His rice depended on the amount of water he carried daily, and so he drudged until one day his weak frame resisted. It was too late, however; he is doomed to die in a very short time. In their extreme poverty, his young wife had him removed to this falling temple. It was her last resource to keep a covering over him at all. With the aid of mud and bamboo mats she built up the walls, but so poorly constructed were they, we feared to lean against them lest they should tumble. The cold, damp mud flooring slopes here and there into ruts, and when the rainy season comes, I daresay there is no scarcity of mud puddles. The room is empty except for the bed of straw on which the sick man lies, a small table and a little pot fire, on which an old kettle sings its boiling tune. A perfect setting for a dying man! Such poverty, we hear you say; yes, and add misery and all that pertains to it and perhaps you will have a slight conception of what hardship is endured by our poor people here. This young man has great confidence in our medicine, but his condition is without doubt beyond any medical aid. In this dark, dreary hovel, the few remaining days of life must wearily pass, and his short life will end as it began, in complete indigence. Perhaps some of us are inclined to wonder

n Pagan China

S OF THE GREY SHUI

why he could not be removed somewhere else. Yes, if he was the only one, it would be a small matter, but as it is, he is one of the thousands in this city alone whose state and fate is similar. What little is in our power to do we willingly do, regretting the fact that it is not a hundredfold more.

"IT is all we can do"; how many times we repeat this phrase to patients in similar home conditions and struggling with the same disease. Would that it were in our power to restore to her little ones the young mother who died recently in a dejected mud shelter a few blocks away. It was not until all Chinese medicine had failed that they called for ours, and when we arrived, there was not much chance for doing anything. Her wasted body betrayed it, and a symptomatic cough spoke for itself — another victim of tuberculosis. Wavering as she was between life and death, her mother-heart was not insensible to the weeping little tots at her bedside. Now and again her heavy eyelids were raised and tired eyes rested lovingly on this pair of tear-stained baby faces. Brief, yet pitiful glances were cast toward a figure bent over a stove in a corner of the room. It was her husband, who had, since her illness, charged himself with the household cares; not many to be sure, but there were two hungry little girls looking for heaping bowls of rice three times a day. Whatever flavouring used this evening I do not know, but it sufficed to draw the two children from their mother's side. Relieved of their presence, the sick woman, with much effort and in broken accents, begged of us to spare her life for the children's sake; her case, however, was far beyond our power to help. Never had she been spared in the past, and those overtasked, wearisome years were taking their toll. To her husband, who related the source and duration of her illness, we could repeat nothing but "It is all we can do". And so it was; next morning a message came that she had died one hour after our departure.

THE sad picture of that sick-room has many a duplicate. In fact, it is only one, and ninety-five per cent. of the homes in this and hundreds of other cities in China are mere counterparts of it. Let us glance into it and see it as it appeared when we left. It is small, dark and untidy. Through the mist of suffocating smoke from the smouldering fire the contents of the room may be detected. A bundle of brush stands loosely against the side of the grease-covered stove in one corner. A table, once carried through the streets in bridal array, now hides its soot-covered surface in the opposite corner. Beneath it, a huge black pig and her family of six rest for the night, while three hens nestle close by. (No, they are not astray; just another of the common occupants of every Chinese house.) From behind the door faint sounds of irregular breathing can be heard. It is the dying mother. The hard board on which she lies rests on two trustles and is scantily covered with coarse straw. Spread on the floor nearby is a bamboo mat, and the small cotton garments thrown about it are tell-tales enough of the children's sleeping quarters. Overhead, three fish, long since dead and dried, hang suspended from black dust-covered beams. The walls are partly covered with well-worn newspapers, and boast of no windows. The floor is mud, and its present condition is in keeping with the general atmosphere. Seated on it, the two children prattle away as they consume numberless grains of rice. They are heartily enjoying their frugal meal, innocent of the fact that "Daddy" is not the surest cook for baby constitutions. They are too much taken up with the speed of chopsticks to notice our departure, and so we leave them—we will not speak of the fast-approaching disturber of

(Continued on page 59)

What Shall I Be?

Shall I
A typist be,
And play upon the keys so daintily?
A journalist be,
And write about the people in society?
A chemist be,
And devote my life to Chemistry?
A lawyer be,
And help the innocent and the guilty?
A doctor be,
And concoct medicines for every nationality?
A teacher be,
And test the child's ability?
A nun be,
And carry Religion into lands of savagery?

Please, Lord, enlighten me,
And help me to decide honestly
What I shall be,
In order to merit a joyous Eternity.

From *"The Quill"*

NEWS from the MISSIONS

The Holy Father has received in audience Father Sands of the Missionaries of St. Columban, who for seven months during 1932 was a prisoner of the Chinese bandits. After his release, Father Sands insisted on returning to his mission, but his bishop has now ordered him home for a brief rest.

The plucky priest, small and wiry of build and an excellent missionary, refused to speak of himself, but explained that the Vicariate of Hanyang, to which he belongs, is reaping a great harvest from the misfortunes which have visited it.—Fides.

At the end of its first year of life as an independent territory, the Prefecture Apostolic of Hungtung, under the Chinese clergy, reports converts to the number of 352. The 15 priests of the territory now have 10,207 faithful under their care. The Prefect Apostolic is Monsignor Peter Tcheng.

The Ministry of Education is considering the drafting of a set of regulations governing the examination of all Chinese returned students from Europe and America and those graduated from domestic universities and colleges. The purpose of the regulations is to test the real ability of foreign-educated Chinese youths by holding an official examination annually. It is said that many Chinese students are incompetent to hold the degrees they have obtained.

Economic marriage is one of the latest legislative acts in progressive Kwangsi. In a fight to abolish expensive superstitions, the law now says that not more than $100 may be spent on a marriage, though government permission may be had to go beyond this figure. The burning of joss, the offering of food to departed spirits, worshipping idols, consulting monks is forbidden.

Kwangsi has reorganized its army, built hundreds of miles of roads, and, withal, greatly reduced the taxes. It is now claimant to the title of model province of China.—Fides.

The Chinese Government has enforced yet another ban against foreign photographers. The present ban bars foreigners from taking pictures of Chinese women with bound feet.

The action was taken by General Chiang Kai-shek, chairman of the Military Affairs Commission, responding to a plea filed by military authorities in Kalgan, where two foreigners are said to have taken pictures of the "ugly custom" without permission of the authorities.

An excellent example of the power of the lay apostolate is provided in an achievement of a local Ichang woman, Agnes Fou. A Tartar, descendant of the former Manchu garrison at Ichang, Agnes knew of three other Tartar women who had been Catholic and who after pagan marriages had given up their faith. Following prodigious efforts over a long period, made, Agnes said, to prove that Catholic Action could succeed, both the three women and their husbands and children were led to baptism by this zealous Christian.—Fides.

Father Pius Chang, S.V.D., Chinese priest of Lanchow Vicariate, flew by plane from the far western province of Kansu to Peking, where he will be prefect at the Catholic University. Thus he covered in less than a week the many hundreds of miles of journey which by land and river route require from 60 to 90 days. In China, as elsewhere, the aeroplane is conquering distance.

DOWN ON THE FARM

(Continued from page 55)

on wooden slats, running lengthwise, and spread three inches or so apart. Ropes are attached to the four corners of each frame. The harrow man grasps the free ends of the ropes in his hands and, placing a foot on each frame, commences his harrowing. Unlike the wearer of snowshoes, however, he does not proceed in a forward direction, but moves sideways back and forth across the rice paddy, and this, mind you, in the thick gluey muck. At best it must be a harrowing experience. However, these contraptions are used only on the smaller paddies, almost too small to hold a water buffalo. Farms are not reckoned in sections here, or at least they are powerful small ones. It would be interesting to have an American wheat king see the scale on which farming is done here. "These people are crazy," I suppose he would say; "why don't they go in for modern machinery on a big scale?" Perhaps they are crazy, perhaps not. It has been also said that one-half the people believe the other half is crazy. Perhaps both halves are right.



Even their best friends will scarcely recognize the bearded missionaries in this picture. Charlie (centre), the cook at Tsingtien, seems to be enjoying the conversation going on between Father John Macdonald (left) and Father Bernard Boudreau (right).

THE SILK SHOP IN CHINA

Here is a silk shop that it will be interesting to visit. It is one of the best in the whole town, and it is said to contain specimens from all the famous silk-producing districts. It does not seem to have anything in it, beyond what one sees lying on the shelves, carefully wrapped up in paper as though the great purpose was to conceal everything from the gaze of the public. We find our progress impeded by a large counter, within which the clerks lounge about. The appearance of a foreigner causes a commotion, and a responsible-looking man steps forward with a hesitating manner, evidently questioning with himself how he is to address you, since he knows nothing but his own mother-tongue. You inform him, however, in Chinese, that you have come to look at his silks, and at once his countenance clears, and a look of pleasure flashes into his eyes.

The clerks, too, without any apparent restraint from their master's presence, crowd around and make remarks about your personal appearance, and criticize your dress, and give their opinion about the way in which you pronounce Chinese. In the meanwhile two or three have been dispatched to an inner room, where the precious silks are kept, and they soon appear with a dozen rolls or so carefully wrapped in paper and tied with a string to keep the dust and the sunlight from getting to them.

As each one is unrolled, you gaze with absolute delight upon the exquisite colours that flash upon your sight. Here you have one piece of a delicate creamy white, that seems too pure to be touched without being defiled. Next to it is another of a beautiful rose pink, a colour that the designers must have caught from some rose that had just opened its petals to the sun, and so as the men deftly unwind the various rolls you have displayed before you the whole array of colours that the Chinese weavers have woven into their fabrics, and for the moment the unaesthetic-looking Chinaman becomes sublimed in your imagination.

You ask to see some of their more expensive articles, and soon the clerks return with specimens from the looms of Canton, Hangchow and Soochow, each with its own distinctive characteristics, and so exquisitely beautiful that you stand gazing upon them all with admiring looks, and with words inadequate to express your high sense of the workmanship displayed. The amazing thing is to understand how the weavers, in their poor, tumble-down cottages, and with looms so cumbersome and antiquated that they seem to have come out of the Ark, could have produced such exquisite specimens of art.—"Sidelights on Chinese Life."

MGR. McGRATH'S FATHER DEAD

A cable to the Seminary brought the sad news that Mr. Richard T. McGrath had died at the General Hospital in St. John's, Nfld., on March 15th. A heart attack, following an illness of less than a week, proved fatal. The late Mr. McGrath was 65 years of age, and was a well-known citizen of St. John's. For several years he was a member of the Newfoundland House of Assembly.

"China" asks the prayers of its readers for the repose of his soul. To his family, Msgr. W. C. McGrath, our mission superior in China; Richard, theological student at St. Augustine's Seminary; Sister M. Bernardine and two other daughters we extend sincerest sympathy.

ANGELS OF MERCY

(Continued from page 57)

their childish joys—another hour and they will be quite conscious of it.

WE leave them, and through narrow mud-walled streets we walk home silently, quite deep in thought. When we see ourselves, as we are, surrounded by darkest paganism, living with people encumbered by ancient customs and living only to eke out a bare existence, one thought is always present: "Thank God we were not born in China, but thank God we have been called to China."



BISHOP MACDONALD

"China" offers most sincere felicitations to Right Reverend Alexander MacDonald, Titular Bishop of Hebron, who celebrated on March 8th the Golden Anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood, and on January 3rd the Silver Jubilee of his episcopal consecration.

Fifty golden years of indefatigable priestly labours find Bishop MacDonald hale and hearty. His saintly and simple manner has endeared him to all who know him. His contributions to Catholic theology rank him amongst the foremost theologians in the Church today, and his writings on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass have done much to make this great Dogma familiar to all.

In a quiet but very practical way His Excellency has manifested a deep interest in China Mission Seminary ever since its inception. In extending congratulations on his double anniversary, "China" expresses the hope that Bishop MacDonald will be spared many years and be blessed in all his undertakings.

Statistics of the Municipal Bureau of Social Welfare have revealed that there are over 2,000 persons in Canton dependent on cigarette ends for their livelihood.

According to a recent survey, 2,500 men and women, including many beggars, are earning their living by gathering cigarette ends from the streets.

They have organized themselves into five unions, each operating in one assigned area.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

"We have been very interested in the 'Rose Garden' and now want to become members. We are sending three dollars to help the Chinese Missions. Is there anything more to do besides the conditions mentioned in 'China'? Is it necessary to send our pictures?"—**Irene** and **Beatrice Struthers**, 118 Baldwin Ave., Cornwall, Ont.

The gift for the Missions sent by our young Cornwall friends was very welcome. As soon as members receive their certificates and badges they are fully-fledged members of our Missionary Club. All that is necessary then is to fulfil the conditions printed at the top of this page. Whilst there is no necessity to send pictures, Father Jim is always delighted to see his young missionaries. I shall try to have a few "cuts" appear in every edition of our "Rose Garden" pages. Send me your snapshot, boys and girls, and some day you'll see your picture in our Columns.

From the Sister Directress of the Sodality of the Infant Jesus at St. Ann's Academy, Victoria, B.C., came the following letter. "Dear Father: Enclosed please find money order for five dollars which the members of the Child Jesus Sodality have collected and are sending you for the purchase of a Chinese baby. May this modest donation prove their good will, and merit for the little ones the blessing of the dear Christ Child! How gladly would we contribute more generously to your noble work, had we the means. We were privileged to witness the ordination and first Mass of Father Roland Roberts and also to get his priestly blessing. He gave a lantern slide lecture on China, which much impressed all our pupils. May it sow the seed for many religious vocations among our Western children, where the dearth is so greatly felt!"

If all fathers were like this, and all pupils as interested in the Missions as **Catherine Lewis** is, how nice it would be! Here's the story: "Enclosed please find two dollars towards the Building Fund. One dollar is from myself. This is how I became possessor of it. In the beginning of the school term my father offered a prize of ten dollars to the one who had the highest marks for the first term. I promised two dollars to the China Missions if I got the ten. Through various causes our report cards were not ready early, and as my father did not know who was leading he gave my younger sister $5 and me $5; when we do get our report cards if I am first perhaps Daddy's heart will be moved to give me another dollar. If so, you'll get that later on. The second dollar enclosed is from my classmate of 6A, St. Willibrord's Academy, Verdun, Que." You may be sure that Catherine got a letter from Father Jim after her letter came along. And she certainly is second to none in my estimation.

Once again I was pleased to hear from **Theresa Ardito**, who wrote on behalf of **Classes 13 and 14 at St. Francis Rotary School**, 250 Manning Ave., Toronto: "We have again collected two dollars, and hope it will help a little with your wonderful work. We have not forgotten the prayers you asked us to say, and we are very grateful to you for so kindly remembering us in your masses. We saw our letter which you published in 'China', and both classes were quite delighted. The following 94 members wish to join the 'Rose Garden'."

The fact that large groups from schools join our Club will explain how it is that Father Jim is sometimes slow in sending along certificates, etc. It would really be a "full-time job" to keep up to date in attending to our Club, but even with "part-time gardening" I hope to satisfy everybody who has written me. Our motto is still "the more the merrier", because I know that the more "Buds" we have the more our missionaries are going to benefit by prayers and Holy Communions.

And here's **St. Willibrord's Academy**, Verdun, Que., again. Grade 6A, too. "Just a few lines to say that when our copies of 'China' arrive, each girl takes turns in having it at home for two nights so that their families can read it and enjoy its contents. Sorry we haven't much to send you this time, but we have recently sent our pennies to Father Stringer in China. Our next offering will be directed to the Seminary."

That's a good idea of the girls to make "China" known to their people at home. I rather think that when the Editor reads this, he will want to suggest that the "Buds" try to secure subscriptions for "China" among their friends who are not receiving it. Now he won't have to suggest it. (This is just a stunt to make the Editor feel more than ever "on our side"—and if it does result in more new subscriptions coming in, why, we have a chance to mention our desire for more space for our Club doings in future.)

Here's a real little missionary for you. Twelve-year-old **Alphonse Marentette**, Paincourt, Ont. Father Jim regards you as a real pal, Alphonse, and is very much delighted with your efforts to interest others in the "Rose Garden". Writing on March 14th, his letter says: "Just about a year ago I sent you the names of 60 of my

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation



Playing us a tune on his violin is Denis O'Sullivan. Leo Hoyt made his first Holy Communion on June 5, 1932, and had his picture taken. Both are pupils at Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

school mates to be enrolled in the 'Little Flower's Rose Garden'. I am to-day sending you 36 more, and I know they will all be faithful little missionaries and pray every day for the poor pagans of China. Also that God will protect the heroic priests who are working to save souls and lead them to God. I have a little brother named Romeo who will be old enough to become a 'bud' next year."

Irene Roche, Secretary Crusade Unit, **Room 7, St. Clare's Girls' School, Toronto**, writes: "On Feb. 13th, eve of Ash Wednesday, we held a sale of homemade candy. Having a 'flare' for business we decided it would be a good day to catch the pennies spent by the pupils for a last feed of candy before giving it up for Lent. We were right. It was a success, so we are sending you five dollars to use in your noble mission work. The 'Crusader' and 'China' are always eagerly awaited by our Crusaders here. Our officers are Camilla Oswin, Pres.; Irene Roche, Sec'y., and Marie Cartan, Treasurer."

A Mission Club has been formed in the School of **St. Ann's Parish, Guysboro, N.S.**, and 8 boys and 14 girls have been added to the membership of our Club as a result. They are all boosters for "China".

Dorothy White, 124 Oak St., London, Ont., in renewing her subscription for "China", tells me of her continued interest in our Club. Thanks for all the prayers you say for us, Dorothy—and you'll soon have another badge to replace the one you lost.

Fourteen-year-old **James Dwyer**, Erinsville, Ont., is an altar boy, and would like to hear from a pen-pal in Quebec. His sister, **Mary**, 15 years old, wants a pen-pal from Newfoundland.

If **Margaret Gerrier's** pen-pals (and she has quite a few) get nice letters from her as I did they have no reason to complain. And Margaret wants to add to her list some new friends from Sask. and Alberta. Her address is Box 465, Summerside, P.E.I., June 6th will be her 16th birthday.

Three hundred and sixty-one pupils of **St. Clare's School, Windsor, Ont.**, are going to be enrolled as new members soon. I am awaiting their names now.

Teresa S. Marshall, on behalf of 46 pupils of the **Convent School, Burin N., Nfld.**, wrote a nice letter "because we have heard through our teacher of your wonderful missionary club, and want to become members to help the missions better."

Writing from 192 Klock Ave., North Bay, Ont., **Anita Labreche**, aged 12, told me of her pet, a white Spitz dog. Anita has three brothers but no sisters, is fond of reading and outdoor sports, and promises always to be a friend of the missions.

Twenty boys and girls have sent their names as new members from **Meyronne, Sask.** Their teacher, Sister St. Aloysius, speaks highly of their enthusiasm for the Missions.

Anniversaries in the life of the Little Flower occurring this month: her decision, at the age of 15, to enter Carmel, April 9th, 1888; her beatification, which took place on April 29th, 1923.

Dorothy Grady, 225 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., has continued to be a very faithful missionary since she joined our Club a long time ago. Now she wants her brother **Clare**, aged 13, and her sister **Eleanor**, to share her missionary spirit. Dot. is now a pupil at St. Peter's High School. In her most recent letter to me she writes: "Judging from the names in print and those on your 'waiting list' it seems that our 'Rose Garden' has scattered its petals far and wide all over Canada and elsewhere. I wish it and its editor every blessing, and I pray that our sweet little Patroness, St. Theresa, will continue to smile upon its members and bless all their undertakings and the missions in which they are so deeply interested." Dot, your letter did me a world of good, and I hope you'll write me soon again.

Living far apart, yet all united in helping the missions by their prayers, among recent new members we count **Florence MacInnis**, Box 535, Summerside, P.E.I.; **Bob and Phyllis White**, 228 First Ave., North Bay, Ont.; and **Margherita Bourgeois**, 1033 Cardero St., Vancouver, B.C.

Many boys' Sanctuary Clubs could imitate the example of the **Sanctuary Club of St. Brigid's Parish, Toronto**, 29 members of which have become members of our Rose Garden. It is from such boys that future missionaries are to come, and they cannot begin too soon to take an active interest in praying for Catholic Missions. At a meeting of St. Brigid's Sanctuary Boys, **Jim Caley**, the Secretary, enlisted 29 recruits for us. Thanks, Jim, and best of luck to your Sanctuary Boys.

When **Anna Hill**, 273 Renfrew St., Pembroke, was in first book class, her teacher was Sister Angela, now in Lishui, China, and as Anna wants to keep interested in Sister Angela's work she has joined the "Rose Garden".

The "Ave Maria Club" was organized among the school children of **Canso, N.S.**, by the Sisters of St. Martha, and Father Jim has received many fine letters from members asking to join the "Rose Garden". All are very welcome, and I thank them for their fine letters.

Alice Putz, Box 462, Penetang, Ont., subscribed to "China" when she became interested in the "Rose Garden" through Eva Lalumiere, a classmate. Alice wanted to know if Chinese boys and girls could become priests and nuns. Certainly; there are thousands of Chinese priests and nuns, and more than 20 Chinese priests have been made bishops during the past 8 years. It is the policy of the Church in every mission country to have native priests and sisters carry on the work of conversion among their own people. There was a time when priests and sisters in Canada were foreign missionaries who came from other lands, but after many years Canada was able to supply priests and sisters from among her own people, and now Canada is in a position to send missionaries to countries not yet converted to the Faith. It is for their success that our "buds" are praying every day.



At Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., we have many members of the Rose Garden. Here we have Joyce Tichy with her dog, and Marion Hinsperger as she looked three years ago. Marion is eight now.

NONSENSE



Both the photographer and the mother had failed to make the restless little four-year-old sit still long enough to have his picture taken. Finally the photographer suggested that "the little darling" might be quiet if his mother would leave the room a few minutes. During her absence the picture was successfully taken. On the way home the mother asked, "What did the nice man say to make mother's little darling sit still?"

"He thed, 'You sit still, you little brat, or I'll knock your block off,' so I sat still."

"Whom does your little son look like?"

"His eyes are mine, the nose is my wife's and the voice, I think he got from our motor horn."

"What a big family you have, Mrs. Jones," said the visitor.

"Yes'm. And the funny thing is that all the names begin with a haitch. There's 'Orace, 'Erbert, 'Enry, 'Ugh, 'Ubert, 'Arold, 'Arriet and 'Etty—all except the last one, and we 'ad 'er named Hallace."

It is stated that 1934 motors are being made to appeal to women. Strong, silent cars.

The pencil has made a number of pointed remarks about the sponge being soaked all day and the waste-basket's being full. The scissors are cutting up and the paper-weight is trying to hold them down, while the mucilage is sticking around to see that the stamps get a good licking. The ink's well but appears to be blue, while Bill is stuck in the file and the calendar expects to get a month off. The blotter has been taking it all in.

"The cane will not make a boy learn quicker." "But it makes him smart."

In an effort to bolster the saving habit, an economist has estimated that if you deposit $1,000 in the bank, and leave it there for 150 years at 3 per cent interest compounded semi-annually, your great-great grandchildren will have a swell time.

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity".

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

A road contractor who professed a great love for children flew into a temper when a little fellow trod on the new pavement before it was dry.

"I thought you loved children," commented a friend.

"So I do, in the abstract, but not in the concrete."

A young actor had been entrusted with the lines: "The King is dead. Long live the king!" When the supreme moment came, however, nervousness caused him to lose his head. He paraphrased his words: "Long live the king! He's dead."

Gossips have a keen sense of rumor.

When we ask a friend for his candid opinion, what we really want is his candied opinion.

We know a Scotsman who uses only one spur. He figures that the other side will go anyway.

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led upto it by asking them who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return.

For some time there was silence, but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence: "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

"That young lady over there seems very popular; who is she?" "She's the daughter of a banker." "Ah, no wonder she draws so much interest."

"Miss Wrighter, do you know your work of late has been most perfunctory?"

"Thank you, sir; that's the first bit of praise I've had about it."

A Scotsman stood in line waiting to buy seats for a film, "The Miracle". Behind him stood a Jew.

"Have you any two-shilling seats for this show?" inquired the Scot when he reached the window.

"I'm sorry, but we have sold all the two-shilling ones," was the answer.

"Then give me two three-shilling seats," said the Highlander.

When the Hebrew heard this he immediately left the line.

"I vill keep my money—I have seen de Miracle," he said.

At a horse fair in a country town, all sorts and conditions of horses were being offered for sale. Every old crock in the county seemed to be there. The auctioneer stood ready to begin business, which looked like being pretty bad.

An old farmer came up with an aged steed gone in at the knees and walking on three legs.

"How much?" asked the auctioneer.

"Fifteen pounds" came the stolid reply.

The auctioneer looked pained and surprised.

"I want to know your price—not the weight of the animal!" he remarked.

Tommy—"You are the most wonderful girl in the world. You are the object of my dreams, the light of my life, the hope of my hopes, my inspiration and my ambition. I would fight dragons, conquer the world for you. I would give my life for you! Will you be mine?"

Bernice—"Do you love me, Tommy?"

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad! I've been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agriculture college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you get even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," said the farmer. "It's a pear tree."

At a recent literary gathering in London, Mr. Ernest Milton told a story of two flies. "A fly," he said, "was walking on a bald man's head. She had her daughter with her, and as she looked round she was heard to say, 'Ah! my dear, when I was your age this was only a footpath'."

Mother—"You were very naughty to disobey me, and I have punished you to impress it on your mind."

Son: "Mummie, but my mind's not down there."

Rider: "Why didn't you sound your horn when you saw the man in the road?"

Driver: "I thought it would be more humane if he never knew what hit him."

CHINA

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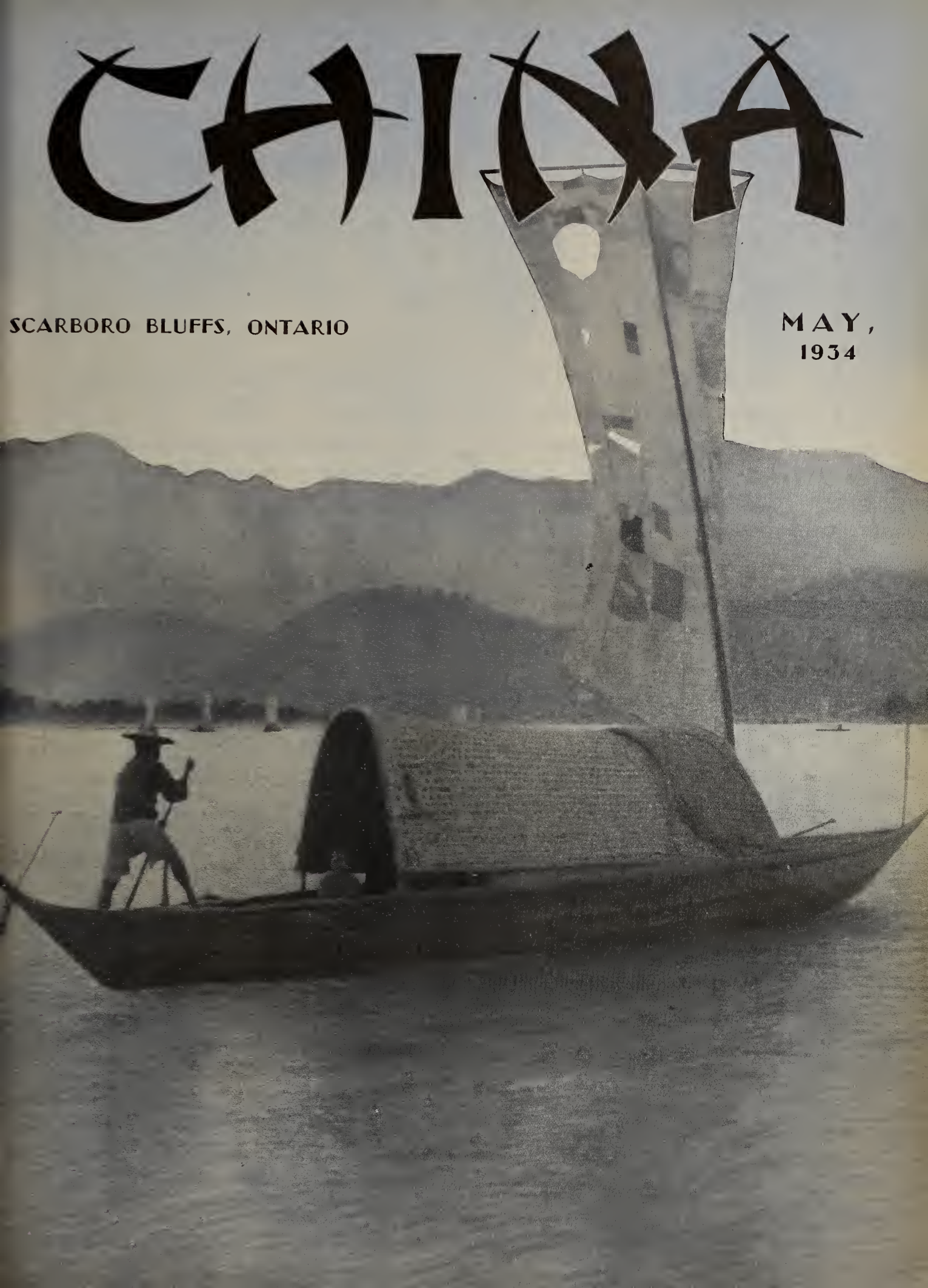
CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF .....

CHINA



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McNeil, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

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Priests! Priests! and More Priests!

Being engaged in a work that has for its object the spreading of the Catholic Faith in China, we feel it incumbent on us to keep on reminding our Catholic people of the greatest need of the Church in her missionary enterprises. It is the need of priests. Instead of speaking in vague phrases and urging Catholics in a general way to help spread the Faith in pagan lands, let us give a practical turn to the exhortation, and tell you that the best way you can translate into action your desire to aid the missions is by helping to educate young men who have dedicated their lives to the missionary priesthood.

* * *

For the extension of God's Kingdom on earth it is essential that priests be supplied in numbers sufficient to care for the spiritual needs of all who become members of God's Church. In the Divine ordering of things the priest is the necessary instrument conveying spiritual gifts from the Creator to the creature. The offering of Sacrifice and the administration of the Sacraments are alone the prerogatives of duly ordained ministers of Religion, and whenever we speak of people being brought to a knowledge of God we mean that they are partakers in Divine Sacrifice and in a position to receive the Sacraments. "Bringing the Faith to pagan lands" means nothing more nor less than this: that people who did not know God are taught the truths of religion, instructed as to how to lead a good life, and then are made children of God through the reception of baptism, and are given the aid of the other Sacraments as the various necessities of life demand. That all these benefits may be brought to those who "still sit in darkness and the shadow of death" it is necessary that priests go to pagan lands. To help send priests there is the practical way open to you to help the propagation of the Faith which you value so much.

* * *

Priests! Priests! and more priests! is the continual cry coming to us from the pagan world today. To supply priests for the evangelization of China is the purpose of St. Francis Xavier Seminary. "China" is the mouthpiece of the Seminary in making appeals to the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland for support in this most necessary work. We are providing the requisite facilities for the education of students for the priesthood, and in order that we may be enabled to carry on such work unhampered by lack of means we invite the co-operation of all our readers. Without the generous help of interested friends our task would be well nigh impossible. We have all along been encouraged by the dealings of Divine Providence in giving us friends when we needed them most. With thirty-six students now at the Seminary, and prospects of having at least fifty with us next September, our need today is greater than ever before for contributions to our Burse Fund.

* * *

The education of a priest takes time and costs a lot of money, but if we could secure many friends who would build up our Burses then we would have no misgivings about the upkeep of fifty students. Since the last issue of "China" went in the mails we have had the good fortune to secure a fully completed Burse. A lady called at the Seminary and left with us a cheque for five thousand dollars to establish a Burse in honor of St. Agnes. From Nova Scotia came a gift of one thousand dollars to help the completion of another Burse, and this represented the life savings of an elderly gentleman who has done a great deal on former occasions to help in the same splendid work. From a little town in Ontario there comes to us as regularly as clockwork every month a generous donation to the Burse in honor of St. Francis Xavier. The gentleman who remembers us so frequently is doing more than anyone else to bring this Burse in honor of our patron to completion. A welcome aid, five hundred dollars, recently came to us from Newfoundland, bringing to two thousand dollars the amount contributed by the same person for St. Patrick's Burse.

* * *

Need we say that we are exceedingly grateful to the many friends who have remembered our needs in the past, and especially so to those good friends whose generous gifts we have told you about. We would like you, too, who are reading this, to assist in supporting priests who are so necessary to bring salvation to innumerable souls in China. God's blessing will surely be with those who bring other Christs into the vast mission field of the Orient.

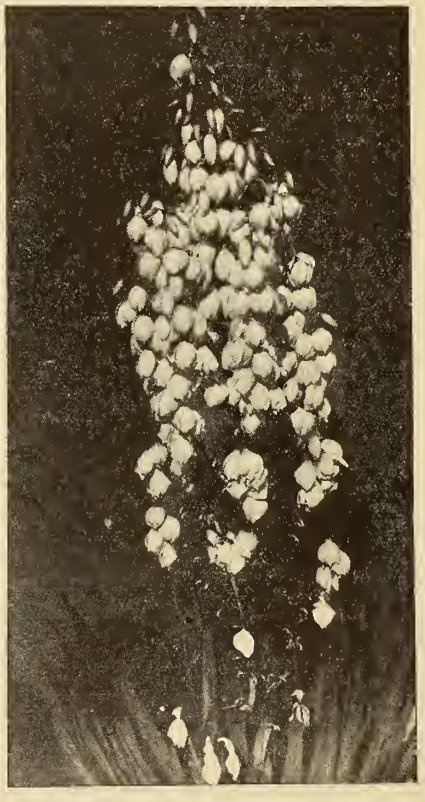
Looking Things Over in Sung-Yang

By
REV. L. J. BEAL

AT SIX O'CLOCK this morning a heavy fog covered the city and reduced visibility to a minimum; a cold stillness permeated the place. The sun had made one unsuccessful effort to shine through before 7.30 a.m. as the Christians were coming in for Mass. As I left the church I could not help thinking of the analogy between the physical and spiritual condition of our city of Sungyang at the moment, an analogy that seemed to fit all parts. The fog enveloping the city was shutting out the light of the sun, which was endeavouring to break through and make things more cheerful; the fog of paganism was likewise overshadowing the city, making difficult the appearance of that Light which would waken the poor pagans to a better life in the warmth of Catholic Faith.

As I write these lines the city is roused from its slumber and the sound of superstitious rites and pagan worship comes to me from the many Temples devoted to the gods. These same sounds have been echoing for centuries, lulling the people into a state of false security. The working out of man's salvation has been entrusted to human agencies, and the process will be slow. There is not a missionary in this vast country but would like to see the immediate conversion of the masses; the missionaries are doing everything humanly possible, and God in His own good time will grant the increase. With a continual influx of missionary priests and sisters, the scene is bound to be changed sooner or later, and this Republic of China will be netted together in stronger bonds of union than ever before.

It is often the human element interfering with the work which sets things awry and retards the efforts of the missionary. An element that militates against the more rapid conversion of pagans is the conduct of Christians themselves; the example they give to their pagan neighbours is often far from edifying. It was my own experience not so long ago to have my Christians in open rebellion against a simple executive order for the betterment of the parish. Such conduct has not a beneficial influence on the onlookers, who are often pagans or catechumens; they are amazed and scandalized at the manner in which some Christians conduct themselves before the priest. Obedience and discipline seem to be entirely lacking in their makeup, and these characteristics are indispensable for order and progress in parish affairs. Thank God there are some who really make an effort to exhort their pagan friends and neighbours to become faithful members of the Church and observe the rules of proper living. It is the same the wide world over, I know. Some there are who are a glory to the Church, while others are a scandal and a stumbling block. It requires untiring patience and prayer to overcome our difficulties; by keeping the old truths prominently before our people we hope to achieve results in the changing of their attitude slowly but nevertheless surely.



April showers brought forth these May flowers in the convent garden at Lishui.

Some time ago I was called to the bedside of an old man who had worked in the mission as a painter. He had more than his share of family troubles and worries with his wife, a woman who gave almost inhuman treatment to a newly-acquired daughter-in-law, a minor. The poor worried man often came to me for consolation and advice. He complained of the hounding given the defenceless young girl in his home by the wife to whom Christian principles did not mean a thing. I went to the house to persuade the woman to show at least ordinary kindness to the girl, but she was a stubborn customer and bent on running things her own mad way. Finally, the girl's family was obliged to remove her from the care of her inhuman mother-in-law lest death in some sinister form should be her portion. To our painter friend I gave daily instructions, and for an old man he made wonderful progress in learning Catholic doctrine. One Sunday morning after Mass his little boy rushed to the Mission and begged me to go see his father before he died. After questioning him on the chief points of doctrine, I administered Baptism, and within half an hour the man was dead. He had given explicit orders that no superstitious rites were to take place at his funeral. His wife refused point blank to obey his directions, but I did not worry, as the man's soul was safe from harm now. The wife is an ardent votary of the gods and carries on the most extravagant form of worship at the temples. Christianity is like poison to her, and her conversion would be nothing short of a miracle of grace. The good example of her kind-hearted husband has never made an impression on her, and for the priest and his religion she has nothing but contempt and abusive words.

Outside Sungyang city we have four chapels, two in reputedly wealthy centres of commerce and two in quite poorly-off rural dis-

(Continued on page 77)



In the Hill Country of Chuchow

* * *

By
REV. BERNARD BOUDREAU

IT was quite a walk to Blue Mountain Head. We had never been there. Since Mr. King and myself were out for the getting, we struck for there. The climb was not a steep and hard one, though sixty-four-year-old Mr. King thought it was. Blue Mountain Head is not much of a place. There are no Christians there—just a few lax Catechumens. It is a small place, only forty families or so. The top and sides of the mount is bareness. At the foot on all sides are many small villages, and beyond these, to the next ridge, are just rice fields and water holes.

"Where is the town we are going to, Mr. King?"

"Blue Mountain Head Town."

"And which may that be of all those we see spread out before us?"

"Over to the left of you, near to the grove. See that large white building with a wall around it? That is the place."

"Queer that town should inherit the name of this mountain, when all these other towns seem nearer."

"Let us sit down, Spiritual Father."

"No. We must go down now. It will soon be noon."

* * *

"Father Bou! Ah! Father Bou! Most extraordinary, most extraordinary. I am most unworthy of your call to my very miserable abode."

"Do not be so polite. I see you have a fine lot of pigs this year. And that is your farm land over there? What a large farm you have. Surely your crops must be quite a revenue to you."

"Yes; but this year the taxes are very high. I do not see how I can clear my debts. It is a tax for this and a tax for that, a new tax here and a new tax there. Really they are going to kill us. By the way, the Spiritual Father would not have a place for me at the mission? I could be gatekeeper, gardener—in fact anything. I do not want any salary, just my food. It would also be so easy for me to observe the Sundays, and learn doctrine. I coud adore God with my whole heart then."

"Can you not adore God with your whole heart now?"

"But I am busy."

"Christ was not too busy to save you. The Priest was not too busy to teach you doctrine. You speak much like a child. I will make a plan for you. Listen to me. . . ."

"But, Spiritual Father . . ."

"Yes, listen to me . . ."

"But, Father, I have pigs to . . ."

"Please listen . . ."

"And I have cows to tend to, and much land, and I am alone and . . ."

"And you have a soul to work for. How is the catechism coming on?"

"We farmers have no time at all from sunrise to sunset."

"You know your catechism well. All memorized? Yes?

"No-o-o. I am a tiller of the soil."

"What has that got to do with your soul?"

"But the Spiritual Father does not understand. I am busy, real busy. Furthermore, I do not know characters, and I have no memory at all."

"By the way, when is the next market day?"

"Let me see. Yesterday was the 15th—the 13th—last market day was the 9th, that is the big market day. The next big market day will be four days less one day, the 19th."

"You have a very good memory."

"Ha! Ha! The Spiritual Father is very foxy. Really you know, Mr. King, tillers of the soil have all they can do to keep themselves alive, and every cent earned has to go a long way, and there is a great distance between every cent."

"How far is it to Earthenpot-Kiln-Hill?"

"Just eight miles the other side of High Creek, which is five miles to the west of the other side of this mountain. And what may the Spiritual Father be going there for?"

"Just scatter a few steps. Well, do not forget, three days hence will be Sunday—the day preceding market-day. Good-bye."

* * *

"A good old fellow he is, eh, Mr. King? I think he will make a good Christian."

"Yes, I suppose so."

We had been walking for some time. We approached a resting place and decided to sit down. Mr. King kept up a conversation on how some old people manage to keep young. "Take myself for example," he says, "I am not afraid to go up and down the hills. My age has nothing to do with my legs. Age, you know, Spiritual Father, is just a worry. Each morning you get up to find that your crop of grey hairs has increased, and so you lament to yourself you are getting old. Old Mr. Forest who keeps a drug store, every time I go there to see him, he laments he is getting older and older and no sons. 'Ai-ya,' he says, 'Elder Brother, what a calamity! What am I going to do?' Take again Mr. Tang, every day it costs him as much as three dollars taking medicine to keep young. And Mr. Liu is the same way."

* * *

"Sit down. Sit down."

"Your honorable name?"

"Chu."

"Going where?"

"To the city."

"What is your business there?"

"Nothing."

"Oh-ha!"

"Where do you come from?"

"Twenty miles up the valley."

"Oh."

"You have many sons?"

"Three."

"All in the same business?"

"No."

"You must come and adore God. He will make you happy."

"Has the Foreign Gentleman been many years in my humble country?"

"Almost three complete years have I been a resident in your honorable country. Does my esteemed friend believe in God?"

"No."

"My honorable Elder Brother believes in an after life?"

"Yes."

"You have a soul and a body—will not your body and soul die together?"

"Yes, I have a soul; it will not die as my body. When my body is buried my soul will go to another place for a while and come back again."

"Where is this temporal resting place for the soul? And when will it come back again? How do you know it will come back?"

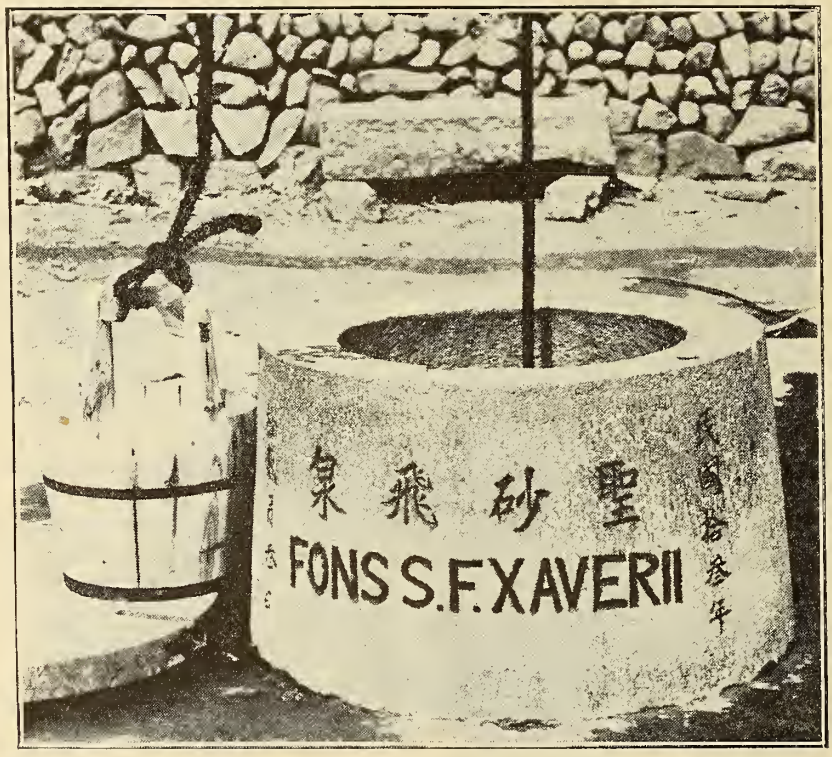
"When I was small my mother used to tell me. So did my grandmother tell me so. I have forgotten most of what they used to tell me. As one gets on in age he soon forgets the things of childhood."

"You become an old man when the young years go—but surely your grandmother impressed you more than that. She was wise; you should be, too. The soul has faculties as the body has senses. That cow over yonder eating away at the newly dug potatoes has eyes, ears, nose, mouth, legs, just as you have. Suppose the owner of the potatoes comes along, will the cow know enough to beg his pardon or make good for the potatoes she ate. Supposing that that cow is yours; it will be you and the owner of the potatoes who will have to fight it out. Does my Honorable Elder Brother see my point?"

"Certainly I am different from a cow!"

"But how are you so different?"

"Oh, it is just the make-up of man. A cow is just bones and



AT Monsignor Fraser's headquarters in Kinhwa there is a well inscribed in Latin and Chinese: "Fons S. F. Xaverii, December 3, 1924." Father Ouang, former director of this Mission, related its history to Msgr. Fraser, and why he called it St. Francis Xavier's Spring with the date of our Patron's Feast Day.

He hired a squad of workmen to sink a well in the priests' yard. A few feet below the surface they struck rock, and all the way down had to chisel with their crude instruments. It was dangerous work, too, for the broken rock had to be drawn up over their heads by pulley; but no one was hurt. After digging very deep, and not finding water, they became discouraged and wished to give up. Father Ouang asked them to continue. Next day was Dec. 3, Feast of St. Francis Xavier; perhaps he would come to the rescue. Mass was said in his honour; noon arrived; the priests were seated at dinner when the workmen came rushing in with the good news; all of a sudden sparkling pure water had gushed up through the rock in great quantity, and the men had lost no time in coming to the surface.

From that day to this, though all the other wells in the vicinity run dry at certain seasons, this well always yields a plenteous supply of delicious water.

By a pretty coincidence, in the same year as this happened, 1924, Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, was blessed by the Archbishop of Toronto.

flesh made to help man till the soil and sometime secretly killed for man to eat and that is the end of her. Whereas man he has to bring up a family, earn enough for all to eat, run a business, run a farm, become a teacher, and ever so many other things he has to do."

"Man is the noblest of all the things you are able to think of, and all because he has a soul made to the image and likeness of his Creator. It is his very life. He cannot separate himself from it. Every action demands the power of his soul. You are able to think, to remember, and to love. Surely your eyes, your hands, or your feet, cannot do the same. Your parents gave you a body and God gave you a soul. Your body is not worth two coppers because it is subject to all kinds of sicknesses, and finally it dies and stinks and becomes eaten up by worms, and then what has become of that nice little loved and much petted body of yours? Yours? It never dies; it belongs to God. It is made to His image and likeness. He is everlasting. You must give your soul back to God. You must believe in an after life. If you do not, then why should God give you a soul that lasts for ever and ever? I invite both you gentlemen, when you are around Jade Lake, to come to the Mission."

"We will; we will. Goodbye."

* * *

"He did not like it when I compared him to a cow, did he, Mr. King? I felt like telling him the story of the Priest standing in a railroad station waiting for his train. You remember it, Mr. King?"

"No, I do not."

"It goes like this: A wise fellow approached the Priest, leading a little dog; he says to the Priest: 'You preachers are just doers of nothing. You know as well as I do that this soul business is emptiness. My happiness is what I make it here. I die. I stay dead. What is inside and outside of me goes the same road.' The Priest looks around, looks at the little dog, then his owner, and very politely asks the owner why should he be leading his younger brother about with a strap around his neck. The people standing around all laughed heartily. The man and the dog both went to the far end of the station."

"Good enough for him."

* * *

"We are nearing High Creek. I see the schoolhouse in the distance where our friend, Mr. Leaf, teaches. I suppose he is at home?"

"Yes, he is."

Our friend here is a young Catechumen, very zealous, and studies doctrine all the time. He is a rich young fellow. Reminds one very much of the kind of Christians you meet way back home. Rain or shine, he comes to listen to doctrine every Sunday. When he doesn't come he sends me a letter of apology and assures me he is not getting remiss, but because of things at home he was unable to attend services.

* * *

"Chuh-p'ei, we have come to disturb you."

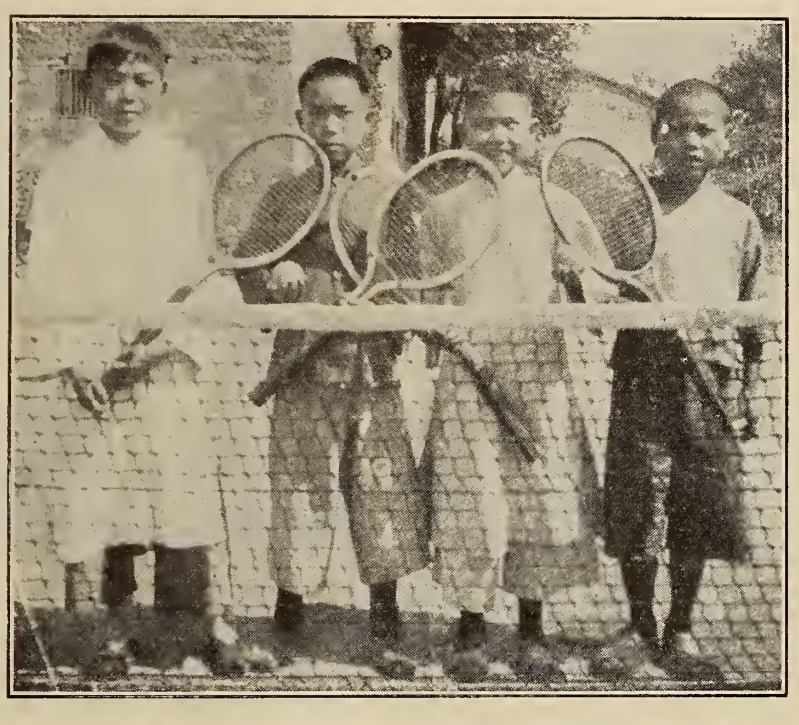
"No guest-airs. You are always so polite."

"Do you think, Chuh-p'ei, they will ever get rid of those awful rice-field paths. A slip and you are in for a bath."

"You foreigners are used to good things. We have nothing good in China."

"Is that so! What about the Catholic Church?"

(Continued on page 74)



FOOTBALL and tennis are the big games with the Lishui schoolboys. The lad on the right, whose name is Ho Tay, was our champion all-round athlete till he left us last year. In another environment he might easily have had his name in the sport pages later on, but if there should be any mute, inglorious Morenzs or Tildens among our Chekiang lads the world will never know.

Ho Tay is fourteen, and his athletic career is at an end. He is even now embarked upon the drab life work of driving a lazy water buffalo through muddy rice-paddies. For he is to be a farmer in China, and, believe us, that's something these days.

But he seems nowise daunted by the fact that he's probably licked before he starts. His "father before him" is one of the happiest and most cheerful men we ever met. When Ho Tay returns to the school to visit his former chums they give him a great razzing because he's going to be a farmer. "Gee haw," "Gee haw" (or its Chinese equivalent) they yell at him. You see they are going to be tinsmiths and tailors and barbers later on. When they have served three or four years' apprenticeship they will receive one Chinese dollar and a set of tools and then they will be able to earn their ten cents a day with the best of them. And some of them will enter the Seminary in China.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN



Edited by FATHER JIM

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It surely is nice to be able to enjoy again the fine warm sunshine which comes to us with the month of May. It is Mary's month, a period always welcome to those who have particular devotion to our Blessed Mother. Of course, that means all our "Buds", for never was there a true missionary helper who did not have a very tender affection for the Queen of the Missions. I know many and fervent will be the acts of sacrifice made this month in honor of Mary, God's Mother and ours.

It is a big month, too, for devotees of the "Little Flower". On May 8th this year will be celebrated the 50th anniversary of the First Holy Communion of our sainted Patroness. Father Jim is going to offer his Mass on the morning of May 8th for all the members of the "Rose Garden" to beg God's blessing on them and their work and to ask God to always keep them as good and as pure as they were on the day when they made their First Holy Communion. It may interest you to know that the dress which St. Therese wore on the day of her First Communion in 1884 is one of the most highly prized relics in the Theresian Museum at Lisieux. On May 17th, 1925, occurred the canonization of St. Therese. I recommend to the boys and girls of our Club that they make a special effort to go to Holy Communion on May 8th and May 17th and offer these Communions for the Missions.

If there be such a thing as "overpopularity" it is the one fault we have to find with our "Rose Garden". We had never imagined our Club would reach the proportions it has now attained. So many boys and girls have written to become members that I have now decided it is impossible, for various reasons, to send individual cards of membership to those whose names come in large school groups. Henceforth, I will send a membership card to the class as a whole. Teachers will kindly note this new arrangement and let me know the proper designation of their classroom groups.

Yours for the Missions,

FATHER JIM.



FROM SUNNY FLORIDA

To several members who have already written us from Florida, we now add the name of Roland Smith, a pupil at St. Joseph's Academy, Jacksonville. Roland is a weekly communicant, and an altar boy. He has a garden of his own, and ten pet animals. Here's a chance for some other buds to get a letter from "way down South".

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O *Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.*

(300 *days' Indulgence*)
With Ecclesiastical Approbation

No one has been more faithful in corresponding with Father Jim than **Mary Kerr**, of Perth, Ont. Mary has been helping the Missions for years, and now she writes "the game is up; I'm not going to call you 'Father Jim' any longer, for that's not your real name." Mary said she got "all the news" about me from a priest who knows me well, but "no matter how hard I tried to get him mixed up when he was talking he never mentioned your name even once". And if you do get that picture, Mary, we'll have to do something about it.

Apologies are offered to the Boys of **St. John's School, Ardley, B.C.** Writing for them, **Edward McMahon** was very nice in telling Father Jim that they feared I "had forgotten all about them". Not on your life, Edward—even though I have kept you waiting so long for your badges. And just when Father Jim was having his ears frozen in below-zero weather, Edward reminded him that "out here in Ardley the weather is very nice, with dandelions and crocuses and rose bushes flourishing". Well, we always did think that the far West wasn't a bad place to live in (or did we?). And that request for a mite box for the school shows that Edward and his chums have no hard feelings. You'll hear from me soon, boys!

James Lafontaine, writing from **St. Joseph's School, North Bay, Ont.**, tells me: "Today we completed our five dollars for our Chinese baby and we were pleased to have it for Easter. It was quite slow for a while but we finally succeeded in getting it. The girls had $2.68, the boys had $2.66, but after some excitement the boys increased their amount to $2.71, and the girls to $2.70. The girls worked hard, but since we won the contest we are naming the baby Francis Xavier." I think, "Buds," that goes to prove how important even one little cent can be when sacrificed for the cause of the Missions. I imagine, though, that when the new "Francis Xavier" gets to Heaven he will not be unmindful of the girls who helped him get there.

The Modern Crusade

A Letter to our Junior Readers from Rev. J. Venini, Kankou, China

"Pou pa man ts pa tsan." That, my dear children, is supposed to be a Chinese proverb, and it might be translated into the King's English as reading, "Do not be afraid of going slowly, but of standing still." I am glad I came across that proverb, as it gives me a goat on which to hang the blame for not having answered sooner your welcome letters.

I am so glad to learn that you have such an active Crusade Unit in your school. That's the spirit. Keep it up and the Holy Land will soon be retaken. Judging from your letters, I am sure there are many Geoffreys and Richards the Lion Heart among you. And the girls are much more fortunate now than in the days of old, because now they can follow the Crusades right onto the battlefield, whilst their sisters of the days gone by were forced to wave a weeping farewell from the moat wall. All that sounds very romantic and adventurous, doesn't it? No doubt the whole business of the Crusades was very romantic and adventurous. Perhaps too much so, because we know the results that attended the Crusades. With the exception of the first Crusade, it is rather a sad and disappointing tale.

It may be that some of you imagine the missionary of today, in China, going about as St. Francis Xavier has been pictured by various artists. St. Francis went fishing with a net, as they say. As for us, we have to be content to go fishing "a la ligne", and even then sometimes we get our line all tangled up or lose the hook, and are forced to return with only stories of the big fish that got away. No doubt even in the missions of today there is a certain element of adventure, of the romantic. It is well, perhaps necessary, that such is the case, because after all we are earthly, of the earth, and we needs must have an ideal that is above the earth, to lead us on to greater things. But at the same time the serious, the real work of the mission must not be too thickly gilded over. The Crusades had for their objective the wresting of the Holy Places from infidel hands. When that objective was attained the work of the Crusades was finished. The missions have a much more difficult task. The citadel being attacked is not one of stones and bricks. The war is against the powers of darkness. No truce is ever declared, and the battle will go on until the Church militant will have ceased to be. And so, my dear children, try to get the spirit of the first Crusade into your work. The first Crusade was prepared and undertaken in a spirit of religion, in a spirit of love for the greater glory of God. You will remember how Pope Urban, during Lent of the year 1095, whilst he was preaching to the people, and exhorting them to engage in the holy Cause of the Crusades, was interrupted by the people shouting, "God wills it, God wills it." Let that cry be also the moving spirit of your meetings and work: "God wills it." God wills that we should love Him, that we should show our love of Him by bringing others to know and love Him. Be convinced of this and all will be well with your work.

And now a little something about the missions here. You tell me you have been studying China in your geography classes. If that is so, you will all be well posted along those lines, and will get 100 at the exams. But what you did not learn in your geography lessons was, how lucky for all you who read these lines that you were not born in this land of the idols. For the boys it would not have been too bad. Life would be a hard one for them, plenty of work and not much else besides. But for the girls it would be much worse. For the greater part of them, their portion would be to be bundled off, long before they had given up sucking their thumbs, to the homes of their future husbands. There life would not be very pleasant for them. Drudgery, and in capital letters, would be their lot. And such drudges will they be as to far outclass anything Dickens has pictured for us. Gathering firewood, toting about a baby tied to their backs, gathering weeds for the pigs, washing the clothes, these will be a few of the tasks of your little Chinese sisters from almost the time they are able to toddle about. And woe betide them when they are caught in fault. Only here the other day, the little drudge in one of the houses facing the mission was tied up by her hair, her hands also tied high above her head, and her toes just reaching the ground, and whilst strung up in this position she was beaten on the shins with bamboo switches. Not a very nice treatment, was it?

Of course you must not think that all the people in China are so cruel or that such is the hard lot of all the children, but it is so with very many, at least in this part of China. And if the lot of

(Continued on page 78)

St. Mary's School,
Barrie, Ontario.

Dear Father Jim:

We received a letter from Father Venini in China, and thought you would like to read it. The Crusaders of St. Mary's have been active all year. We divided the year into three parts. From September to Christmas our prayers and offerings were directed to the good missionaries labouring in the vast field of China; from Christmas to Easter for missionaries in India, and from Easter to June they will be for Western Canada. We sent beautiful spiritual offerings and cheques for ten dollars to China and India, and hope to do the same in June for Western Canada.

Our Crusade meetings are indeed interesting. We all take a very great interest in this work, and at every meeting we have papers read on the work being done in the Missions. Dean Sweeney, our Pastor, and Father McHenry encourage us in this work, and are always present at our meetings. Sincerely yours,

KATHLEEN FIRTH,
Sec., C.C.S.M.C. Unit.

In the Hill Country of Chuchow

(Continued from page 71)

"Oh, I do not mean it that way."

"These are all your pupils?"

"Yes."

"You are alone to teach them?"

"Yes. Country schools are all small, and the people cannot afford many teachers. This is a small town."

"Are there any more who, like yourself, adore God?"

"Just now I have met several young fellows who intend to come. I think the Catholic Church will do well here, because the people are simple, and love the Catholic doctrine."

"Fine; maybe . . ."

"Drink tea, Spiritual Father; it is cool now and it will warm you. You will stay and have dinner with me?"

"Really we cannot. We want to return this evening, and we still must go on to Earthenpot-Kiln-Hill. There is an old, old Christian there I have never met."

"It is all politeness. You must stay."

"We have to go."

"No. I will make you stay. Here now (he grabs me by the arm and sits me down), sit down. Such politeness!"

* * *

In spite of the edict to convert all temples into schools, it so happens, as in most cases, the former temple is now school and temple. There is the nation's flag hanging on a flimsy wall, and directly behind sit the big fat idols. The front door takes you to the school; the back door takes you to smiling Buddhas. New principles are easily set in order; but to engrave them into the hearts of the people willy-nilly is more than a man's work.

* * *

"Very peculiar, Chuh-p'ei, here you are teaching the youngsters what they are to live for, and how to live, and what to do to become great, how to help the nation on, the ways and means of success, and just behind you the parents and grand-parents are still in the same ruts; is not your task a thankless and fruitless one? Is not your work useless?"

"What can you do? Children must obey their parents. What they learn at the school is left at the threshold, for they are back in the old school."

"Yes, I see it that way, too; but the old will die, and I guess the rest remains in what the children remember and will remember; 'once learnt, never forgotten' is a sure motto."

"This world is an awful dungeon. Thanks be to our God, we are not in it forever. You know, Spiritual Father, I was quite discouraged with everything; now that I am in communication with the Church, I have become very hopeful. As things are now, I do not worry any more. All I long for is that blissful after-life you are preaching about all the time. The things in this world are so marvelously made, everything so regular. How beautiful the flowers in summer. You look at the wintry sky at eventide. How grand it is. If God made the world so beautiful, what must He have made heaven like? You say that this world is a place of ups and downs, yet there are many people who are happy all the time. How is that?"

"Many people seem happy all the time. They are not enjoying true happiness. Their happiness is in the world and for the world. The real happy people are those who seem miserable to you, for their happiness is in their peace of heart. Their hope is their well of happiness. The deeper the well the more earnest is their desire for the end. After all, the song of the man of the world who lives for the world is Complaining my Complaints. He has never enough of this or of that. His appetite is insatiable. He must have more than he needs. When he has more than he needs he wants to change some things. When he has changed some things he is sorrowful for something else. Whereas the man of the world who lives in the world for a nobler end . . . for God, he meets all with satisfaction and has plenty. His heart is too full of spiritual aspirations to be longing for temporal things. He knows that what he will gather in now will only be dispersed by somebody else after he dies."

"Have some tea."

"Thank you."

"We must go now, Mr. King. We will see you again, Mr. Leaf."

* * *

Leaving this spot, we went through a dingy little place. The dogs barked heavily. They detest the smell of foreigners fiercely. The pigs did their best to make us walk in the gutter. One old cow gave a look at me and fled for dear life. The little boys were much amused at my "underbrush." They remarked it would make a good writing pen (Chinese). Out of one house they came to see what all the noise is about. "Oh, it is a foreign devil." Another, "Oh, it is the Spiritual Father." Another, "Oh, it is the Foreign Gentleman from Jade Lake." And ever so many appellations. On the whole, none are so offensive. For want of reflection, and through ignorance, you



The teacher and his pupils in Father Amyot's mission of Huang d'An. Even this number of boys makes "overcrowded" conditions in the little school room.

are called by the first thought coming to their mind. There is no man so simple, I think, as the farmers around here. The only real fault they have is that they are gluttons for lawsuits.

Earthenpot Kiln Mountain

A very pleasant climb to the top. We sat down to get refreshed. A little breeze graciously dried the beads of perspiration. Mr. King sounded like an organ. I asked him if he had three lungs, he made such queer noises.

* * *

"Just where does Mr. Lang live, do you recall, Mr. King?"

"It is ten years since I have been out here. I think it is that place over there. I see a man. I will ask."

"H-m-m! Ten years . . ."

"Old friend, is that where Mr. Yang lives, over there, next to that house with the green paint on the door, next to the one with the red letters over here?"

"Yes."

* * *

"Oh! Ah! O-o-oh! Extraordinary! Truly extraordinary! The Spiritual Father! Mr. King, what made you come this awful distance? This is such a miserable place. What is the Spiritual Father's precious name?"

"My cheap name is Bou, one step, two steps, Bou."

"The Spiritual Father speaks like a Chinese."

"Unworthy, unworthy."

"Mr. Yang, how old are you this year?"

"Eighty."

"You have been baptized a long time?"

"Over forty years."

"You have always kept the Faith. How grand!"

"Up until eleven years ago. I am on in age. I find it difficult to go over the mountains now. But I always did say some prayers. You see, my wife is dead. I have several sons, but none of them are baptized. Here there are a few other Christians. I do not believe they have been going to church much since I have been unable to go myself. You see, I used to call them and they would come."

"Your early days as a Christian then. Mr. Yang . . . you had to attend the services at Nine Dragons. You had a long walk."

"I had longer after that when I had to go away to Chuchow. Then the Priest there told me I could attend at Piwu since it was nearer and there was a chapel and Catechist there."



Father Serra (at left) with the Christians of Huang d'An after Sunday mass. Father Amyot and Father King are stationed at Huang d'An, and their combined "chapel" and residence forms the background of this picture.

* * *

This old man certainly had a wonderful faith . At one time he used to walk every Sunday a distance of twenty-five miles. At another time he had to walk a distance of thirty miles. Finally to Piwu he had but eighteen miles with a little hill to climb.

* * *

"Even though I have been able to attend every Sunday, for the past ten years or so I have not forgotten God and neither has God forgotten me. You see, I do not smoke opium, I do not gamble, don't go to plays, have no lawsuits. I only sleep and eat much."

"God certainly has blessed you. He has preserved you, and rewarded you with a nice long white beard, and you have splendid sons, and they take care of you."

"God has blessed me."

"What about the other Christians here. Are they at home now?"

"No, some are away."

"You will come with me to see those who are at home?"

"Yes."

* * *

"This here is the place of one with the same name. He is an old Christian. He sold his wife and bought another. He is now totally paralyzed on one side. I do not think he knows much about God. The poor unfortunate, he is suffering for his sins now. You know, Spiritual Father, God is very good; but He punishes very severely."

"But would God punish you if you were always good?"

* * *

"Ah, you are outside sunning yourself?"

"Yes. Who is that with you? My eyes are getting bad also, I cannot see well."

"It is the Spiritual Father, he has . . ."

"Ah, the Spiritual Father. What can I do? I cannot get up. I cannot serve him tea. I cannot take him around. I am poor, I cannot give him anything to eat. Please pardon me, ten thousand pardons. Ah! My lot! My lot!"

"You are better to-day?"

"I am worse."

"You will prepare your past with me?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"H-m-m."

"You remember your prayers . . . your catechism . . .confession . . . know how to make it? You know the way you are now, your end can come very fast."

* * *

This poor individual, I made three efforts to try to bring back, but all to no avail. He remained

(Continued on page 76)

JUST OUT FOR A STROLL

By Rev. D. E. Stringer

It was a great relief to get away from the noisy bustle and heavy smells of the city. The path we took ran along the river's edge. At first we had to walk through a short and narrow street and through the city gate, Big-Water Gate, they call it. Carriers of every description trudged along, humming, grunting, yelling, manipulating their poles with marvelous dexterity, avoiding collisions with great agility, while little tots in gaudy apparel that rivalled Joseph's coat darted here and there in their quest for fun. Many were the evidences of pagan worship for it was the Chinese feast of All Souls, a day when all thoughts turn towards the dead. Every street vendor had two red candles on either side of his wares. The dim interior of many rude abodes was lighted up by the faint glimmer of candles placed before the tablet of some departed one.

We passed through the gate, picking our way over slippery cobblestones and keeping a wary eye open to avoid knocking a tray from the head of a bun-boy or to escape a splashing from the pails of a water-carrier. The freshness of the air outside the city, the bright green of the grass, the sight of the mountains decked out in their Spring attire, all combined to fill us with a most happy feeling that after all life was very good. The clouds above us were threatening to give us a ducking at a moment's notice, but this was much more preferable than the heat.

Soon we were wending our way through farmlands. Wheat, beans, and vegetables, fruit trees in bloom, wild flowers of many hues—all a riot of color to gladden the eye. A farmer coming towards us was hungrily devouring every little detail about us, but it was with something of awe that he gazed upon our beards—such an appendage is supposedly a sign of wisdom. At times the path we trod narrowed to a foot or so in width as it wound its way through a maze of little artificial ponds, miniature reservoirs in which is hoarded the precious life of the rice plants—water. A mountain stream, and we called to the ferry-man, who poled us across in his leisurely manner. A great stretch of sand and stone gave mute testimony to the terrific power of waters in flood time. Bordering upon it were many beautiful farms, the produce of which is raised in constant danger of a torrent which might at any time wipe them out completely.

Rounding a turn we entered a shady spot where tall bamboo trees sheltered us from a few drops of rain that warned us anew of an impending squall. At last we reached the mountain crowned by an immense pagoda almost as aged and worn as the rock on which it rested. Tiny red blooms made the scene a riot of color. Here and there the black shaggy rock jutted out defying nature's ruddiest growths to hide its bareness. The rock upon which the pagoda stood was naked and wrinkled, bearing the scars of almost timeless onslaughts of rain and wind, of heat and cold. A grotto has been excavated beneath the pagoda and it houses some great deity and many lesser ones. A steep descent led to another shrine. A haphazard step would plunge one down upon the jagged rocks below. Far to the right the river wriggled and wormed its way, losing itself to view around a distant hill. The sail of a boat fluttered in a passing breeze and then hung limp. The faint murmur of voices was wafted to us—river men pulling their boats over a shallow rapids. To the left numerous little hamlets were scattered amid well-cared-for fields. A sudden shower, then a blaze of glory from the setting sun and we turned our steps homeward.

IN THE HILL COUNTRY

(Continued from page 75)

stubborn until the end. During his illness he was carried outside, and was set like a log until late in the evening. He was sometimes forgotten and left out in the open all night. His food was poor. If he wanted anything he would yell for as much as an hour, then some neighbor would help him. His own knew him at times only. Even the pagans around attributed his lot to unfaithfulness to God. One old pagan said he would be much afraid to offend the Master of Heaven, for he might revenge on him and let the Heavens fall on top and crush him. "How foolish," he said, "was this Adore-God man." It is very noticeable here how all those who have turned their back on God are now in either dire poverty or are afflicted with some physical or family misfortune.

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MASS INTENTIONS

are always a practical help to priests in mission lands. The missionaries often have no other means of support than their Mass stipends. Our priests will be glad to offer the Holy Sacrifice for your intentions if you send your Mass offerings to the Seminary.

ON BAD WILLS.

Some pretty hard things have been said on bad wills. A will in which the name of God is not to be found, in which God is not named among the heirs, is a bad will.

Is it not true that quite a few of our rich Catholics make such bad wills? They write their last will as if they were the absolute owners of the wealth they were permitted to accumulate by Providential circumstances and the talents they had received from Divine Providence. It is a lack of gratitude not to recognize by a last act of generosity what they had received from God.

The last will is the last chance to help a good work. How many do not avail themselves of the opportunity!

A bequest to St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary will be a way to show your gratitude to God and at the same time assure you of a prayerful remembrance long after you are dead.

CHINESE EX-PREMIER TO BECOME PRIEST

Bruges, Belgium.—A Chinese diplomat who became a monk in the Abbey of St. Andre, near here, is to be ordained as a priest in the Catholic Church. He is Dom Pierre Celestin Lu Tseng-tsiang, sixty-four-year-old native of Shanghai, who entered the abbey in 1927.

As diplomat, he served as Chinese minister to Holland from 1905-11, was a delegate to the second Hague Peace Conference, and in 1911 served as minister to Russia. Returning to China, he became premier and minister for foreign affairs in 1912. Again in 1915 he was acting premier and minister for foreign affairs.

WHAT PRICE DIVORCE?

General Han Fu-chu, Governor of Shantung, will pass into the annals of Chinese history as one of the most daring and interesting of China's officials. His method of cleaning out prisons, holding open court and dealing with bandits is unique. He is a rival of Solomon in making decisions and executing them with a sword.

A recent episode in southern Shantung has just been brought before the public.

After emptying the prisons, he sat officially in front of the yamen and promised to receive any complaints free of charge, as is his custom. A woman knelt before him and asked to be given a divorce from her husband. He



Father John MacDonald of Windsor, N.S., turns his back on a Chinese pagoda.

said he would consider it, and requested that her husband be called. The husband came and also knelt.

After a few questions, the Governor took in the situation and asked her if it would be possible for her to collect $400, as money would be necessary in proceedings of such moment, as divorces were most difficult to obtain in China.

She replied that was a matter of small consideration, and soon returned with the amount.

He said there was one other request—would she be willing to wear a placard on her back stating she was divorced and march up and down some of the prominent streets. This she did with alacrity, and when she reached the West Gate as she passed through the soldier stationed there shot her dead.

It did not take a Solomon to see what a character the wife was when she could secure $400 so easily and her husband was dressed in the poor clothes he wore.

The money was handed over to the husband, and thus ended the episode—the Governor calling for the "next".—N.C. Herald.

LOOKING THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 68)

tricts. At the two latter chapels we have larger congregations than at the better-off places. In one place our "chapel" consists of the parlor of a Christian's home. In this centre the people are very enthusiastic about prospects of having regular visits from the priest, with the opportunity of going to Mass and attending the Sacraments more frequently. They consider Sungyang very fortunate in having two priests and the people there able to attend Mass daily. I like to visit this outlying "chapel"; it is a regular tonic for me whenever I feel that things are not going well. After all, it is a consolation to be among God's poor who appreciate what is being done for them. I have no doubt whatever that in a very few years the Light will penetrate the darkness of paganism in our district, and it will be, with God's help, one of the shining spots in our Province whose influence will be felt in the larger towns that have so far spurned our efforts.

HELP THE MISSIONS

1. **By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.**
2. **By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.**
3. **By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year—a life subscription costs ten dollars.**
4. **By making a Catholic Will—our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.**

+ THE LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN +

THE MODERN CRUSADE

(Continued from page 73)

these poor people is so hard, materially speaking, what of their life spiritually? In the lives of the Saints we have examples of individuals whose lot was every bit as hard as the lot of the Chinese, and by their very sufferings and hardships these people became Saints. Would that these poor Chinese had also the gift of Faith to help and comfort them. Certain it is, that short indeed would be their stay in Purgatory if only they knew the means held out to them by our holy Faith to sanctify and render meritorious their lives of labor and suffering. And right there you have the hardest part of the missionary life. The missionary has to live daily in the midst of conditions which he is able to better, and only too ready to do so, but his help is refused. Oh, the mystery of the Faith!

But do not for one moment think the Chinese, even the little drudge girls, are a sad and gloomy outfit. I doubt if it would be possible to find anywhere a more cheerful people. It may be snowing, the rice bin empty, no work, no money, and still they come up smiling. It may be fatalism, I don't know, but it is a daily wonder to me how the great mass of the folks here carry on from day to day. They certainly put us to shame when our trust in divine Providence begins to weaken, and like Peter and the Apostles we hasten to arouse our Lord from his sleep.

Pray for these people, dear children. Pray for them every day that divine Grace may touch their hearts, that the work of the Canadian missionaries here may be crowned with success. As I said before, the work we have in hand is hard; it is a long, hard grind, and we look to your prayers to help us. Your prayers and sacrifices in our behalf will certainly not go unheeded. We have our Lord's own word for that. So on with the Crusade, a Crusade above all of prayers.

Many thanks then for your letters, and the generous offering, the result of your sacrifices in favor of the missions. God will bless you for it. To Him alone must you look for your real thanks. Some of you expressed the desire in your letters that you also may one day be called to the missions. May it be so. There is lots of work left for everyone. Do not get impatient and think that all the pagans will be converted before you are old enough to enter the lists. Unfortunately, there is not much hope of such a thing happening.

May God bless you all.

Yours gratefully in Christ,

FATHER VENINI.

THE MISSIONARY LIFE

Let us pray for those who follow
In His footsteps, leaving all—
Land and home and friends and kindred—
Going gladly, at His call,
Far amongst the Pagan peoples
Where His Name is yet unknown—
Far amongst the quaint pagodas
And the futile gods of stone.

In the Master's distant vineyard
There is work for all to do
Where the harvest fields are whitest
And the laborers are few;
We who cannot make the journey
In their noble work may share—
Think of them before the Altar,
Help them with an earnest prayer.

From a Missionary Parish in Newfoundland came a letter from **Blanche Murphy.** Blanche is going to interest her companions at **Port Royal Academy, P.B.,** in the "Rose Garden." She tells me of the great work done by her revered Pastor, Father Cacciola, who attends 24 Mission Stations in his parish of Bar Haven. Blanche is quite positive that the Church at Bar Haven in the finest one in Newfoundland and is one of 15 Churches built during 29 years pastorate of Father Cacciola. We are not surprised that the young people in the charge of such a zealous Missionary should themselves become very interested in foreign Missions. **Long Hr., P.B.,** in the same parish, has already received many mentions in our Columns.

Our **"Ursuline Buds"** at Quebec have also been helping us, and their work for the Missions never ceases.

Toronto Schools have been generous to the Missions on innumerable occasions. One of our best regular contributors is **St. John's School,** our neighbour on Kingston Road. At the end of Lent we received from the pupils there the handsome gift of $27. Many thanks to the zealous teachers and pupils of the Toronto Separate Schools.

St. Brigid's School, Toronto, and **St. Brigid's School, Hamilton,** sent welcome letters recently; the former enclosed a beautiful spiritual bouquet, and the latter a gift of five dollars for the Missions. Many thanks to those ardent Crusaders.

From **St. Alphonsus School, Windsor, Ont.,** the Vice-president of the Crusade Unit there writes: "The children of St. Alphonsus Separate School have saved their pennies for the Missions. Also we are enclosing a list of prayers and spiritual good works offered by the various Classes. The field assigned to our Unit is your Seminary for the training of Priests for Chuchow, China. Please send us nine miteboxes. I think the little Chinese on the cover will make a stronger appeal for sacrifices than any words of ours. Enclosed is five dollars donation, and fifty cents for a subscription to 'China' for our school."

Such letters as the above, and the one following from **Mount St. Bernard College, Antigonish, N.S.,** will give our readers an idea of the splendid manner in which our "Rose Garden" members are doing all in their power to assist in our work, and we certainly are very grateful to our young friends for all they have done, and are doing. Our only regret is that we cannot find space to mention individually the Schools who are giving us such fine encouragement in our efforts to spread the Faith in Chuchow.

"Enclosed you will find $12 in aid of the China Missions. Please allow me to tell you on behalf of Grades 5, 6, 7, and 8, at **Mount St. Bernard's,** what pleasure it gives us to make this contribution. In order to raise this fund we sold tickets on a Luncheon Set, and during Lent sacrificed our pennies and put them in your mitebox. We say daily the Prayer for the Conversion of China, and we want to assure you that we do not intend this to be our last effort to try and help you out in your great Missionary work. Sincerely, **Ruth Haley,** Secretary."

Again, **Irene** and **Beatrice Struthers,** 118 Baldwin Ave., Cornwall, Ont., have sent a generous gift for the Missions. Fellow-members will have a chance to see these two "Buds" soon, as I have their pictures.

"Our Catechism Class formed a 'Little Flower Club' and would like to become 'Buds' in your 'Rose Garden'. There are 12 members, all under 10 years of age. We are saving our pennies for the Missions, and would like a mitebox, please." This from a letter written by **Bertie Lannon,** president of the newly-formed Mission Club at **Montague, P.E.I.** Best of luck to you and your companions, Bertie.

NONSENSE



Mistress—"Mary, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan, and dish is soiled; the table looks like the day after a cyclone. What have you been doing?"

Mary—"Well, ma'am, blessed if it be my fault. The young ladies has just been showing me how they bile a pertater at their cooking school."

Teacher—"Robert, explain what are the functions of the skin."

Bobby—"The chief function of the skin is to keep us from looking raw."

Prisoner—"There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

P.C. Casey—"And not come back! No. You stay here and I'll run after the hat."

Customs Inspector—"What have you to declare?"

Returning Passenger—"I declare that I am glad to get back."

Robinson—"Good men are becoming very scarce."

Hayes—"Yes; and bad ones are apt to make themselves so when they are wanted."

New Maid—"In my last place I took things fairly easy."

Cook—"Well, it's different here. They keep things locked up."

Miss Neverstop, seating herself between two much engrossed elderly men, exclaimed: "A rose between two thorns."

"No," retorted one, "a tongue sandwich."

"Betty, dear," protested mother, "you mustn't eat your jelly with a spoon. Put it on your bread."

"I did put it on, mother," replied Betty, "but it won't stay. It's too excited."

"I'm sorry I married you," she sobbed bitterly.

"Oh!" he flung back. "You were no young bird when I married you."

"No," she retorted, "but, considering what I got, you must admit I was an early bird."

"Anything new in the newspaper today, George?"

"No, my dear—just the same old things, only happening to different people."

"Madam," said the leader of the brigands, "we shall hold you until your husband ransoms you."

"Alas!" murmured the victim. "I wish now I'd treated John a little better."

Teacher—"Correct this sentence: 'It was me that spilt the ink.'"

Pupil—"It wasn't me that spilt the ink."

First Workman (very angry)—"Did you tell Bill I was three-parts daft?"

Second Workman—"No, I thought he knew."

"Archimedes," read the schoolboy, aloud, "leaped from his bath shouting 'Eureka, Eureka!'"

"One moment," said the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"'Eureka means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

The boy hesitated, then ventured, hopefully: "The soap, sir."

"Marjorie is very clever."

"She only makes people think she is."

"Well, isn't that clever?"

The manager came to the visitor's breakfast table.

"Everything satisfactory?" he asked.

"Well, I only wish I had come to this hotel a month ago," replied the guest.

"Ah, sir," smiled the manager, "you flatter my hotel."

"Not at all. What I mean is that I'd rather have eaten these eggs then than now."

"So you use three pairs of glasses, Professor?"

"Yes, one pair for long sight, one pair for short sight, and the third to look for the other two."

"Girls were harder to kiss in your day, weren't they, grandpa?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," ventured the old gentleman, "but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The old parlor sofa wouldn't smash into a tree about that time."

"He—"If you don't accept me I shall throw myself under the 6 o'clock train."

She—"Give me time to think—there is another train at 6.15."

Clown—"Look here, I object to going right on after that monkey act."

Circus Master—"You're right. They may think it's an encore."

Phyllis—"Jack has placed his heart in my keeping."

Doris—"Well, you had better be careful with it. He told me last week that I had broken it."

Casey—"All I want is a dollar!"

Kelly—"Oh, if that's all you want I wouldn't trust you—you lack ambition."

The prisoner was on trial for stealing ducks. His counsel addressed the jury at great length, pointing out firstly, that it had not been proved conclusively that the prosecutor had lost any ducks; secondly, that the ducks found in the prisoner's cottage were not those of the prosecutor; thirdly, that the prisoner had established an absolute alibi.

Just as the judge began to sum up the prisoner interposed and asked if he might say something, and, as an indulgence, this was permitted.

"All I want to say, gentlemen," he remarked, "is that I wish I'd never seen the darned ducks."

Mose—"Honest, Pete, I hab no idea where mah next dollar am coming from!"

Pete—"I'm glad to heah yo' say dat. I thought perhaps yo' was figurin' on me for it!"

"I'm a little stiff from bowling," said the salesman as he settled himself into the easy office chair.

"I don't care where you are from or whether you are a little stiff or a big stiff," yelled the busy buyer. "What I want to know is, what are you selling?"

A short-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind. He gave chase, but every time he thought he was catching up with it, it was whisked away from under his hand.

A farmer's wife who had been watching him for some time rushed down to the yard gate. "What are you doing there?" she screamed.

"I'm trying to retrieve my hat, madam," he answered politely.

"Your hat," she exclaimed. "Why, there it is over by that wall. That's one of my black hens you've been chasing."

Hotel Manager (to new guest)—"I shall have to ask you to pay in advance. Your luggage is too—er—emotional."

Guest—"Emotional?"

"Yes—easily moved."

Young Thing (after the third singing lesson)—"Do you think I might make use of my voice in public now!"

Musician—"Yes, certainly. I see no reason why you shouldn't, say, join in the National Anthem."



Dear Reader of "CHINA":

Perhaps you have been following the history of China Mission Seminary since its opening nearly ten years ago. Or it may be that you are a recent friend of ours. However, whether it be for many years, or only one, that you have been reading our magazine, we are counting on you now to make a little sacrifice to help us.

Our missionaries have a District in China to evangelize. Seventeen priests are now working there. The Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs is training young men to go to China. **This Fall we are sending several more missionaries to Chuchow.** They cannot go unless we have the money to pay their passage. We haven't the money now. We are asking you, please, **help us to pay our missionaries' way to China.** You'll never miss the dollar or two that you may send us for this purpose.

To save you the trouble of writing a letter, the coupon below is printed for your convenience. May we ask you to cut it out now and send it along with what you can spare. Dear Reader, we depend on your response. Please do not disappoint us.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario,
Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President.

Dear Fathers:

Enclosed please find $....., my contribution to help pay for the journey of your priests who are leaving for China in the Fall.

My Name .....

Address .....

.....

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

JUNE,
1934



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CHINA

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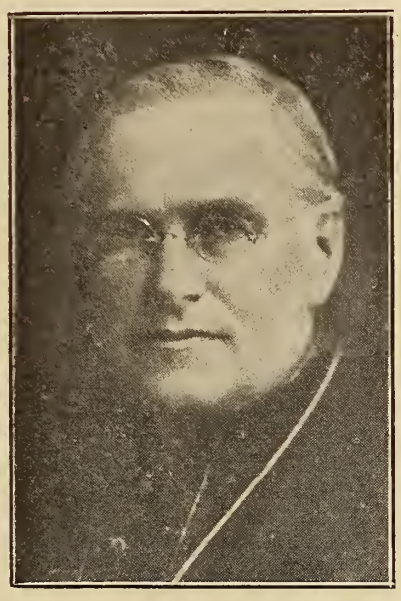
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ARCHBISHOP McNEIL PASSES

A TELEPHONE inquiry from the Seminary to St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, just before midnight of Friday, May 25th, brought the sad response: "Archbishop McNeil passed away just a few minutes ago." Following a brief illness of two weeks, the Chief Pastor of the Toronto Archdiocese has gone to his eternal reward. A great city celebrating its centennial year mourns the death of a much beloved Archbishop; the whole Dominion of Canada sorrows at the passing of its outstanding Churchman; the Catholic Church suffers the loss of a saintly member of her Hierarchy.

Neil McNeil was born in Hillsboro, Cape Breton, nearly eighty-three years ago, and as a boy laboured with his father in the trade of a blacksmith. Talented beyond the ordinary, he was sent to St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, and at the age of twenty-three began his studies for the Holy Priesthood at the Urban College of Propaganda in Rome, being ordained in the summer of 1879 after obtaining a doctorate in theology. Returning to his native diocese in Nova Scotia, Dr. McNeil taught at St. F. X. University, and four years later became its Rector, a position which he held from 1884 till 1891. For a short while he was engaged in parish work, and then was appointed as Vicar-Apostolic of St. George's, Newfoundland, being consecrated Bishop at the Cathedral in Antigonish, October 20th, 1895. For fifteen years, from 1895



to 1910, the West Coast of Newfoundland was the scene of Bishop McNeil's apostolic labours and journeyings by land and sea. In this period the Bishop learned by personal experience the trials and hardships of missionary life, but they could not dampen the ardor of a man of his calibre. From Newfoundland he was chosen to be the Bishop of Victoria in the extreme West of Canada, and after two years of quiet but effective work in this distant See, he was called by the Holy Father to direct the destinies of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

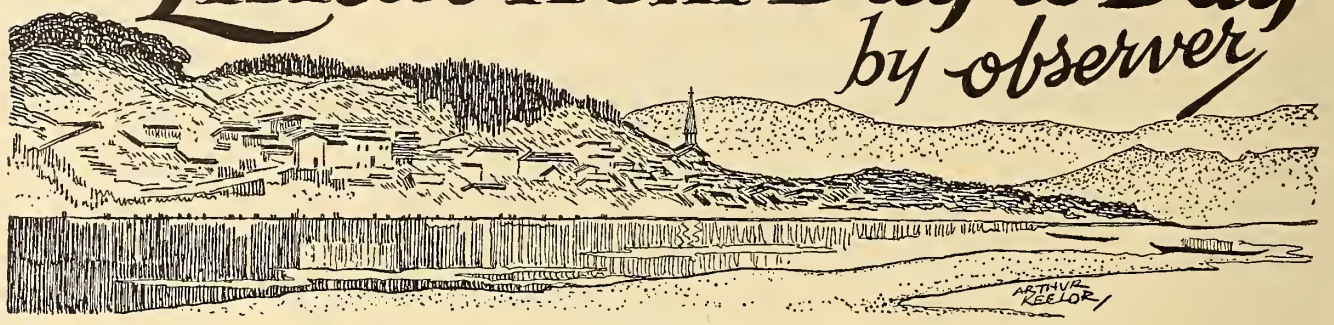
For twenty-two years Neil McNeil has graced the Episcopal Throne of this Archdiocese, and his death has brought forth sincere tributes of affection from every quarter. His life work and his character were such as to endear him to people of every creed and every racial origin. His gentleness and his humble manner of life and action made him everybody's friend. He had the blessed distinction of combining admirably the highest qualities of heart and mind, which made him such a successful prelate and remarkably wise administrator. To his priests he was always the kind father, and by his prests he will be genuinely missed. A few days before his death, when informed that the clergy throughout his Archdiocese were offering Holy Mass for him, he answered: "God bless them."

It would be impossible even to summarize the achievements of the venerated deceased prelate in such a very small space as we have at our disposal, but mention must be made of the work that was dearest to the heart of Archbishop McNeil. It was the formation of his students for the priesthood in Saint Augustine's Seminary. One really marvels how, in such an extremely busy life, His Excellency found so much time to devote to this one favourite institution. His dominant care was for the welfare and progress of his Seminary, and he was noted for the personal interest he displayed in everything that concerned its all-important activities. Our missionaries in China are graduates of St. Augustine's, and our present-day students attend all the classes there, and so they

(Continued on page 91)

Lishui from Day to Day

by observer



"They do it in the West,
So of course it must be best,
But just try and introduce it into China."

* * *

YOU may be sure they never tuned in on Amos an' Andy! The four hundred million, we mean. For the most of them once a year is just once too often to *"see their dentist"*, and as for FIL—M—well, the more sophisticated know that it is just something that goes in cameras. They simply don't know their tooth paste, these simple Celestials, and the modern ballyhoo artist would be moved to tears over an ignorance in this regard that is "simply appalling".

Something, no doubt, should be done about it. The only fly in the ointment, however, is the fact that the Chinese as a whole have far sounder and more beautiful teeth than their American cousins Ignorance of tooth paste notwithstanding, they have, as a matter of fact, the most perfect teeth we have ever seen.

* * *

Here you have millions of people using water for a dentifrice and who literally pass round the old family tooth brush that hangs on the wall. They are not hounded and harried (as yet, anyway) by ubiquitous and inescapable forced-draught American advertising. Pity the poor unenlightened Chinese, as blissfully and serenely unaware of "pink tooth brush" and "that danger line" as of the fact that "three out of every five" have something or other or that there are in life those "unspeakably" sad occasions when even the best of friends won't tell. Of course, three out of five had it ten years ago, and, if we are to believe the ads., three out of five (the same three, we wonder!) have it still, so the consumption of tooth paste by the ton doesn't seem to have changed the situation.

* * *

In China you find those even, pearly, perfect teeth in the most unlooked for settings imaginable. A poor tantan carrier deposits your baggage, and you give him a satisfactory tip. You are greeted by that million-dollar smile, revealing a set of teeth that would be the envy of Hollywood.

"Full many a humble coolie man
Is born to grin unseen
Whose smile would panic the tooth paste fan
In the 'come on' magazine."

* * *

This fact—that Chinese HAVE such perfect teeth—prompted two missionary dentists to make a special study of the question, and you have probably seen their "findings". Artificial dentifrices, we are told, have little or nothing to do with the process of arresting decay. It's diet, they say, that is responsible for it all, and they add that there is in the natural Chinese food some element lacking in the artificial modern foods in America. I know the last time we visited our "foreign" dentist he advised oranges. Would it be that the modern dental profession is *"discovering"* a secret that has been in practice, if not set down in actual theory, in China for the past few thousand years. Certainly the patriarchs of old were one with the Chinese in this respect.

* * *

What if all this ballyhoo about scientific dental preparations were but the delusions of one more ignoble experiment, doomed to succumb to the march of science, as its predecessor succumbed to reawakening sanity! We can imagine a footnote in some future history of America covering the period of the twentieth century. "In this era (1900-1950) large scale manufacturers, chiefly Jews, amassed untold wealth by panicking an over-credulous and gullible public into constant dread of disease, and inducing them to part with hard-earned dollars to avert purely imaginary disasters. It was the age of slogans. The utter collapse of the tooth paste 'industry' followed upon the discovery in China that dental decay could be entirely prevented by proper food."

* * *

Meanwhile the great American public has its tooth paste, but the Chinese have the teeth.

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF....."

BEING TAKEN for a RIDE

Which Isn't Just so Enjoyable, Says FATHER STRINGER

WHAT'S THE USE! What *is* the use! And I allowed myself to think it was all over. And now the question raises itself. Maybe some debating society is casting about for a topic. Here's one. "Whether it is better to drown in the China sea or to fall off the new road into the river below."

I was in Shanghai when I read in the paper that the new road to Lishui had been completed. At last, I thought, we have overcome at least the perils of the sea, mal de mer, and such things. The trip back to Headquarters took on a rosy look. But—hereafter things with "rosy looks" are going to be examined with minute carefulness.

We left Shanghai, three of us. The sun was shining gloriously. The train took us to Hangchow, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Catholic Mission. Next morning we arose, shivered, dressed, said Mass, breakfasted, and hurried down to the ferry which was to take us across the river to the train. Being our first experience with such, we allowed ourselves plenty of time.

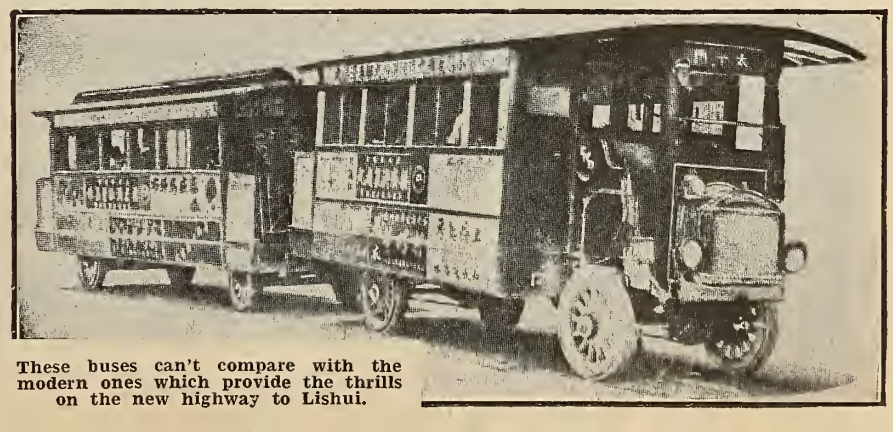
When we arrived at the station it was a pleasant surprise to note how clean and tidy everything was. The train itself, though not very heavy, was well suited for its run. We walked up and down the platform, commenting on this and that. I noticed two coal cars just behind the tender, so I strolled up to have a look. Peering over the top, I met the first surprise—a few soldiers, guards they were. It appears that bandits have a fond liking for interfering with the schedule, not to mention their penchant for collecting souvenirs from passengers. Of course, it wasn't exactly exhilarating to bump into the knowledge of such things, but that's what comes of looking into coal-cars. The engine next claimed my attention, and I was immensely pleased to see that with all this new efficiency a time-honoured custom of China had not been forgotten. There in the cab was the engineer's pot of tea. This tended to allay my fears of bandits, because as long as the pot of tea was there the engine would run. Came a crashing din, and hurriedly looking around, I saw a station attendant lustily hammering a large iron gong—"All aboard!"

The run to Kinhua was made on time. No bandits appeared in front, though if they had started chasing after us I would have had great difficulty in keeping myself from jumping off and fleeing ahead of them. We stayed in Kinhua for two days, and there I remembered to jot down an item of news previously forgotten. While in Shanghai something happened to convince me that the East and West are really meeting. One day a funeral came along. It was much the same as any other. But when the hearse passed by, there inside was the coffin all right, but on top of it was a victrola playing "Abide With Me". It might have been wise to follow along to see if they would play "He's Dead, But He Won't Lie Down".

Next morning we rose at four o'clock because the bus was to start at six-thirty. Maybe we *will* learn! We procured our tickets and fought gallantly for our seats. Just to make the journey pleasant I struck up a conversation with a fellow passenger. "How are roads, sir?" "Oh, not too bad, foreign sir," quoth he, "and as a rule everything runs off smoothly. However, just a few days ago the bus swerved to miss a pedestrian and as a result toppled over, killed a passenger and hurt others. Of course they paid one hundred and fifty dollars for killing the man." Just about this time we took a curve and I thought for a minute someone of mine was going to collect another one fifty.

About an hour's distance from our destination we were treated to another surprise. I had noticed three men on board who seemed rather important. One chap was carrying a brief-case with a peculiar bulge in it. Remembering the coal-car and the previous conversation, I had no desire to ascertain what it contained. This gentleman was sitting at the front. His two pals sat at the back. Without any warning at all the chap with the case turns around and calls for his suit-case. One of the big fellows at the back leans over and drags it out and opens it. Well, of all the hardware you ever saw! The big Mauser type! Somehow I found myself wishing I was back on the old boat, slow as it was. At least you had a chance to swim! All three began to load. We occupied the back seat, and immediately beside Monsignor McGrath sat one of these gun-packers. This particular chap had some trouble loading his gun. The way he hammered at it was enough to give anyone nervous condition. Finally all three were set. The Jesse at our end opened a window. Well, if they were bandits there would be nothing to do except hand over the jewellery. Still nothing happened. These lads kept looking ahead. It became apparent that they were not interested in any of the passengers. They were expecting to meet with trouble. At every turn in the road I was expecting to see the fireworks break out, and I had no diffi-

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These buses can't compare with the modern ones which provide the thrills on the new highway to Lishui.

. . . KONG KA . . .

"KONG KA," if you say it with the proper tones, means in Cantonese to "talk price", and a man who can talk price successfully possesses one of the greatest assets which a man can desire. He will make the price of his keep in the savings which he can make on the daily purchases. The secret seems to be this. You make up your mind what the thing is worth, then offer half that price with an air which implies that you have no idea of giving a cent more. The other party to the game asks for twice as much as he hopes to get, and asks with the same air of finality. You then tussle with one another for half an hour or so, and in the end you both agree on what is more or less a fair price for the article in question.

The other day my Chinese teacher came to see me. He brought with him a pair of boots which I had given him to get repaired. He would get a friend to do them—so he told me—very cheaply. I took the boots and asked the price.

Teacher: "You give what price you like."

Writer: "I don't know what to give. I will pay him what he asks, but if this man wants to do business with me, he must name a price."

Teacher: "You see, this is the Chinese custom. The Chinese man, he no like to ask. He tell you what each thing cost and then you give what you like."

Writer: "Well, what is the right price, I ask *you*."

Teacher: "Well, the rubber soles, very dear. These heels not so dear as last time. This he no do well." (All this while he handled the boots calling attention to various points.)

Writer (getting exasperated): "But how much?"

Teacher: "Well, this sole, he pay fifty cents."

Writer: "Good. That's a dollar for the soles."

Teacher: "Yes. A dollar for the soles. You see, last time he charge you $1.50. Not so good as this rubber. This rubber very dear. I last night gave him one dollar to buy these."

Writer (getting exhausted): "Good. Well, soles cost him one dollar. What about the heels?"

Teacher: "Heels, they not so good as last time. He could not get good as last time." Then, examining the work, "He no did this heel good."

Writer: "Right. Well, we've got to a dollar for the soles. What did the heels cost?"

Teacher: "He say he pay 15 cents each. You see,—"

Writer: "Good. That's $1.30 for the material. Now how much must I add on?"

Teacher: "It took him half a day to do. You give him some cents for that."

Writer: "Yes, but how much?"

Teacher: "What you like. You see, he no like to ask. He poor man and glad to work for you."

Writer: "But how much does such a man earn in a day?"

Teacher: "Well, if he work in a shop he get $20 a month. Of course, he is a poor man and has no work—"

Writer: "Good. $20 a month. That is per day—"

Teacher: "Of course, the owner of shop, he also give him his food. That is the Chinese custom."

Writer: "How much is that?"

Teacher: "Well, he pay about seven dollars a month for food."

Writer: "Good. That's $27 a month. That is per day—"

Teacher: "Then he also give him place to sleep."

Writer: "How much does that come to?"

Teacher: "Well, about three dollars a month."

Writer: "Good. That's $30 a month. That makes one dollar a day. That is fifty cents for half a day."

Teacher (rather pleased to find I had discovered what he intended to convey from the beginning, beams on me): "Yes. Fifty cents a half day. You see—"

Writer (exhausted): "Then I'll give him $2 for his job."

Teacher: "Oh, no. That's too much."

Writer: "Here is $2."

Teacher: "Oh, yes, 20 cents too much."

Writer (wishing teacher and cobbler a million miles away): "No. There's $2."

Teacher: "Oh no—well—ah yes, he is poor man."

Teacher pockets the $2 and we go on with our Chinese lesson.—"The Rock."



Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrath, Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, with a group of converts to whom he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation recently.



THE OUTCASTS

To the volunteer outcasts who with free hand and soldier heart have given up their earthly home and native land in order that scores of others, in the field ripe for the reapers, may not be eternal outcasts from their home in heaven and their never-ending fatherland above.

'Neath the soggy heats of the tropics,
In the casing colds of the north,
The Outcast Lovers are enduring
The pangs that cast them forth.

Wide-read these masterlovers
In the volume of deaths and laughs
Flecks of gold; pits of gloom;
Heaven and hell touching graphs.

Malingering fevers and miscreants;
Bugs and fire-eyed snakes;
Muddy miles; soul-soreness
And heavy old heartaches.

They know them all.
They have slept with danger,
They too have met
The welcome of the manger,
Shouldering the debt
Of a distrusting stranger.

Outcast Lovers midst loved ones,
They have given their hearts, and regret
Never mounts their stairs, though their agape
Is the ash of a cigarette.

Lonely as a cricket song
Thin, on a rain-crowded night
Their heart cries for companionship
With all its human might.

But Lord! They have given all that up.
They have flung their homes away;
For love they have sold their loved ones. . . .
They have taken the Calvary way.

To the world they walk a mystery;
Fools espoused to pain,
Like that fathomless Man upon the Cross
To die they think is gain.

O missioner, missioner of forlorn men!
O shepherd of the scattered sheep!
Seeking, ever seeking the uncared one
While sodden souls are asleep.

Oh, drear enough and dank your ways
Blackness on your work like a glove,
But ever there is dawn for the night of your heart
In the bursting beams of His love.

Oh, bitter it is to drift like a weed,
A tramp on the sea . . . . for love;
But a voice in your heart, soft as angel wings,
Promises never-lost-lands above.

—Rev. Edw. J. Edwards, S.V.D., in "Catholic Missions".

MR. YANG

LEARNS ABOUT MISSIONS

from

FATHER BOUDREAU,

Pastor of Pi-Wu-Ka



"SPIRITUAL Father is building a new church this year. It must take a lot of money to run a mission."

"Yes, it indeed does, Mr. Yang. For example, take my own little place. To do what should be done if the needed money was available, I would use up three hundred dollars a month. There is the food to buy for yourself, the help of the mission. Then there are the salaries to pay. It takes at least sixteen dollars for a catechist. If you have many chapels, many Christians, many catechumens, you need many catechists. If you have not the money to have as many catechists as are needed, then Christianity must suffer. To say that Christianity must suffer for want of proper attention is a tremendous cross to the poor missionary. Chapels have to be repaired, kept up. As Christianity increases a chapel has to be either enlarged or built. If you have to repair chapels and you keep postponing it on account of lack of funds, you soon will have no chapels. And you know, Mr. Yang, presently we cannot depend on our own Christians here because they can hardly feed themselves, let alone having to help for building and so forth. After all, what good are a whole lot of chapels, and catechumens, and Christians, if you have not catechists to tend to them? The missionary himself has only two hands and feet. He cannot be everywhere at once. He needs assistants. These must be trained well, and must be paid, and even if the men are working for God they demand enough salary to live on. Then there are the travellings here and there. Again you need money. You walk, you have carriers to pay for. You ride, you have both chair and carrier to pay for. And you know, Mr. Yang, foreigners are looked on as having much gold in their pockets. Why even my poor mass kit was the subject of a discussion one time as to how many thousand dollars I had in it. Then I put a price and a good prize to the man who guessed the correct amount I was carrying in my mass kit. They guessed as high as eighty thousand dollars. Then I said, 'You are all wrong, there is over one hundred thousand dollars. I will show you.' So I opened the mass kit to them. 'Oh! No money! Queer!' The poor fools. They just do not think that the missionary is more of a beggar than themselves. If you build a church, formerly you could build cheap. Now prices of things are higher, and foreigners being all 'very' rich, must pay a little more than the ordinary price for materials. It is an almost necessary evil. When you are figuring on building and you jot down the quantity and prices and quality of materials, you also consider the gyping a part of the building expenses. Labor you know, now, is much higher, and it does seem that education in any form is more detrimental than advantageous for some people.

"A generous benefactor has just donated a good sum for a new church. So my Christians will now be a very happy lot; but I will need their co-operation; i.e., they must help me. I do not want what they haven't got . . . money . . . all I want is some of their time and goodwill, which is not so easy. A church should not be something half-baked. It must be made to stand for some years. It must not be too cheap, for after all it is the House of God, and you cannot be too extravagant with Him. It must be a monument, if not extra-lasting, it must be at least some-years-lasting. Our aim on the missions, from the earliest days of the Church in China, has been the formation of a native clergy. It is not a day's work. If you are working for the formation of a native clergy, it must be equipped with working material. If a native clergy is to inherit the churches you have built, and all you have is a shell, a mud-wall church, and all because you were saving, or trying to be cheap, instead of leaving something behind to recall the work of the Christians, the beauty of Christianity, you are leaving a wholesome nothing. That is one reason why building temple-like is imprudent. The foreign way or style is nicer and stronger, and warmer. So you see, Mr. Yang, you need catechists, chapels, churches, Christians, and money. Money cannot make Christians. It is prayer and good-will. We have to depend

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FEAST of the DRAGON BOAT

A June Festival in China

THIS great festival is held in honor of an ancient statesman who committed suicide in the River Milo. The story is that one of the feudal states into which China was then divided, named Tua, was prospering under the wise guidance of Kuyuan, who was the Prime Minister of its Prince. The people were happy, and peace and plenty made the state a good one to live in. Suddenly, through the machinations of a rival, the ruler was tempted into evil courses, Kuyuan was dismissed, and adversity loomed in the distance for the country.

Unwilling to be a spectator of the sorrows that were coming on the people, Kuyuan threw himself into the river and perished. As soon as the news of his death was known, boats were sent out to search for his body, but it was never recovered. So grieved was the nation at his loss, that it was determined that the anniversary of his death should be commemorated by boat races, in which the fiction should be kept up that the boats were not simply racing, but were in search of the long-lost body. The death happened about B.C. 314, but though ages have elapsed, and revolution after revolution has torn and convulsed the country to its very foundations, the custom is as keenly kept today as though it had only lately been established.

It is, indeed, one of the most popular festivals, and is looked forward to for weeks before it takes place, and during the three days on which it is being kept the whole place is full of excitement. This happens at the beginning of the Chinese fifth moon, which corresponds with about the middle of our June. The weather then is hot and the sun is bright.

Nearly every one of the population who can possible get away from their duties deserts the town and hastens to the seashore to witness the moving scene on the water. Wherever one looks one sees signs that the Dragon Boat Races are the great thought that is in every heart.

The peddlers are going to have a royal time of it. Here is a man with two great baskets balanced on a bamboo pole that rests on his shoulder. They are full of all kinds of cakes, just fresh from the oven. Following hard upon his heels comes the "Sweet and Sour" man, with his two loads heaped up with all kinds of goodies. He has sugared orange lobes, and pineapple cut into dainty succulent little mouthfuls. He has crab apples from the far North, crushed and flattened, but just as sweet as sugar can make them. Then for the "sours", he has pickled olives, and rich luxurious-looking arbutus berries, that in the distance look like strawberries, and delicate little plums, and sliced peaches, and limes with the green of the trees still upon them.

All at once the hum of voices is hushed and all eyes are turned in the direction of the sea, for there the Dragon Boats have suddenly made their appearance, each one madly striving to beat the other as they both race on towards a junk anchored in the stream, from which flags and many-colored streamers float in the breeze. The Dragon Boats are long and narrow, and only just wide enough to allow two men to sit side by side and use their paddles to propel the boat. The number that is commonly employed in one of them is sixty, not including the coxswain, who stands in the stern holding a long oar with which he steers his way through the crowds of boats that have come with their passengers to get a good look at the races.

The effect of these sixty men paddling with all their might is very striking, and puts one in mind of a huge centipede, though the Chinese, with more imagination and more poetry, have likened it to the fabulous dragon that plays so large a part in the mythology and superstition of the nation.—"Sidelights on Chinese Life."



A view which gives a good idea of the surroundings of the mission compound at Huang d'An, where Father Amyot, of Ottawa, is pastor, and Father King, of Newburg, Ont., is assistant. The arrow indicates the walled mission property.

JEEVES

Altogether, a very fine young man is Jeeves; in very truth, a pillar of the Church. It is Jeeves and his ilk who make tolerable, indeed, even possible, the life of a missionary in lonely mission-stations. Not every priests' boy is as fine a type as this, it is true; none the less, to these splendid, loyal servants the Church in China owes more than history will ever recall.

IT was at Shiuhing, the central mission station of the Shiuhing mission, that I first met Jeeves. We were at the time three Irish Jesuit Fathers in Shiuhing, engaged in the rather prosaic task of studying Chinese. Now, it happened that a certain Father, in charge of a large district an hour or two down the river, had occasion to pass through Shiuhing at frequent intervals on his way to or from Hong Kong; and each time he appeared, he was accompanied by his Chinese servant. Possibly it was something about the lad's face which suggested to one of us the nickname; the boy certainly had the languid eyes and quiet, efficient manner which one connects instinctively with P. G. Wodehouse's famous character. At all events, whatever the reason, the name was given; and "Jeeves" became part of our regular vocabulary!

I had been studying Chinese for a few months, and had just reached the stage of being able to hear Confessions in Chinese, when one day Jeeve's master approached me with a novel and very welcome proposal. He was obliged, he said, to be absent from his district for about ten days; and as two or three important feast-days happened to fall within the period of his absence, he was unwilling to leave his Christians without Mass and the Sacraments. Would I think of supplying for him during his absence? He would be very grateful. I should find the Confessions very easy, as there were no dialectic difficulties in his district, and he could promise that his servant would make me quite comfortable.

I need hardly say that my answer to this suggestion began with an emphatic "Y" and ended with an equally emphatic "s"; and so I found myself appointed parish-priest of Shui Haang for ten days, under the tutelage of Jeeves, the Indispensable.

We left Shiuhing early one Thursday morning by one of the *bluebottles* which ply up and down the West River. I was feeling exceedingly Wooster-like, for I was sadly conscious of the deficiencies of my Chinese. Jeeves' good offices began early, for, though the launch was very crowded, I found myself, I hardly know how, in an excellent seat near the door. I amused myself by observing my fellow-passengers, for the most part young men



dressed, unexpectedly, in European style. Of course, there were the inevitable melon-seeds and the everlasting tea; equally, of course, there was a collection for some purpose which I entirely failed to comprehend, but which Jeeves told me afterwards was charitable. Then came the ticket-collector.

I should perhaps explain that all our funds were in Jeeves's possession; for though I had a little money in my pocket, Jeeves had been given the entire commission of getting me to Shui Haang, of keeping me alive while there, and of getting me back safely after ten days to Shiuhing. Now, Jeeves was not in the compartment with me and was nowhere to be seen. The ticket-collector began working his way round the saloon in such a course that I was the last person whom he reached. I was just debating interiorly whether I should mutely pay my own fare, or endeavour desperately to tell him go and look for Jeeves, when I heard a soft voice over my shoulder: "Leung koh" ("Two please"). Jeeves was there in the nick of time. I felt more Wooster-like than ever.

After about an hour and a half in the *bluebottle,* I was summoned by Jeeves to disembark. This process consisted in taking a precarious leap from the side of the moving launch into a heavy barge, which was neatly grappled for a few moments on to the *bluebottle.*

"Would you mind taking this for a moment, Father, please?" Jeeves murmured quietly, looking at my handbag. I seized the bag and leaped; and turned round to find that Jeeves had come aboard the barge behind me, carrying two huge baskets laden with provisions.

The barge was unhitched, and as it was sculled leisurely towards the shore, Jeeves explained to me that he had arranged with a coolie to meet us and carry my bag and his baskets out to Shiu Haang, an hour's walk through the rice-fields. But he feared that the coolie might not turn up, and in that case, would I mind waiting a moment for him? When, by dint of much repetition, all this had percolated into my Woosterian brain, I grunted my assent. Jeeves seemed satisfied, and when the barge reached the shore, a shore graced by no waiting coolie, Jeeves promptly disappeared.

I sat down near my bag and Jeeves' baskets, and whiled away the time by watching a man making one of the large baskets in which everything in China is carried. Such skilful and such patient labour, and all for a few cents! After a very short time Jeeves returned with a coolie-woman to carry our possessions, and we set off for Shui Haang.

On arriving there, after a tramp of over an hour, I saw Jeeves at his very best. Off came the smart blue *shaam* and the European shoes. A new Jeeves, clad in old clothes and the usual heel-less Chinese slippers, had the fire lit in a twinkling, and in an hour's time I was sitting down to a repast which would have graced any table. To compare my Indispensible to a French chef would be the poorest of compliments, for no chef could have done what he did with the same materials and the same appliances. No chef could possibly have provided me with such an excellent cup of coffee on coffee-beans and Klim (powdered milk). And no chef would have had either the humility or the skill required to *"taam"* (i.e., carry on a pole across the shoulder) as Jeeves did, all the water required for the household from the nearest well. Jeeves' weakness as a cook, I discovered later, was *bread*. He made three loaves for me during my stay in Shui Haang, and—well, like the famous advertisement for Pear's Soap, "since then I have used no other"! However, bread is such an unimportant item in the diet of a missionary in the interior that the weakness was easily forgiven.

Next morning I saw my Jeeves under still another light. He was not sacristan, that office being filled by the school-teacher, one of the Chinese virgins who are the mainstay of the Church in China. But he was chief acolyte and a very efficient Mass-server; and I could not but contrast him favourably with other priests' boys, both in China and elsewhere, when I saw him turn into the chapel devoutly for morning and evening prayers. He was also, I soon discovered, a frequent communicant.

That day brought with it the agonizing problem of my Sunday sermon. Jeeves, indeed, ventured to suggest soothingly, "m shái" ("it is not necessary"). But even Woosters have their pride; and I had determined that the "old bean", to use the words of my great prototype, would produce a Sunday sermon or burst in the attempt. I wrestled with dictionaries, looked up characters feverishly, and finally, towards evening, the great work was done. Then, prudently, I "left it to Jeeves". I suggested as tactfully as my broken Chinese would allow that if he came up after supper to look over my sermon, he would earn the undying gratitude of the congregation and of their pastor.

Jeeves came, and, to my no small pride, found very little to correct. When he was satisfied, I hinted tentatively that I was thinking of *learning the sermon by heart*. *"Chì hó hâi tûk"* ("Better read it!") was Jeeves's grave comment. " 'I should not recommend it, sir'," I translated mentally and obeyed. I was very glad that I did so, for by obeying I learned afterwards that my three sermons in Shui Haang were understood very well. Jeeves's reason for his advice, by the way, was both interesting and illuminating: "Western man say he know sermon, Chinese man say he not know, *because his tones wrong.*"

It was Jeeves, too, who arranged walks for me with the school-children, delicious, chubby, grubby, weep-nosed, smiling youngsters, who surrounded me like a happy swarm of bees. Our conversation was limited by the fact that, though they understood perfectly, apparently, all that I said to them, I understood extremely little of what they said to me. However, the animosity of our intercourse gave the lie direct to the theory that mutual comprehension is in any way necessary to affection. It was Jeeves, also, who arranged a couple of excursions for me under the *aegis* of one of the parishioners: and it was, of course, Jeeves himself, who guided me to the outlying mission station and served my Mass there. "You have learned a great deal of Chinese in Sui Haang, Father," were Jeeves's words to me at parting, and one could see that, in his quiet, Jeeves-like way, he felt that much of the credit was his own.

There was something of the apostle, too, I discovered, in my excellent Jeeves. "So few enter the Church here," he confided to me one day in a burst of fervour. There are, as a matter of fact, six excellent stations in this one district, and the Church here is known and well-established. But Jeeves would like to sweep all pagans willy-nilly into the net of the Fisherman.

Altogether, a very fine young man is Jeeves; in very truth, a pillar of the Church. It is Jeeves and his ilk who make tolerable, indeed, even possible, the life of a missionary in these lonely mission-stations. Not every priest's boy is as fine a type as this, it is true; none the less, to these splendid, loyal servants the Church in China owes more than history will ever recall.—*D. Donnelly, S.J., in "The Rock".*

ARCHBISHOP McNEIL PASSES

(Continued from page 83)

are sharers in the benefits of the magnificent seminary course of studies for which Saint Augustine's is rightly famed.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary, too, has lost its best friend. We feel Archbishop McNeil's death with a sense of personal loss. Great churchman that he was, it is not to be wondered at that his interests included the work for Foreign Missions begun by a Toronto priest, Father Fraser. It was at Archbishop McNeil's request that the location of China Mission Seminary was changed from Almonte to Scarboro in 1922. To his efforts we owed the procuring of a property on the Kingston Road just outside Toronto, and when that became too small to accommodate our students, and there was question of the erection of a new Seminary, once more His Excellency's suggestion decided that the ideal location for our work was in close proximity to the Diocesan Seminary, St. Augustine's, where our students could attend the classes and thus relieve us of the burden of providing a complete and competent faculty of our own. That has made it possible for us to have more men on "active service" in the Prefecture of Chuchow, and at the same time our students are being prepared in their studies by the highly-efficient staff of professors at our neighbouring St. Augustine's. When, in 1924, our present Seminary was opened, and it came under the government of the Bishops of Ontario, Archbishop McNeil became the Chairman of the Board of Administration. One of the last documents signed by him was in his capacity as Chairman of this Board.

"CHINA" begs the prayers of its readers for the dead Archbishop of Toronto. We sincerely mourn him; our Mission Institute will keep his memory hallowed. **Requiescat in Pace.**

MR. YANG

(Continued from page 88)

on God and prayer; yet in all there is another sort of prayer, very necessary, and practical, somewhat more worldly. It is money.

"God showers the missions with graces. He makes the heavens give us rain. He makes the sun give us sunshine; but He leaves the showering of bricks and mortar and trees to you. It is your job . . . the job of the older and better disposed Christians, members of the Church, all over the world. The Church is Catholic, so should be its members. Fancy homes and recreations are not the general bill-of-fare of the missionary, rather is it a good church, a school, and a good pair of legs for your hunt in the hills . . . strayed sheep, newborn sheep, introducing a new game . . . training and taming a wild hare like to a meek and humble little lamb . . . a son of God . . . a Christian."

"Ah, missionaries are wonderful men. So many sacrifices . . . the labors and trials they have to undergo for us!"

"And mind you, old faithful Christian, the missionary has what is called stipends . . . for his support and little needs; but a whole mission or a part cannot be run just with these. It takes funds and lots of worry. The weight is mostly on the latter. Divine Providence guides, directs, and protects, still in all there are more Christians now than in the time of the Apostles and so much is left to be done by them. What were luxuries then are, through man's natural disposition and growing weakness, now actual necessities. The present generation is doing away with things that the future generation will not. For instance, in your young days you never bought already prepared ground fattening for your fields. Old farmers never knew of such a thing here. Now your sons, unless they have such fattening, they claim they cannot raise a decent crop. Is it not so? Is that not then a luxury become a necessity? Were not your crops as healthy and good as that of your sons to-day? I ask you, Mr. Yang?"

"The ground has dried up with age and use. It needs it."

HELP THE MISSIONS

1. **By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.**
2. **By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.**
3. **By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year—a life subscription costs ten dollars.**
4. **By making a Catholic Will—our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.**

"Good, you see my point. Customs may change, vary; men may differ; ways may change; but the Catholic Church, its doctrine is the same now as in the days of the Apostles. The time, though, has weakened its members to a certain extent, due to human frailties, and so other means then must be used to strengthen the weak, draw in outsiders. God showed mercy and love to His chosen people by showering from heaven manna in a time of need to satiate hunger, and stop murmurings—justified ones? The missions are daily crying for manna—catechists, churches, chapels, schools, teachers, money."

"Ah, I am much clearer. I always said the missionaries are well off and always happy. No worries. A nice life, and three good meals daily. . . ."

"And consolations galore. Jesus bore and carried a Cross, and had to suffer death to open Heaven to us. He indicated the right and one road to Heaven. It was His key to open Heaven; it is also our key to Heaven. Trials are our comforts, and comforts our trials. We will go now, Mr. Yang. I will send a chair to take you down to Jade Lake for Pentecost Sunday. Goodbye. God bless you."

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

(Continued from page 85)

culty in imagining a hundred better places I could be. After a while the leader gave them a sign to hide the guns. The chap beside Monsignor started fumbling his. Well, sir, the way he handled that revolver broke all the rules of safety first I ever read. Not being in direct line of bullet myself, I gave all my thoughts to consoling Monsignor, who was sure to pick up any stray pieces of lead that might leave said gun. I think that for a moment he rather wished he was sailing, too. Finally we arrived at the first stop, and here we changed buses.

After a short wait, away we whirled. Our gun-toting friends were in front, so we could relax to breathe. But do wonders *ever* cease? We came to a stop at a wayside station. Looking out, we saw about ten soldiers all bound together. Run-aways! The bus was overloaded as it was, and now they were going to jam these fellows in. We were now rather pleased to think that among us there were at least three revolvers, not to mention the rifles carried by the police. It was just like getting a ride in the "Black Maria". Well, if we went around a curve too fast now, there would be more than one "one-fifty" to pay out. And thus we finished the second lap.

It makes me feel weak even to think of this last lap. It lay along the mountain side, and even a goat would think twice about traversing it. To the left of us was a wall of sheer rock. To the right was sudden death. The road was wide enough for the bus, but with no room to skid. From my position, if I looked to the right, I could see the river way down below, so immediately I looked left. Up in front the driver looked straight ahead, keeping to a speed of five miles to the hour as we crawled and wormed our way along. One place was so narrow that rock jutting out from the cliff side nearly smashed the windows, so close did he have to drive to stay clear of the brink. And curves!! If he ever forgot to turn at any of them, well . . . . . As it was we thought we were gone once. We couldn't see the driver, and thus mistook a fellow sitting beside him as the chauffeur. Coming to a curve, we saw him turn his head to speak to someone. But the bus turned—in the right direction. It took us two hours and a half to make thirty miles. We finally arrived at Lishui and were able to walk to the Mission. Since then Fr. Venadam has made the trip. He came back yesterday, and we asked him how he liked it. "Oh, fine," says he; "no danger on that road!" Of course, he should know! But I did think it rather funny when he was telling us this morning that during the night he got up in his sleep and put his alarm clock on the floor. Maybe there's no connection—maybe.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN



Edited by FATHER JIM

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates and pins will be sent to all members.

Dear Little Missionaries:

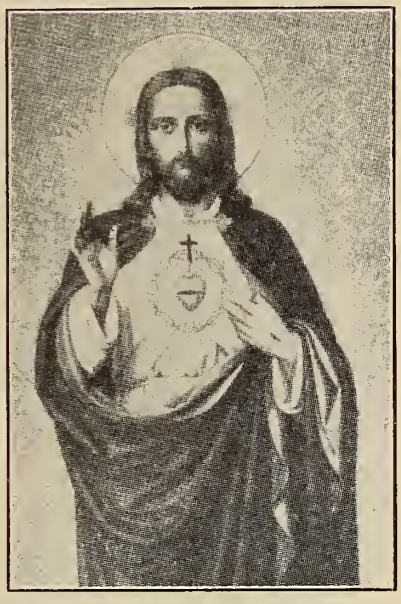
As we are so very near the close of another year in school, I must make use of this issue of our "Rose Garden" to express my deep thanks to all who have helped make the school days so fruitful in works done for the missions. A mighty treasure of spiritual help has been given by the members of our Club, and I know that God will bless them all. I pray that all our "Buds" will be successful in their exams., enjoy a most pleasant vacation, and continue their good deeds for the missions throughout the Summer.

FATHER JIM.

THE CHILD AND HELL'S GATES

The fame of General Newton is linked with a great engineering feat which won the admiration of the scientific world—the removal of the rocky obstructions at the entrance to the harbour of New York. With vast expenditure of time and labor and money, directed by unerring skill, the river was mined according to a scientific plan carried out on so large a scale that, though the first explosion took place on the 24th September, 1876, the second did not take place until the 10th October, 1886. Both were perfectly successful.

When all the preparations were completed at last, and all that remained to be done was to ignite the train of dynamite that undermined the fatal rocks far out in the sea, what instrument did he use to put in motion the powerful engines to accomplish the work? The hand of a child! He made his innocent little daughter press the button that completed the electric chain, and in an instant the explosion took place almost noiselessly. The masses of rock were heaved for a moment into the air, and Hell's Gates (that was the ominous name given to the obstructing reef) crumbled away. What terrific powers were brought into play by the gentle pressure of a tiny hand! A symbol, is it not, of our tiny efforts in prayer? We lisp, as children, poorly and feebly the words. The Omnipotent has endowed them with His own Omnipotence. At the whisper of a child of earth Hell's Gates crumble away.



May the dear Sacred Heart of Jesus bless and protect the thousands of young boys and girls who have helped His Missions so much through their faithful keeping of the promises made when they became members of the "Little Flower's Rose Garden".

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

A WELCOME "REPEATER"

Dear Father Jim:

"As we wanted to continue the good work of last year, we had another play this year in aid of the Missions. The name of the play was 'Marilda's Dream'. We had only eight Juniors, but we managed to get enough characters by giving some of the girls two parts. We made up most of the play ourselves. It was better than the play we had last year, and everybody enjoyed it. We charged both the Sisters and the pupils, as you suggested last year, and we received ten dollars. We expected to get only five dollars, but since we received double the amount, we are buying two Chinese babies. We would like a boy and a girl if it is possible. Please name the little girl Mary Teresa and the little boy Joseph Xavier.

"Dear Father, we hope you will get many more dollars to save the little Chinese babies. We have read many stories of the unfortunate condition of the pagan babies, and it fills our hearts with a great longing to save them.

"Please pray for your little friends, the **Juniors of Mount St. Vincent's Academy, Halifax, N.S.**"

Our "Buds" will admit that it must be nice to be "Father Jim" and get such letters as that. It is typical of many that come to me every month, telling me of efforts being made by our boys and girls to be really earnest in doing things for the Missions. Naturally, I should like to give publicity to other letters, but the few I have chosen at random for this month's issue will show what a great spirit exists amongst the members of our ever-growing "Rose Garden".

"We are enclosing three dollars, which we hope will be useful to you in your mission work." **Ellen O'Leary, Form II-B, Loretto College School, Toronto.** Faithful friends, these, who have helped the Missions very often.

"We are the **Grade 6 Boys of Mount Carmel School, New Waterford, C.B.,** sending you a dollar for the Chinese Missions. We read the articles in

the 'China' and find it very interesting. There are 30 boys in this class who want to join the 'Rose Garden', promising to say the prayer for the conversion of China every day." **Charles Chiasson, Class Secretary.**

"The children of our school wish to join your 'Rose Garden'. So far we have secured 301 names. . . . We have organized a Crusade Unit, and the pupils are enthusiasticaly interested. Our officers are: Colleen Roach, Pres.; Roy Smith, Vice-Pres.; Loretta Mitchell, Sec'y; Francis McCormick, Treas. We have chosen Chuchow as our special field of mission labour. Please accept our donation of two dollars, also a subscription for 'China', and a spiritual bouquet in aid of the Chuchow missionaries. **Loretta Mitchell, Sec'y, C.C.S.M.C., St. Clare School, Windsor, Ont."**

From **Sister Luchertia, St. Peter's School, Peterboro, Ont.,** came a letter and a gift of $21.20, "which represents the little sacrifices of their pennies cheerfully made by the pupils instead of spending them on shows, candy, etc." Such generous remembrance by our young friends in Peterboro is much appreciated, and I shall be only too glad to grant their request for a "memento" in Holy Mass for their success in school.

Helen Hogan, writing from **St. John's School, Perth,** says: "The enclosed two dollars is the contents of our mitebox. We are sorry we have not more to send, but trust our little offering will help carry on your wonderful work. Seven girls of our class have formed a little society in aid of the Chinese Missions, and you will hear from them shortly." Many thanks, girls; you have the right idea.

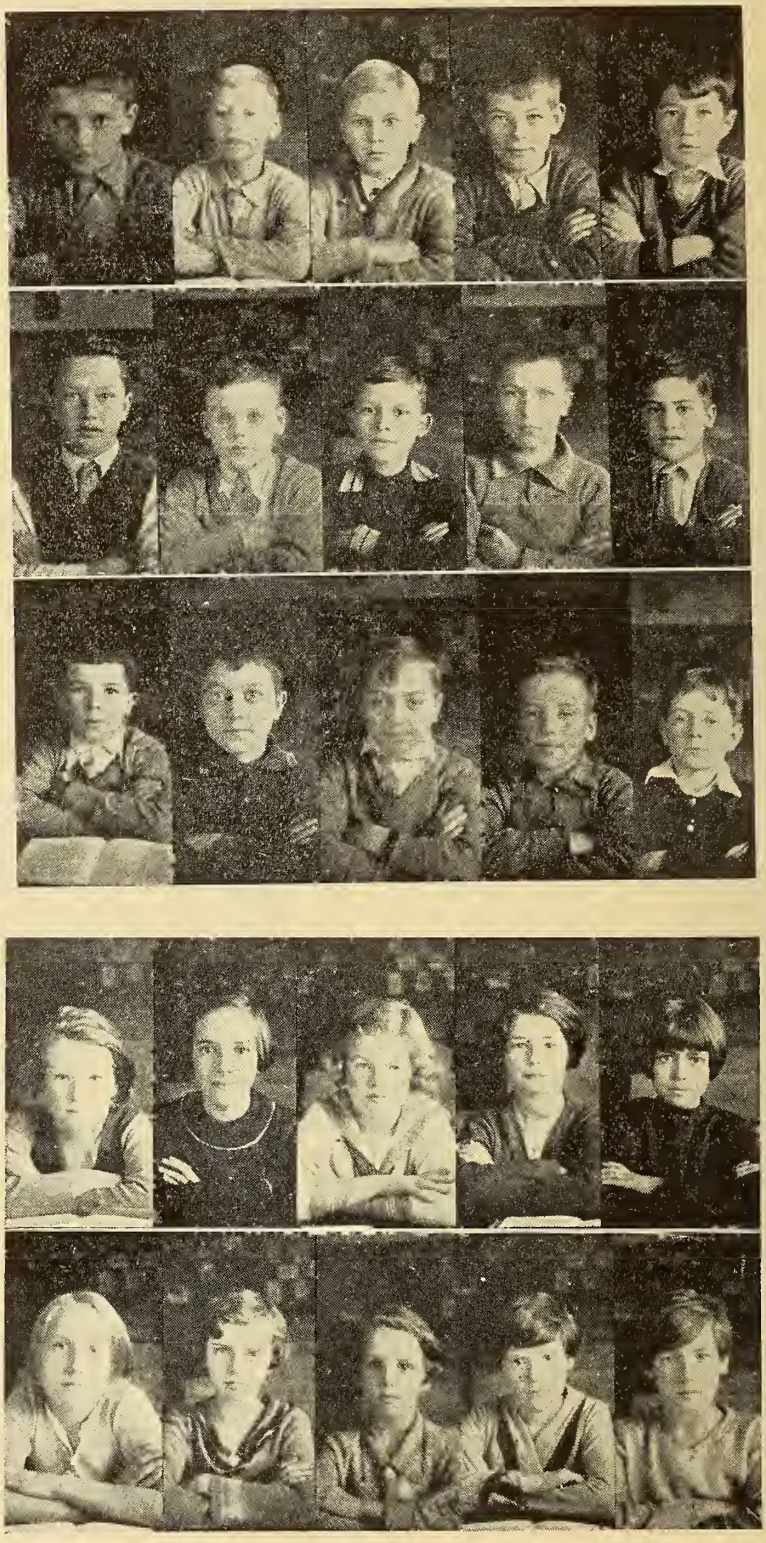
Dorothy White, 124 Oak St., London, in sending a gift for the missions, tells me she is a member of several juvenile clubs, but is prouder of her "Little Flower" badge than of any other.

Kathleen and Clara Hollohan, Black Head, Nfld., wrote a lovely letter of sympathy to Msgr. McGrath in Lishui when his father died, and I forwarded it to China as soon as it reached here. They have secured two new members, **George Cooke** and **Betty Healey.**

Certificate of Membership in our Club has been sent to **Junior IV Class, St. Antoine School, Tecumseh, Ont.,** and thanks are due **Rita Poupard,** the secretary, for her lovely letter and gift from the pupils.

Writing on May 8th, the 50th Anniversary of the First Holy Communion of the "Little Flower", **William Shelleau,** of **Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.,** says: "We thank you for putting our pictures in 'China'. Our Little Flower Club held two meetings and collected a dollar for the Missions. The girls in our class had a play entitled "From Morn to Eve with the Little Flower'. It was very pretty. We read your letter to the 'buds', and this morning most of our class went to Mass and Holy Communion in honor of our Patroness of the Missions. We are trying to be good members of the 'Rose Garden'. First and Second Classes will be glad to get their certificates now."

The certificates have been sent, and let me remind our members that even with "overtime" work I am still behind in keeping up with correspondence. However, before holidays begin for the schools I hope to have all the mail on hand attended to. Sorry to have kept some waiting so long.



YOUNG MISSION HELPERS IN THE JUNIOR THIRD CLASS, ST. THOMAS SCHOOL, SUDBURY, ONTARIO.

Reading from top, left to right, their names are: Peter Lazarovich, Harold Carroll, Oryst Andruchew, Bernard McHughen, Joseph Lavigne, Joseph Androsky, Sammy Legree, Sylvester Massicotte, Norman Teddy, Alfred Ricciuto, Jack Terrell, Bennedetto Porcelli, Paul Taillon, Billy Maloney, Gregory Mulvihill, Peggy McHughen, Alunda Riccuto, Evelyn Burke, Leah Giroux, Irene Dubroy, Helen Nazar, Carmel Donegan, Ellen Whalen, Doris Hubert, and Jeanne Hubert.

NONSENSE



The village doctor was taking a friend for a run in his car.

"I say, look out!" cautioned the passenger; "you're doing over 60 miles an hour!"

"Don't worry," chuckled the doctor, "I've just ordered the village policeman to bed with rheumatism."

Lucy (single)—"Do you think it is wicked to smoke, dear?"

Fanny (married)—"No, dear, I'm sure it isn't."

Lucy—"Why are you so sure?"

Fanny—"Because my husband doesn't smoke; and if it was wicked I'm sure he would do it."

"My advice to you, Colonel, is to go through the movements of driving without using the ball," said the golf instructor.

"My dear fellow," answered the Colonel, "that's precisely the trouble I'm wanting to overcome!"

His host showed him into his bedroom.

"I hope you're not nervous, old chap," he said, "but this room is supposed to be haunted."

"Haunted!" exclaimed the guest. "What by?"

"A wraith—a spectre!" replied the host.

"A w-w-what?" cried the other.

"A wraith—a spectre," repeated his host.

The guest gave a deep sigh of relief, and the color returned to his cheeks.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said at last. "At first I thought you said a rate collector."

Cop—"Say, do you realize you were going 65 miles an hour?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Sixty-five! Don't be silly! I couldn't have been going over 30 at the most. In fact I don't believe I was going more than 25 at the outside."

Cop—"Well, maybe you're right. I'll just tear this ticket up and give you one for parking."

"Some treasured heirlooms are quite valueless," says a writer. In many families, slippers descend from father to son.

"Well," said the cheerful wife, who labored under the delusion that she had an operatic soprano voice, "if worst were to come to worst I could keep the wolf away from the door by singing."

"Undoubtedly!" was the instant response."

Mary—"Bertie seems to have the air of a Man About Town."

May—"Perhaps so, but he's got the bank account of a Man About Down."

"I can't live without your daughter, sir."

"Right; I'll pay for the funeral."

He (during traffic jam)—"That man created quite a sensation thirty years ago by driving a motor car at ten miles an hour."

She—"He could do the same today."

Boss—"Why have you put down ten shillings for overhead expenses?"

Traveller—"That was an umbrella I bought."

A strange St. Bernard dog came into the yard where Florence, three, was playing. The dog was nearly four times the size of the little girl.

Reaching up, she stroked the big dog's head, and called to her mother: "See, Mamma, this doggie's not a bit afraid of me."

Wife—"I took great pains with that cucumber salad I made you."

Hubby—"So did I."

Hating to think of his friends spending money on flowers for him after his death, when the cash would be more welcome to him alive, Mr. A. E. Feltham, who lives in East London, Cape Province, put the following advertisement in the local paper:

To all my friends and foes, business and otherwise: The undersigned kindly requests from those who would be desirous at my demise of contributing expressions of loving sympathy by wreaths, flowers, etc., to forward the equivalent in cash now. It will be far more practical while I am living than withered flowers when dead. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

Burglar—"What are you laughing at?"

Householder—"That you come at night without a light to look for money where I can't find any in broad daylight."

A firm of contractors was engaging men for an excavation job. "Now, you," said the foreman to one of the applicants, "do you really think you are fit for hard labor?"

"Well," replied the man, "some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

"Hallo," said the neighbor, "back from your day's shooting? Have any luck?"

"Rather," said Jones proudly. "I got twelve ducks."

His neighbor nodded approvingly.

"Were they wild?" he asked.

Jones looked thoughtful.

"I can't say they were exactly," he replied. "But the farmer who owned them certainly was."

"Has your husband taken the medicine I prescribed? A tablet before each meal and a small whisky after?"

"Mebbe he's a few tablets behind, but he's a month ahead wi' th' whisky!"

"Don't you know her? Why, she lives in the same square as you."

"Yes, but she's not in the same circle."

Officer (during sham battle)—"Hi. you! Keep your head down. Don't you know you're exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy a hundred yards off?"

Private—"Yes, sir. But I'm also supposed to be hiding behind an imaginary rock fifty feet high."

Agent: "Here's a book, madam, which tells how to keep your husband. It's a wonderful little book."

Housewife: "I've been keeping my husband for the last fifteen years. What I want is a book that will tell me how to make him go to work and keep me."

"Say, doctor," said the brawny scrubwoman, "yer getting' a perty good thing out of tendin' that rich Smith boy, ain't yer?"

"Well," said the doctor, amused, "I get a pretty good fee, yes. Why?"

"Well, Doc, I 'opes yer won't forget that my Willie threw the brick that 'it 'im."

"Do you know that teacher has never seen a horse in her life?" exclaimed Maisie excitedly.

"How do you know that?" asked mother.

"Well," said little Maisie, "teacher told us to draw something, and I drew a picture of a horse—and she didn't know what it was."

Vaudeville Singer: "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and die."

Listener (rising): "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"



The young priests who are leaving for the Prefecture of Chuchow this Fall answered the call of the Master years ago. The Seminary prepared and fitted them to be "other Christs" to bring salvation to souls in China.

THE SEMINARY NOW ASKS YOUR HELP TO DEFRAY THE EXPENSES OF ITS 1934 MISSION BAND TO CHINA.

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Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.
VERY REV. J. E. McRAE, President.

Dear Fathers:

Enclosed please find $..... , my contribution to help pay for the journey of your priests who are leaving for China in the Fall.

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Address .....

.....

CHINA

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JULY-AUGUST, 1934



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

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Vol. XV. JULY-AUGUST, 1934 No. 7

Do Foreign Missions Mean Anything to You?

STATISTICS and figures on work being done in pagan lands have a power all their own of impressing us with the magnitude of the task that yet lies ahead of the Church before the pagan world will be converted. The bald statement of fact that more than a billion people are living unbaptized, and that two-thirds of the human race are as yet strangers to the Gospel of Christ, should be incentive enough to every Catholic to take an interest in efforts that are being made to "preach the Gospel to every creature".

* * *

Consideration of the number of pagans in the world, whilst it makes us realize our own good fortune in being members of God's Church, should also have the effect of stirring within us a boundless enthusiasm for the propagation of our Faith. Let us not forget that it has taken nigh two thousand years to gather 646 million souls around the Cross of Christ and to unite 351 million souls in the one true fold. Every new Christian is a new apostle who carries the name of Christ further, and in the efforts that are being made by missionaries to bring more souls to God we are required to be co-operators. It is up to each individual Catholic, in the words of Pope Pius XI, to "esteem the gift of the Faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and, moreover, to manifest his gratitude to God by sharing with the poor pagans this same gift, the most precious of all."

* * *

Now it is the task of missionaries "in the field" to make known to the pagans the saving truths of Christ's Religion. That work they have cheerfully undertaken and zealously endeavor to carry on. It is enough — aye, more than enough — for them. Our sense of pride in our religion, our admiration for the courage and self-sacrifice of our missionaries, ought to suggest to us Catholics "at home" the desirability of seconding the efforts of those engaged in mission labours.

* * *

If we are to believe the signs of the times, and the dictums of financial and political prophets, then the people at large are on the way up and out of their financial difficulties. We are told that there is more work, more money and a spirit of cheerfulness in the land which augur well for the future. **Are the Missions to have their due share in this improvement? That is for our Catholic people to say.** The foreign missionaries who have given up home and friends to carry the message of Christ to pagan lands may offer all they have of ability and talent to the great work of conversion. They may labor and struggle to the point of exhaustion in their quest for souls. They may even shed their blood and lay down their lives as martyrs of the Christian faith. But they cannot of themselves solve the problem of financial support. That is the bounden duty of those who are already in possession of the Catholic Faith. Frankly, we must confess our belief that there is too much of a **laizzer-faire** attitude towards foreign missions on the part of our Catholic people. There is not evident in our Catholic parishes that "mission-spirit" which should be so characteristic of every individual Catholic who appreciates the blessings that membership in the One True Church confers on him. We are often shamed to confusion in reading press reports of missionary activity on the part of Protestant congregations. Not content with supporting their churches at home they give a thought to the extension of their influence in foreign lands, and their generosity to their foreign missions oftentimes is a reproach to Catholics who should be more conscious of their obligations when they reflect on the greater gifts that are theirs to bestow.

* * *

It must remain forever a difficult thing to understand why men and women will make such heroic sacrifices to promote causes that at best can endure for only a few short years. We suppose it is due to a wrong sense of values. The sacrifice of human lives and of millions of dollars seems perfectly justifiable if it is a question of promoting some worldly venture, but the same people who willingly make such sacrifices look askance at the mere suggestion that an effort, trifling in comparison, be made to promote interests that are enduring and eternal. When the nations were engaged in the World War billions of dollars were produced, used up and in many instances wasted without question in order that the conflict might be carried on. It is pertinent to ask whether Christ's warfare, the warfare in which seventy-five thousand or more Catholic missionaries are engaged, which has for its object, not the destruction of bodies, but the salvation of souls, is worth as much? The measure of your support of Catholic Missions determines your own answer to the question.

CHILDREN of CHINA

Their Terribly Sad Lot in Life

By
REV. D. E. STRINGER

MOST people have read at one time or other the story entitled "Babes in the Wood". It seems to be an allegory which paints with almost perfect delineation the sad plight of most of China's little ones. Those of us who have been surrounded from earliest years with all the beauties and helps and solaces of Catholicity are apt to take them for granted, never for a moment trying to see ourselves as we very likely would be without them. In helping anyone a real appreciation of that one's difficulties is essential. Of course every time a tramp comes to the back door we are not going to sit down and gather more facts for our book on "Trampology". But in the serious things of life we have no end of thinking to do. And in this most important of all affairs—that of saving the soul—salvation depends on it. So let us try to get a clear and concise picture of the state of childhood in this great country to the end that you and I may be of mutual assistance in providing a remedy.

Confucius draws a rather graphic picture for us. "People," he writes, "try their utmost to please and spoil their children. For their clothes instead of plain blue stuff a medley of colours is chosen so that people may say the children are pretty. Everything the child wishes to eat is bought for him; parents even deprive themselves of food to give it to him; if he swears, far from scolding him, he is praised and extolled for his cleverness in knowing how to swear. When he quarrels with others he is praised for his insolence and fearing nobody and because others dread to meddle with him. If he lies he is praised for his wit. Parents know pretty well that their children are thieves and steal other people's property; instead of checking them they praise them for their cleverness and also for knowing, though so young, the values of things and how to interest themselves for the family good."



A recent picture of the author of the accompanying article, Father Desmond Stringer, of Ottawa, Ontario, now Pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart at Lishui.

I have seen all these accusations borne out in the few years I have been here. Especially the very young get their way in mostly everything and then the parents wonder why when they grow up they are so recalcitrant. During this period of childhood sound beatings are in order and very often that type of punishment which Fr. Venini described in the May edition of "China".

We all know how the child's mind busies itself as it begins to think of things around. It is related of Sun-Yat-Sen that when he was a child one day he asked his mother "Of what is the blue sky made?" "Of an upturned bowl," was her reply. Another time he queried, "Mother, what comes after death?" And her answer, so hopeless, "There is nothing after death; all ends there." Perhaps some of us might think that a child's mind would soon throw off any little restless feeling such an answer would stir up. You would be amazed at the mentality all have regarding the devil, his powers and manners of acting. It was not so long ago that one of the priests was telling me of an old man who chanced in to hear the Catechist preaching. His comment at the finish was illuminating. With a wish-it-could-be-but-surely-it-can't-be expression he told him that he would find a lifetime of toil and worry easy to bear if there was such a heaven as ours, where he would at last find peace and rest and refuge from the devil. Did his mother, too, tell him that death ends all? The natural conclusion or end of such a mentality is amply illustrated in the story of "The Good Thief of Chusan", which was published some time ago in these pages. A pirate fell sick and found his way into the Sisters' hospital. How surprised he was to learn piracy was a wicked thing. "But," he told the Sisters, "I never knew it was wrong. All my people were pirates for generations. My father often took me with him on his expeditions and taught me how to be successful. I never knew any other trade and nobody ever before told me it was wrong." Perhaps his mother too told him that death ends all.

Contrast such a state with that in which we were brought up. The Catholic child right from the start has Heaven before his eyes. He derives from it a feeling of real security which permeates his whole being and from it spring his needful consolations and carefree joys. Down Ching Yuen way there is a little friend of mine, a pagan, who is blind. In the evening you can see him sitting with his little sister at the Mission door. Blindness is a terrible affliction for anyone, most of all for children. These two little ones are poorer than any I've seen in our Canada. He is preparing to

be a sorcerer and will earn his living thus. Spiritually starved, and we have such a surfeit. One has to live here to understand the difference; to measure the gap that separates them from us. Volumes upon volumes will only give a faint outline.

Carefree seems a synonym for childhood, but in China and especially among the Chinese poor, there is precious little. The lot of the girls is little better than that of the hireling. Many of them are placed as infants in the homes of their future husbands and are the slaves of the family. The continual fight for the necessaries of life demands that each one shoulder his burden. Once, while making a Mission trip, we came into a small village crowded into a tiny valley. It was miserably poor and wholly pagan. There were many kiddies around and we thought it would be of real benefit if even one of them could be sent to the Mission school. We talked it over, telling them that they need not fear expense. But not one could be spared, the old patriarch told me, for every hand was needed to eke out a living. What little pleasures brighten the childhood of these kiddies? Story books? They cannot read. Toys? They have none. Games? Maybe; but tired little bones would rather rest. In the cities things are rather better. There is a space of time between the day's work done and bedtime when they play and relax as best they can. "Jackstones" find favour with the girls. The boys are more boisterous and find enjoyment playing "soldiers" or "chase". Once or twice I came across them carrying a miniature idol in an empty cigarette carton bedecked with red paper and lighted by two bits of candle. They furnished the requisite noise with a couple of tin cans and a dozen pairs of lusty lungs. Yet how much happier could you and I not make them and how very much more contented and peaceful when they go to rest if their young minds and hearts could turn to God and whisper child-like prayers and fall asleep secure in the loving gaze of their Guardian Angels.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me" is what Christ wants. The foundation of a firm Christianity in these parts lies in the children. The child mind is like soft wax and very easily impressed. Hence among the most effective blows against the Church are those aimed at the children. It was the thought of the little ones being scandalized that drew from Christ the terrible woe He pronounced. We, each one of us, have to exert ourselves at least to the extent that those against us do. Or as a Saint has put it, we must "pray as if everything depended on God, and work as if everything depended on ourselves." Only God is able to gauge the work done through the prayers and pennies of the youthful members of the "Rose Garden". We hope these few lines will urge each one of our readers to renewed effort that the work so well begun will always continue to prosper.



—"The Little Missionary"

A HORRIBLE INCIDENT

By Rev. E. F. Mindorff, O.F.M.

ONE morning I was leaving our residence to go to say Mass at San Dao School. It was 5:30 and still rather dark. Just as I wanted to get into my rickshaw and start out, a woman came running up to me, indicating that she had something urgent to say. She informed me hastily that on the road just outside the Mission there lay a dead child. I should come to see it. I hurried to the spot, and by lighting a few matches I could see what was what. A poor little child was lying there naked in the middle of the road. It had been wrapped up in some rags, but when I found it, the rags were torn into bits and scattered about. Upon closer examination I found that dogs had eaten away a part of the child's head, and left the helpless infant in a horrible condition. One cannot blame the dogs. In this part of China dogs are scavengers and eat anything they can find. More beastly than the dogs was the person who put the child there, and exposed it to such a horrible death.

The woman who was with me said she thought the child had been dead for some time. I felt convinced that she was right, for the body was cold and so injured by the dogs that I could not imagine any life to be in the body. So I told the woman to inform the Chinese Sisters who have a house nearby. I knew they would come and take care of the body. I then went on to my Mission to say Mass.

Upon returning about 8 o'clock, what was my surprise to hear the following story. The Chinese Sisters had come immediately and had taken the child in. After they had it in a warm place for a while it began to show signs of life. What a blessing! Just then our Bishop was coming to the chapel of these Sisters to say Mass, and he himself baptized the child with all the ceremonies of the Church, afterwards administering Confirmation likewise. The child died some hours later.

I was indeed happy to hear that the child was still alive when the Sisters found it, and that it received the grace of baptism. Thus God arranged all the circumstances in His own wise way, and brought to another little soul the happiness of heaven.

For the rest of that day I could not help thinking of that poor infant. I also thought long and deeply about the ignorance and cruelty of the people who put the child there and exposed it to such a death. The surprising part of it is that the child was a baby boy, and apparently healthy. It is very rare that boys are thrown away like that. The reason must have been some strong pagan superstition; perhaps the parents feared bad luck if they kept the child, or it may have been an effort to protect some one's good name. I do not know. But the incident does show how much some of these people need the sweet religion of Christ to teach them true charity and pity for the children whom our Lord loved so dearly.

On the

MISSION TRAIL in SUNG YANG

●

With

REV. J. L. BEAL



I AM writing this at Nan Dong, our baby mission about forty miles from Sung Yang. To reach here meant a walk over the most rugged mountains in the district. As I mentioned in a previous writing, Nan Dong is a favourable retreat to come to when other places seem less receptive to one's efforts. I find that the people here come out very well to attend services. Last year they were very disappointed when, through illness, Monsignor McGrath had to cancel his proposed visit to this part of my mission. Decorations had been made for the visit, and there are still remnants of them in evidence.

* * *

At present (this was written early in April—Ed.) I am rounding up those who are preparing for Baptism, and a good deal of time is spent daily in giving instructions to catechumens and in hearing confessions. The folks here certainly have not been favoured with worldly riches, but they are blessed with simple, kindly hearts, and it is my belief that within the next few years the whole village will have become Catholic.



A group under instruction for Baptism at Nan Dong. The man standing at right was the victim of the accident related here.

* * *

My quarters here are very ill equipped for a prolonged stay, but by the way old man Pluvius is acting I may have to remain here for some days. One-half the house is covered with tiles, and my half has straw for a covering. My bed clothing is damp from a slow leak in the improvised roof, and I'm hoping it gets no worse.

* * *

The above paragraphs were written four days ago. In the meantime I have baptized seven babies. The administration of the Sacrament was witnessed by a large crowd of both Christians and pagans. When I distributed medals to the newly-baptized, the pagans asked to have one also, saying they would like to have some mark which would show they desired to belong to the Christian community. Naturally, I had to refuse their requests.

* * *

It may not be out of place here to say a word about the man who shared with me the other half of my house. He was a victim of a serious accident, for which he has only himself to blame. During the Chinese New Year's celebrations he went to Lang Yu to visit friends and to buy himself some candy. The motor cars there were an object of continual admiration for him. The train was also an object of attraction. The night before his departure from Lang Yu he went down to the station to see the train come in. The train happened to be later than usual, so our friend went for a stroll along the tracks, carrying with him a *ho lu* (i.e., a hand stove with live coals). The train approached him with glaring headlight and at a point where there was a steep embankment. To avoid the train he rolled to the ditch below and was seriously burned when his *ho lu* overturned. He received no treatment for his injury, and his hand became gangrenous and now emits a terrible odour. The loss of at least one hand seems inevitable for the poor fellow.

* * *

And now we transfer you to Suichang. This place, some twenty years ago, was a flourishing mission; the chapel was considered too small to accommodate the four hundred Christians and catechumens. What a sad change took place when they were left without the ministrations of the priest! I know of only four faithful Christians here now. Today I had the happiness of baptizing three people. With God's help we will try to restore this section of our mission.

* * *

Yesterday in front of the mission took place an incident not at all uncommon in China. A neighbouring butcher, who has a local reputation for intemperance, broke out after dinner and was determined to proceed to the *yamen* to kill one of the officers. The cause of the outburst was some money matter in which he felt he had not been given a square deal. He was staggering down the street and pouring forth curses with a vengeance when some friend got the better of him and persuaded him to return. When I appeared at my door he approached and said, "Sir, am I not right?" I pacified him and suggested he retire quietly to his home. He readily took my

advice, and with the assistance of his younger brother he went home. Today he came to me, much chagrined over his conduct of yesterday. He gave me credit for being a very intelligent man and apologized for his bad behaviour.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon I went out to the west gate to see my old friend the paralytic, who has remained faithful to his religion despite the fact that he cannot come to church any more, and must live in close proximity to a real virago, of whom I wrote recently in "China". She has a one-month-old grandson now, whose parents are Catholics, but she's firm in her intention not to allow the parents to have the child baptized. As soon as I come to the house this old woman lights the candles and josh sticks before the box of scrolls in order to ward off the evil influence of my presence. I fear that only when old age overcomes her will she be easy to handle, as now she has everybody in the house living in mortal terror of her.

* * *

Sunday morning the weather was a welcome change from the rain of the previous week. While I was reviewing my sermon my catechist introduced two Christians who had been away from the church for many years. One of them had not been to confession for 37 years, and he felt that the half-hour remaining before Mass was not long enough to do justice to his case. He passed the Sunday fittingly, and the next morning I heard his confession. The other fellow had been a renegade for 23 years, and he told me an interesting story of his return to the Faith. I remembered having seen him on several occasions during my journeyings to Nan Dong, but never did he salute the priest or admit he was a Christian. One evening he was passing an abandoned mill and in the murky darkness he was frightened by some supposedly phantom figure. He reached home in an exhausted condition, which developed later into a case of nervous prostration, and he had to remain in bed for several months. His pagan neighbours and some of his family called in the *Dao Shih* to cure him. Our good friend was utterly oblivious to the noisy ceremonies that were carried on. When he recovered sufficiently to ask what was going on he forbade the continuance of the pagan rites, and expressed his intention of making his peace with God on the first occasion when the priest would visit the place.



Looking down on the Sung Yang River from the Temple of the Three Kings.

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF....."

* * *

I always attribute the return of some prodigal to the Church as the result of the fervent prayers being offered for the missionaries by our good people back home. Full well I know of the daily rosaries and visits to the Blessed Sacrament that are being offered by readers of "China" on behalf of our work, and any good we have been instrumental in doing has its root in the heart of some Catholic who remembers to say a prayer for us when he reads of our strivings for souls out here in this pagan land. The people here often tell us how much they admire the priest who must surely "eat much bitterness" in tramping over the mountains for their sakes, but we are well rewarded when we can do something to help these poor souls lead a good life and share in the blessings of the Redemption.

* * *

The Sunday after Easter was spent with the Christians at another mission station, Chu Z Ca. One of the incidents on the way here from

(Continued on page 109)



Father Beal examines the road building in his mission territory.



"China" extends very sincere and hearty congratulations to Very Rev. Francis P. Carroll, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, on his elevation to the dignity of Domestic Prelate by His Holiness the Pope. The Papal Brief containing the appointment made mention of Monsignor Carroll's administrative abilities and the splendid qualities he has manifested as head of the Toronto Diocesan Seminary. Ordained to the Priesthood in 1917, the new prelate was immediately appointed to the Chair of Sacred Scripture in the Seminary of which he became President in 1931. Since the recent death of Archbishop McNeil, Monsignor Carroll has been the Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto. Because of the happy relations St. Francis Xavier Seminary has always enjoyed with St. Augustine's, the honor that has come to Monsignor Carroll gives us very special pleasure. "China" begs God's blessing on the new Monsignor that he may be spared many years in the service of the Church which he has already served so notably.

CHINESE CATHOLIC VILLAGE

Changchun.

There is a unique Chinese village a short distance to the northwest of this city called Hsiaopachiatsu.

Its inhabitants are all Roman Catholics who lead a very religious life. All the women wear black clothes resembling the clothes of a Catholic nun. None of the inhabitants work on Sundays, and they observe prayers every morning and evening.

The village has never known a bandit attack, although it is well fortified with trenches and other fortifications. Villagers devote themselves heart and soul to the work of maintaining peace and order in their little community.

Education is highly regarded and the village is known to have sent some of its young men as far as Rome to study.

The Christian influence in the village dates back 123 years, when a French evangelist arrived from Chihli Province. Missionary work has been carried on since then. Since 80 years ago, a Roman Catholic father has always been stationed in the village.—Reuter.

CONFUCIANISM REVIVAL

The movement for the revival of Confucianism in Canton is gaining considerable headway. The Government has adopted a resolution restoring sacrificial ceremonies, abolished some years ago, for the Great Sage. Sacrificial rites for Confucius were held under the joint auspices of the Provincial Department of Education and the Department of Civil Affairs. It has been decided to hold two ceremonies each year, the Spring and Autumn Sacrifices.

CHICAGO PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Chow Kai-ching, a graduate of the Whampoa Military Academy, was executed in Ningpo recently by order of the Kiangsu Provincial Government. According to a message from Ningpo, Chow, who had been unemployed for some time past, committed two daring robberies, one at the Pao Hsin Silversmith Shop and another at the Chun Kong Native Bank. He was arrested almost immediately after the robberies and was sentenced to death by a military tribunal. The death sentence having been confirmed in a telegram by the provincial authorities, Chow was shot.

CHINESE MINISTER PROUD OF NIECE, A NUN

After the consecration of Archbishop Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, at the Propaganda College, Rome, the Chinese Minister to Italy, Mr. Liou Won Tao, took great pride in presenting his niece, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, to the newly consecrated Delegate and to the various personages present.

Though Mr. Liou is a non-Christian, he is deeply attached to his niece and pleased with the new role in life which she has chosen. It is understood that the young woman received her vocation to the sisterhood through the intercession of Our Lady of China, who is venerated at the Shrine of Zose, near Shanghai.—Fides.

FIRST CHINESE ASPIRANT FOR "BESIEGED" SISTERS

Miss Teresa Lung, of Yuanchow, China, who has sailed for America to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, at Baden, Pennsylvania, has been active in the Prefecture Apostolic of Shenchow for the past eight years, where she was a fellow sufferer with the Sisters in their flights and many sieges. Yuanchow city has been besieged many times. Last summer the Sisters were locked up for two months while the rebel soldiers holding the city fought off the regular troops. Miss Lung was accompanied as far as Shanghai by Mother Genevieve Ryan, Superioress of the Sisters of Saint Joseph in China, who came to the missions some years ago after several terms as Mother General of her order in America. Mother Genevieve is in her seventies and has celebrated her Golden Jubilee.

CONVICT'S LAST WISH

When the governor of the Tsientsin prison asked a convict about to be executed what was his last request, the man replied that he wanted to hear Mass. By Chinese law those condemned to death have the right to make a request before they die; some ask for a coffin, others for a good meal, and so on. The prison officials got in touch with Bishop de Vienne, C.M., Vicar Apostolic of Tsientsin, who went to console the man by saying Mass in the jail. At Tsientsin there is a small group of Catholics who visit the prisons regularly, while the Sisters of Charity make the rounds to nurse the sick.—Fides.

CARMEL FOUNDED IN HONGKONG

A Carmelite monastery has been founded at Hongkong following the permission granted by the Holy See to Bishop Valtorta, Vicar Apostolic of Hongkong, to establish there the Belgian Carmelites who, residing at Canton since their arrival in 1930, have gathered together a group of Chinese novices.

Little doubt is entertained about the success of this Carmel in China since Chinese young women possess qualities which fit them in a special way for the contemplative life, and the Chinese novices and postulants of this foundation have already shown an admirable fervour and a spirit of prayer and sacrifice.

VICE OF USURY IN CHINA

The pawn shop is the most prominent building in most Chinese villages. In the province of Kwangtung alone there are 1,349 such institutions where the unfortunate people obtain loans at exorbitant rates of interest. The usurers are unmolested because they are a rich source of revenue for the Government. The Kwangtung Government levied £130,000 from them last year and expects over £169,000 this year. Usury in China ranks next to opium in its disastrous effects. In accordance with the decrees of the Chinese Synod held in Shanghai in 1924 catechumens must be fully instructed on the Church's attitude towards these two vices before being admitted to Baptism.

CHINESE ORIGIN OF INFLUENZA

The origin of influenza is the infected properties of the mud of the Yellow River, according to an article published in the "British Medical Journal", of which the author is Dr. Howard Wise.

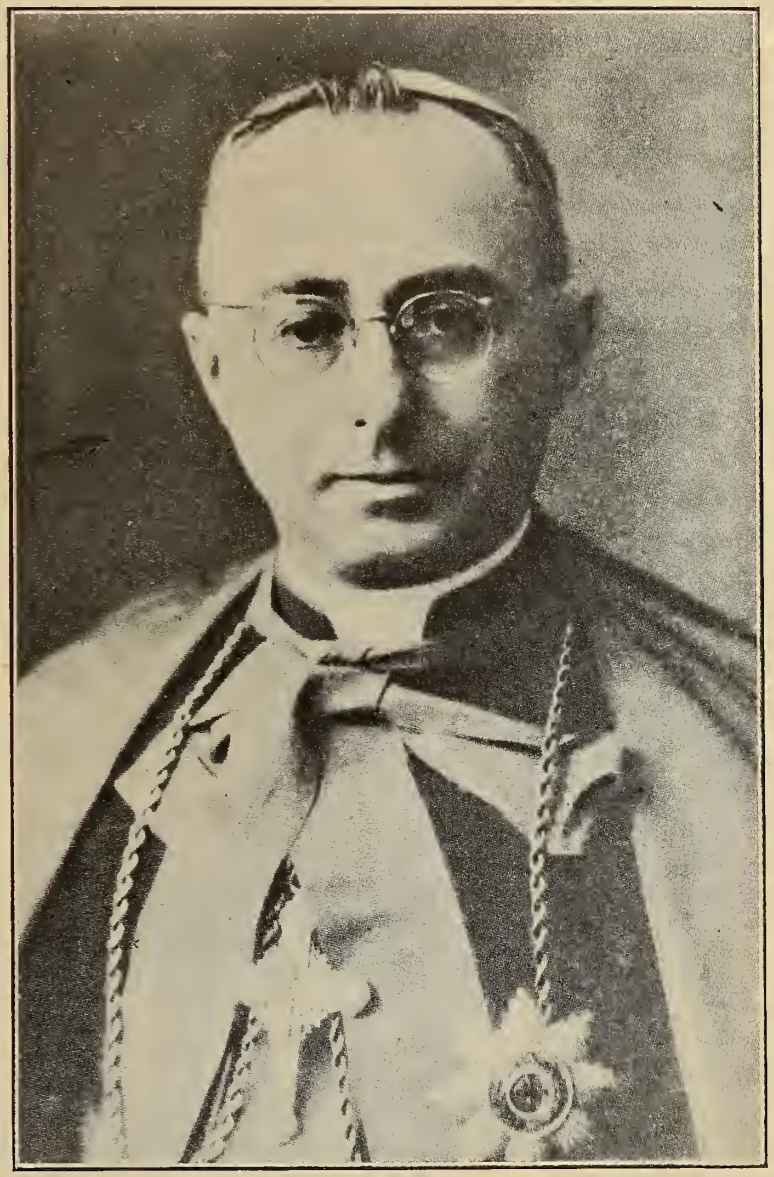
The infection, he says, originally travelled by the trade routes across Asia, but, nowadays, is carried by ships.

Overflowing of the Yellow River in 1899 and 1918 was followed, he claims, by widespread epidemics due to the fact that the mud from the river was deposited over a wide area and, when it dried, scattered as dust.

Dr. Wise predicts that the world will be ravaged again in 1946 unless, in the meantime, the plague spot is recognized and the Yellow River effectively dredged.

Although China has been known as an agricultural country, she now depends on the supply of foreign rice to feed her people, the production of rice and wheat in the country being insufficient to meet the requirements as a result of the continued famines, droughts, and civil wars. According to figures published by the Ministry of Industry, a total of $274,303,434 worth of rice and wheat were imported from different countries during the last year.

"That which reassures me and gives me confidence to face my tasks is the knowledge that here the Christians are numerous," declared the new Mandarin of Sienhsien, China, after witnessing a drama representing a story from the Church of the Catacombs, presented by the students of the Jesuit college. "What our country needs," the Mandarin said, "is people who can see what is right and who have the courage to follow out their convictions."—Fides.



Just before the close of the school year, St. Francis Xavier Seminary was honoured by a visit from His Eminence, Jean Marie Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec. The Seminary was en fête for the occasion, and our Very Reverend President, Dr. John E. McRae, extended, on behalf of the Staff and Students, a cordial welcome to the first Cardinal ever to honor China Mission Seminary by his presence. Replying, His Eminence assured us of his interest in the work being done by our Institute, and expressed himself as delighted with the splendid body of students who are preparing for missionary work in China. Canada's Cardinal certainly captivated our hearts by his very charming personality, and we shall long cherish the memory of his visit.

The ADDRESS of

the Apostolic Delegate

to the

PRESIDENT OF CHINA



MOST REVEREND MARIO ZANIN, the new Apostolic Delegate to China, was given a royal welcome to the Orient when he reached Hong Kong on the eve of last Easter Sunday. Consecrated at Rome on January 7th of this year, Archbishop Zanin succeeds Archbishop Celso Costantini, who resigned, owing to ill health.

"I feel highly honoured and experience a particular happiness in coming to-day in my capacity as Apostolic Delegate to China to present to the highest representative of the National Government the heartfelt salutations of my August Sovereign, the Supreme Pontiff of all the Catholics of the world, His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

"In paying my official respects to-day, I also represent the entire Catholic Church of China with its one hundred and twenty ecclesiastical divisions and its far-flung enterprises of charity, of culture, and of spiritual and moral influence.

"In the name of His Holiness, who has always followed and continues to follow with lively interest the course of events in China, I am happy to assure the National Government that the Catholic Missions will continue to make their contribution to the peace, the prosperity, and the progress of this great country, expressing the hope that full recognition will be given the legitimate aspirations and the rights of a people who outnumber every other on the face of the earth; to a people of ancient culture who have had epochs of greatness and splendour; to a people who, if they persevere in the ways of justice and order, hav assuredly before them a great future.

"Indeed, the Catholic Church in China, just as from the very beginning of her relations with the Sovereign Rulers of this noble nation — relations which were founded six centuries ago in the person of His Holiness' first Apostolic Delegate—always professes, teaches, and preaches respect and obedience to legitimately constituted authority in accordance with her fundamental doctrine.

"We express our sincerest appreciation for the favour and the encouragement manifested on many occasions to the Catholic Missions, and we feel sure that the Government will safeguard the liberty and security of our institutions in order to facilitate our work in amicable co-operation with the Chinese authorities.

"In expressing these sentiments I may assure your Excellency that, in union with all the Catholics in China, I shall pray Almighty God daily for the prosperity and peace of this noble nation and for the successful realization of her aspirations".

MR. LIN SEN'S REPLY.

"The mention of the generous sentiments cherished by His Holiness for our Republic and our People, sentiments which, in your quality as the Delegate of His Holiness the Pope, you come to express to me to-day, affords me supreme joy and consolation. As President of the Republic and in the name of our People, I beg Your Excellency to transmit to His Holiness our sincere good wishes for His Holiness' continued good health and the prosperity of the Papal Court.

"Relations between China and the Catholic Church have a long past. Long before China had established official contacts with any of the Powers, Catholic missionaries, as the forerunners of foreigners coming to China, traversed the high seas to make their way to the Orient. Under the Yuan, the first to make our civilization known to the Occident was a Catholic missionary. Under the Ming, the first to endow our Chinese people with a knowledge of Western science and art was again a Catholic missionary. I desire to express here a profound appreciation for the contributions of the Catholic Church towards the peace, progress, and prosperity of China. It is hardly necessary to repeat that Our Government will continue to insure the security of her institutions so as to facilitate their beneficent activity.

"In view of Your Excellency's wide experience in the fields of religion and culture, in view also of Your intimate understanding of the Chinese people and their interests, I profoundly believe that the relations between the Chinese Government, on the one hand, and the Holy See, on the other, will make ever further progress.

"It is with great pleasure I welcome Your Excellency to our shores and I wish You the best of health during your sojourn among us."—Reuter.

THE NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE ON CATHOLIC ACTION IN CHINA

A meeting of the Bishops of South China with His Excellency, Msgr. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, which was attended by Mr. Loh Pa-hong, prominent Catholic of Shanghai and President of Catholic Action in China, was held in Hongkong shortly after the arrival of the new Apostolic Delegate.

His Excellency opened the meeting with a short discourse. He had come to the meeting not only to salute and encourage those present, but also officially to convey to them the wishes and encouragement of the Holy Father as regards Catholic Action in China. Catholic Action had been worthily represented by Commander Loh Pa-hong, of whom it had been rightly said that he was not only its president but also its embodiment. The Holy Father appreciated very highly the work done by Commander Loh Pa-hong, and was especially desirous that Catholic Action in China should be developed according to the spirit and mind of its energetic president. Catholic Action in China should be animated by a three-fold spirit: a spirit of faith, of charity, and of zeal. The latter should be developed along the lines already manifested in the work of Commander Loh Pa-hong. An ardent spirit of zeal is necessary to all Chinese Catholics, since only if they possess it can they be sure that their faith is really effective. His Excellency rejoiced in the fact that at the present day Chinese pagans were showing a sincere desire to learn more about the Catholic Faith, which was assuredly due to the spirit of zeal of Chinese Catholics. Nevertheless this spirit needs intensification so that the lay apostolate may become the point of contact between the hierarchy and pagan China. In conclusion, His Excellency said that the work of Commander Loh Pa-hong had the full approval of the Holy Father, and that the work of Catholic Action should go forward according to his spirit of faith, charity and zeal.



THE SYNODAL COMMISSION OF CHINA
This Commission was established ten years ago. It is composed of five members who are appointed for three or more years by the Apostolic Delegate. Its purpose is to regulate Catholic education, to promote Chinese literature, to support the Catholic Press—in a word, it is meant to be a centre of Catholic Action in China.

PROCESSION OF THE CITY GOD

The glories of the imperial court of the past generations were fully restored in a procession of the City God in a limited number of streets in Nantao. Their ardour undampened by the inclement weather, several thousand followers took part in the parade, posing as guards, couriers, wearing varicoloured head-gears and gorgeously embroidered robes, and even as robust executioners with vermilion robes and devils with long hair and black gowns.

The procession, which was banned for the last nine years, was held without the consent of the authorities, the preparations by the sponsors successfully preventing any unpleasantness from attending the event. Believers hope that the procession will restore the prosperity of the city, which has apparently been falling from God's favour with the encroachment of modern influences.

For more than two hours streets in the area in which the procession was held were crowded with spectators, which necessitated the suspension of traffic. The City Temple, home of the City God, was thronged throughout the day with worshippers offering sacrifices. Incense and paper money were burned in large quantities. No fire-crackers were, however, used.—N.C. Herald.



CATHOLIC ACTION IN PRACTICE.
Here we see Mr. Lo Pa Hong, the National President of Catholic Action in China, baptizing before their execution, criminals condemned to death at Shanghai. He has himself personally baptized hundreds of such prison inmates.

The number of Chinese students studying in America has dropped from 2,000 to 954 in the last five years. Change in handling the American Boxer Indemnity Fund partly explains this, while further reasons are found in the improvement of Chinese schools and colleges, the high adverse rate of money exchange which makes it costly to live abroad, and the fact that Belgium, France, Germany and England have either remitted their Boxer funds in recent years or in other ways extended facilities to Chinese students, with the result that those who seek education abroad are choosing Europe in preference to America.—Fides.

The "New Life" Movement in China

Wuhan, China.

THE "New Life Movement" which was first inaugurated in Nanchang under the sponsorship of General Chiang Kaishek for the encouragement of simple and better mode of living among the Chinese people and which has since spread to all parts of the country, has been given great impetus here with the inauguration of the movement and the subsequent organization of the Hupeh New Life Movement Association at the Hankow Chinese Chamber of Commerce.

The first meeting of the Executive and Supervisory Committee of the Association was held at the Commander-in-Chief's Headquarters at Wuchang and members of a Standing Committee were nominated to take charge of all affairs. The committee consists of military, Kuomintang, educational, commercial and civic leaders. Well-printed posters have been much in evidence throughout the three cities bearing slogans exhorting the public to follow certain principles for better living.

The rules for the movement are: *Concerning eating*: 1. Good manners and table etiquette must be observed during meals. 2. Sit straight. 3. Don't cast food particles on or under the table. 4. Restrain from creating any sound while drinking or chewing. 5. Don't smoke. 6. Don't drink. 7. Don't eat anything between meals. 8. Drink several bowls of boiled water on rising from bed every morning. 9. Eat nothing unclean. 10. Drink no water unboiled. 11. Brush the teeth every morning and wash the mouth with fresh water after every meal. 12. No violent exercises before and after meals. 13. Keep the kitchen and kitchen utensils constantly clean.

Concerning clothing: 1. Clothes should be kept clean and in good order. 2. Well buttoned. 3. Shoes and socks should be worn properly. 4. Hats or caps must be worn properly. 5. Doff the hat when bowing. 6. Doff the hat at public meeting places. 7. Doff the hat when entering the room. 8. All worn out parts of clothing should be well sewed. 9. All clothes should be made with native material. 10. Everybody should carry handkerchiefs when away from home.

Concerning lodging: 1. The house should be kept clean and in good order. 2. Early to bed and early to rise. 3. Keep the room constantly ventilated. 4. Frequently wash the mouth and the hair and the hands. 5. Take a suitable form of exercise every day. 6. Cut the finger nails frequently. 7. Take regular baths. 8. Blankets must be frequently washed and dried under the sun. 9. Keep the lavatory clean. 10. Mosquitoes must be killed. 11. Flies must be killed. 12. Rats must be killed. 13. No spitting in the house. 14. Dump the garbage into the garbage can. 15. Every family sweep before their own door every day.

LED by General Chiang Kai-shek and started in Nanchang about a month ago, the movement here detailed has since been taken up with gusto in various parts of China. It is aimed at a national revival through rigorous regulation of the life of the individual.

Posters displayed emphasized the necessity of a well-ordered life and the importance of the virtues of propriety, honesty and justice. The "New Life" movement, says one of the posters, is a foundation upon which to build up a new nation richer and more complete in its moral and cultural attainments. Another interesting poster reads, "Support the Leaders of the Movement!"

Dr. Chu Chia-hua, in his opening speech, drew attention to the significance of the movement as a means of resuscitating the life of the nation. He called upon the people to discard their bad habits and to revive what is good and sound in the ancient morals. Speeches along similar lines were also delivered by other government leaders.

Concerning travel: 1. Walk along the left side. 2. Don't attempt to overtake those in front while walking on the street. 3. Don't walk too slowly and loaf along. 4. Don't eat while walking. 5. Apologize when you collide with somebody on the road. 6. Walk by order when you go to buy a train ticket from the booking office. 7. Say "good morning" when you meet somebody in the morning. 8. Say "goodbye" when you leave the person whom you visit. 9. Return to the owner when you pick up something left by others. 10. Preserve with care public property. 11. Lend a hand to the old, young and women when boarding or disembarking at trains or steamers. 12. Refrain from making big noises while on a train or steamer. 13. Don't commit a nuisance at unauthorized places.

Concerning working: 1. Concentrate while working. 2. Persevere and don't make any complaint. 3. Never wait for to-morrow. 4. Observe office hours. 5. Obey orders and the instructions of your superiors. 6. Have a plan before working. 7. Don't be afraid of difficulty. 8. Don't be offensive and don't be weakened. 9. Don't be discouraged when unjustly attacked or criticized. 10. Don't take a bribe. 11. Be always optimistic while working. 12. Have no contempt for labourers. 13. Fair play in all business dealings.

Concerning teaching and learning: 1. At least be able to read 1,000 Chinese characters. 2. Read the newspapers every day. 3. Keep yourself up-to-date with the happenings in the country and abroad. 4. Frequently participate in instructive meetings. 5. Learn and participate in new enterprises. 6. Observe the principles of "First Step in People's Rights" during mass meetings.

Concerning recreation: 1 Control your emotions under stimulating circumstances. 2. Be interested in your daily pursuits of life. 3. Control your temper. 4. Eradicate prostitution. 5. Don't gamble. 6. Don't read indecent books and don't look at indecent pictures. 7. Choose one of the most wholesome amusements.

Concerning social contact: 1. Be punctual in meeting appointments with friends. 2. Don't speak before others have finished their speech. 3. Don't gossip on idle subjects over an interval of 15 minutes. 4. Don't laugh when others are in distress. 5. Mediate others' quarrels. 6. Refrain from uttering bad words or using violence. 7. Prevail upon others with right instead of might. 8. Reason with those who attempt to assault you with words or action. 9. Be polite when speaking. 10. Apologize when you offend others. 11. Respect elders. 12. Be chivalrous and humble to the women. 13. Treat your friends with faith and righteousness. 14. Keep confidential what others say to you. 15. Don't borrow unless in dire need.

A BOOST FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Writing to a fellow-Islander at the Seminary, Father Vincent Morrison, pastor of Sung Yang, had some favourable comments to make on various happenings in the "home country", and with the knowledge of vacation days ahead for the seminarians he had some "suggestions" to offer which took into account some of the attractions of "the Garden of the Gulf". According to this ardent "down Easterner", P.E.I. is the best place in Canada in which to spend a holiday. We found ourselves going through the motions as we read of the deep sea mackerel fishing, clam digging on the bay shores, lobster fishing, etc. Father Morrison was writing from experience when he commended the generosity of the Island people, for on many occasions he has been helped considerably by them in his mission work in China.

"After the Island," writes Father Vincent, "the next place is Sung Yang and its environs, with its lofty mountains and fertile plains where the Chinese peasants work energetically in the planting and harvesting of their rice crops. A walk in the country around Sung Yang does one good. It is most interesting to visit some of the ancient temples and monuments that now dot the countryside stripped of their former splendour. In the country, one always meets with many Chinese who stop to talk and ask questions as to who you are and where do you come from. I always tell them from P.E.I., so the island has now acquired some fame in these parts."

Our P.E.I. priest has a flourishing mission at Sung Yang, where he, with Father "Larry" Beal, has been doing valuable work for the past several years. We feel that both of them will often wish this Summer for "a breath of the cool North Atlantic breeze", for latest press reports from China tell us that the weather is unusually hot there this year, the thermometer registering 105 degrees around the middle of July.

With a "Tsay Hui" and "Ma Ma Kio" (Good-Bye and Walk Slowly, as the Chinese say), Father Morrison closed a letter, which was very welcome and much enjoyed by us all. The Seminarians during the year (and while on vacation, too, we hope) keep in frequent touch with our missionaries through the mutual exchange of correspondence.



Father Vincent Morrison standing beside a tablet erected at the entrance to the Public Library at Sung Yang.

WHERE CANADIAN MISSIONARIES ARE LOCATED

There are 1,622 Canadians working in the mission fields of the world—431 priests, 218 brothers and 973 sisters.

Where are they located? The following list gives the latest figures:

	Priests and Brothers	Sisters
North America	292	557
Asia	173	287
Africa	158	86
Pacific Islands	26	43

Three hundred and seventy-four are working among Indians and Orientals in Western Canada.

THE MISSION TRAIL

(Continued from page 103)

Sui Chang made it easy for me to realize why the Sisters at Lishui had so many dynamite cases to treat last year whilst the road was under construction in that vicinity. We noticed several groups of workmen busily engaged in drilling holes in the rocks preparatory to dynamiting them. Coming up to Chu Z Ca we had just rounded a curve on our raft when it suddenly swayed near the bank. As luck would have it, we were almost on top of a rock in which the dynamite fuse had already been ignited. Our oarsman dropped the oar from sheer fright. Later he confessed to me that he recalled on the instant a previous experience when he had seen his partner in trade go up in the air and come down a corpse. My catechist, who is naturally dark-skinned, actually turned white with fear. Perhaps it was because I did not realize what was going on that I sat on the raft nonchalantly smoking a cigarette (and it wasn't a "Camel", either). Providentially, something went wrong with the dynamite charge and there was only a minor explosion. The workmen cursed their luck in not having moved the rock, but incidentally our lives had been saved by their failure, for we were not more than fifteen feet away from the spot of the expected eruption. Our pagan boatman told the catechist I must have been the saviour of the day because I adored a God who had power over these explosives which so easily caused death in a moment.

* * *

During my stay at Chu Z Ca there was plenty of excitement. The workmen from the North, around Peiping, had finished their allotted tasks, and as the old saying goes, "an idle mind is the devil's workshop". About thirty of these robust idlers had the place thoroughly mapped out. They made an assault on the police station and began also to loot the stores. The chief of police managed to get to the telephone office and phone to Sung Yang for assistance, and was given orders to fire on all who spoke the northern dialect. These fellows who caused the trouble represent the lowest class of people in China, being ex-bandits and unpaid soldiers who had been dismissed for bad conduct. At the moment a small war is going on between these rowdies and the local police and soldiery. It will probably end up with a few executions after a matter-of-form hearing before the Mandarin. So far, thank God, our Mission has been very peaceful, and will continue to be so as long as bands of these good-for-nothing strangers are kept in check and prevented from exploiting the honest, hard-working people of the district. Say what you may about China and its customs, it has a well-recognized and most effective way of putting an end to outlawry. Even outlaws don't like to be shot.

HELP THE MISSIONS

1. **By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.**
2. **By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.**
3. **By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year—a life subscription costs ten dollars.**
4. **By making a Catholic Will—our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.**

NONSENSE



He had arrived home late, and his wife was giving him a piece of her mind. "I don't care, my dear," he said, getting really worked up. "I mean exactly what I say. I'm a man who calls a spade a spade." His wife nodded. "Maybe, Henry," she said with biting sarcasm, "but you don't call a club a club; you call that working late at the office."

Suitor—"I love your daughter devotedly, sir. I would suffer if I should cause her a moment's sorrow."

Father—"You said it, sonny. I know that girl."

Johnny: "I didn't bring an excuse for being absent yesterday because ma was too busy to write one."

Teacher: "Then why didn't your father write one?"

Johnny: "He's no good at making excuses. Ma catches him every time, an' you're smarter than she is."

Recruiting Sergeant (to weedy-looking specimen who wishes to join the army): "Sorry, but you don't look the type that could do much fighting."

Weedy Specimen: "What d'you mean, fightin'? What's the League of Nations for?"

"Sir, your car is at the door."

"Yes, I hear it knocking."

A South African farmer who had been away from home was met at the station by his native servant, who greeted him very miserably.

"Bad news, Joe?" inquired his master.

"Yes, baas. The baboon's dead."

"What did he die of?"

"I think too much horseflesh, baas."

"Where did he get the horseflesh, then?"

"From the cart horses, baas."

"What! Are they dead, too?"

"Yes, baas; they died after carrying water the night of the fire."

"The fire? What fire?"

"Your house, baas."

"My house? When was it burnt?"

"The night of the funeral, baas."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your mother's, baas. She died from the shock when your father died."

"My father dead, too?"

"Yes, baas. The shock of losing his business killed him."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes, baas. And the baboon's dead, too."

"My deah boy," effused the elegant lady of aristocratic demeanour to the schoolboy at the gates of the high school, "will you—ha—inform Hector Reginald Cornelius Mannington-Mannington that his mother has arrived?"

"Sure, mam," returned the boy. Then, facing the playing fields, he yelled:

"Snifty, the old girl's blown in."

"If I were trying to match politeness," exclaimed the woman, irritated and tired with shopping, "I should have a difficult job here."

"Let me see your sample, madam," said the assistant calmly.

A northern farm-hand went to work for a Texas rancher. There had been an unusually long drought in the region, and everyone on the ranch was hoping for rain. One day it did start to sprinkle, and the farm-hand, to show his delight, proceeded to dance in the rain.

"Come in out of that rain!" the rancher shouted.

"Oh, I don't mind these few drops," replied the man.

"Who cares about that?" bellowed the rancher. "We want every bit of that rain to fall on Texas!"

A party at the Zoological Gardens stood, puzzled, before a bird.

"It's a heagle," said one.

"It's not," said another; "it's a howl."

They appealed to a bystander.

"Both wrong," he said shortly; "it's an 'awk."

And That Is That

Longfellow, remarks a contemporary, could take a worthless piece of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth $65,000. That's Genius! There are some men who can write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth a million. That's Capital! The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and make it worth twenty dollars. That's money! A mechanic can take material worth five dollars and make it into watch springs worth one thousand dollars. That's skill! There is a man in Paris who can take a fifty-cent piece of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth one thousand dollars. That's Art! A man can take an article costing seventy-five cents and sell it for a dollar. That's Business! The quoter of this could write a cheque for ten thousand dollars, but it wouldn't be worth a cent. That's Tough!—Catholic Transcript.

Chemist: "You want about a shilling's-worth?"

Customer: "About that. What do you charge for a shilling's-worth?"

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

"Do I? Ain't I your caddie, your worship?"

She had tried on pair after pair and found some fault with them all. With a pair of conservative black calfskin oxfords on, she viewed her trim feet in the mirror and sighed with disappointment.

"It's the heels," she said; "they're so flat and low. They make me look so sensible."

"But why should you mind, if you're really not?" comforted the perspiring salesman.

"But that's just it," complained the harassed lady. "You see, I am."

"I said your ship would come in this week. Was I correct?"

"Well, partly. My salary was docked."

A teacher, instructing a class in composition, said: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy; be yourselves and write what is in you."

The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flight of fancy; write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mincepie, three sticks of candy, a hull lot of peanuts, and my dinner."

In a raffle a Scotsman took a sixpenny ticket for a pony and trap, which he was lucky to win. All his friends thought that he would be overjoyed by this good fortune, but when the pony and trap were taken to him, all he did was to walk round surveying them with a gloomy face. At last he turned to one of his friends and said:

"I told ye the whole thing was a swindle."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well," demanded the Scotsman, "where's the whip?"

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead."

This is a Scotchman's attempt to report an accident within the limitations of a ten-word telegram.

Translation—Bruce is hurt he raced a Ford he wrecked it and Alice is hurt too, in fact she is dead.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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ANOTHER PRIEST FOR CHINA

THE Seminary is very pleased to announce to its many friends that our missionary forces have been augmented by the addition of an ordained priest to our Institute. In July, Reverend Father M. Leo Curtin resigned his pastorate of Mayo, Que., in the Archdiocese of Ottawa, to devote himself to missionary work with the Canadian priests in the Prefecture Apostolic of Chuchow, China. Ordained on July 25th, 1922, Father Curtin has since done zealous work at Osgoode, Ont., and in St. Mary's, St. Bridget's, and Blessed Sacrament Parishes in Ottawa City. In September, 1932, he was appointed parish priest at Mayo, Que. Father Curtin is the third Ottawa priest now associated with our work. He will remain at China Mission Seminary this year and later go to Chuchow.

VOCATIONS NUMEROUS

AT the re-opening of the Seminary on September 17th we will have a record enrolment of students numbering about 53. Despite the fact that we made an addition to our building last year we received more student applications for 1934 than we could possibly accommodate here, and regretfully we had to refuse some well-qualified prospective students. It serves to bring home to us—and we hope to you, too, dear readers of "CHINA"—the disturbing truth that an important work for God and for the salvation of immortal souls is being allowed to suffer because of lack of material means.

The Holy See has given to St. Francis Xavier Seminary a District in China to be evangelized. The Seminary has done, and continues to do, all within its power to educate priests for that great purpose. Vocations have not been wanting on the part of young men eager to spend their lives in bringing salvation to the poor pagans of China; yet the sad fact remains that the adverse economic conditions prevailing in the world today have taken their lamentable toll in the disheartening reduction of contributions to works such as ours. There is simply no course open to us except to curtail even necessary expenses if the Catholic people at large fail to contribute even the minimum amount required to carry on our missionary enterprise without a terrific up-hill effort. There are many Catholics in Canada and Newfoundland who, deeply interested in our progress, have made sacrifices to help us, and to these good friends we shall be forever grateful, but at the same time we feel that there are other Catholics, readers of "China", who could do something for us, and to these we make an urgent appeal not to permit the Missions to suffer any longer from lack of financial support.

DEPARTURE CEREMONY

ON Sunday night, September 30th, Catholics of Toronto will again have the opportunity of attending a Departure Ceremony of missionaries leaving for China, when St. Michael's Cathedral will be the scene of this solemn event bidding an official "Godspeed" to three priests from China Mission Seminary. Friends at a distance will have an opportunity of "listening in" to the ceremonies which will be broadcast over CRCT, the station of Canada's Catholic Hour-and-a-Half Radio Programme. The four priests going to Chuchow this year are Rev. Gerald Doyle, Toronto; Rev. Hugh McGettigan, and Rev. Craig Strang, both of Saint John's, Newfoundland; and Rev. Roland Roberts, Victoria, B.C. Father Roberts is now in Victoria, where he will be joined by the three priests leaving Toronto on September 30th. The Sermon at the Departure Ceremony will be preached by Rev. Basil Doyle, C.S.P., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Toronto, and brother of Father Gerald Doyle of this year's Mission Band. "CHINA" invites friends of the Missions to attend St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday night, September 30th.

The Sungyang REVIEW

By
REV. J. L. BEAL

IT is always quite in order to talk about the weather, especially the kind we are being treated to this Summer. Old Sol put on a big heat drive June 23rd, and is still going strong. The Shanghai papers tell us that every liner returning to America is carrying a full passenger list of heat "refugees". The Observatory at Zi-Ka-Wei and the one at Peiping agree on this point, that the present Summer has been the hottest in 61 years in China. The report on how much beverage was consumed during the heat wave is not yet available. Yesterday (July 3rd) our thermometer registered 104 degrees F., the mean average for the week preceding was 101.5—and that's no mean average to live up to.

* * *

Our Sungyang financial report has been sent in to headquarters, and if from that we can draw little consolation it is offset by the spiritual report from our section of Chuchow. This past year we had one thousand Holy Communions more than the previous year, we visited more missions, and administered quite a number of Baptisms. Altogether, we can record it as a successful year in matters spiritual.

* * *

During May we had an encouraging attendance in our little chapel at Yuing Hwo where we gave a special mission. Although the road is completed for 30 li up-country from Yuing Hwo, we had to "hoof it" to Lungchuang because the busses were laid up for repairs. Repairs were being effected to the road, too, but it is hoped that by Christmas at the latest we will have highway connections with Fukien on the West and Shanghai. And that will be great.

* * *

On this trip to Lungchuang we put up for a night at a little mountain village which was off the route usually taken by the priest. The name of the place was Wei Ning. The first person we encountered on entering the village was the wife of the Tao Shih (pagan Taoist priest). She voluntered to find us sleeping quarters. After traversing many courtyards and back alleyways we reached the home of her distinguished husband, the Taoist priest. He was evidently disturbed at my presence in his house, and I could see that he would like to give his spouse a good "telling off" for bringing a "foreign" priest under his roof. Arrangements were made for us to sleep in a neighboring shed, but meals would be provided in the house. There was much shouting and arguing between the Tao Shih and his wife. "Where will I put the pigs, the chicken, and the ox?" "It is only for one night, and the foreign gentleman will pay us well for any inconvenience we suffer." My boy was scouting the "down town hotels", but after checking them over he reported that our present quarters were better than any he could secure. We made the most of it, although there was a faint "piggy" smell to the place.



Readers of "China" will be glad to know that Father McNabb, of St. Thomas, Ont., has recovered from his long illness which almost proved fatal in January of this year. He is seen here (at right) with Father Beal at Sungyang. Tobacco leaves in the foreground indicate the chief industry of Sungyang. The rice and wine industries are next in importance.

* * *

A foreigner is a rare visitor to Wei Ning, hence many of the people came along to look me over and to have "interviews". I had long looked forward to the opportunity to meet a Taoist priest and talk to him as man to man without the necessity of using an interpreter. The visitors, my host and myself, engaged in a lively conversation, and gradually the subject of Religion was introduced. The Catholic doctrine on the Fall and Redemption was explained to them, and then the arguments started, encouraged chiefly by the guests. The poor Taoist was visibly disturbed and suggested that we all retire for the night. Ordinary politeness demanded immediate acquiescence to the suggestion. I felt that a little seed had been sown. It may possibly lead to further enquiries on the part of well-disposed pagans in Wei Ning.

* * *

When my boy and I arrived at Lungchuang the following evening we found Fathers Venini and Wong there, both in good spirits. Father Joe had just returned from his mountain chapel at Kan Kou. Things were clicking in my favor at every turn. Within a few days Father had all local business matters, etc., in hand, and I accepted his invitation to go along with him to Sciao Mei and Ching Yuan, about 60 miles from Lungchuang. Along the small road to Sciao Mei we had the real treat of picking raspberries—the first for me in five years. They tasted fine, too.

* * *

One afternoon at Ching Yuan there was an "election" for the position of school director. Two brothers were candidates, and the younger polled 8 of the 12 votes cast. That evening he invited us to his home for a banquet, and incidentally to celebrate his victory at the polls. It was a banquet of the first order with all the trimmings. Fortunately, Father Venini speaks Mandarin quite well and has all the rules of banquet formalities and etiquette at his finger tips. I was in the unfortunate rôle of Guest of Honor. There were 22 courses, including stewed salamander—I prefer roast turtle. Now, according to the rules, the Guest of Honor gets the pièce de resistance when the duck is served. Mr. Liu, a special guest and wealthy resident of the city, sat on my left. He offered to bat for the host in making the proper selection from the bowl. He chop-sticked around until the head

(Continued on page 126)

"NEW LIFE" IN KWANG-TUNG

General Chen Chi-tang, inspired by the "New Life Movement" in China, has decided to take a more parental view of the lives of the people living within his jurisdiction, according to reports in the Chinese newspapers.

Marriage limits, the clothes to be worn, birthdays and the distribution of gifts are all included in his new set of regulations issued to the people in Kwangtung province. The object of the new ruling is to encourage the people to lead a thrifty life instead of the luxurious one to which they have been used. According to the regulations, those who disobey the stipulations are liable to receive punishment from their superior officials or from their teachers in case of students.

The most important points of the regulations are as follows:—

That no boys and girls be engaged before they reach the years of 17 and 15 respectively and then the engagement ceremony to be conducted by the parents of the young people concerned. The cost of the ceremony should not exceed $50.

The clothes of bridegrooms and brides should be made of Chinese products.

Nobody is allowed to hold a birthday celebration unless they exceed the age of sixty.

In case of marriages, child births, funerals and birthday celebrations the gifts should never exceed $2 in value.

OUR COVER

We are indebted to Father Serra, parish priest at Tsingtien, for the picture which adorns "China's" cover this month. It is an actual photograph of a scene within the parish of Huang d'An in the Prefecture of Chuchow. Fathers Amyot and King are at Huang d'An. In 1926, less than a year after our first missionaries went to Chuchow, Monsignor Fraser wrote for "China" an account of his first Mission trip in the then newly-acquired territory, and in that story occurred the following paragraph: " . . . my follower took me a mile off the path to see a wonder of Nature. I had no idea that such a marvel existed in our district—a falls a thousand feet high! A good-sized river tumbles over a precipice and as it falls perpendicularly from that tremendous height, forms the most pleasing sight imaginable—a great, snow-white veil of flowing, ever-changing folds! We had an excellent view from the opposite brink of the awful gorge, to gaze into the depths of which made us tremble with fear. A former emperor, so the story goes, having heard of this wonderful waterfall, promised to build a beautiful pavilion near-by, if its height as stated was a thousand feet. The promise was never fulfilled as the courtier sent to investigate found that it measured only 980 feet!"

The second tallest man in the world has arrived in Peking on a sight-seeing trip. His name is Chine Fu-kuei. Born in Korea 29 years ago, Chine is the youngest of a family of seven sons. He stands nine feet high and weighs over 300 pounds.

BISHOP CHIEF TAX-PAYER

A Chinese Bishop of Szechwan Province, China, has been notified to pay the tax levied on all residents of the Province who fail to plant poppy seed. For some time past there has been a heavy tax paid by all cultivators of opium; this new tax is calculated to reach the rest of the population, the non-cultivators, and since the Catholic Church forbids under severe penalty the traffic and use of the drug, the Bishop holds first place among this group of tax-payers.—*Fides.*

Aurora University, Shanghai, a Jesuit institution, is ranked as one of the five best among the 27 medical schools of China. The Aurora has a hospital of 360 beds attached to the institution, and though it does not admit women students, it has an enrolment of 103. There are 3,528 medical students in the various colleges and universities of China, of whom 605 are women.

PRIEST VINDICATED

A Nanking school law was upheld by the Canton supervisor of Education last month when Father George Bauer, M.M., of Chiklung, appealed to Canton after he was told by the Chiklung authorities to close his doctrinal schools. The missionary showed a copy of the law issued by the Nanking Government in April, 1929, approving Catholic doctrinal schools. A reprimand was sent to the Chiklung local authorities, and the six doctrinal schools which had been closed were reopened.—*Fides.*



The above picture shows only the centre section of a six feet long panoramic photograph taken on the occasion of a Reception given the new Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Zanin, by the Alumni of St. Ignatius College of Zi-Ka-Wei. The central figure is the Apostolic Delegate; seated at his left are Bishop Hou of Taichow; Monsignor McGrath, Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow; Msgr. Antonuitti, former Secretary of Ap. Del. at Peking; Msgr. Commissio, the present Secretary; the man at extreme right is Mr. Lo-Pa-Hong, Pres. of Catholic Action in China. Seated at the Delegate's right are Bishop Ahouissi of Shanghai; Bishop Tsu, S.J., of Haimen; Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo; third figure from left is Monsignor J. M. Fraser.

The House of Charity

An Island Haven for Abandoned Children

OFF the coast of China is a small island called Chusan. There the good missionary Sisters have established what the Chinese call "The Home of Charity for Children." Little outcast children are brought there; and a place is always found for them.

Sometimes the big bell rings in the night and a steamer man hands in a basket sent by the catechist of a neighboring island. Inside, two or three tiny black heads show themselves under a bundle of rags. Or it may be from an island village that a kind-hearted neighbor brings an unwanted third or fourth girl in a poor family. Probably he picked up the bundle on the mountainside, thrown out to die; and he offers it to the Sisters saying apologetically: "I know the Sisters do good works."

Sometimes quite a rich mother brings her babe in terror because the bonzes (pagan priests) have told her it was born on an unlucky day; so the little one must be destroyed or hidden. Again, a party of starving children from a famine island are put off the boat at the port, from whence friendly rickshaw men bring them to the "House of Mercy".

The Road to Paradise

The Guardian Angels are busy day after day bringing in these little souls, who have been specially chosen by Our Blessed Lord for Heaven. Sometimes a quick glance at a new arrival shows that there is no time to be lost. The baby is baptized by the Sister, who knows it could not live through the night. Perhaps before half an hour the little one flies away, having just looked in for a "ticket to Heaven".

But a large number, after being comforted and fed, receive baptism with all ceremony in the big church, and then establish themselves as members of this happy house of Catholic children.

Good foster mothers in the country are sought for, to bring up the tiny babies. Every first of the month they come in to be paid and to have their little charges inspected. As a rule they are very devoted and love the babies. A good nurse nearly breaks her heart when the little ones leave her and come into the house nursery.

At six or seven, the little one moves up into the school house. Here she has the joy of making her First Communion. It is the happiest day of her life. And the child grows up having the happy privilege of receiving Our Lord every day, if she wishes.

One day the priest said rather reprovingly to one of these little communicants: "You are always laughing when I give you Holy Communion." "But I am so happy and pleased," replied the little one with surprise.

The chanted prayers of these little ones are joyful and confident, too. They are perfectly sure they will be heard and answered; and results prove that their confidence is rewarded.—The "Crusader".



This lady takes the place of mother for the baby who was abandoned by its parents and left to be rescued by the Sisters at Lishui.

MURDER WILL OUT

The Story of a Rickshaw Coolie's Surprise

THE following story is told as being true.

A merchant engaged a rickshaw to take him from a station in Shantung to a town some li away.

As he rode he called out that he had a terrible pain in the region of his heart, but as there was nothing to do about it, the rickshaw man pulled on and did nothing.

As he was passing through a town later on some one asked—"Why are you pulling a dead man?"

On looking around he saw to his consternation that the man to all appearances was dead. The head of police appeared and said he could but inquire into it, though he recognized neither the rickshaw man nor the passenger.

The rickshaw coolie had a straight story to tell, but was taken into custody and the dead man put under a mat at the police station.

* * *

Later on in the evening the passenger, who had merely swooned, came to himself and wondered why he was under a mat. He crawled out and sought a more comfortable spot some distance away. After that a police came to see about the corpse under the mat, and behold no body was there. He was responsible, so what was he to do?

He appealed to his wife for advice, and she told him—a certain man had just been buried in a certain grave—to get his body and so replace the one that had disappeared. This he did, and had it in readiness the next morning when the official arrived to investigate.

The rickshaw coolie was called and the questioning began when the coolie called out—

"That is not the body I brought—he was a young man and this is an old man."

* * *

Just at this juncture the passenger of the day before recovered enough to walk about and appeared on the scene.

The coolie pointed to him and said—

"Behold!—here is the man I brought in my rickshaw," and the man confirmed his story. The magistrate then asked whence the dead man? The police who had stolen him from the grave had to

(Continued on page 126)

The CHANGED WOMAN *of* CHANGING CHINA

THE new status of woman in China and the notable achievements of the sex in commerce and the professions were described by Dr. Wu Yi-fang, president of Ginling College for Women at Nanking, in an address delivered before the International Friendship Committee at the Community Church, Shanghai.

Speaking on "The Changed Woman of Changing China," Dr. Wu traced the transition of Chinese women from subordinate places in the homes to divers fields of enterprise, where they now served side by side with men. She described this emancipation as symptomatic of the general passing of China from the old to the new and predicted an ever-widening horizon for Chinese women.

"But while women have changed because the country has changed, they are still preserving their rich heritage of Chinese tradition, and the old is cherished side by side with the new," Dr. Wu said. "This situation has a physical parallel in the aspect of the Yangtze River to-day, where the old-time junks and sailboats are seen side by side with modern steamships, and near railways and bus lines, while aeroplanes fly overhead."

Literary Education

The speaker emphasized that Chinese women since time immemorial had received education in literary subjects and pointed out that history tells of a woman who lectured before men at the Chinese Court 200 years before Christ. A woman also completed the annals of the Han Dynasty and many of the sex flourished as poets.

"The revolution of 1911 brought decided changes," she continued. "But the emancipation of the Chinese woman was a national and political phenomenon rather than a change wrought for woman's own sake.

"We have to thank the early missionaries for starting our women on the path towards modern education. The early missionary schools, however, were few and it was not until the Dowager Empress issued an edict in 1907 for opening girls' schools that the education of the sex became nationwide. Girls' middle schools started after the Revolution, and in 1919 women's colleges became a reality.

"And now for the professions. Chinese women first went into teaching and to-day they are on the staffs of all educational institutions, from the kindergarten to the university. Of Ginling College graduates, sixty per cent. are engaged in teaching, many serving as principals and deans.

Many Women Doctors

"Medicine and nursing is another field for Chinese women, thanks to the missions. I believe there are 406 women on record as practising medicine at present. Public health and midwifery also have attracted many.

"In social and religious work we find many women workers, notably in activities among women beggars and among children. Another field is literature and journalism. Women lawyers still are comparatively few, although Shanghai has twenty-two practising the legal profession.

"Then we find many in business and industry, as managers and factory executives, and as bankers. And there are women in every Government department. A graduate of Ginling, for instance, is assistant director of research for the Bank of China, a Government institution.

"And as for married women: they either continue their own careers, or become home-builders, or help their husbands' careers."

Dr. Wu recently returned from America, where she addressed sessions of the International Congress of Women at Chicago.

—N. C. Herald.

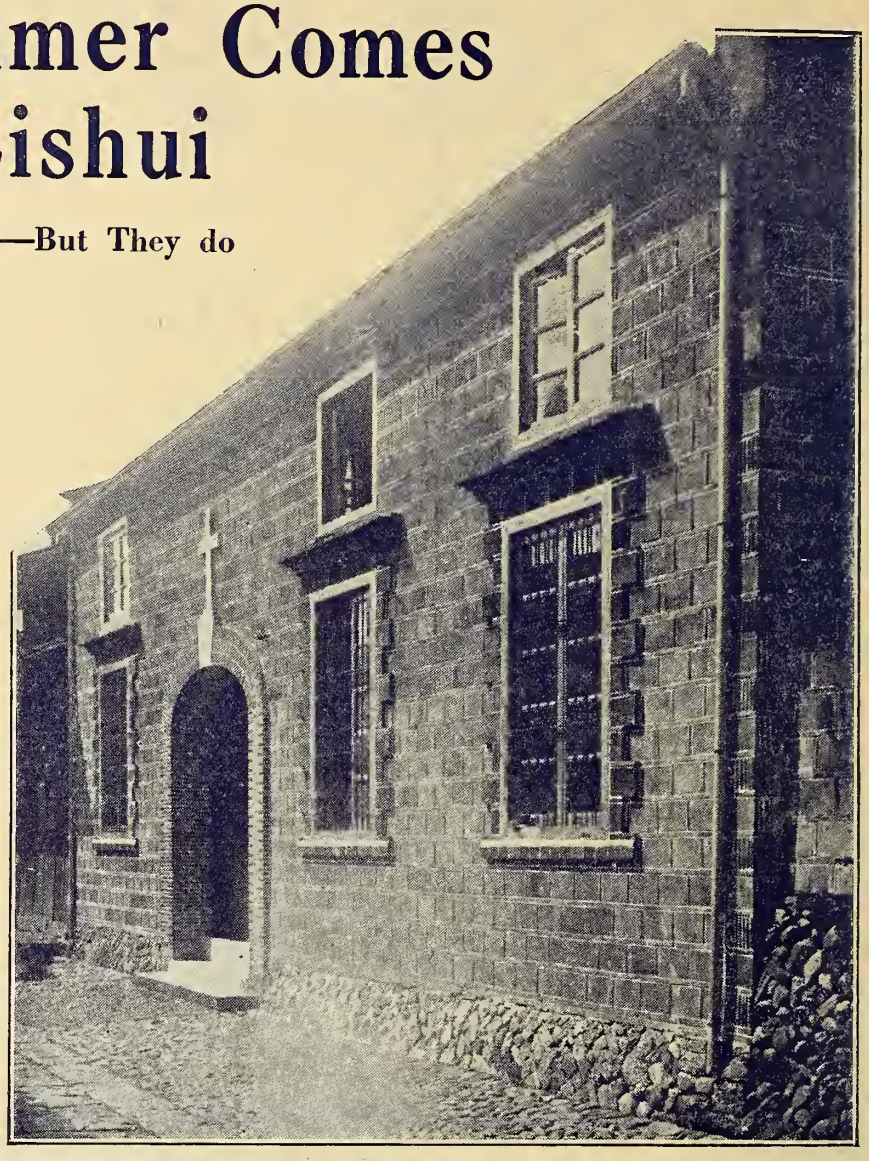


Happy young girls under the care of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception at our mission headquarters in Lishui.

When Summer Comes to Lishui

Schoolgirls Want No Holidays—But They do Enjoy a Picnic

By
THE GREY SISTERS



Side Entrance to Convent of the Grey Sisters at Lishui.

SUMMER days are here again and with them come long-anticipated holidays. June with its ancient, yet ever new horrors, its long hours of tedious study, its cramming and worst of all its examinations, has slipped into the past and the world's vast crowd of school children is marching into the glorious field of well-earned vacation. Vacation! What childish heart does not leap at the thought of it! What schemes, what plans, what castles in the air are not materialized during it, and what treasures for Memory's Chest are not found during these two happy months —treasures which only the kodak of the mind and heart can in later years produce. With joyous, study-free, laughing hearts, students go in quest of the joys of summer-time, and the song on their lips is something to the effect that "Every cloud has a silver lining".

* * *

Such is the chorus; such are the schemes and sentiments of lesson-free school children in Canada, but in China things take on a different aspect during the summer season. You know the sun sets here while it is only rising for you, and the dawn which heralds two months of happiness and pleasure for little folks in Canada also forecasts the gathering of dark clouds in China. This is precisely the present state of affairs for little people in our Mission district. Strange it may seem, but nevertheless it is a fact, that vacation, long or short, is not at all a looked-for event amongst the girls and boys in Lishui. Did you ever hear of a boy or even a girl begging to remain at school and sorrowing over having to leave? Of a rule which forbids a pupil to return before the full holiday time has expired? Well, such rules are in full force in China. No one wishes to leave school and all clamour to return. You marvel at this, but you would not if it were possible to see and understand why. Child life is not so pleasant here. Indeed it cannot compare with yours. While you revel in the joys of long, free, sunny days, your little Chinese brothers and sisters are labouring from dawn until dark, accomplishing arduous tasks which are often more than they are fit for. Very early in life they begin to earn their rice, and it surely is by the sweat of their brow. No wonder then that they hate to go home. For them, it is far more pleasant to study all day in noisy classrooms.

Let me tell you how a Chinese pupil spends school time. On the daily program, there is time set apart for sewing, and of this they do a great deal, as every Chinese girl must learn to make her own clothes and shoes. There is time for cleaning classrooms and dormitories and washing rice bowls as well as some time between for fun. Little Chinese maidens thus grow into women, as they must prepare for the future, and there is no time like the present.

* * *

We have time for picnics, too—glorious picnics, in a manner and to places which our little Canadian friends only read about. During the past school year we had several outings, the last being at the end of the school term. Of course we have not all the *frills* that go with a school picnic

at home, but the *thrills* are not missing. Laden with boxes and baskets of good things, the girls set out for the place, chosen by themselves, for the day. It was to a temple on top of a mountain a few li outside the city. The first step necessitated a row across the river. Our boats might not be all that is desired, but they get us across. When you have two of them filled with happy school girls paddling their way in a race to reach the other side, they are, I must say, most useful. Step number two was a long walk through a veritable sea of rice fields. Here is where old Man Sunshine's smile of approval was most keenly sensed, and the warmth of his approbation only increased with the minutes, so much so that we could not do justice to the beautiful picture before us of China's rice in its infant stage. The mountains is where we are heading for. The ascent is made pleasant by steps, hewn in the rock centuries ago.

* * *

In this particular mountain these rocky stairs lead to the entrance of a large temple, the home of several Pagan monks. On our arrival two of these monks received us at the door and graciously informed us that we were their guests for the day. The prelude of their hospitality was the famous custom of offering steaming towels, bowls of tea, and fans, refreshments after the pleasant but rather warm walk. Thrice welcome were they, too. The preliminaries over, we were permitted to wander at will. A temple with hideous gods is too common a sight, as the city is full of them, and when you have seen one you have seen all that is to be seen—rows and shelves of idols. In this temple, however, there is a large fishpond. There is nothing out of the ordinary about it except that it is a concrete example of putting theory into practice. The monk explained. Their religion forbids the taking of life of any living creature, no matter how insignificant. They are bound by vow to prevent the taking of a life whenever it is at all possible. Thus the origin of the pond. The fish in it are ones which the monks have seen on the market or elsewhere, and rather than have them sold to would-be consumers they kept their vow and redeemed them. Thanks to a Pagan religion, some fish returned to the "ole swimming hole". The aquarium did not attract all, and before the old monk finished his explanations, many little and big girls, too, were scaling the surrounding mountains working up an appetite.

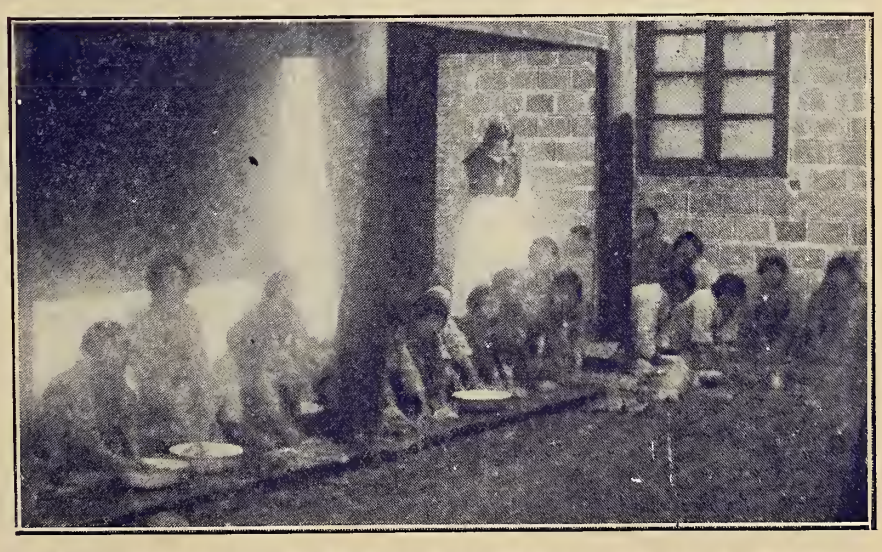
* * *

They were surely going to be in sore need of an appetite. At noon hour a Chinese banquet was served, the monks themselves acting as caterers. What all those bowls in front of us contained I am sure none of us could say, as there is no name for them in the English vocabulary. But, whatever about the unnamed (and thus unhonoured) courses, there is one that stands out—macaroni. Well, when I think of it! It took the place of rice, which is too common for banquets. One bowl at a time would have been discouraging enough, but two!—and before the first was half eaten, in comes a third!!! What could we do? To tell the generous host that you had sufficient would just cause a smile with the words, "You are too polite", and another bowl of macaroni. To ask him to stop bringing in macaroni would insult him. Where, oh where, is the happy medium in Chinese etiquette? Some enjoyed the dinner, but the bigger girls realized that the supply of macaroni was a little too generous. However, they did not say one word to the supply man, as they did not want to "lose face" either. If there ever was a time when we wished for the big bad wolf it was then—a wolf—a mad dog—anything to rush in to give us a chance to break away from that table. What came to replace the desperate animal longed for at that moment, was a camera. Someone suggested putting the kodak into motion. It was our only resort and the only possible means of giving "Lord Bountiful" another scene of action. It worked fine. The first group was taken at the tables, but gradually the children moved farther and farther away until the tables were deserted. Once away, we stayed away, and after some time breathed freely, when the monk gave orders to a servant to clear away the bowls. Now we must not let anyone even conceive the idea that our hosts were anything but the essence of Oriental hospitality—so much so that some of our Sisters remarked when the day was over "that they had never enjoyed a picnic more than this one". Let me add, too, that they were mindful of some twenty-fourths of May and Dominion Days. Now if loyal Canadians could speak so highly of, and enjoy, a Chinese picnic, how much more so our school girls. It was a great affair for them.

* * *

Some of the girls are quite small, so after dinner tired little heads and weary feet settled down to a visit to the Land of Nod. They did not have to count sheep to get there either, and the peals of laughter which rent the air from their adventurous big sisters did not disturb them in the least. Only when a servant announced the arrival of the photographer did our babies come to. The head monk wished us to have a souvenir of the day, so he

(Continued on page 126)



Big wash tubs are scarce, but Sister Angela's young charges each does her share of the work.

I'm Forever Asking Questions

By REV. ALEXIUS WECKER, O.F.M.

WHAT do we do in China when we have nothing to do? No shows, except free shows, no football or baseball games, no museums (strictly speaking), no tires to change, no books to read, except for the third time. How then spend the leisure moments, or is there no such thing? What other missionaries do I do not know. But it would be a safe bet that they do the same thing that I do. And my favorite pastime is answering questions, or, and rather, listening to them.

Do chickens lay eggs in America? Are American eggs round or egg shaped? Have you any wheat in America? Do you love us? Have American dogs long tails? Are there any poor people in America? Are automobile roads a good thing? American cats, do they eat mice? Is the sun very far away? When you came to China did you have to cross water? Is Japan a very strong nation? Why does America not fight Japan? Do Americans worship idols? Is it wrong to gamble? Is American cotton better than ours? How many cows does your father own? How can you keep forty cows, five horses, ten pigs and a thousand chickens in your house? Where do the people sleep? Are there any bad people in America? Are American rats just like our rats? How old is your father? How old were your sisters when they got married? In America do they sell girls? And how much is a girl worth there? Are there any Chinese in America? Where do they get their rice? Do you like rice? Have all foreigners red beards? Are you considered a big or a small man? Has your father big face? Is there a devil? When you go back to your country can I go with you? And a thousand more.

Baby questions, you say. But no, they are asked by grown people in all seriousness. And one cannot yield to the temptation to give dumb answers to the dumb questions, because when they ask questions they show that they like you. To ridicule them would not only be rude, but would effectually stop all further questions, and so many a chance of giving instruction concerning God, Creation and religion would be lost.

One day I was travelling by steamer from Kotien to Hankow. I had completed my Office for the day, and having nothing else to read, I began talking with several influential men who were also going to Hankow. They soon started asking questions. One wanted to know whether it was the same sun that shone in China that also gave light to America. So I explained to them how the world was round, how it turned on its axis, and how it was possible that America, which is down below, could have the same sun that is above us.

"But does not the sun also move?"

So an explanation of the movement of the sun, moon and stars was in order.

"But how does it happen that when the world is turned upside down all the water does not fall down into space?"

My answer was: "Now you tell me: What makes it rain? Where does light come from? How can a small seed grow into a large tree? Why

THE MISSIONARY

A little image of another Christ,
By roadside, hearth and over hills and vales,
Armed with a branched sword, you preach and teach
The perfect laws unto a pagan race,
Who hoard, and sleep and feed and know not Him.
You cannot rest from travel: 'I will drink
The chalice to the lees'. You have suffered
Greatly, have known what pain to part from those
That loved you, and alone have quailed beneath
The stinging curses heaped at you by those
You came to love. At times you have enjoyed
Greatly, when souls, who know not God, returned
To know and love Him; when with dying lips
They thanked and blessed your bringing Christ to them
To see them Home. You are become a name
For always roaming with a thirsty soul.
Much have you worked and done; cities of men
Have heard the words of grace from off your lips;
The hellish foe is staggered 'neath your blows;
Not few the battles won, and captives led
Into the sheltered pale of Mother Church.
And yet you cannot rest on laurels past.
Each section won is as an arch wherethrough
Shines that unconquered world whose margin spreading
Farther still and farther, beckons you to come.
You cannot bear to pause; a day of rest
To ease the burning, heal the bruises sore,
Then back into the strife. Life piled on life
Were all too short a time to do the work
That still remains: but every hour that's saved
To do His work will nearer bring the Kingdom
Of His Love on earth; and vile 'twould seem
To you one day to spare and hoard yourself,
While souls redeemed by Christ's own precious Blood
Are dying burdened still with mortal sin,
Because no one has preached the Word to them.

—Rev. Alexius Wecker, O.F.M.

does sap in a tree run up instead of down? Where does life come from? Why does not our earth fall into chaos? What is it that holds every thing in order, regulates day and night and the seasons? How does it come that the world produces just the things that a man needs to live? What if there were no air, or no water, or no wood, or no rice, or no fire, or no light? Where did all these things come from in the first place? And what keeps them in perfect order? Could your idol do that? Your idols were made by man, not man by the idols. First there was man, and this man had food to eat, and clothes to wear, and tools to use, and then he made an idol. Look at my watch. Did it make itself? No, first there was a man and then there was a watch. But you can see that any man who could make such a fine watch had a lot of skill. But if a man made the watch then the man is greater than the watch. So man, also such a perfect machine, could not come from himself, and if someone made man he must be greater than man. And look how great and perfect the world is, and the sun and stars, and all working perfectly. The one who made all that must be indeed great, and wonderful and have infinite skill. And this someone we Catholics call the Lord of Heaven. You talk of worshipping heaven and earth. We worship the Lord and Creator of heaven and earth. You ask me: Why does not water fall off of the earth if it is a ball? Why is there order on earth and in the heavens? What maintains that order? We Catholics answer: 'God. God who is from all eternity, without beginning and without end, who is almighty, all wise, and who is everywhere.' And what answer can you give? Is there another reasonable answer that one can give?"

This conversation lasted for a good two hours. These men ignorant of all these truths of science and philosophy, listened to me as to a prophet. I said no word about joining the church, not even of saving their souls. And yet at the end of the talk we were discussing ways and means of joining the Church. Whether the fruit of this talk will ever be harvested remains to be seen. At least a few more pagans learned of the true God.

Another time, while building the new church at Kotien, an old man was talking to me. He asked this question: "You here are putting up such a big building for what reason?" I answered in order to preach doctrine and spread religion.

"And what flavor is there in that?"

"We spread religion in order to save souls."

"Save the souls of men for what?"

"For heaven."

"And what flavor is there in saving souls for heaven?"

"Well, for example, if when you were a child you left your father's home. For years and years you wandered always wishing to go back home, always longing for home. But you had no one to tell you the way, no one to pay the expenses of the way. At last some acquaintance would come along, tell you all about your home and your good father, tell you the way to go home and give you the necessary money. Would you not quickly get ready to go home? And how glad you would be to meet your father and friends. Would there not be joy and flavor in that? Well, we are all like children. We have wandered far away from our Father's home. God is our great Father and Mother. We come from Him and belong to Him. When we committed sin we offended Him and strayed far away from Him. We, however, can not be happy unless we return to Him. We are always longing for happiness. In only working, making money, and worldly joys, we can never gain perfect happiness. No, true happiness is only above, in the life to come, in our true home with our loving Father. Saving our souls means goining back to our true and happy home, returning to God. We Catholic priests are God's messengers. We are sent by God, your loving Father, to tell you to come home. We know the way and have the means at our disposal to help you get there. You are so old now, what about converting and joining God's Church?"

The man was thoroughly impresed. But whether or not he will join the Church and save his soul, that is up to your prayers and God's grace.

Another time, a man who wanted to act smart approached me and remarked: "You foolish people, you spend all that money and what do you hope to get out of it? You put up buildings here in China and gain nothing. You might as well throw that money away. What flavor is in it anyhow?"

My reply rather startled him: "What is the price of a soul?"

He stuttered around for a while and did not know what to say. So I explained to him the nature of the human soul, where it came from and whither it must return. I talked to him of heaven and hell, and what it meant to save a soul. Then I asked him what it would profit a man to gain a million dollars or the whole world if his soul was eternally in hell. The value of the whole world could not redeem a soul from hell. Then I answered his question. "If only one more soul is saved for heaven because this church is built, one more soul that would otherwise have been lost, then it is immensely worthwhile to build this church. The Catholic Church does not estimate values in dollars and cents but in souls. Your own soul is also beyond price, it is worth more than all the money put into this church, why do you not think of saving it?"

There are thousands of questions that can start interesting conversations going. What do you think is wrong with China?

(Continued on page 126)

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF....."

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN



Edited by FATHER JIM

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:

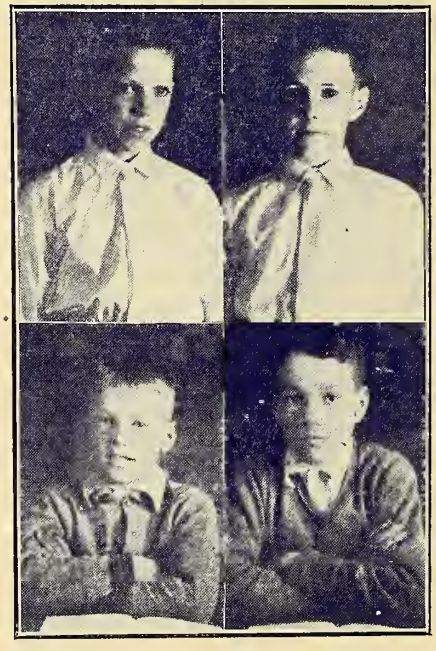
A short time before her death Saint Thérèse wrote these words: "I am like a spring flower which the Master of the Garden can pluck at will. We are all flowers growing on this earth, flowers which God will pluck in his own good time, some earlier, some later. I, a little passing flower, shall go first. One day we will meet again in Heaven where we shall enjoy true happiness."

I recalled these words of our Sainted Patroness about the end of July when I heard of the almost sudden passing of one of our most enthusiastic Rose Garden members, Jeanne O'Malley, of Eastview, Ont. Jeanne, with her sister Frances, was one of our very first "Buds", and always kept in close touch with the doings of our Club. Only a short while before her death I received from her a long letter in which she discussed her missionary interests as a "veteran of the Rose Garden".

Jeanne was only 17 years of age, and was making an exceptionally brilliant scholastic course at Notre Dame Convent, Ottawa, when God, the Master of the Garden, saw fit to call her early to her reward. I personally have reason to know that she influenced many to become interested in the work of the Missions; she enjoyed correspondence with a large number of Rose Garden "penpals". In paying her this tribute I sympathize with her good parents and sister and ask the prayers of all our members for Jeanne's soul.

May her example of active interest in Mission work be an inspiration to the thousands of boys and girls of our Club who are just now about to begin another school year. My dear "Buds", only after you have passed from the Garden of this earth—some earlier, some later—will you realize how pleasing to God are the efforts you have made, and are making, to advance His dearest interest, the salvation of souls, by your faithful keeping of the promises implied by your membership in this Missionary Club.

I wish all our members a most successful school year marked by missionary efforts greater than ever before. FATHER JIM.



At top, we have Alex. and Bobby Watson of 614 Curry Avenue, Windsor, Ont., two enthusiastic "Buds" who have written Fr. Jim frequently and sent donations for the missions. Below, Harold Bellmore and Drennan Kennedy, members of the Jr. III Class, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, Ont.—and that Jr. III Class has a great record for missionary activity.

On behalf of the Holy Name Mission Unit at St. Joseph's School, St. John's, Nfld., James Maher, the President, forwarded a fine donation to the missions. We have had first class evidence on many occasions of the mission spirit that pervades St. Joseph's.

If other schools are wondering what to do to help the Missions, let them cast their eyes on this letter from College Street School, Halifax. "Where there's a will there's always a way"—and these Halifax missionaries seem never to be at a loss when it is a question of ways and means for a worthy cause. Read this letter, "Buds", and then start planning your own school mission activities. Here it is:

"I am enclosing $75 for the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse. $35 of this money was made on a candy sale held by the children of Grades 5, 6, 7, and 8. The remaining $40 was collected in the mite boxes. The children show great enthusiasm and initiative in filling their class mite boxes. Grade 6 Boys, for example, held a housie-housie game and made $8. The girls of Grade 4, 5, 6, and 8 held recess candy sales; Grade 5 Boys gave a picture séance and proudly banked $10; while the boys of 8th Grade, not to be outdone, launched a yacht, partly built by one of their number, and took first place with $70 to fill their box. It is nice to see the children so anxious to help out missionary work, both by educating a priest and by ransoming Holy Childhood babies."

I feel that the Principal and the teachers at College St. School are no less proud of this record than the pupils themselves. The gift to which this letter refers was preceded by another one of $50 a few months earlier. Congratulations to the Mission Unit at College St. School, Halifax!

Penpals of Mary Malloy, 11 Water St., Glace Bay, N.S., will be pleased to learn that she has become a Sister of Charity at Halifax. Mary let me in on her "secret" some time ago, and now that she has entered the Convent I want to publish the good news to the "Buds". Quite a few "graduates" of our Rose Garden are now devoting their lives to God as members of Religious Communities, and Father Jim knows two who are now studying for the Priesthood.

From Angel's Cove, P.B., Nfld., came a letter from 8-year-old Leonard Coffey asking the buds to pray for him. Leonard says: "I cannot run around and play like other boys as last Winter I injured my knee. I have to use two crutches now when I want to go anywhere, so please, Father Jim, won't you ask your buds to pray that I may get well again and be able to run around and play as I used to." Besides praying for Leonard,

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)
With Ecclesiastical Approbation

perhaps some buds will be kind enough to write to him.

From Foleyet, Ont., comes a new bud, Ida Dasti, and Ida starts off well by asking for some back numbers of "CHINA" with which she may gain some subscriptions among her friends. I take good care that the Editor sees such letters—we must keep him "on our side", you know.

Margaret Walsh, sending a donation from Fourth Class, St. Joseph's School, Sarnia, says: "We all thoroughly enjoy 'CHINA', and are glad to help the missions as much as we can." Thanks, Margaret.

Writing from her school at Orillia, Ont., Merle Hinds, the Secretary, has this to say: "Although the depression is here and many of the children's fathers are out of work, yet we responded as generously as possible by giving every cent we could to help the Chinese by putting our money into the miteboxes distributed in our classrooms. Enclosed is five dollars."

"We are all very small as yet, but we want to show our good will and do 'our little bit'. With this five dollars we send most fervent prayers to our little Infant King that He may bless your work and make us fervent members of His Sodality." This was part of a nice letter from Grace Haley, Secretary of the Infant Jesus Sodality at Mt. St. Bernard's, Antigonish, N.S.

At the closing of schools in June a large number of Spiritual Bouquets offered for our Missions were forwarded to the Seminary. We would like to mention individually the Schools who thus remembered our work so generously, but the list is too considerable for individual mention. The grand total of spiritual works offered is a tremendous proof that the boys and girls of Canada and Newfoundland are solidly behind our missionaries in the best way possible.

What Shall I Do With My Penny?

My grandma gave me a penny,
So pretty and bright and new
And she said, "Go, spend it darling,
Just as you wish to do."

You know, it's so strange about grandmas,
They're all so rich and so kind,
They'll give you pennies and pennies,
And never seem to mind.

If you ask ma for a penny,
She will hold her hands this way—
And say, "My dear! I'm not made of pennies,
You had one yesterday!"

But grandma will give you plenty,
And tell you to spend them too.
And this is what puzzles me just now,
I don't know what to do.

Of all you can buy with a penny,
I do not want any at all,
I have a new hat for a dolly,
Some jacks and a bouncing ball.

But I have been thinking and thinking
Since I joined the Mission Band,
Of poor little heathen children,
In that far-off heathen land.

They never have beautiful playthings,
And when their hearts are sad,
They do not know the Saviour,
Whose love can make them glad.

So I'll send you, dear bright treasure,
Through our own little Mission Band,
Far out over the water,
Into the heathen land.

And perhaps in that bright Hereafter,
Some little girl will say,
"I learned of the love of Jesus,
Through the penny you gave me today."

("Catholic Missions")



Four reasons why we know our "Rose Garden" is securing results for the Foreign Missions. At the left is Patricia McDonald of Jr. III Class, St. Thomas School, Sudbury, Ont.; the centre pictures show us Irene and Beatrice Struthers, 118 Baldwin Avenue, Cornwall, Ont., two of our very best "Buds"; and at right is Grace Gentile, a pupil of St. Francis Rotary School, 307 Manning Avenue, Toronto.

WHEN SUMMER COMES

(Continued from page 121)

called the city photographer and arranged the setting. When it was over, he entertained us in dressing up in, and explaining the meaning attached to, the robes which are worn during their prayer hour.

* * *

It was not the monks nor the manner in which they treated us that made the day such a wonderful success. In fact, the over-attention was somewhat disappointing. You know we said that the girls were laden with boxes and baskets of good things, but the unexpected banquet frustrated their plans for opening them at dinner. All through the afternoon these boxes were the magnets that drew sweet tooth. Unlike the comments on the macaroni, these boxes were objects of highest childish praise. Nor was the donor forgotten—Monsignor McGrath. It was he who ordered the big day for the girls, and at his expense the good things materialized.

There were some bewildered "oh's and ah's" when the boxes revealed their contents. For some, never before, and for many, never again, would they see such a feast. Monsignor was not present to witness the scene of this joyful party for which he was responsible, but his praises re-echoed over the mountain vastnesses. We heard the comments and favoured them all. Their hearts were full of girlish pride at the thought that they, after all, only girls, were for once at least preferred to their brothers.

MURDER WILL OUT

(Continued from page 118)

confess what he had done. For some reason the magistrate thought it wise to ask about the corpse and sent for the widow, whom the police knew.

She, on being questioned, said he had died suddenly, that he complained of pain and she needled him. The magistrate investigated and found she had stuck a needle into his heart, which was really the cause of his death.

This resulted in her being killed by strangulation, which illustrates that murder will out.—N.C. Herald.

CHINESE CONTRIBUTION TO THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

During 1933 Chinese Catholics contributed $20,000 Mex. to the Propagation of the Faith, an increase of more than 25 per cent. over last year's figures. The Pontifical Association is now canonically established in 106 of the 118 ecclesiastical territories in China.

The Diocese of Macao, directed by the Portuguese secular clergy, gathered the largest sum, $3,250, and the Vicariate of Nanking, under the Jesuits, was next with $2,464. Eight other territories gave more than $500 each.

The Association of the Propagation of the Faith has been established only three years in China. The marked progress from year to year indicates a truly apostolic spirit in this new Catholic people.

—*Fides.*

ORDINATIONS

ON Saturday, Sept. 22nd, His Excellency Bishop Kidd will ordain to the Diaconate Rev. Lorne McFarlane, of Toronto, and Rev. Patrick Moore, of Ingersoll, Ont., at St. Peter's Seminary, London. On the following day both young men will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood for the Chinese Missions. This ordination will mark the last one for our Seminarians when the number of Ordinandi will be fewer than half a dozen. God has blessed our work with many vocations in recent years and all the classes for the future have larger numbers than heretofore. Seven theologians will receive Minor Orders after the opening Retreat at the Seminary.

MISSIONARY INJURED

Father Van Dijk, Scheut missionary of Mongolia, was attacked and injured by bandits while returning from Shanghai, whither he had gone to provide for the printing of a new set of picture designs to be used for the instruction of catechumens. Father Van Dijk's picture designs are used with great success in teaching catechism, explaining the Liturgical Year and in following the Life of Christ. Other Scheut missionaries of north China have recently published a Chinese grammar, a dictionary of the Mongol dialect and a dictionary of the language of the Ortos.—Fides.

SUNGYANG REVIEW

(Continued from page 116)

came to the surface, then deposited it on my plate with the bill staring up at me. I was completely speechless—I thought that was the headiest duck or the duckiest head I had yet encountered at any banquet. It's nice being guest of honor, you know! Like ducks it is! I kept staring at the duck, and the duck seemed to keep staring back at me, until finally the waiter came and removed this course. The report in the social column next day made no mention of this incident, but the banquet was regarded as a huge success. If I am ever again in the embarrassing position of guest of honor at a Chinese banquet, I'll try to get in a word beforehand to the cook to omit the head and feet of the pièce de resistance. There was a seventh-innings stretch after the twelfth course just to see how the guests were standing it. Being but a tyro at such functions I thought this stretch meant the end, and was consoling myself that I got off so easily. The duck episode figured in the second half of the banquet, and it proved my downfall. I intend to be better posted for the next major league marathon. I am writing this now back home in Sungyang, where the weather is made less intolerable by the advantages of a well-planned house. I am trusting to the co-operation of readers of "China" to be able to give good spiritual reports of Sungyang during the coming year, and to their material assistance that our financial status may be more encouraging.

FOREVER ASKING QUESTIONS

(Continued from page 123)

What can save China? Does the Catholic Church love China? Why do you pray so much? What good do you get out of praying? Is the Catholic Church the French Church? Are there many Catholics in America? These questions continually come up and give us missionaries a chance to preach, in season and out of season, while we work and while we play. That is why we often preach better when we play than when we preach. When we try to preach they laugh at our faulty Chinese pronunciation, but when we play we laugh at their ignorance and they admire our knowledge.

—*"Franciscans in China."*



Old Gentleman (entering office)—"There is a boy John Simpson working here. May I see him? I'm his grandfather."

Clerk—"You're just too late, sir. He's gone to your funeral."

Judge—"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

Foreman—"Not guilty, with a recommendation that he should be told not to do it again."

An ambitious lady, about to entertain a Duchess for the first time, gave very careful instructions to the maid who was to open the door, about the fashion in which the great lady was to be received.

"Now, Mary," she said, "remember whenever you address the Duchess you must say 'Your Grace'."

When the great day arrived and the maid opened the door to the Duchess and the latter inquired if Mrs. —— was at home, the maid answered: "Yes, ma'am, she is, and may the Lord make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive."

Husband (in new car)—"Good heaven! The engine is terribly overheated."

Wife (calmly)—"Then why don't you turn off the radiator?"

"You haven't mended my socks," remarked hubby on arriving home from the office.

"Did you buy that coat you promised me?" countered wifey.

"Well, er, no——" he was replying when she broke in with: "Then, Herbert, if you don't give a wrap, I don't give a darn."

"You said before we were married that I need never ask you for money."

"Well, I meant it. Don't."

Mrs. Gayboy had friends to tea, one of them being the wife of a learned professor. "I wish I knew where George was," remarked the hostess, referring to her rather dissipated husband.

The professor's wife drew herself up. "I presume, my dear," she said primly, "you mean you wish you knew where he is."

"Oh, no, I don't," retorted Mrs. Gayboy. "I know where he is. He's upstairs in bed with a bruised eye and a fearful headache. I want to know where he was."

Marathon Runner (coming in an easy last)—"Did you take my time?"

Timekeeper—"I didn't have to. You took it yourself."

Down Aldershot way the heavily clad driver of a charabanc was pumping away at a soft tire when some Highland soldiers passed and chaffed him. "Take some of your clothes off and you'd manage better," they said.

The driver paused and gave answer: "You blokes seem to think that because you 'ave to take yer trousis off to blow the blinkin' bag-pipes, I oughter take mine off to blow up a blinkin' soft tire."

"I'm surprised at a man like you joy-riding on a Sunday," remarked the busybody in the hotel coffee room.

"Joy-riding!" retorted the angry motorist, "I'll have you understand, sir, that I am on a motor tour with my wife."

Wife (during tiff)—"I'm sorry I didn't marry the other fellow who asked me to marry him."

Husband—"We've agreed on something at last."

"Where have I seen your face before?"

"Same place you see it now."

"What do you think of a man who will constantly deceive his wife?"

"I think he's a wonder."

The depression is having a disastrous effect on the once-popular custom of calling a "spade a spade". Workers are not "sacked" nowadays; they are "suspended," "dismissed," and so on as far as the art of synonyms will take us. A firm recently received application for a job from an unemployed man in which the "putting it gently" touch was raised to the "nth" degree when he wrote: "I am temporarily disengaged because of an economic gesture on the part of my previous employer."

Mrs. Snapp—"And why do you think Mrs. De Punk queer?"

Mrs. Rapp—"Well, she has everything on earth to make her happy, and still she's happy!"

Mrs. Smith—"And so your daughter is about to marry. Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?"

Mrs. Jones—"She should be ready. She's been in four engagements already."

"Yes," said the election candidate, "I'm going among the farmers today, to a cattle show, or jackass show, or something of that sort; not that I care for cows or jackasses, but I want to show the people that I'm one of them."

After the young thing at the party had finished her second encore, the old lady leaned towards her and said: "Thank you so much for your songs, my dear. They took me back to childhood days on my father's farm. There were times when you sang that I could shut my eyes and fairly hear the old front gate creaking in the wind."

Englishman: "Why don't you make fun of my countrymen just as you make fun of your own?"

Scot: "Well, mon, it's bad enough being an Englishman without makin' a joke about it."

Mrs. McTavish: "My little boy has just swallowed a two-shilling piece."

Neighbor: "Dear me, is he in any danger?"

"No, thank goodness, his father's out of town."

A man walked into the foreman-builder's office and stated that he had come in reply to the firm's advertisement for a night-watchman.

"What are your qualifications for this job?" asked the foreman.

The man scratched his head. "Well, guvnor," he said, "the least bit of noise wakes me up!"

Master to Office Boy: "What has become of the cigarettes in the box on the mantle-shelf?"

Office Boy: "Haven't touched 'em, sir."

Master: "Haven't you? Why there are only half a dozen there!"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. Them's them I haven't touched!"

Heavy Stranger (returning to theatre between the acts of the pantomime): "Did I tread on your toes as we went out?"

Seated Man (grimly): "You did, sir."

Stranger (to his wife): "That's right, Matilda; this is our place."

Alfalfa Ike—"What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?"

Badger Pete—"Oh, he was brushin' his teeth with some of that new-fangled toothpaste and one of the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him!"

"Can you tell me the name of the dean of this school?"

"Naw, I'm just a football player here."

THE LAST CALL to Readers of "China"!

WHEN the next issue of "China" reaches you, four priests from St. Francis Xavier's Seminary will be on their way to Chuchow in China. For the past few months we have been asking for your financial assistance to provide their passage money. We think many people to whose homes "China" is a regular monthly visitor will want to have a share in sending to the Mission Fields these four new missionaries. This is the last opportunity you will have to aid them on their way. May we ask you once more to make use of the coupon printed below. It will take you only a minute to enclose your donation in an envelope and mail it today to

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Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario
Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President.

Dear Fathers:

Enclosed please find $..... ....., my contribution to help pay for the journey of your priests who are leaving for China on September 30th.

My Name .....

Address .....

.....


CHINA

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MORE FRIENDS FOR THE MISSIONS!

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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ANNIVERSARIES

THIS issue of "CHINA" commemorates two Anniversaries which mean much to us and to the work of Foreign Missions in Canada and Newfoundland. To share these anniversaries with our friends we know of no better way than to present a pictorial record of what the years have brought to pass, and to give a summarized account of the more important events that have constituted the history of our particular interests in the Missions of China. This commemorative edition of "CHINA", dear Readers, is meant to be for you a little "keepsake" betokening our appreciation for what you have enabled us to accomplish. We want you to become acquainted with our missionaries and their work, and we want you to know of the Field in China which future missionaries of Canada and Newfoundland are preparing to serve. Fifteen years ago "CHINA" was first published. In the intervening years it has kept before you the idea of Mission Service, and aimed to keep you in touch with the Chinese Missions and Missioners. Its efforts have borne fruit. One of the most important events it has chronicled was the happy opening and blessing of St. Francis Xavier Seminary ten years ago. Ten years is but a brief period, but the decade we commemorate now has been well filled with accomplishment for Christ and immortal souls in China. To all who have been interested in China Mission Seminary its history cannot but be a stimulus to zeal, sympathy and encouragement and a source of satisfaction and confidence, resultant on the logical conviction that the hand of God is here. May we be found worthy in the future to merit a continuance of the Divine favour so evidently with us in the past.

1918

JULY—Father John M. Fraser returns from China after fifteen years missionary service to establish a foreign mission seminary in Canada.

NOVEMBER—Archbishop Gauthier of Ottawa approves the foundation of China Mission College in Almonte, Ont. Many members of the Canadian Hierarchy bless the new mission movement.

1919

JULY—Father Fraser visits Rome, and His Holiness Pope Benedict XV heartily blesses his new College.

SEPTEMBER—The "Catholic Record" of London, Ont., has already raised almost ten thousand dollars for Perpetual Burses for the support of students for the Chinese Missions.

OCTOBER—"CHINA" makes its first appearance; circulation, 200 copies. First editor, Rev. J. M. Fraser.

NOVEMBER—Father Fraser numbers twelve associates with him at Almonte, including Rev. Fathers Sammon and O'Toole.

1920

SEPTEMBER—Rev. J. J. Sammon first priest to leave China Mission College for China; he goes to Kwei Yang.

DECEMBER—Rev. D. Carey, first student of the College to be raised to the Holy Priesthood.

1921

FEBRUARY—Father Carey, the second priest to set sail for China.

NOVEMBER—At suggestion of Archbishop McNeil of Toronto a new property is acquired at Scarboro, Ont. Senior students at Almonte transferred to new home in Scarboro.

1922

JANUARY—Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, recommends "CHINA", "sincerely hoping that its diffusion may increase the interest and benevolence of the subscribers towards the Holy Missions."

MARCH—Archbishop Di Maria, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, encourages China Mission College and urges all "to co-operate in this most noble work of training valiant missionaries".

SEPTEMBER—Rev. W. C. McGrath joins the staff of China Mission College at Scarboro. Appointed Editor of "CHINA".

1923

JULY—First sod turned, and excavations begun for a new Seminary Building at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

AUGUST—Rev. J. E. Lachapelle ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

SEPTEMBER—Laying of the Cornerstone of new St. F. X. Seminary by Bishop Alexander MacDonald. Sermon by Rev. C. F. Curran, D.D., of Halifax, N.S.

DECEMBER—Father Lachapelle sets out for China.

1924

JANUARY—Father Carey recalled from China for campaign work in Canada.

JUNE—Rev. V. Morrison ordained priest.

JULY—Bishops of Ontario take China Mission Seminary under their patronage, and select three Bishops to represent the Ontario Hierarchy on the Seminary Board of Directors. The First Board of Directors includes Archbishop McNeil, Bishop Fallon, Bishop O'Brien, Father Fraser, and Father McGrath.

AUGUST—Rev. John E. McRae, D.C.L., Rector of the Cathedral at Alexandria, Ont., and Chancellor of that Diocese, appointed President of China Mission Seminary.

SEPTEMBER—St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., formally opened and blessed at 3 p.m. on Sunday, Sept. 21st.

1925

FEBRUARY—Pope Pius XI imparts his Apostolic Blessing to the Directors, Students, and Benefactors of the Seminary.

JUNE—Rev. Paul Kam ordained priest; the first native Chinese ever raised to the dignity of the Priesthood in Canada.

The District of Chuchow, South Chekiang, China, allotted to St. F. X. Seminary for evangelization.

SEPTEMBER—The "J. V. McNeil Burse" first perpetual Burse donated by a single individual.

DECEMBER—First Departure Ceremony for priests leaving Canada for Chuchow took place at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Dec. 13th. On Dec. 26th, Fathers Fraser, Morrison, and Serra, the pioneer Mission Band from St. F. X. Seminary, sailed from Vancouver.

1926

JANUARY—"CHINA" increased from 8 pages to 16. Circulation almost 15,000.

First Mission Band arrives in China.

MAY—Rev. Joseph Venini ordained priest.

JUNE—Benefactor donates gift for building of church at Sungyang, China.

JULY—Father Fraser celebrates his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee.

AUGUST—Rev. Wm. Fraser leaves for China.

OCTOBER—Fathers Carey and Venini go to Chuchow.

DECEMBER—Father Kam returns "home" to China.

1927

JANUARY—Due to invasion by "Red" Army our missionaries are forced to vacate their District for ten days.

FEBRUARY—Rev. W. K. Amyot ordained priest.

SEPTEMBER—New nine-room extension added to Seminary Building.

1928

FEBRUARY—Benefactor donates gift for building of new church at Lungchuang, China.

MARCH—Father Paul Wong ordained; our second native priest in Chuchow.

JUNE—Rev. D. Stringer and Rev. L. Beal ordained priests.

OCTOBER—Departure Ceremony for our third Mission Band held in St. Francis Church, Toronto. Rev. W. Amyot and Rev. L. Beal go to Chuchow.

DECEMBER—Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L., Superior-General of our mission organization, reaches Chuchow on his first official Visitation of our Missions in China.

1929

APRIL—Dr. McRae, on his return journey from China, is granted a private audience with His Holiness the Pope.

MAY—Rev. B. Boudreau, Rev. A. Gignac, and Rev. H. Sharkey ordained priests.

SEPTEMBER — Subscription campaign during Summer months added 10,000 new names to "CHINA'S" mailing list.

OCTOBER—Departure Ceremony for our Fourth Mission Band: Fathers Stringer, Boudreau, Gignac, and Sharkey.

Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont., send first Sisters to Chuchow.

1930

FEBRUARY—First ordination in our Seminary chapel: Bishop Alexander MacDonald ordains Rev. Alex. J. MacDonald to the Holy Priesthood.

JULY—Convent erected at Chuchow.

SEPTEMBER—Father Fraser returns from China for campaign work in Canada.

NOVEMBER—Bishop Defebvre, of Ningpo, China, visits China Mission Seminary and ordains to the Priesthood Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. J. King, and Rev. A. Chafe.

DECEMBER—Grey Nuns reach Chuchow, having spent a year of missionary initiation at Wenchow.

1931

JANUARY—Rev. John J. MacDonald ordained to the Priesthood.

MAY—Rev. A. Chafe appointed new Editor of "CHINA".

JUNE—Mission District of Chuchow erected into Prefecture Apostolic.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. Gerald Doyle ordained priest, and goes to Rome for post-graduate course.

OCTOBER—Fifth Band of Missionaries leaves for Chuchow: Rev. W. C. McGrath, Rev. A. Venadam, Rev. J. King, Rev. J. MacDonald. Two Grey Nuns, Sister M. Daniel and Sister M. Genevieve, also go to Chuchow.

NOVEMBER—Bishop Kidd, of London, Ont., succeeds the late Bishop Fallon on Seminary Board of Directors.

Rev. W. C. McGrath appointed Mission Superior in China.

DECEMBER—Rev. J. McGillivray and Rev. W. McNabb ordained priests.

1932

JANUARY—Rev. J. M. Fraser, Founder of China Mission Seminary, honoured by Holy See with dignity of Protonotary Apostolic.

FEBRUARY—First Religious Profession at Chuchow when Sister Catherine Doyle makes her Final Vows.

MARCH—Right Rev. W. C. McGrath appointed first Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow.

SEPTEMBER—First Priests' Retreat ever held in Lishui. (Formerly the Retreats were made in Ningpo.)

OCTOBER—Father Sharkey recalled from China to open a Mission for the Chinese in Vancouver, B.C.

Sixth group of missionaries off for Chuchow: Fathers McGillivray and McNabb. Two Grey Nuns also go, Sisters St. Juletta and St. Angela.

NOVEMBER—Monsignor Fraser returns to China, to Kinhwa.

DECEMBER—Rev. Hugh McGettigan ordained priest.

1933

MARCH—Rev. Hugh Sharkey, in charge of Mission for Chinese at Vancouver, receives appointment as Director of Holy Childhood Association for Ontario and Western Canada.

APRIL—Thousands of readers of "CHINA" answer special appeal of our missionaries for Spiritual help for Chuchow Missions.

JULY—Work begun on new addition to Seminary Building.

SEPTEMBER—Rev. R. Roberts and Rev. C. Strang ordained priests.

1934

JANUARY—Father Boudreau completes beautiful new church in Pi-Wu-Ka, the gift of a benefactor.

MAY—Death of Archbishop McNeil, Chairman of St. F. X. Seminary Board of Control.

JUNE—His Eminence, Cardinal Villeneuve, of Quebec, first Cardinal ever to visit China Mission Seminary.

JULY—Rev. M. L. Curtin, of Archdiocese of Ottawa, becomes member of China Mission Institute.

SEPTEMBER—Fifty-two students at reopening of Seminary on Tenth Anniversary Year.

Rev. L. McFarland and Rev. P. Moore ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

Departure Ceremony, St. Michael's Cathedral, for seventh Band of Missionaries going to Chuchow.

OCTOBER — Fathers Doyle, McGettigan, and Strang, and Sisters Mary Angela and St. Martin of the Grey Nuns, sail from Vancouver for Chuchow on October 6th.

15th anniversary of publication of "CHINA", and 10th Anniversary of opening of St. Francis Xavier Seminary commemorated by special pictorial edition of "CHINA", the official organ of the Seminary.



RIGHT REVEREND JOHN M. FRASER, M.Ap., PROTONOTARY APOSTOLIC
Founder of China Mission Seminary

The Prefecture-Apostolic of Chuchow

CHEKIANG, CHINA

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

At LISHUI:

Rt. Rev. W. McGrath, P.A.
Rev. P. Kam
Rev. A. Venadam
Rev. J. McGillivray
Rev. G. Doyle
Rev. H. McGettigan
Rev. C. Strang

At KINHWA:

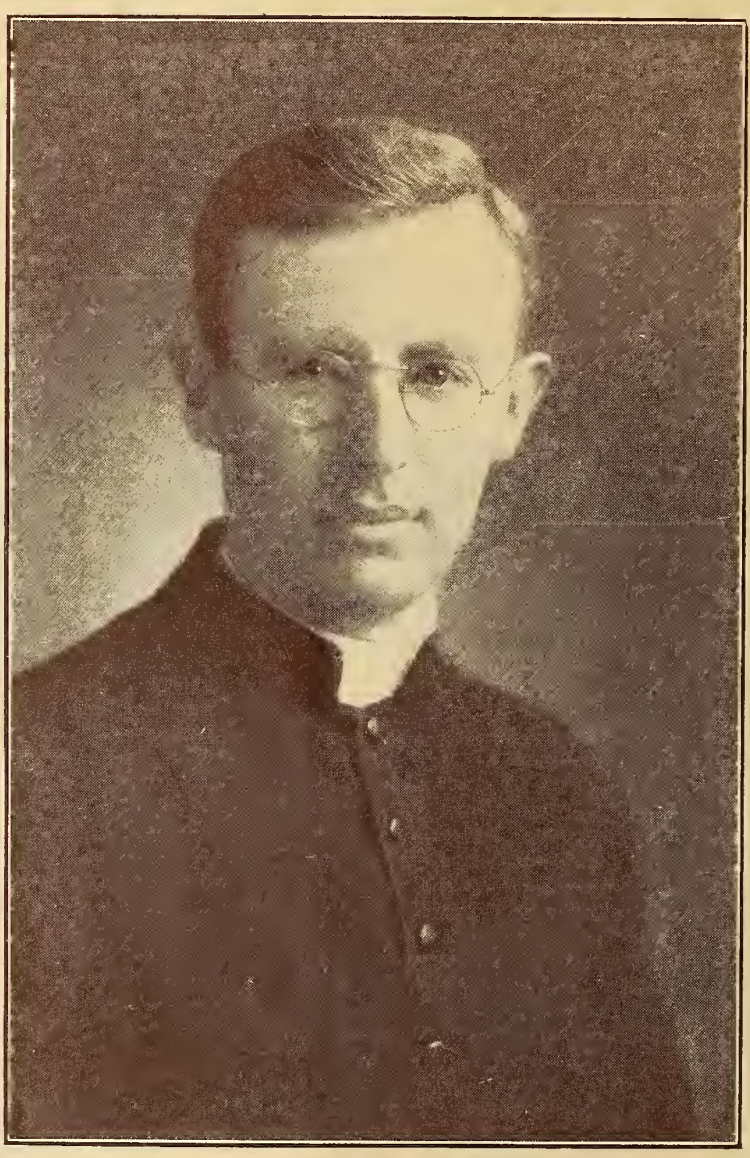
Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser, P.A.

At SUNGYANG:

Rev. V. Morrison
Rev. L. Beal
Rev. W. McNabb

At TSINGTIEN:

Rev. R. Serra
Rev. J. MacDonald



At HUANG D'AN:

Rev. W. Amyot
Rev. J. King

At KANKOU:

Rev. J. Venini

At PI-WU-KA:

Rev. B. Boudreau

At LUNG-CHUANG:

Rev. P. Wong

At VANCOUVER MISSION:

Rev. H. Sharkey

Right Reverend William C. McGrath
Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow

On June 23, 1931, a Decree of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide raised our mission district of Chuchow to the status of a Prefecture-Apostolic, under the direction of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute.

Chuchow is the largest civil prefecture of the Province of Chekiang, and contains approximately ten thousand square miles of territory divided up into ten cities, seven large towns, and numerous villages. It is situated south of the famous old city of Shanghai, and ninety miles from the ocean port of Wenchow. The district is one of rare natural beauty, and the climate is temperate.

The City of Lishui (formerly called Chuchow) is the centre of missionary activity in the Prefecture. This city has a population of about forty thousand, of whom only a few hundred are Catholics. In Lishui there is a fine church, a priests' residence, a boys' school, and a substantial convent in charge of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont. It is at Lishui that our new missionaries will spend their first year in China in order to become familiar with the language and customs before being sent off to various places for mission work.

In addition to the church at Lishui there are also splendid new churches at Lungchuang, Sungyang and Pi-Wu-Ka, and scattered throughout the Prefecture are many oratories or chapels, for the most part very small and ill-suited to house the King of Kings when the missionary celebrates Holy Mass during a visit.

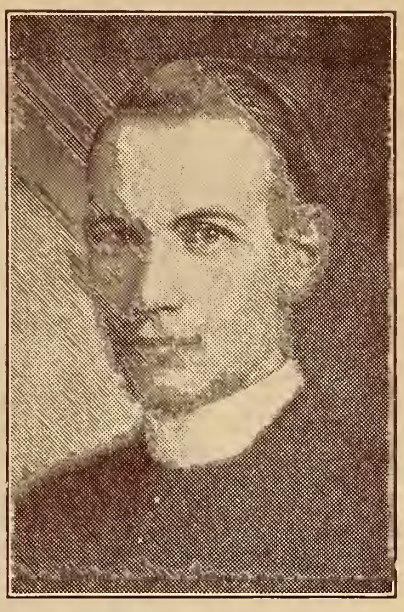
There is much work to be done in Chuchow, for out of a population of 1,500,000 only 3,000 are Catholics. The evangelization of a million and a half pagans is the work for which our seminary needs the support of Catholics throughout Canada and Newfoundland.



REV. J. V. MORRISON
Savage Hr., P.E.I.



REV. WM. K. AMYOT
Ottawa, Ont.



REV. A. GIGNAC
Ridgetown, Ont.



REV. J. E. VENINI
Oshawa, Ont.



REV. R. SERRA
Palau Sabardera, Spain



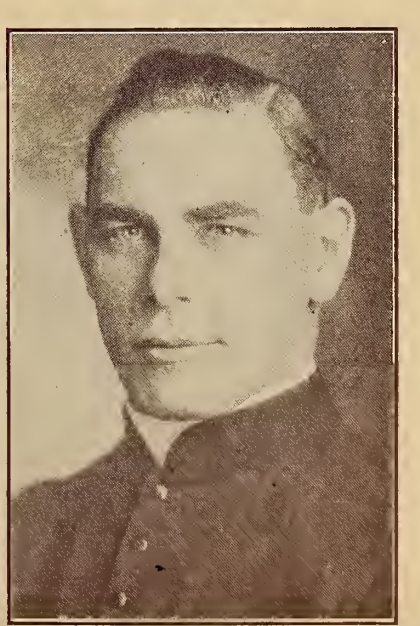
REV. B. BOUDREAU
New Bedford, Mass.



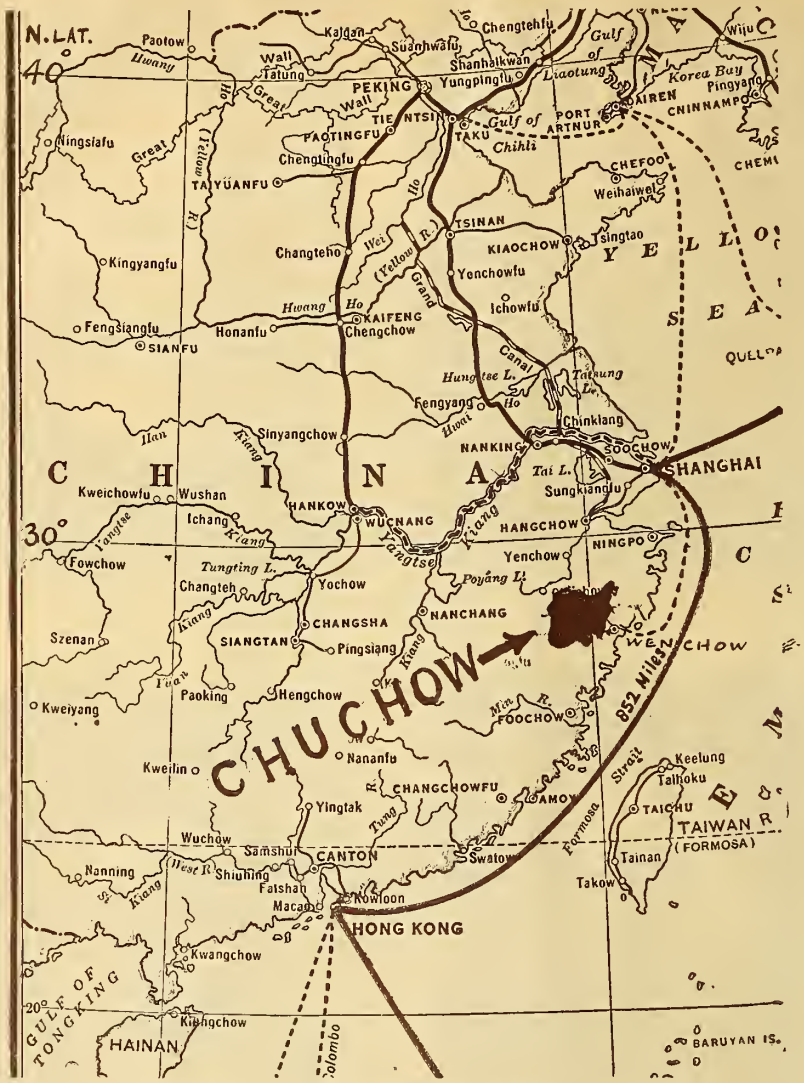
REV. L. BEAL
Otterville, Ont.



REV. D. E. STRINGER
Ottawa, Ont.

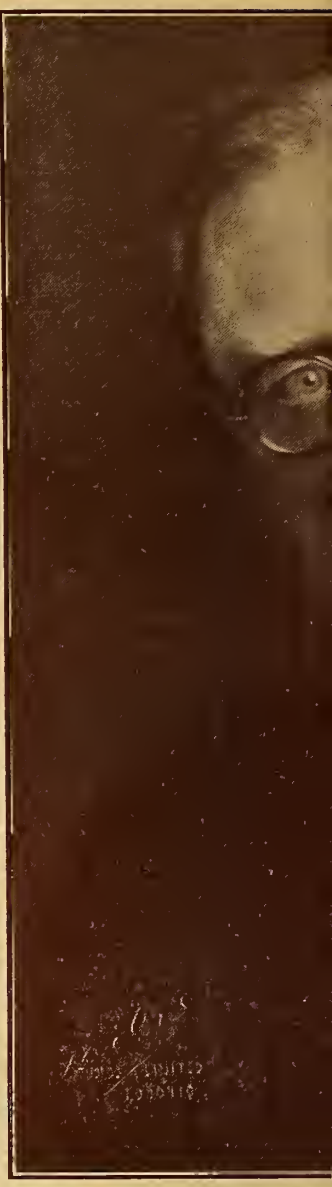


REV. JOHN MacDONALD
Windsor, N.S.

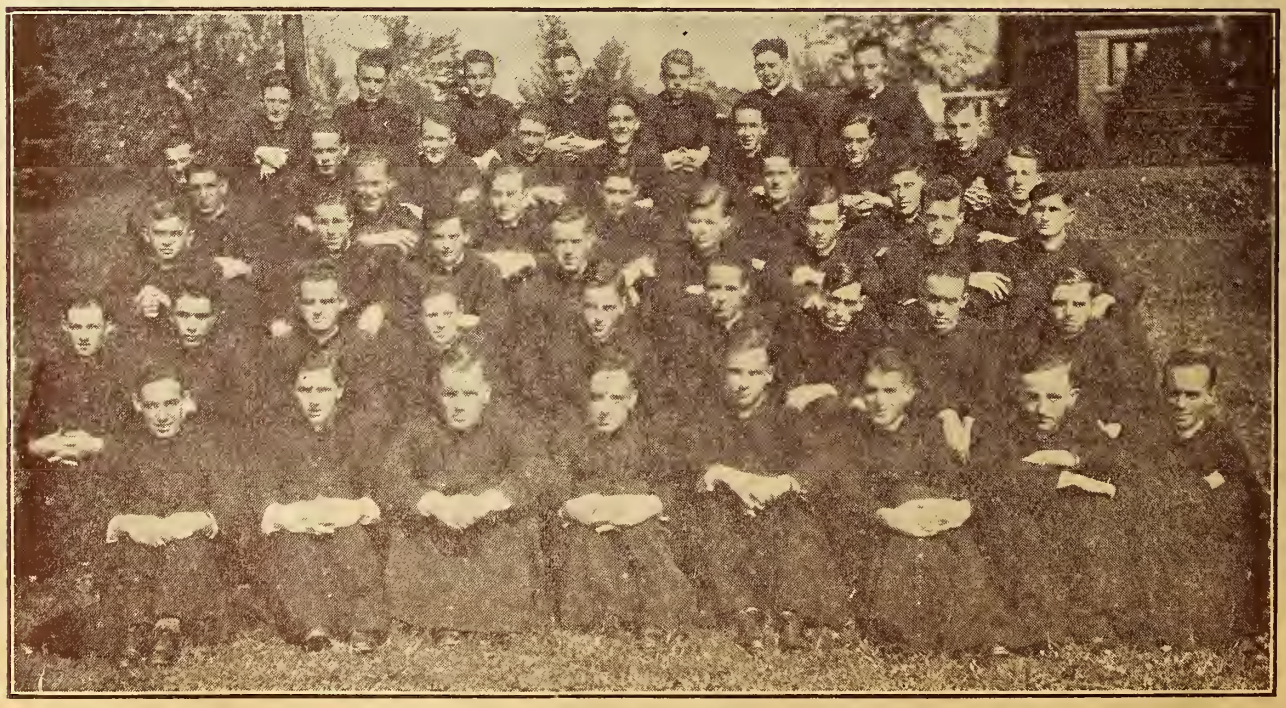


THE LOCATION OF OUR MISSION DISTRICT IN CHINA.

China looks to Canada and Newfoundland to provide the missionaries and the means necessary for the conversion of Chuchow to the Catholic Faith.



VERY RE
Superior General, St.



STUDENTS AT THE SEMINARY, SEPTEMBER, 1934



RAE, D.C.L.
China Mission Institute



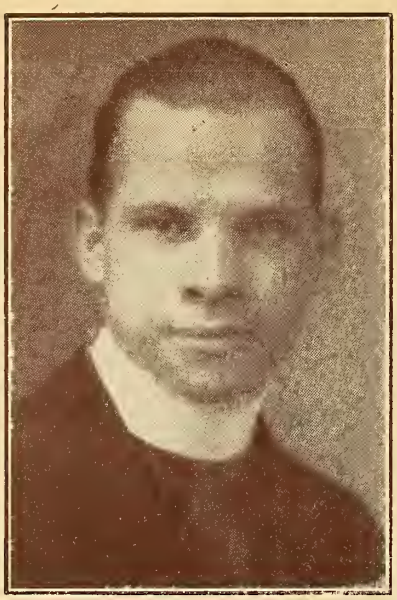
CHUCHOW, THE MISSION FIELD IN CHINA ALLOTTED TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY.

The names of the larger towns are given. The dots represent smaller towns and villages.

Six years hence all the young men pictured at lower left will, with God's help, be labouring as priests in this vast district. You will be glad if you play a part in preparing them for their future apostolate.



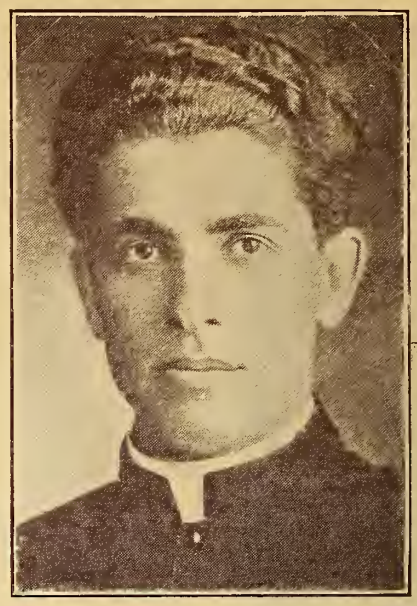
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.



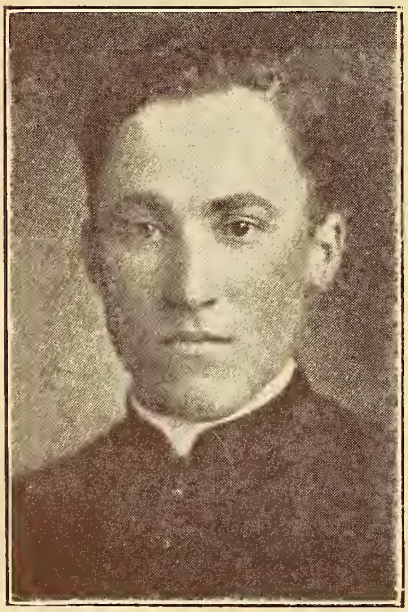
REV. WILLIAM McNABB
St. Thomas, Ont.



REV. JAMES McGILLIVRAY
Glace Bay, N.S.



REV. A. VENADAM
Pomquet, N.S.



REV. J. KING
Newburg, Ont.



NATIVE PRIESTS IN CHUCHOW
Rev. P. Kam Rev. P. Wong
Father Kam was ordained to the Priesthood in Canada.



REV. H. SHARKEY
St. John, N.B.
At Chinese mission in Vancouver.



REV. LORNE McFARLAND
Toronto, Ont.
Ordained Sept. 23rd, 1934.



REV. R. ROBERTS
Victoria, B.C.
Due to ill health, Fr. Roberts was disappointed at not being included in this year's departure group for China.



REV. PATRICK MOORE
Ingersoll, Ont.
Ordained Sept. 23rd, 1934.



SISTER MARY ANGELA
Mallow, Ireland



SISTER ST. MARTIN
Esmonde, Ont.

OUR 1934 MISSION BAND FOR CHUCHOW



ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, TORONTO
Scene of the Departure Ceremony for our missionaries on Sunday night, September 30th.



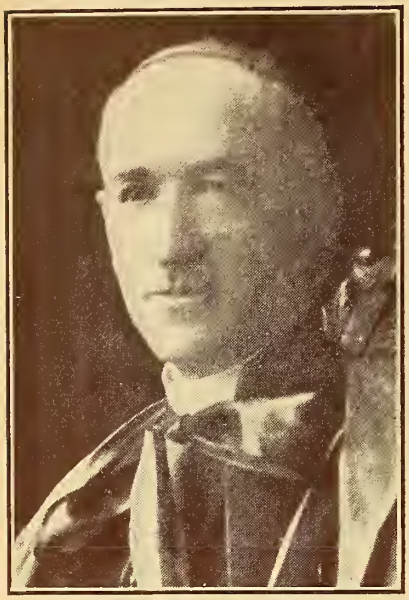
REV. HUGH McGETTIGAN
St. John's, Nfld.



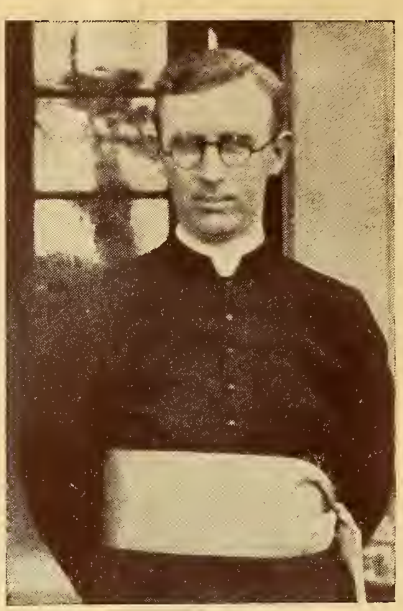
REV. GERALD DOYLE
Toronto, Ont.



REV. CRAIG STRANG
St. John's, Nfld.



BISHOP KIDD



MONSIGNOR McGRATH



ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

THE BOARD OF ADMINISTRATION

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

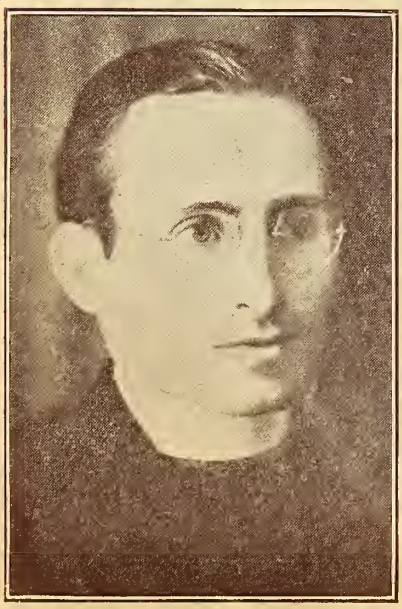
(Photos above and at right)



VERY REV. JOHN E. McRAE, J.C.D.
President of the Seminary

THE SEMINARY STAFF

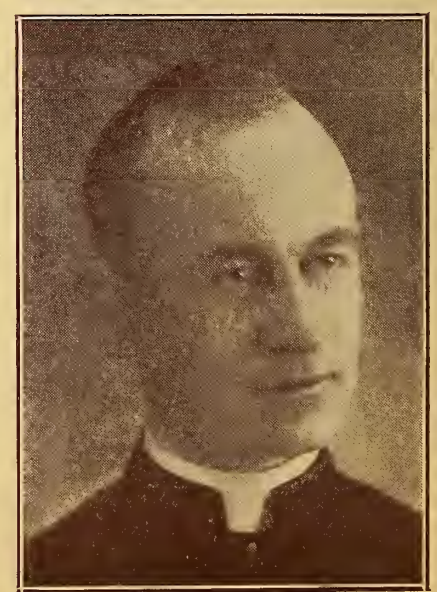
Our students, numbering fifty-two this year, come from all sections of Canada and Newfoundland. They attend classes at St. Augustine's Seminary. The Staff of China Mission Seminary is pictured at left and below.



REV. A. J. MacDONALD
Bursar



REV. A. CHAFE
Editor of "China"



REV. M. L. CURTIN
recently joined our Institute



THE CONVENT AT LISHUI

The GREY NUNS of the Immaculate Conception

(from Pembroke, Ont.)

NOW AT

LISHUI



SISTER ST. JULETTA



SISTER ST. ANGELA



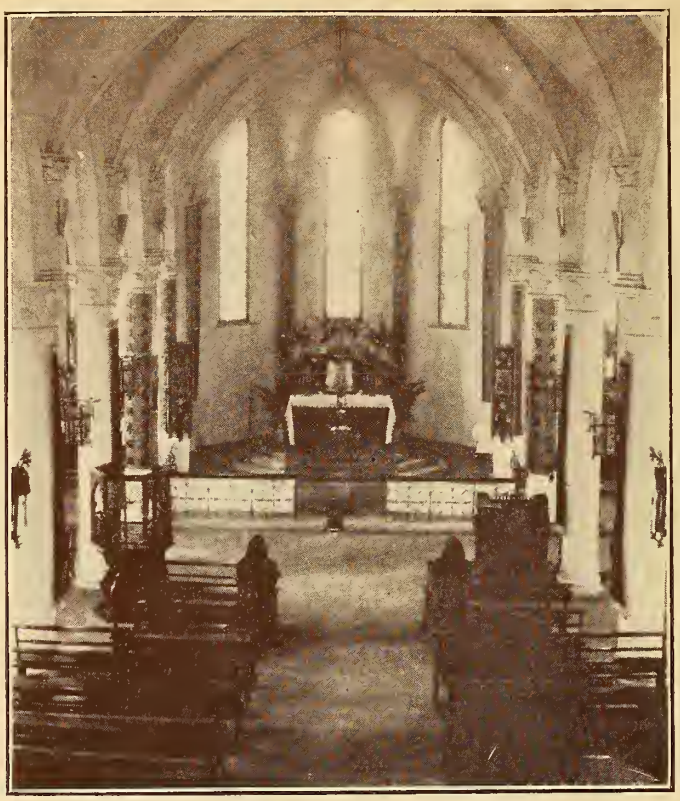
SISTER MARY CATHERINE



SISTER MARY DANIEL



SISTER MARY GENEVIEVE

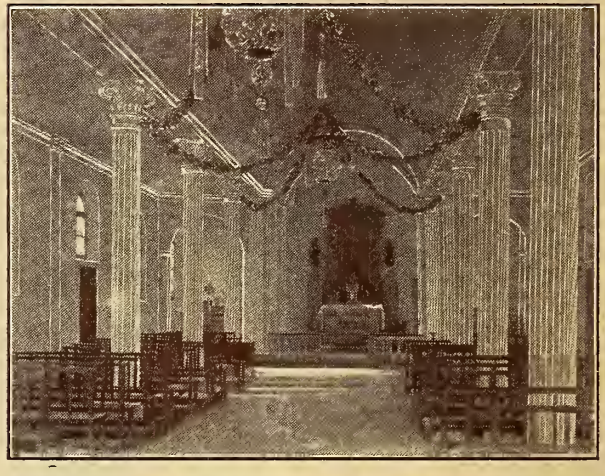


INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT LISHUI

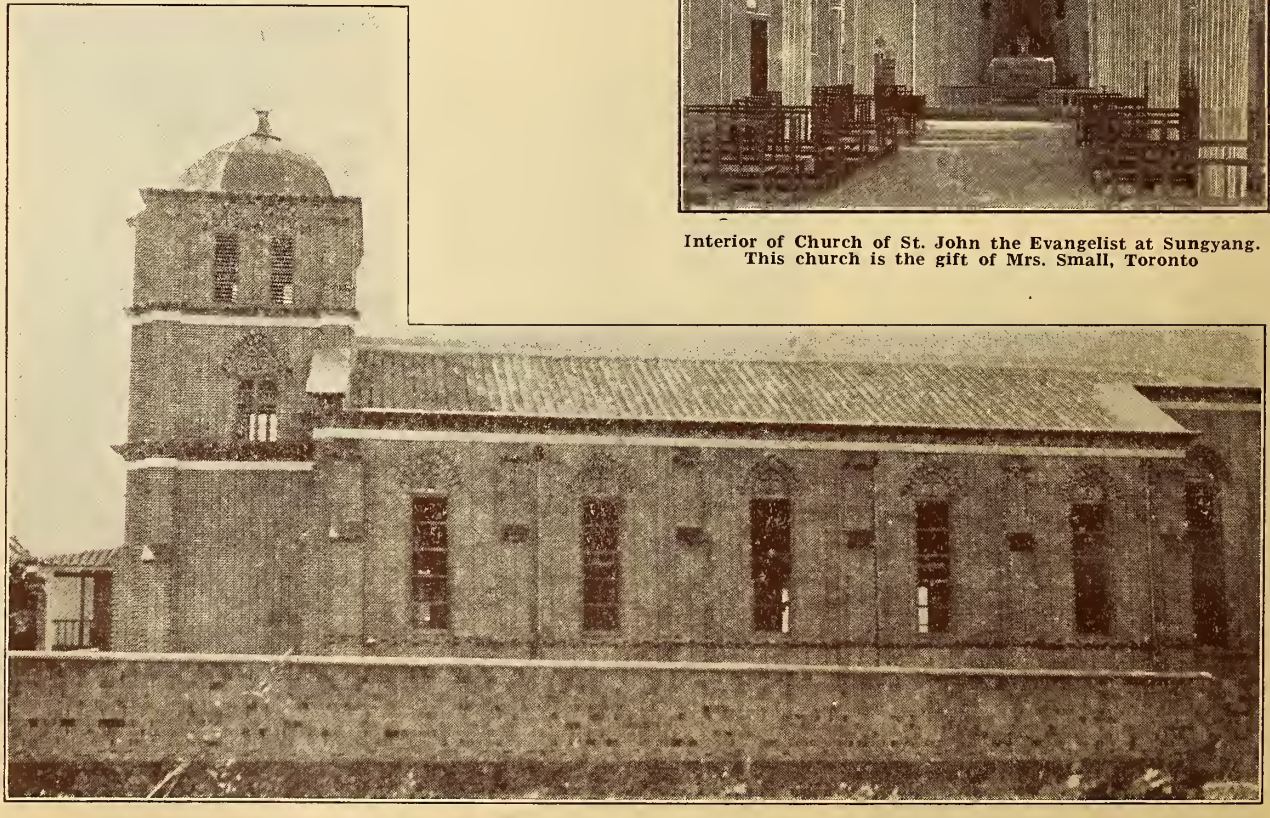


Church of the Sacred Heart at our mission centre in Lishui

At Lungchuang also there is a substantial church, erected a few years ago. The buildings mentioned are in the larger towns from which our missionaries operate. Tsingtien needs a church, and countless villages visited by the missionaries should have at least decent little chapels.



Interior of Church of St. John the Evangelist at Sungyang. This church is the gift of Mrs. Small, Toronto



This beautiful new church was completed early this year at Pi-Wu-Ka by Rev. B. Boudreau. It was the gift of an anonymous benefactor.

TEN YEARS AGO

(Extract from Sermon preached by the late Bishop Fallon, of London, at opening of China Mission Seminary)



The late Archbishop McNeil of Toronto was chairman of the Seminary Board of Control for almost ten years. He is shown here blessing our new Seminary at its opening on September 21st, 1924.

WHEN Peter speaks from the Vatican we are the humble, obedient sheep of the One Divine Shepherd, and so our Holy Father made Rome the source of inspiration—he made Rome the guiding influence—he made Rome the voice of the efforts of Catholics throughout the world, to put into effect the divine injunction to go out and succour those who are indeed in darkness and the shadows of death. Wonderful has been the response, marvellous has been the reply from every section of the earth and from every branch of the Catholic people; from every clime and language and nation. One of the first to jump into the breach to aid the foreign missions who were going forth from France and other parts of Europe was Ireland. Aid was also sent out from the United States. Is it to be wondered at, then, that this country of ours, so catholic in its history, should also have attempted to take its place in this marvellous movement? We find ourselves in Canada with a Foreign Mission Seminary established for the Province of Quebec in Montreal looking forward to a bright future, ready and only too happy to join hands with its sister institute, St. Francis Xavier Seminary for the Chinese here in Scarboro, praying one for the other and for their undivided success. Thus, our country has taken its place with the older nations of the world to carry the light of faith to the Chinese people—to those 400 millions, most of whom have never heard the saving name of Christ; many of whom have never seen the symbol of salvation. This is a wonderful mission—this mission which should throb with the heart of every young Catholic student.

It is perfect nonsense to think that the welter of blood through which the world went during five years has produced any of the results expected by even the least enthusiastic—there is no peace in the world—there is no harmony in the world—there is no recognition of justice in the world. Only God alone knows what is going to come out of what is called "Western Civilization". This may be just romancing. I do not profess to be a prophet, but it seems to me that up from that welter springs the figure of Christ again, and He points to a road that leads, not to self-seeking, commercial interests and financial bargains, but He points to the road that leads where none of us ever imagined we would be asked to go—out there beyond the western boundaries that are separated from us by thousands of miles; out there beyond the vast Pacific Ocean lies a land of mystery. It has a history of almost 5,000 years of civilization; it has a population of over 400,000,000 of souls, every one of which is as dear to God and every one of which was redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, just equally as yours and mine. It stands absolutely alone amongst all the nations of antiquity: Babylon, Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome waned and were destroyed, and they were great empires of antiquity; but this wonderful nation, this mysterious nation, this nation of which we know nothing but which our ancestors were apt to condemn, this nation goes beyond the history of Babylon and comes down to the present day. It is called China. It has a civilization which in many respects puts to shame our boasted Western civilization, and ought to bring the blush of shame to any man who would compare it with what we consider the high developments of the age in which we live. A civilization that has an obedience for law and has had it for centuries, that we have never known and certainly do not know to-day. A nation that has an artistic people, with their own standards of art it is true, but nevertheless an artistic people. A civilization which is not surpassed in the world. A nation which has made a quiet, kindly people that wish to to be left alone so far as the disturbing elements of our civilization are concerned, and a civilization that is extravagant if you will; yes, over-developed if you wish, but which has a reverence for parents and ancestors which compels our admiration.



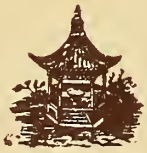
Archbishop Forbes raises the Monstrance over the bended heads of the people.

OUR WORK MUST GO ON!

OUR MISSIONS MUST BE SUPPORTED AND DEVELOPED

+

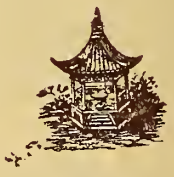
FOR MANY YEARS



this last page of "China" has been used to make appeals to our readers for help in our most pressing needs.

Looking through the preceding pages of this anniversary issue you have seen pictured the results that have been achieved through their co-operation.

In ten years at China Mission Seminary a great deal has been accomplished for the missions.



We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to those friends who have stood by us in the past, and we invite all our readers everywhere to maintain their practical interest in our missionary enterprise.

+

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President



SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

NOVEMBER, 1934

ATTENTION!

THIS is the last issue of "China" but one for the year 1934. Our mailing list unfortunately includes many names of subscribers who are not paid quite up to date. The only means we use to advise delinquent subscribers is the expiry date on their address label. Look at the date on your "China" now. If it does not read 1935, or later, we ask you to make use of the coupon printed on page 158 of this issue. When sending cheques or money orders please make them payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

Subscription: 50 cents per year. Editor, REV. A. CHAFE Circulation: 26,000
Entered as second-class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10th, 1934

Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1934 No. 10

WITH OUR NEW MISSIONARIES

SUNDAY night, September 30th, marked the seventh occasion of a Departure Ceremony for missionaries leaving for China from St. Francis Xavier Seminary. So great was the crowd which attended St. Michael's Cathedral for the event that many were unable to gain admittance. Readers of "China" are by now familiar with the account of this inspiring ceremonial. The procession to the sanctuary of priests and seminarians, the singing of the "Veni Creator", the blessing and imposition of missionary crosses, the renewal of the missionary oath of fidelity by the departing missionaries, and the singing of the stirring Departure Hymn. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Carroll, Administrator of the Archdiocese of Toronto, officiated at the Ceremony and gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, assisted by Rev. L. McFarland and Rev. A. Chafe. The choirs of St. Francis Xavier Seminary and St. Augustine's Seminary, under the direction of Rev. A. Belanger, rendered the musical parts in faultless style. To Rev. Dr. Muckle and his staff of priests at St. Michael's Cathedral, as well as to all who aided in the success of this year's Departure Ceremony, our thanks are gratefully offered.

Shortly after the conclusion of the ceremony, Fathers Doyle, McGettigan, and Strang entrained for Vancouver, and many friends were at the station to bid them good-bye. From the missionaries came several notes along the way reporting an enjoyable trip. During their short stop-over at Saskatoon they were honoured by a visit from His Excellency Bishop Murray, whose gracious act was much appreciated. On October 6th our Mission Band, including two Grey Nuns for Lishui, set sail from Victoria. Father Roland Roberts thus describes the actual sailing: "It was a beautiful sight; the setting was perfect. The sinking sun, the band playing, the Sisters from the Convent and the Hospital singing the 'Ave Maris Stella' (five of their number were on board), and the white 'Empress' gliding like a true monarch of the sea over the rippleless surface of the Bay—all seemed to combine to make one think that a bit of heaven had come to earth to bid the missionaries Godspeed."

On Friday night at Victoria our entire Mission Band took part in a Departure Ceremony at the Cathedral there for Sisters of St. Ann and Sisters of Charity leaving for missions in Japan and China. Father Sharkey, of our Vancouver Chinese Mission, was the preacher.

Our missionaries were due to reach Shanghai on Sunday, October 21st, a date which, incidentally, marked the celebration of Mission Day throughout the whole Catholic world. By now they have met former seminary associates and old friends at the mission in Lishui, and we expect that readers of "China" will soon be able to know of their impressions of their adopted land. Every missionary going to Chuchow is a prospective contributor to our pages, and we hope for great things from the three priests who have lately gone into action in Fields Afar. Father Doyle has already written for "China", both in his student days and during his time in Rome. Father Strang has had literary experience as editor of "Inter Nos", the monthly record of seminary doings compiled by the students for the benefit of our missionaries across the water. And as for Father McGettigan, we know his year's experience as an assistant pastor in a Newfoundland outport has made him quite a raconteur, and he ought to find much in China to provide an outlet for his literary leanings. And we hope he uses a typewriter often.

The five members of this year's Mission Band will be the first of our missionaries to enjoy the new travel facilities on the journey up from Shanghai. The Province of Chekiang is keeping pace with modern developments in road-making in China, and whereas formerly it took almost a week of tiresome travel by small boat to reach our headquarters, now the journey can be made overland in busses in about two days. Tsingtien's pastor (at present it is Father Serra) always had the honor of the first visit from newly-arrived missionaries in our District. From there to headquarters in Lishui, a distance of approximately sixty miles, there is now a respectable highway for bus traffic. It appears that in the near future travelling in China will be done without these formidable difficulties which were the terror of missionaries only a few short years ago.

Conversions

But the New Converts Have No Chapel

A LETTER FROM FATHER SERRA

ABOUT three hours walk from our Parish centre of Tsingtien is a village called Lei-Zih. Some years ago it first received the knowledge of the One True God. At one time it boasted of a pagan temple, but when that collapsed nobody went to the trouble of rebuilding it. Lei-Zih is today one of our most promising out-Missions, and largely through the zeal and example of a young girl. She is in the bottom picture on this page, the girl at the right marked with an X. Her name is Yu Xia. An elder brother of hers was a Christian, and so Yu Xia was baptized in her infancy without opposition of her pagan father. When the catechist would visit her home (only several times in a year) she would show a marked interest in questions of doctrine. When 15 years old she persuaded her parents to become catechumens, and realizing that she could do much work among her people if she had a good education she sought permission from Father Gignac to go to the Convent at Lishui. She increased in knowledge and piety under the care of the good Sisters, and during her vacations at home she worked energetically in catechising her friends and relatives. Now the 30 families of her little village are nearly all catechumens. Only three families are entirely pagan. The centre picture shows some of the people after Sunday Mass when I visited them last May. All the children are baptized, and soon the adults will be Catholics. But the missionary is faced with a big problem, the cause of much sadness of heart. **He has no chapel where these good people may attend Holy Mass.** A small parlour in a Christian's home is rented to serve as a chapel on occasions. There is not even a room for the priest to sleep in on his visits. **If we had the means to erect a chapel in Lei-Zih, I feel sure that in a short time all the inhabitants would be Catholics.** What a wonderful thing it would be to have in our parish a village in which every man, woman and child would be worshippers of the One True God. This year, the people of Lei-Zih witnessed their first Catholic marriage. They could not all fit into the little room where Mass was said, but they crowded round the door, they were thrilled with the ceremony, and with the instruction and sermon given by the missionary. In the village at the foot of the mountain there is a piece of ground that my assistant, Father John McDonald, feels "has been reserved by Divine Providence to be used for a Catholic chapel where these poor farmers may learn the road to Heaven." All the people in the centre picture know their Catholic prayers thoroughly. **I beg some reader of "China" to furnish us with the means to erect a chapel for this promising centre of Catholicity in Tsingtein Parish.** Without a chapel we are hampered in our work of instruction and conversion, as the people have no place to gather and to assist properly at the services of the Church. Another place where we badly need a chapel is Dolou. The Christians of Dolou are shown in the top picture. It is really one of our very best places, but as yet we have no chapel. **Surely our appeal will not be in vain.** The Christians who will benefit by the generosity of some reader of "China" will pray fervently for the benefactor who supplies them with a chapel.

Rev. Ramon Serra,
Tsingtein, Chekiang.



Read Father Serra's letter on this page. It explains the pictures above.

From . . .

SHANGHAI *to* PEIPING

A Journey to China's Old Capital

By

REV. AARON GIGNAC

DURING August, Father Aaron Gignac, who has been making a special study of the Chinese language at Shanghai, was granted a short holiday during the course of which he visited Peiping, the ancient Capital of China. From a letter recently received from Father Gignac we give you this account of his journey. From accounts of travels made in our District of Chuchow the impression is easily created that China is a mountainous country. Certainly it is in our Chuchow Missions, but in the environs of Shanghai and all along the railway to Peiping, a distance of approximately one thousand miles, there is scarcely a single hill large enough to be dignified with the name of mountain. We'll let Father Gignac do the telling.

"I was going on a little holiday, and Peiping was my destination. Father Nugent, the Rector of the Grand Seminary of Ningpo, accompanied me to the railway station in Shanghai. The Western visitor would open his eyes in astonishment at the modernity and style of the Shanghai station. A 'red-cap' showed the way as I made for my train, the 'Blue Express', the equal of any train in Canada. Sharp at four o'clock the giant modern engine with its twelve cars pulled out for points North.

"Along the way a beautiful panorama of level farming country delighted the vision. As the journey progressed I could notice the gradual change in the methods of farming. Animals were being used more in the fields, and fewer humans were doing the 'heavy work'. In the South, water is pumped into the rice fields for irrigation purposes by hand or foot. Going North, I noticed oxen were used to provide the pumping power. In one place I saw a windmill, similar to a Dutch one, doing the work ordinarily done by several men in our own district of Lishui. Not so very many men, women, or children were working in the fields, but donkeys and horses were employed in the carrying of loads, etc.

"It was growing dark as we approached Nanking. I am told the train will cross the Yangsti river at eleven o'clock. The train ferry is modern to the last bolt. The train is divided into three sections and moved on to the barge for the crossing to Pukow. I understand this modern train-ferry was built in England and driven under its own power to China.

"The first morning out from Shanghai we reached Hsii Chow Fu, a city where the Canadian Jesuits have their Mission. Here all along the way nothing but level land as far as the eye could see. The farmers busy as usual in their fields, and here and there groups of naked little boys watching cows, pulling weeds, or doing other work according to their age.



The famous Temple of Heaven in Peiping. Father Gignac is standing on the steps, the figure at the left holding a white sun helmet in his hand.

"About four o'clock of the second day we reached Yenchowfu, the centre of the Missions entrusted to the Fathers of the Divine Word. Here these Fathers have their seminary, school, printing press, hospital, and schools in charge of Sisters, while a short distance outside the city they conduct a Leper Asylum. Not more than five miles from the city is the birthplace of Confucius, a place of pilgrimage for thousands of people every year who go to pay their respects to the ancient Chinese sage. So far the train has covered about half the thousand miles to Peiping.

"The roads in this vicinity are not mere paths as in Southern Chekiang, but they are quite large and suitable for carriage traffic. Many horse and donkey-drawn vehicles are on the roads. Farmers are driving to and from their work in ox carts, and caravans of donkeys laden with the produce of the soil go slowly along.

"I had left Shanghai on August 6th, and on the morning of the 8th, in a drizzling rain, we pulled into Tientsin. I was pleased to hear the people speaking the same dialect I had been studying, and still more pleased when I found I could converse easily with them. At 10.20 a.m. the train reached Peiping, the ancient Capital and the city of him who styled himself the Son of Heaven. Travelling alone, as I was, I found it a bit bewildering at first in this strange city amongst strange people, but I had little difficulty in locating the North Church, known as the Pei Tang, where the Lazarist Fathers are stationed, and where they have been working ever since the seventeenth century. I very much enjoyed their kind hospitality, and perhaps in a later letter I may describe for you some of the sights of Peiping."

SERMON

preached in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Rev. B. Doyle, C.S.P., at the Departure Ceremony for Missionaries going to Chuchow, September 30, 1934.

"Go out of thy country and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house and come into the land which I will show thee . . . and I will bless thee and magnify thy name and thou shalt be blessed." Genesis 12:1.

* * *

This call of Abraham was the first of its kind of which we have historic record. But down through the ages God's summons has sounded in countless generous hearts: "Go out of thy country and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house and come into the land which I will show thee."

Always does God make use of human agents in His work with souls. The Old Testament gives one example after another. Abraham was to found a race that was to keep alive the knowledge of one true God and eventually give birth to the Saviour. It was to Moses He gave the Ten Commandments to be delivered to the people. He raised up the prophets one by one to preach repentance and lead back His erring children. He sent John the Baptist as the fore-runner of the Redeemer, to prepare the way before Him. Why, even our Redemption was wrought by a man, the Son of God made man, born of a woman.

Since the coming of Christ and the establishment of the Church, God has continued to deal with mankind in that same maner, if anything in larger measure. He might have employed a different plan. He might have, Himself, conveyed to each individual soul knowledge of His truth. He might have imparted to each soul, using no human agency, saving grace. But no; the Apostles were to bear the message of Christ to the world, and were to carry with them for the salvation of souls, the grace merited on Calvary; the Apostles and their successors.

Early in His ministry Our Divine Lord indicated His plan. He had stopped to converse with the Samaritan woman at the well while the disciples went into a nearby town for food. On their return they offered Jesus the food they had brought. But He had now no desire for it. He hungered for souls, and, having tasted, as it were, the soul of the Samaritan woman, His hunger was whetted. "I have meat which you know not of," He said. "My meat is to do the will of Him



REV. BASIL DOYLE, C.S.P.,
Rector of St. Peter's Church, Toronto.

that sent me that I may perfect His work." Then taking advantage of the surrounding country to bring home the significance of his words and the part they themselves were to play in perfecting the Father's work, He pointed to the fields, saying: "Behold I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto everlasting life." (John 3:35).

At this time, the disciples being young in their novitiate, the meaning of the Master's words was not clear to them. Over two years were to pass before they were to grasp their full import. Just before ascending into heaven, our Divine Lord enlightened them in full: "Going therefore teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28:19, 20). Then did their imaginations leap back to that other scene which now took on a definite and wonderful meaning. Looking out they saw the whole world like an immense harvest, ready to be gathered into the granaries of the Lord, and they were the laborers appointed to the work.

Then, too, they could recall other words of His to the same effect: "You are my witnesses . . ." "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them." "Do this for a commemoration of me." Hence, too St. Paul could later write: "For Christ therefore we are ambassadors . . . Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God." (2 Cor. 5:20; 1 Cor. 4:1. Finally we could hear these words spoken by Pope Pius X: "The immeasurable blessings won for the world by Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, are not bestowed on human beings except through the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."

Since men are God's instruments for the salvation of souls, it follows that every accepted call to the missionary life means souls saved. Every missionary has certain souls dependent on him for their salvation. Hence innumerable souls are lost through neglected vocations. Suppose, for example, St. Paul had continued to kick against the goal and gone on persecuting the Church of Christ? While there can be no doubt as to the eventual triumph of the Church, might it not have been much longer in coming? Who knows what mighty obstacles might have stayed its progress had they not been levelled in that first age by his sweeping zeal? But Saul, by the Divine Hand was stricken from his horse at the gates of Damascus, and conquered at last by grace cried out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" From that day his zeal was turned to the cause of Christ. He who had threatened the very existence of the infant Church now became its foremost Apostle. If, in less than three hundred years after the Ascension, a Christian sat on the throne of the Caesars, under God one man, St. Paul, was largely responsible.

In every age St. Paul has had his disciples. There were Cyril and Methodius, Boniface, Patrick, Francis Xavier, our own Jesuit



In Shanghai last year our missionaries paid a visit to Mr. Lo Pa Hong's great hospital. Fathers MacDonald, McGillivray and Beal are shown with this foremost Catholic layman of China, who has done so much for the propagation of the Faith amongst his own people.

Martyrs and a host of others hardly less zealous. We know what wonderful work these men accomplished as ambassadors of God and dispensers of His mysteries, and how millions have owed to them the grace of Christ. Had any one of them failed to respond to the divine call the Church and the Kingdom of God on earth and in heaven, the cause of immortal souls, would have suffered just that much. Such examples bring to us the power God has given to men and their lofty place, as well as their responsibilities, in the scheme of salvation.

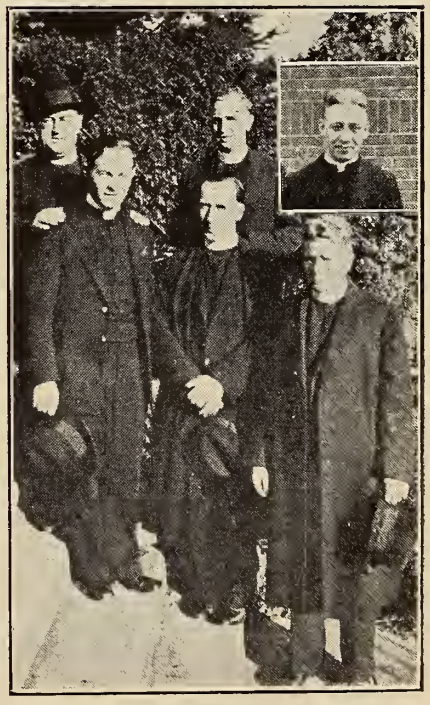
The three young men to whom we bid God-speed to-night are the newest disciples of those heroic missionaries of old. No less than they are these to be heralds of good tidings, messengers of God's peace, dispensers of His grace. Years ago there arose in the soul of each of them the question: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came back, not in a blinding flash from the heavens, but still unmistakable, in those gentle tones heard only in the depths of generous hearts: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men . . . Go out of thy country and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house and come into the land which I will show thee." They stand ready to go, eager to carry to nations that dwell in darkness and the shadow of death the glad tidings of good things.

It is impossible for us, of a Christian civilization, to imagine the misery and utter abandonment of the heathens. Theirs is indeed a sad lot, for they are without God in life, without hope in death, and without friends in eternity. True, they have their gods, but these rather add to their woes. They are gods of fear, carved in the most hideous and terrible fashions, the more to excite the terror of the people. How different from the strong and gentle Saviour whom we adore as God and Who is essentially a God of love. Yet they fall down and adore and offer sacrifices to these idols, adoration and sacrifice that are due alone to the one true God and therefore are a robbery of His glory. There is no brotherly love among the heathens; selfishness is the rule of their lives. There is no mutual trustfulness, for each looks upon his neighbor with suspicion. Thus the chief sources of human happiness are removed from them.

Poverty among the heathens is the most distressful kind. Nothing in our experience may be likened to it. Indeed, missionaries tell us that the miserable shack of one of our poorest families would be looked upon as a palace by these poor people and their rags of clothing as a court dress. And the poor among them are in the overwhelming majority. Their poverty is the cause of many crimes and is chiefly responsible for the prevalance of child-murder since each child means another mouth to be fed and another back to be clothed. The infants put to death in a year number hundreds of thousands.

Christ our Saviour hung on the cross with His arms extended to embrace all the nations. But to His missionaries he has consigned the task and the privilege of spreading abroad the light of Faith and dispensing His redeeming grace. Canada, her own soil crimsoned by the blood of martyred missionaries, now in her turn takes up the torch to carry it to distant lands.

Brethren, we have not the vocation, meaning for some of us that we have not the courage, to be active foreign missionaries. But I am confident I am expressing the will of you all when I assure these young apostles that we shall follow them with our prayers. May the Eternal Shepherd and their Divine Friend and Counsellor, from the tabernacles they will erect in China's desolate reaches, comfort their loneliness, console their discouragements and strengthen their hands. May Mary, Queen of Apostles, yes, and Queen of Martyrs, keep them close under the shelter of her mantle. May a million souls, one day in Heaven, thank Gerald Doyle, Hugh McGettigan, and Craig Strang for their inheritance of the unsearchable riches of Christ.



AT VICTORIA, B.C.

Rev. A. Gaudette, of the cathedral staff, the genial host to our missionaries in Victoria; Rev. Roland Roberts; Rev. Hugh Sharkey, in charge of the Chinese Mission at Vancouver; Rev. Hugh McGettigan, and (at right, rear) Rev. Craig Strang. Inset: Rev. Gerald Doyle.

THE FATE OF WONG—
"PIGS IS PIGS"—
ONE PROD TOO MANY

UP UNTIL NOON of June 7th, Wong Kwei Yong was just one of the four hundred million Chinese engaged in their daily struggle to keep brother Wolf from parking on their doorstep. A few minutes later, Wong Kwei Yong was just one of the thirty thousand Sons of Han who daily are "shuffled off this mortal coil". In Chicago parlance, he was "put on the spot and bumped off". It happened like this:

Wong was a merchant-trader from down Wenchow way. He dickered in most anything, and in all his dickerings he had made quite a little pile. This year his prospects looked rosy for a good turnover in dong yu, dong yu being an oil much used in the paint and varnish business. The oil is produced from nuts (alas, not edible) that grow on very ornamental trees flourishing in the mountains hereabouts, turning them into beautiful blossom gardens when the trees are in bloom. This oil is pressed from the nuts, up in the mountains, poured into five-gallon kerosene tins that have served their original purpose, and carried to the headwaters of the Wenchow river. Here it is purchased by the merchants, shipped by them to Wenchow, and from there to goodness only knows where. So Wong decided to take a fling in oil this year.

Now, transferring money from one point to another in this Celestial Republic is a very difficult and very dangerous undertaking. Only in the large centres are there any banks even remotely resembling banks as such institutions are understood west of the Suez, except, of course, in their decided penchant for closing their doors and hanging out a "No Funds" sign. In any case, Wong succeeded in mustering two thousand silver men in the city of Lungchuang. But two thousand cart wheels do not, by any means, constitute a light load for anyone to tote some twenty-odd—and some of them are very odd indeed—miles, and such was the distance still to be covered by Wong before he reached the oil mart. So he rustles about and gets his cart wheels and Napoleons and piastres converted into greenbacks. And here "enter the villains"—a trio of them. Soldiers of the realm they are, stalwart and true, guardians and protectors of the people, les braves soldats! Such a long time has passed since the paymaster last called their names that the sight of so much money, two grand and more, being changed into easily portable and payable-at-sight-and-no-questions-asked bills had the same effect on them as that fateful apple had on Eve: "fair to the eyes and fine to behold". And just think of all the good things they could buy with so much money, and the high old times they could have. Friends of Wong were these three members of the militia, next door neighbours in their native town of Wenchow. Easily and familiarly they chatted, smoking their cigarettes and swapping news of the old home town as they casually leaned on the counter while Wong carefully counted and scrutinized each bill, then wrapped them in his little packet of clothes, ready for an early start in the morning.

You Will Enjo

CHINESE

By REV.

Catholic Wills
For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF....."



A splendid view of Lishui, Mission centre of the Prefecture of Chuchow. The Church, and doubt, familiar by now to Fathers Doyle, McGettigan and Strang, and the two Gre

umour of These
GNETTES
VENINI

BAMBOO—
QUESTIONS—
ITINERANT TRADESMEN

CAME next morning. Wong started out to buy his oil, his precious packet well hidden in the bundle tied to his back. And the cook of the local barracks found that he had prepared too much rice that day. Three places were unaccountably vacant at the noonday mess. And just about that time it happened. Wong and his three companions (they had so unexpectedly met on the road that morning —got orders, the soldiers said, to proceed at dawn to Patou) came to the foot of a stiffish hill.

"Brother Wong," says one of the soldiers, "let's tarry here a while and rest our weary legs before tackling this long climb."

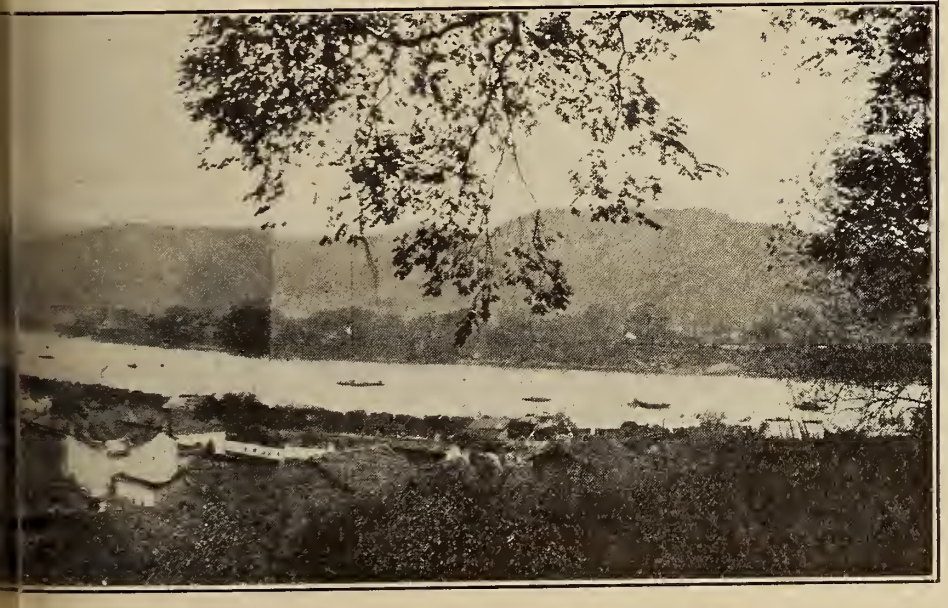
"Oh, no," replied Wong, "I think it would be better to keep right on going."

"That's where we disagree," joined in a second soldier; "you may be going on, but your little bundle is not."

Now Wong was by no means dull of understanding. He was well versed in the ways of the world, and grasped the soldier's meaning just as well as if it had been written out for him. He lets out a shout for help—a shout that did not even bring him an echo in that wooded spot—and tries to make a quick getaway. The soldiers don't like it. Wong is now fighting for his money and for his life. If he has to give them up he is not going to do so without a struggle, and he fights gamely as the three ruffians tackle him. But three to one are heavy odds, and when they draw their knives on him poor Wong goes down to rise no more. The precious bundle is quickly slashed by eager and nervous hands from the limp and bloody form that was Wong, the corpse is cast into the ditch by the roadside, and the braves are off with their booty.

I had heard about the incident some distance further up the road. One of the foremen on the motor-road told me about it. "It was just too bad, that's all," and I continued on my way. Some time later I came to the foot of a hill, a beautiful secluded spot. A tiny brooklet rippled its way, singing, to the creek. Stately, century-old camphor trees towered their height and grandeur among the more humble arboreal brethren that carpeted their feet. Birds twittered in the branches of the trees. Cool and shady, the spot offered a respite from the sultry heat of the June sun. In the sky overhead, thunderheads gathered, promissors of a soon-to-arrive storm. And there in the midst of all this beauty and peace, one jarring note, the marring work of the hands of God's noblest creatures on this earth. The blood-stained corpse of a man, a man killed by his fellowmen for the sake of a few dollars. "Oh, Cain, what hast thou done?"

DOWN the road a few miles, taking shelter in a wayside inn from the storm that had burst in all its fury, determined to blot from the face of the earth that ugly thing lying back there in the ditch, I met a doctor coming out from the city to give first aid to Wong. "I fear you are too late," I remarked to him, "the poor man is beyond all earthly help." "Oh, well," he said, "I shall go on up, anyway, when the rain eases a bit, and straighten out the remains." A few more miles and I ran into a detachment of soldiers going out to hunt down their erstwhile comrades-in-



ey Sisters, are the outstanding buildings. The city, river, and surrounding mountains, are no is this year's mission band. They reached Shanghai on Mission Sunday, October 21st.

HELP THE MISSIONS

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year—a life subscription costs ten dollars.
4. By making a Catholic Will—our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

arms. Two of the murderers were caught a few days later and despatched without further ado. The third man escaped. So that is the end of poor Wong—and two of his slayers.



During September all the priests in the Prefecture of Chu-chow gathered at Lishui for their annual Retreat. The picture above was taken at the close of last year's Retreat, and (at left) Fathers Beal and Venini are saying "so long" to the Retreat Master, Father McGoldrick, of the Irish Missions from Shanghai. Father John MacDonald is the priest at the right.

"PIGS IS PIGS"

SWEET POTATOES, wild pigs, a home-made bomb, and Mr. Yao's little piggies have lost their mama. The sweet potatoes belonged to Mr. Yao, and he did not plant them for the upkeep of the wild pigs that roamed the mountains surrounding his habitat. A bamboo fence was no deterrent for the rapacious appetite of any respectable wild pig. A few good prods with his snout and an opening was soon made in the fence, and there goes another hill of Mr. Yao's sweet potatoes. But Mr. Yao, he was not to be outdone. He would fix Mr. Pig—bomb him, by Geoffrey, blast him to bits! It had been done before. So Yao rigs up a bomb, conceals it in an especially large and luscious potato, and places the contraption where Mr. Pig cannot help gobbling it up. But alas and alack! A day or so previously Mr. Yao's big black sow had given birth to a litter of extra lusty squealers. "Milk, mama, milk. Lots of it, and more of it," was their continual squeal. "Very well," says Mama Sow, "we'll just jog along this very night and see how the master's potatoes are this year; I just saw an ad. in the latest magazine telling the world that piglets should be raised only on potato-produced milk. It is just the thing to keep their squealers in order!" "BOOM!" Mr. Yao started in his sleep. "Voila," he cries, "one wild pig less to raid my sweet potato field, and wild pig pork is not such bad eating at that!" The first streak of dawn saw Mr. Yao hurrying to his potato patch. Oh my, what a headache! There before him lay his own headless sow. And down there in the pig pen ten squealing squealers squealing for their mama and their milk.

ONE PROD TOO MANY

AS FOR THIS ONE, you can believe it or not! Here in our mountains the home fires are fed with brushwood cut from off the mountain sides. The brush is cut into even lengths, bound with roots or vines into bundles of varying weights, according to the age or strength of the cutter, and then trundled off home. But in the midst of all this brush sometimes there is a snake or two, and a snake, it seems, resents being hacked at with a woodcutter's knife. On this particular day a certain woodcutter finds a snake hanging to his hand. No ordinary harmless grass snake, mind you—the kind that used to bring joy to girls on their school picnics in the woods—but a natsy venemous fellow. Needless to say, that was the last finger this snake ever snared onto. The woodcutter and his knife saw to that. But what about the bitten digit? Now this woodcutter was not quite so fortunate as St. Paul, who, when he found himself in a similar predicament, after having been cast on the shores of Malta, simply shook the reptile into the bonfire. But our Chinese knife-wielder was not lacking in sang-froid so he simply takes his knife and—click! just like that, he lops off the stricken member. Curiosity, however, killed poor pussy, and it also killed the woodcutter.

A few days afterwards, his finger stump being sufficiently healed to permit him to resume his woodcutting, the idea came into his head to go and see if his dismembered finger was still hanging about. And, sure enough, there it was, just where it fell, but how swollen it was. "A good thing," thinks he, "that I had the presence of mind to act as quickly as I did. The poison did not have time to circulate in my blood." With that he starts prodding the swollen finger with a stick. Of course the finger was his own, so, in strict justice, he could prod it as much as he desired. But he took one prod too many. The thing bursted and scattered its vile contents over his person. A day or two later there was a funeral in his family, and he did not take an active part in it.

Now, as I said before, you can believe this or not. In fact, you have several options. My guess is that the woodcutter was not just quick enough in lopping off that finger; that is, if the blood travels through our complete system in some few seconds, as they say it does.

ITINERANT TRADESMEN

"I DON'T GIVE a tinker's dam." In these modern times, in a great part of the world at least, that expression will have lost its original meaning. It is quite probable that both the tinker and his dam are as extinct as the dodo. Not so here in China. Here the ambulating tinker is very much to the fore and very much in demand. For a few coppers he will tinker with anything you have, from your umbrella to your watch. He will even mend your shoes for you. And the most modern tinkers include rubber cement in their kit so that they may stick a patch on your rubbers when they spring a leak. He is to be found in the most inaccessible valleys and on the highest mountain tops, ever on the move in quest of something to tinker with. And he is only one of a veritable army of peregrinating artisans that continually scour the countryside in search of a living which, in American standards, would barely be considered an existence. Smiths, merchants, professional men and bandits, you run into them at the most unexpected times and places. If Mahomet won't go to the mountain the mountain must, perforce, go to Mahomet. The same principle holds good for the itinerant Chinese tradesmen. Their tools, or their stock in trade, as the case may be, are packed into baskets or boxes; these latter are slung on to their carrying poles, and they are off on a circuit that will keep them away from home perhaps until next New Year's comes round.

THE BLACKSMITH

SO WE HAVE the blacksmiths. They tote along with them their bellows and tools and are prepared to repair all and sundry pots and pans. Anything in the iron line. For payment they will receive cash or produce—rice, eggs—all is grist that comes to their mill. Closely allied to the Tubal Cains are the tinsmiths. The variety of articles that these really capable workmen can manufacture from old kerosene tins is truly remarkable. One is embarrassed by the choice offered. Lamps, ladles, spoons, dustpans, eaves-troughs, the list could be continued indefinitely.



This was meant to be a picture of Father Jim McGillivray setting out on the ferry for a visit to Pi-Wu-Ka, but the man with the hoe figured Father Jim's friends would recognize him by his hat—and that's all we see of him here.

TRAVELLING STORES

THE "DO-LITTLE BUY-SELL MEN" are very numerous. "Do-little buy-sell men", of course, means to be in business in a small way. These folks are mostly Wenchowese. Really travelling general stores. Flashlights, rubbers, needles, thread, ready-made clothes, boots, buttons, and brushes, they have 'em all, and more besides, and a powerful shrewd bargainer you must be or a long, long price you will pay for their wares.

THE CANDY MAN

THE CANDY MAN is most popular, especially with the younger generation, and some that are not so young. His sweets are mostly a confection of rice, flour, and sugar; little flat loaves of it wrapped up in bamboo leaves. With his little hammer the candy man breaks off the desired amount and is quite probably paid with old rags. These rags he will take back to the city with him, sell them to the housewives of the metropolis, and they will (the rags) eventually find themselves incorporated in shoe soles for the members of the household. Or, if he has received sufficient cash, the candy man may buy a cow hide or two which will also find its way to the city. On this city visit the candy man's baskets will be replenished from the proceeds of his barterings, and then he is ready to repeat his rounds.

THE CAKE SELLER

RUNNING a close second in popularity to the candy man is the seller of cakes. He is more usually a semi-local man, i.e., he does not come from the big city, but has his shop in one of the nearby towns. From there he periodically makes his turns about the surrounding countryside with his goodies. And quite good they are, too; I can guarantee that. The baker, he may not have a modern oven. He certainly does not know what "Cellophane" means, and YOUR hands are decidedly not the first to touch his cakes, but he has some fine toothbits, nevertheless and notwithstanding. He uses foreign flour to create his delicacies, and as an example of how the Chinese have cut down their "overhead" (not from choice but from the sheer pressure of circumstances) the flour he uses may be bought for less here than on the concessions at Shanghai, some several hundreds of miles distant. And the deliberateness with which the Chinese urchin lingers out his cookie or candy is further proof of a frugality rendered almost a second nature by centuries of striving for the bare necessities of life. Once upon a time (I can remember it myself) an all-day sucker—dignified now, I believe, with the title of lollypop—was more or less true to its name. A Chinese gamin would, I am sure, make his lollypop hang out for a pair of days, at least.

BAMBOO

THEN WE HAVE the bamboo workers. The backbone of the nation. A *sine qua non*. The Chinese just cannot understand how we poor barbarians get along at all at all when they are told there is no bamboo in our country. They think we are trying to bamboozle them. But their wonder may be readily excused when one considers the multiplicity of useful, if not absolutely necessary, articles that are manufactured from bamboo. It is even eaten. Eaten in the form of sprouts, and in many forms that are well past the sprout season. It is quite cheap here in the mountains, its natural habitat, and helps the poor people stretch their meagre supply of rice over the year. Huge quantities of sprouts, tons of them, are gathered in the Spring, steamed, dried, and stored away. Quite a considerable trade is also carried on in the dried bamboo which is shipped to Wenchow, Shanghai, and other points east, west, and north. And what a schoolboy's paradise the bamboo trees conjure up. Imagine a whole mountain side, a whole forest, of fishing poles! But oh, the irony of fate. There are no fish! At least no fish of a magnitude calling for

(Continued on page 158)



Three of Monsignor Fraser's schoolboys from Kinhwa whom he sent to Hangchow in August to begin their studies for the Priesthood.

All in a Day's Work

Specially written for "China" by the Sisters of Charity, Chusan Island, Chekiang.

TATCHEE is a big village about ten miles to the north of Sinkomen, the other side of our Island. There are a good many Christians there and a nice little chapel of St. Agnes, looked after by a zealous catechist. Rev. Luke Yao is the pastor of Sinkomen, and Tatchee belongs to his district.

Since the Sisters received permission to pass the night from time to time in the Pilgrimage House at Sinkomen they are able to visit the villages on that side of the Island. The first of these expeditions was to Djao-ka-oh, the home of the Christian brigand, Li Yungsung, whose story was published a few months ago in "CHINA". He was captured last year, and through the efforts of the Sisters during their visits to his prison, he was brought to repentance and made his peace with God before the execution of his death sentence. His family, Li, was the principal Christian family in the village of Djao-ka-oh; their house was honoured in possessing the little chapel, but through the shame and disgrace occasioned by their brigand member, they were losing their fervour and gradually falling away from the Church. Last year the Sisters revisited the village and there was a big reunion of the Christians. All the sick of the village, pagans included, were cared for by the Sisters, and so the Christians regained their "face".

Hearing of this visit, the Christians of Tatchee begged with insistence that the next expedition to that side of the Island should be in their neighbourhood. The Tatchee Christians are not poor; several of our Holy Childhood girls have been married to boys from Tatchee, consequently there was some excitement when it was announced that the Sisters were going to make their first visit.

The day of the visit was settled, but as is often the case the devil did not like this affair at all, and the usual obstacles and difficulties began to crop up. On the morning arranged we were at the port before six a.m. to catch the little steamer which would take us to Sinkomen, from where we would be taken in sedan chairs the ten miles to Tatchee. Alas, no boats could leave port owing to a heavy fog, so after waiting for three hours we had to return home. The fog lasted for three days, and during that time came agitated inquiries from Tatchee. Three days gone by, and no Sisters yet. On the other side of the Island the weather was fine.

We tried again the following week, arriving at the port very early one morning. There were no boats for Sinkomen to be seen at all. The two regular ones had been confiscated by soldiers during the night for some military purpose. We were in a proper fix, for the day before a deputation had come to us from the Tatchee Christians urging that we must go, since so great preparations had been made for our reception. That was bad news for us; we would much prefer to have gone unannounced and avoided the reception; in that way we would have more time to visit the people and perhaps to make more baptisms of dying infants. However, one must always consider in China the great important question of "face". The Tatchee Christians were respected citizens, and to receive honoured visitors with full Chinese ceremonial was essential to maintain their "face".

Having waited two hours at the port, during which time many prayers were offered for a successful mission, one of the missing steamers arrived, and we were off at last on our first trip to Tatchee.

At Sinkomen, four big sedan chairs were in readiness, borne by eight stalwart men who had been signally honoured in their selection to carry the Sisters on this occasion. Away we went at a good pace, and soon arrived at the foot of Mountain No. 1. Mountains 2 and 3 were to be encountered before we could reach Tatchee. In a sedan chair the uphill climb is made slowly; to be inside the chair as it is swung from side to side is not an altogether pleasant experience. We shouted our wishes to be allowed to get out and walk, but these chair-carriers were not being robbed of their "face" by allowing such honoured visitors to walk over the mountains. At the top, the poor fellows were glad to rest and mop their streaming faces. We seized the first opportunity to get out of the chairs, and were on our way down the mountainside before the chair-carriers knew about it. Our protests against enduring the second climb inside the swinging chairs were granted all right. We feared we would get sick. But as we moved through a beautiful valley we were glad to be carried again. When we came in sight of the third mountain we discerned many people on top. Some came running down towards us, and then the fireworks began. This time there was no appeal from it. "Face" demanded that we submit to be carried up this third mountainside. At the top we were greeted by a company of twenty soldiers, who escorted us, ten in front and ten behind. We were urged to make all possible speed as it was now one p.m., and nobody had yet dined as all were awaiting the arrival of the Sisters.

Stretching to the sea was a beautiful valley; all around were the corn and bean stalks almost five feet in height. But my thoughts were not of the beauty of the scene; I was thinking of the other brigand chief, Tze Pao-Ding, who was also captured and executed last year. He also was a man from Tatchee, and he had been brought back there to be shot publicly. Two or three weeks before his death the Sisters had visited him in his cell and had instructed and baptised three of his robber-companions. Tze Pao-Ding had made this same trip to Tatchee in a sedan chair because of his heavy chains. He had passed over the same mountains, the same valleys as we now were

traversing. What were his thoughts as he drew near to his birthplace in this beautiful bit of country only to meet his death. I felt sure that as he sat all alone in his chair he had thought of the Mercy of the One True God Whose belief we had taught him. Surely, also, he repeated the prayers he had learned from us, for in the prison he had assured us that they would be his very last words.

As we made our way rapidly towards Tatchee crowds surrounded us, coming out of the smaller villages nearby. Pagans and Christians alike were taking a part in the triumphant procession. We recognized some of the latter, among them the young girls who were shouting with joy at sight of the Sisters again. Fireworks went off in a perfect blaze as we entered the Mission building and stopped at the chapel door. The big entrance porch was decorated with arches of flowers, flags, etc. The soldiers lined up outside the chapel door while we entered for a few minutes prayer. We were then conducted to the biggest room in the catechist's house. To our horror, the crowds poured in after us and already were explaining their maladies and asking for remedies. Finally, the soldiers were called on to eject the people and leave us in peace to enjoy our long-delayed meal. The crowd was disappointed, and kept shouting to the soldiers that they wanted to see us **eat**, because we did so in a different fashion than they and the sight would be most interesting.

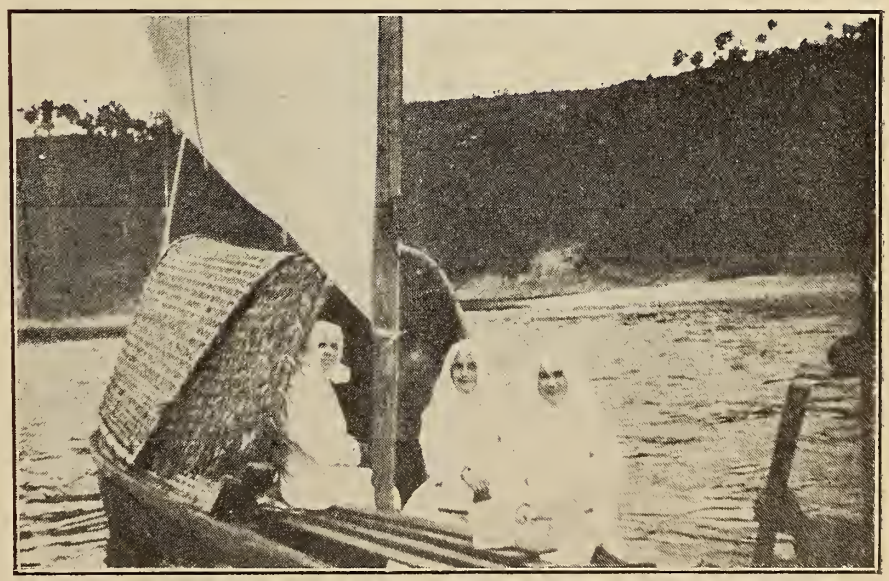
The heat was intense and the dinner was a penance. A first-class Chinese ceremonial dinner. Thirty dishes followed one by one, beginning with fruit, wine and sweet things. Just the opposite to European style. To be polite we had to taste each of the dishes, but not till the end were we given a bowl of rice. It was tantalizing, for we were really very hungry. I begged Sr. Cecile to get out a loaf of bread from our own provision basket, but she sternly forbade it. We, too, had to be careful not to lose our "face", especially when these good people had gone to so much trouble to entertain us so royally in their own fashion. Sister Elizabeth and I were exchanging mutually sad looks. We were both thinking of the time being used up in this fashion when it could be used to such advantage visiting the people. Moreover, there was the prospect of that return journey to Sinkomen before dark.

When the end at last did come, we promptly seized a medicine basket and made our way out with a woman companion. Two Sisters stayed in the courtyard and cared for the people who were kept in order by the soldiers. The rest of us hurried down the street, crowds following on all sides. We had to "park" in a court where we were instantly surrounded, and almost torn to pieces by the eagerness of our enthusiastic friends. Happily we had on our winter habits. I fear our light summer ones would have been completely spoiled as we were twitched from side to side. One woman asked for remedies for three different ailments, and when I suggested she move away to make room for others she protest: "Not at all. I want four other kinds of remedies for other members of my family."

All of a sudden I became desperate. I closed my basket, jumped on a stool and clapped my hands vigorously. All turned to listen. "Have I not a very good heart for the people of Tatchee to come so far to cure their sicknesses?" "Oh yes, indeed, yes," they all called out. "Do I not show you great politeness also? And why do you not show me some of your celebrated Chinese politeness? I have never heard that the people of Tatchee were not polite, yet to-day they push us from side to side." "Ah," they said, "the Sister is right!" "Now," I said, "I see many old women and mothers with sick babies, who cannot get near us for remedies; have a good heart for them, and bring them in close."

They understood, and at once made way. Several dying infants were brought up to us and at once the harvest of baptisms began. We distributed some "bibs" and in less than fifteen minutes came mothers running from all sides with tiny bundles in their arms. Many of these little infants were ready for the grace of baptism. Some of them were mere skin and bone; some were deathly sick and covered with all kinds of sores; others were just recovering from a bad attack of measles with evident pneumonia complications. What chance had these sick children to recover? Very little care is lavished on them; they have to take their chance with the rest as nursing the sick is not a Chinese virtue, especially in the more primitive parts of the country.

For several hours we worked hard distributing our remedies and doing what we could to help these poor sick people. Then we were on our way home again with this "goodbye" ringing in our ears: "Momo, mey mey chi ah, kwa-kwa lai, ah—go away, slowly, Sisters; come again quickly." All told, we had made more than 50 Baptisms in Tatchee. It might have been a richer harvest of souls had not the formal reception wasted so much time. But on the next occasion we shall go unannounced.



Sisters M. Genevieve, M. Daniel and St. Angela, of the Grey Nuns, returning to their dispensary at Lishui after a sick call "up the river".

CHINESE VIGNETTES

(Continued from page 155)

a good strong bamboo pole. Ten to one you cannot guess what is the favorite fishing pole here. Give up? A dried sunflower stalk! (Thank you for the ten spot.)

If, for some magic reason, bamboo should suddenly disappear from off the face of this delightful countryside, the folks hereabouts would surely be hard put to carry on. Rice grinders and other articles with which to prepare the rice for the pot; chopsticks with which to eat the rice; fans to cool the fevered brow when in the summertime the mercury tries to establish new high altitude records; chairs to sit on, and beds to lie on; combs to comb with, and fiddles to fiddle with—these, and a million and one other things, flow in an unending stream from the industrious hands of the bamboo workers. They certainly know their bamboo. They will make you an umbrella to keep the rain off you when it rains, an awning to keep the sun off you when it shines. Coops to keep the chickens in, and fences to keep the pigs out. The list could be continued almost *ad infinitum,* a long, long list, almost as long as the snake-like rafts of bamboo that go floating down the river to Wenchow.

* * * *

AND SO ON with the other trades. Painters, masons, carpenters. Even barbers. Ever on the move, ever on the alert to hear of any new construction work going on. Of labor unions they know not, their wages and working conditions being controlled solely by the laws of supply and demand. The usual manner of hiring their services is to have them do day work, eating the employer's food. The depression in making itself felt here at present with the result that workers are to be had, in certain lines, for twenty native cents per diem. The normal price would be about thirty-odd cents, boarded by the employer. It may thus be readily assumed that no relatives of Croesus are to be found amongst the Chinese workmen, though the god of riches is one of their favourite deities.

* * * *

HOW LONG have you been a Christian? Voila une question that is not often asked, I'll wager. The first time it was shot point-blank at me it left me rather flabbergasted for the moment. "Why, my people have always been Christians." Such was the reply that came first, I might almost say naturally, to my mind. But on the second thought, just in time to arrest myself from making a faux pas, I saw that, in truth, I could not so answer. My people were not always Christians. There was once a day when my ancestors were pagans, every bit as much pagans as were, a few years back, my interlocutors. Here in China it is something to be able to say one's family has been Christians for four or five generations. In this particular district the Christians are still in their infancy. They have not yet put off their swaddling clothes. It takes more than the reception of Baptism to make a Christian out of a pagan. Our Christians here have "put off the old man," in the language of St. Paul, but he still hangs around in the offing, and he manages to climb right back on again. Quite often. Quite too often. But that's the same old story the whole world over. And there was once a time when my forerunners were also toddlers, babes, in the Faith. How long have you been a Christian? Why should we be ASKED, and not ASKING, this question? Quien sabe? Only the inscrutable mind of Divine Providence.

* * * *

HOW ARE your nerves? Here is a fool-proof test for them. Come into our chapel, or, for that matter, into any chapel in the eighteen provinces and adjacent territories comprising this Flowery Republic. Kneel or sit as you wish. Begin your prayers. In a varying length of time a bevy of rustic gawks will come shuffling into the chapel. Slip-slop, slip-slop, they sidle to you in their heel-less slippers. They form silently a circle round and about you. Stare at you? Drill a hole in you with their eyes? Pshaw, man, they riddle you, turn you into a sieve. And each and severally of them afflicted with his own special brand of halitosis, B.O., and Hong-kong foot. My endurance record to date is seven minutes and forty-seven seconds. One missionary held out for ten minutes but his claim to the championship is seriously disputed. 'Tis claimed that he was snoozing when the count began and only woke several minutes later. He was disturbed by one of the peering paysans taking his breviary from his hands.

* * * *

STEP BY STEP we pounded our way along the cobble path. A stop at a wayside inn for a cup of tea and a few cakes. An acquaintance struck up with some equally weary and footsore traveller. Indian file, we start out once more, the catechist taking advantage of the occasion to explain a bit of doctrine to our fellow pedestrain. He was talking about the creation of Adam and Eve. "And," says he, "they were so innocent then, they did not have to wear clothes." "Oh, yes, I read about that," came the disconcerting remark, "the people just used the skins of animals back in those days, didn't they?"

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A LETTER—And a Not-too-Serious Comment

By
THE EDITOR
(who wants you to read this page)

★————★

WE got a letter a few days days ago. The fact is not startling; we get letters twice a day six days in the week. And right here is as good a place as any to say that we could very easily handle an increased number of letters, for, strange as it may sound, we live on letters. No, of course not, we don't **eat** our letters, but the payment for what we do eat (and our Bursar is particular that we never have cause for complaint) depends on what our letters bring to us in the way of good currency of the realm or its equivalent. But we started out to tell you of a letter we received lately. It came from a good Sister "down East", a frequent correspondent. Well, this letter went on to tell us of Sister's efforts on behalf of our Missions, and to offer us some congratulations on the conduct of our work. (So far, so good—and very good.) We think it necessary to state, at this point, that one of Sister's ways of helping us (and an excellent way at that in which we wish she had many imitators) is to secure subscriptions to "CHINA". In fact, the letter we're trying to tell you about contained a new subscription from one of Sister's friends. It did not boost our circulation, however, for if we remember correctly the same mail brought more than one notice of cancellation. (Note to subscribers: we could do with **fewer** letters of this latter type.)

By this time some of our readers are doubtless becoming a bit impatient, wondering what we have to say about the letter we started out to discuss. Evidently we are having a hard time trying to get to the point. Well, we are. You would, too, if your ears got as red as ours when we reached the part we are now singling out from that letter. Perhaps it's wholesome for us to have our ears get red once in a while (and, in case you don't know, by that we mean we suffer embarrassment). Anyway, folks, here's the sad news! But (pardon us, the plot thickens!) we can't yet bring ourselves to tell you what Sister's letter said until we remind you that our telling of it has a moral. Quotation from Sister's letter:

"My hands fell by my side not long ago when I learned that two of my subscribers from ———— had given up 'China', saying they found only the jokes interesting."

Now it took us a long time to reach **the point**, and before you start discussing its "news value", let me continue with Sister's letter and give you her reaction to the ex-subscribers' remark. The letter goes on: "I could not hide my indignation and could not help thinking how trivial are some people's interests. And that in ———— with a Catholic College and Convent Schools. No wonder we have so many spineless Catholics all over the world, Catholic countries not excepted. It was a sad eye-opener for me re the zeal some Catholics have for the cause dearest to the Heart of Christ, the salvation of souls for whom He shed His Precious Blood, when jokes interest them more than do the accounts of the struggles of our heroic missionaries to spread the Faith in pagan lands. Happily, all are not so!" Yes, happily!

We confess ourselves "stuck" —meaning that we can't decide whether we ought to berate the ex-subscribers for so callously passing up the opportunity of continuing to enjoy a good joke page by so ruthlessly cancelling their subscription; or whether we ought to feel pleased at the compliment paid to our regular "Nonsense" feature, withal at the expense of our other pages; or yet again whether this is not a good chance to have a little chat with all our readers, the Sister's letter serving as an introduction.

A chat it shall be, then, a little one, and it will be about the work which most interests any editor, his own publication. And in case there are more readers like our ex-subscribers from ————, the editor prints his little chat on the page where the universally liked "Nonsense" usually appears so that ALL will read it. Due to the publication of a pictorial issue last month there is more than the usual amount of copy on hand which we do not want to defer any longer. You'll find plenty of interesting reading matter in the preceding pages; there's the account of the Departure Ceremony and the journey of our new missionaries up to the time of their leaving Victoria. Father Serra writes pleadingly of his need for accommodation for his many new Christians in Tsingtien parish. Father Gignac tells of his train trip from Shanghai to the Ancient Capital of China. There's the stirring Sermon preached by Father Doyle when our missionaries were given their official "Godspeed" at the end of September. Father Venini judiciously mixes the serious and the humourous in his long write-up under the title of "Chinese Vignettes", and the Sisters of Charity at Chusan Island entertain with their method of saving souls through their medical ministrations. And lastly, we hope the page that follows this one you're reading now will excite your interest sufficiently to have you write us a letter—and make an enclosure. And we won't mind if, accompanying your money order or cheque, you make any remarks (complimentary or otherwise) about our "Nonsense" page.

But, to tell you the truth, this whole page is nothing but a scheme to draw to your attention the fact that our work cannot be supported, and our missions cannot be developed by people who get a great kick out of our joke page, and then are not interested enough in what our missionaries are doing to even read the letters we print on their behalf or even (so little it is!) keep their subscription to "China" up to date. And the editor hopes that your ears, gentle reader, won't need to get red when you glance at the date on your own "China" address label. There's a convenient renewal form printed just opposite. Perhaps it's your turn to make use of it. And with that we must end our little chat. The printer tells me there's no room for more, so it's up to you to have your say. We'll be looking out for your letter. Thank you.

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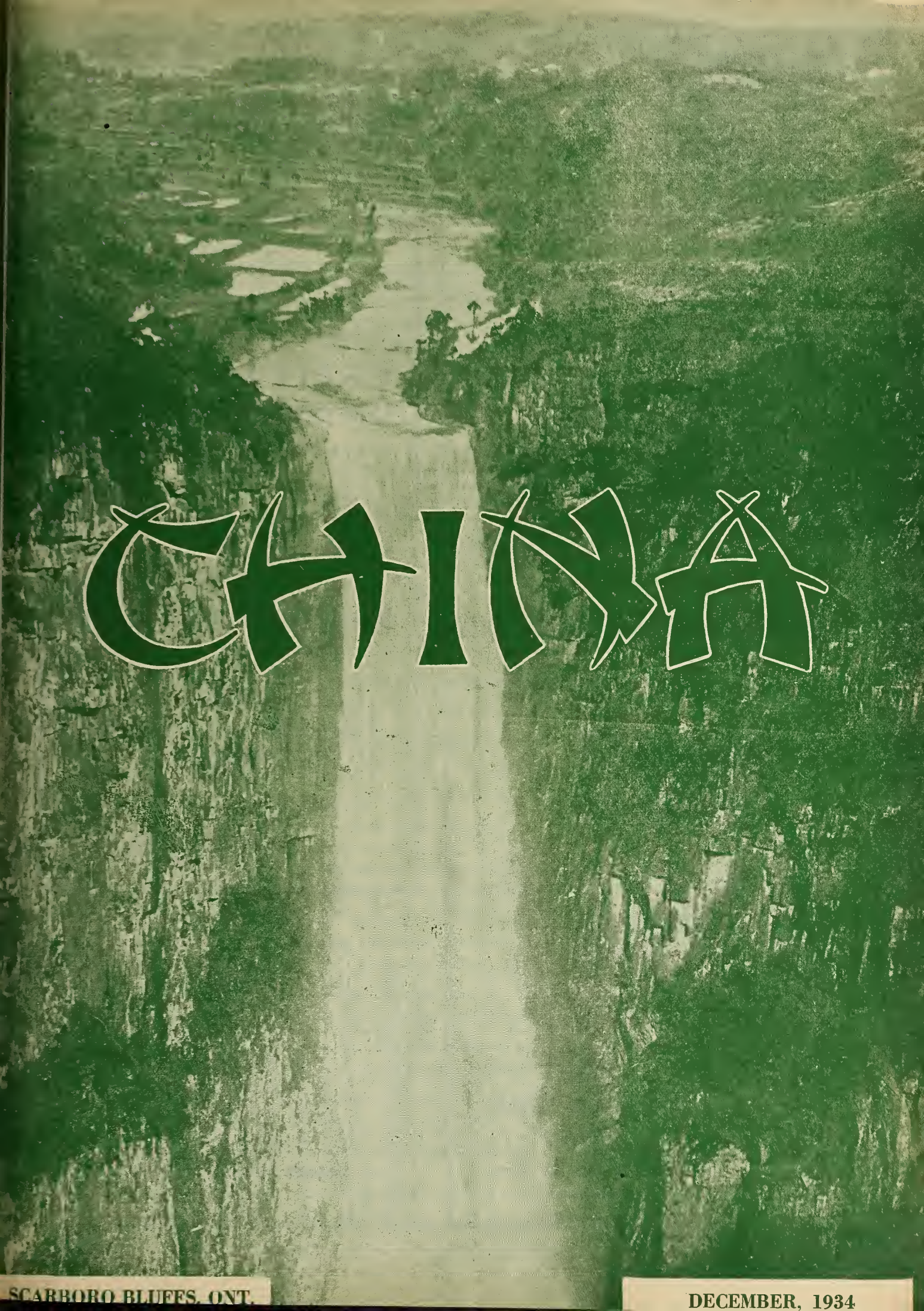
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Very Rev. John E. McRae, President



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DECEMBER, 1934

ATTENTION!

THIS, the December issue of "China", is the last one for the year 1934. Our mailing list unfortunately includes many names of subscribers who are not paid quite up to date. The only means we use to advise delinquent subscribers is the expiry date on their address label. Look at the date on your "China" now. If it does not read 1935, or later, we ask you to make use of the coupon printed on page 175 of this issue. When sending cheques or money orders please make them payable to

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

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THE MISSIONARY AND YOU

TO achieve enduring success for any worthwhile movement or undertaking it is essential that interest must be stirred up and maintained amongst the people who are concerned. It is an incontrovertible fact that the Foreign Missions of the Catholic Church constitute a worthwhile undertaking. It is also beyond dispute that if the work of the Foreign Missions is to succeed, and to continue to succeed, then Catholics the world over must manifest an active interest in that work, because all Catholics—there are no exceptions—are, or should be, concerned in the missionary endeavors of Christ's Church.

Since that is true of the missions of the Church in general it holds good also for the individual component units whose function it is to serve in a particular section of the vast Mission Field Afar. Such units are the various agencies whose activities centre in the preparation, sending forth, and maintenance of missionaries. Such a unit in the great world-wide apostolate is Saint Francis Xavier's China Mission Seminary. It is essential to the success of this institution that interest in its welfare should be created amongst the Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland, for these are the people to whom it is meant to appeal in an especial manner. It is our conviction that no better means can be adopted to foster such interest than by making as intimate as possible the relations between the people at large and the missionaries who have this Seminary as their Alma Mater. That is why "China" presents, month after month, in picture and words the personnel of the Seminary and its graduates on active service in Chuchow, and tells one hundred thousand readers of their activities and their hopes for future successes as other Christs in search of the souls of men. We would not be telling you about our mission work and our missionaries if we did not feel that you wanted to know about them. Knowing about them ought necessarily to stir up your interest. And we fail to see how anybody can be interested in such work as ours, and such missionaries as ours, without translating that interest into action and desiring to share in their labors in some way or other. For there is an attraction in missionary activity that serves to bind closely together both those who are actually "Labourers in the Vineyard" and those who are watching and helping from "afar off".

Between you who are now reading these lines and the graduate missionaries and missionaries-in-training of China Mission Seminary there may not be any ties of family relationship; not one of the seventy-four members of China Mission Institute may have his home in your own parish, nor even in the Diocese to which you belong; yet, if they have not any of these claims on your attention you cannot deny the fact that they have with you a common membership in the Mystical Body of Christ; they are your duly accredited representatives in the fighting of battles for new conquests for your Faith, and as such "China" pleads on their behalf that you be not unmindful of the work in which they are engaged.

In making this plea to you, our readers, we have in mind the near approach of the Feast of Christmas, a time that is especially marked by a general widespread custom of remembrance and gift-giving among friends. The fireside of Catholic homes at Christmas time is made glad and peaceful beyond other seasons of the year. It is the special mark of the happy Christmas time that kindliness, goodwill and charity are all combined in the extra efforts which people make to give tangible expression to their esteem for one another. It is our wish that your brothers in Christ, your missionary representatives, take a place in spirit in your homes this Christmas season; that you be mindful of them and give a thought to their relationships with you.

WELCOME HOME!

As "China" goes to press, the Seminary is preparing to extend a glad welcome to Very Rev. John E. McRae, D.C.L., its President, on his return from an official Visitation of our Chuchow Missions. Returning to Canada with Dr. McRaé is Right Rev. W. C. McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow. Monsignor McGrath has been ordered by his medical advisers in Shanghai to take an extended rest to recuperate from a serious illness which has kept him inactive since last June. More details will be published in our next issue.

"China" Wishes All Its Readers A Very Merry Christmas !

Religious Profession at Lishui

Described by
REV. J. D. McGILLIVRAY

ON THE feast of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, the patroness of missionaries, a most impressive ceremony took place in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Lishui, Chekiang, China. Were it possible to admit of the slightest regret in Heaven, the Little Flower, who during her whole life had such a yearning for the foreign missions, would have looked down with a touch of envy on the two young sisters who were the center of this day's celebration. The ceremony that added to the honor of the Little Flower's feast was the final profession of two Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception—Sister St. Angela, formerly Miss Helen Lynch, daughter of John Lynch and the late Mrs. Lynch of Ottawa, and Sister Mary Genevieve, formerly Miss Jean Andercheck, daughter of Mrs. Andercheck and the late Henry Andercheck of Timmins, Ont., and a sister of Sister Mary Dolores of the General Hospital, Pembroke, Ont.

The Sisters' ten-day retreat ended Wednesday morning, October 3rd. Rev. Father Serra, acting for the Prefect of Chuchow district, wished to have the ceremony transferred from the Sisters' little chapel in their convent to the mission church across the street in the hope that the event would prove a source of edification for the Chinese.

As soon as the Christians had finished their morning prayers High Mass began. After the reading of the Gradual the Assisting Priest, vested in cope and preceded by the cross-bearer and two acolytes. repaired to the back of the Church where the two Sisters to be professed were waiting with their Superior. Being solemnly invited by the Assisting Priest, they entered the Church singing the gradual canticle "Laetatus sum" that was sung thousands of years ago by caravans of pious Jewish pilgrims "who, reaching the gates of Jerusalem, prepare to go up the holy hill in procession in order to present their gifts and offer up their prayers to God, in the holy place". "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me; we shall go into the house of the Lord." As the Sisters came to the middle of the church they knelt down to be invited once again—this time by the celebrant of the Mass, Father Serra. Three times the invitation went out to them, "Venite". Three times they rose from their knees singing their responses and approaching the altar. For the singing of the hymn "Veni Creator" the Sisters returned to the places prepared for them. Following the prayer a sermon was preached by Rev. Father J. P. Conway of Kashing who had conducted the Sisters' retreat.

"To express the greatness of the event that is soon to be enacted here," spoke the preacher, "is beyond the power of human speech. If a few just men would have saved Sodom and Gomorrha; if what seemed to be nothing more than a passing farewell from the thief on the cross was enough to canonize him; if a word of perfect contrition will wipe out a whole life time of sin; surely the joy in Heaven is difficult to describe when two young girls, rich in qualities that would command for them all the comforts and happiness that this world can offer, voluntarily leave home, friends, country—all that the human heart holds dear—to devote their lives to the needs of the sick, the poor, and the education of children in a foreign land." After dwelling on the greatness of the Religious Life and particularly that phase of it known as the Foreign Missions, the preacher emphasized the great example, the source of edification this action of those Sisters would be to all who will witness, or be informed of, the ceremony.

Immediately following the sermon the two Sisters came up again to the Altar. Now they must be warned of the importance of the step they are about to take, and the serious obligations they will be imposing on themselves. In the words of the ritual, "They must sacrifice *everything* without reserving the right to complain in the midst of the greatest humiliations and sufferings". It was then that those two Sisters gave us an example of sublime and heroic Faith.

We all know something of what a religious profession is like in our

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SISTER ST. ANGELA



SISTER MARY GENEVIEVE

SAVING the HARVEST in SUNGYANG

By REV. J. L. BEAL

WHAT approached a national calamity occurred in China this past summer when the country was stricken with drought and the rice crop was seriously depleted. Since rice is the staple food of the Chinese it takes no stretch of the imagination to picture the harrowing results of a crop failure. The untold miseries and hardships then visited upon the people can in all truth be compared to the ravages occasioned in Ireland in the dreary years of the potato famine, 1845-47. The historic Irish Potato Famine had one good result: it sent hundreds of thousands of people out of their country to strengthen later on the Faith in other lands. In times of distress and famine here in China, there is also one consoling feature for the Catholic missionary; an opportunity is presented to show forth to the poor stricken pagans the all-embracing Charity of the Christian Religion, and, since action speaks louder than words, it often happens that fear and prejudice is overcome among otherwise hostile people when they see with their eyes that the missionary is doing his utmost to relieve distress among his Christian and pagan neighbours alike.

This section of Chekiang Province is noted for the excellent quality of its rice. A few weeks ago Father McNabb and myself strolled out to the country to see for ourselves how the crop was standing up under the hottest and driest weather experienced in China for sixty-one years. The ground was parched, wide crevices appeared extending to six or eight inches in depth, the tips of the stalks were burned, and it was evident that starvation faced the people unless rain would mercifully relieve the situation.

We decided that some special religious exercises should be held to beg Divine assistance in the averting of a calamity, and then we made a formal visit to the local Mandarin to inform him that in the Christian Church for three successive days there would be offered special prayers, etc., for the relief of the district from the drought. In the course of our conversation mention was made of the pagan ritual that the Taoists had for such an occasion. It did not take much argument to convince the Mandarin that the pagan rites availed little. He even went so far as to admit to us that he considered them nothing better than foolish antics. That he was sincere in his conviction was borne out in his treatment of a delegation of Taoist monks and priests on the following day. He refused to receive them when they appeared at the executive mansion with their proposals.

The pagan rite consists in nothing more or less than an exhibition of acrobatics by one of the priests. Two fairly large bamboo poles were fixed in the ground, and on the crossbar suspended between them the Taoist priest performed some gymnastics, the meanwhile uttering a series of unintelligible words which nobody appreciated. During this display the Mandarin was to have come out and adored Heaven and begged for rain. Had he refused absolutely to take part in such a rite there might have been serious results for himself, so he ordered a deputy to represent him. Immediately there were rumours that the Mandarin was no good and threats were made that he would be reported to the Provincial Magistrate. He was summoned a second time by a larger delegation of pagan monks, and this time he had to acquiesce to their demands. Amidst a wild shouting and general scenes of confusion the Taoist priests performed their rites.

In the meantime, we went ahead with our Triduum, and on the third day a remarkable incident occurred when the Catholic Mission property alone was watered by a shower of rain which lasted twenty minutes. The outlying places were denied this favour, and accusations were made against the Mandarin that he had failed in his official capacity. Following the Triduum we immediately began a Novena, and during the nine days it rained for hours almost every day. A public notice was posted on the Outer Gate of the city making mention of the efforts of the Christians, and I believe it had the effect of toning down the long established suspicions that many of the pagans entertained towards us. At the conclusion of the Novena there was a good supply of water in all the fields, sufficient at least to save the crops till cutting time. The Christians were especially faithful in attending the exercises of our Novena, and Communions were numerous. Many of the Christians would remain for three Masses each morning. I can say in all sincerity that Sungyang has seen a marvelous change in the past two years. We have gained the respect and sympathy of the people, and the future is bright with promise for the conversion of many pagans to our Holy Faith.



FATHER BEAL,
the new Pastor of Sungyang, examines some of the tobacco for which his district is noted.

FOUR CITIES IN ONE

Rev. Aaron Gignac continues his deseription of the former Capital City of China where he spent a vacation last August.

PEIPING, once called Peking, the Capital of the Ming and Manchu Dynasties, is made up of four complete and totally different cities. First, there is the Violet Reserved City, otherwise and more popularly known as the Forbidden City. This was reserved to the Emperor and his court. It was absolutely forbidden for any stranger to enter within. Since the establishment of the Chinese Republic in 1911 this city has been converted into a large museum.

The second is the Imperial City. It surrounds the Forbidden City. The third is called by Europeans the Tartar City; Chinese call it Nei Ch'eng or interior city. This in turn surrounds the first and second cities. Last comes the Chinese City. The natives call it Wai Ch'eng or outside city; sometimes it is designated as the South City.

The Forbidden City

Driving along the road from the railway station to the Pe'tang (the Cathedral and residence of the Bishop) we passed along a high red wall. Midway in this wall was an immense gateway looking into what reminded one of a triple tunnel. This, so the driver told us, was the entrance to the Forbidden City. It is situated in the very heart of Peiping. The day we visited the interior of this awe-inspiring place was light and sunny, so armed with my camera the guide and I set out. We found, however, on arriving at the immense entrance gate that one is not allowed to take a camera inside. The camera was left in care of the ticket seller and I was given a chip of wood as a "baggage" check. Viewed from the outside the Forbidden City extends about 3,300 feet from north to south, and about one thousand feet less from east to west. The city is surrounded by a wall twenty-two feet in height, and a moat one hundred feet wide surrounds the wall on the outside.

We entered the gigantic portals. Walking through this tunnel-like gate, the only sound we hear is the echo of our own footsteps. We were about to view the scene of ancient glory, the place where the man who styled himself the Son of Heaven had once his throne and his royal court. When finally we did get through the great gate we blinked as we emerged into the strong sunlight. We were inside the storied Forbidden City! What magnificence, what grandeur! It is almost impossible to begin to describe it all. We walked quickly from hall to hall and from building to building, and the more we saw the more our amazement increased. After a sightseeing trip of four hours we left the place and discovered that we had seen only one-third of the splendours of the city, for on any one day that is all that is open for inspection. However, we had included in our observations the Emperor's quarters, the halls of audience and of worship and of theatricals, and we had seen magnificent arrangements of bronze, jade, and pewter articles. The hall of clocks was most interesting. Whether or not, one Emperor had a special liking for clocks I know not, but I do know that he succeeded in gathering together a marvellous collection of timekeepers.



A view of the Temple of Heaven in Peiping. Father Gignac is the figure at left.

The next day we returned to visit the west section, which was formerly reserved for the empress, and was made up of her apartments and those of her servants, attendants, etc. An unusually interesting part, and of more modern occupancy, was the apartment of the boy-emperor, Henry Pu-Yi, whose establishment as emperor of Manchukuo by the Japanese is a matter of current history. Everything in Pu-Yi's room is undisturbed; things are now as he left them. Even his little bicycle is there.

The Imperial City

A wall about seven miles in circumference surrounds this section. The wall has fallen into disrepair, however. It is small



The entrance to the Winter Palace at Peiping. The White, or Peppermint Bottle Tower is clearly discernible in the background.

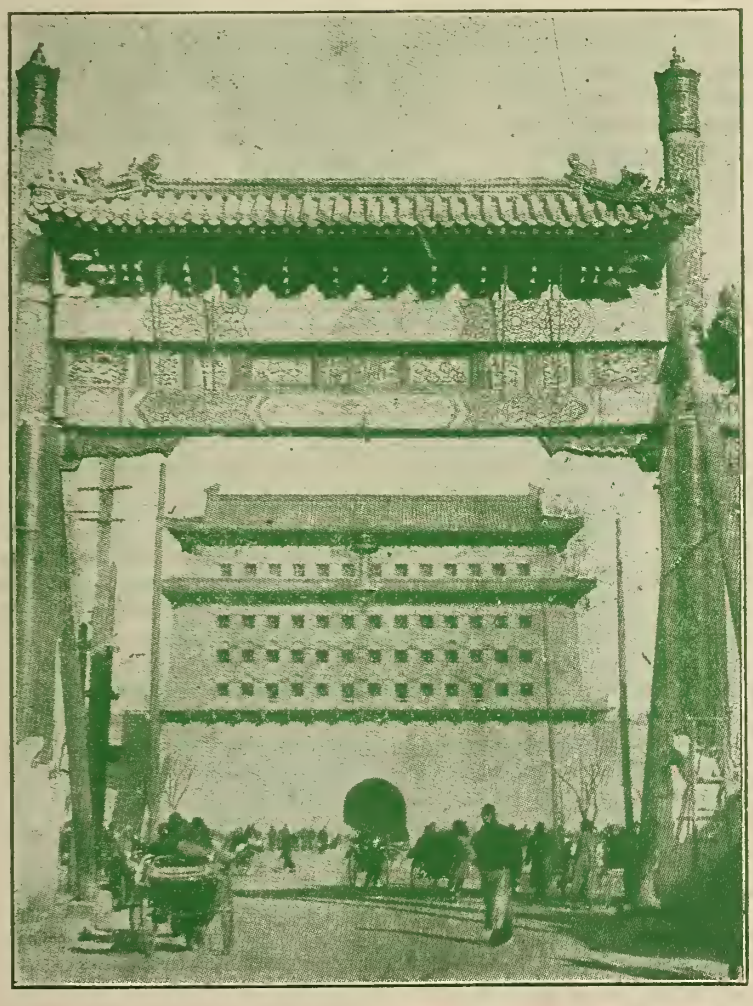
when compared to other city walls in China, measuring only eighteen feet in height, and six feet thick. Four gates, named for the four points of the campass, open into the Tartar City. The largest wall that I've so far seen in China is the one surrounding the Tartar City. It is fifteen miles in circumference, measures forty-one feet in height, and is sixty feet thick at the base. It slants to a thickness of fifty feet at the top. The building of such walls certainly must have been no mean task, when one considers the amount of masonry concerned, and the time and labour that must have been expended on the construction. The continuity of these Tartar City walls is broken by nine immense gates; outside the walls on all sides, except the south, are gardens and farms, with here and there small clusters of houses. Inside each gate is a further semi-circular wall of masonry designed to offer resistance to invaders in case of war should they succeed in entering the main gates.

The Chinese City

Wai Ch'eng, the Chinese City, also has its wall, but it differs from the others inasmuch as it is made from tremendously heavy bricks of great size. It is roughly about one-third the size of the Tartar City wall. It is in this South City that is situated the famous Temple of Heaven. Wai Ch'eng was settled by the Chinese during the Manchu, the last of the Chinese Dynasties.

The visitor can now walk north from the Palace around a very beautiful park known curiously as the North Sea, where is situated the Emperor's Winter Palace. In this park there is the north end of a lake, hence the name. The lake is artificial, and the centre of the park has a hill formed from the soil and rocks excavated from the lake site. Crowning this hill is the white tower, or, as some Europeans call it, the peppermint bottle tower. Since young China has taken a hand in things, the lake I mentioned is the scene of boating and pleasure parties for young couples; formerly it was entirely reserved for the Emperor's enjoyment.

Other interesting sights in Peiping include the Llama Temple, the Temple of Confucius, the Hall of Classics, and also the modern Rockefeller Institute, the Grand Hotel of Peiping, and the Catholic University. The last three institutions are beautiful examples of architecture combining the best of both Eastern and Western features. Another important building is the National Library, built of reinforced concrete, but completely Chinese in design. In a later article I may have something to say of the churches of Peiping, especially the Pe'tang where I was so hospitably entertained during my month's vacation.



One of the Imposing Gates of China's Ancient Capital.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

(Continued from page 164)

convents in Canada. There the novices are surrounded by a beautiful religious atmosphere. The place, the people, the ceremony—the very best that the Catholic Church can provide. Family and friends are there with the professed. Here all that is missing. In the presence of a few priests, three Sisters, a small number of Christians, and in the heart of pagan China, Sisters St. Angela and M. Genevieve, solemnly made perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and consecrated themselves to Our Lord Jesus Christ in order to serve Him faithfully all the days of their lives.

The Mass continued. Following the "Ite missa est" the rings were blessed by the celebrant and presented to the Sister Superior, who placed them on the fingers of the newly-professed Sisters. After Mass all joined in singing a most sincere Te Deum.

The work of the Grey Nuns in the district of Chuchow is well known to readers of "China". Besides conducting a school for girls, and in their dispensary daily treating the sick and those with the most hideous sores, the Sisters are continually being asked out to the city and its environs to the hovels (unfit for human habitation) of those who are unable to come for treatment.

Occasionally articles appear in "China" written by our Sisters describing their work at Lishui. But many of their experiences must not appear in print. The standards of

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A SPIRITUAL CONQUEROR

WITHIN the moated security of a castle in Basqueland, on the 7th April, 1506, was born the youngest of that generation of Xaviers. He grew strong. He was skilled well above the average in athletics, and he knew it. There was the mettle of a soldier in him, tempered, however, by a love for learning—not the love of the conventional bookworm, but a love that desired to shine.

Within the walls of Xavier he went to school. He learned quickly what was taught him. There was instilled into him a faith—he grew into it—a faith rugged and austere yet strong like the walls that stood around him.

In the world outside there was war. Francis' elder brothers had taken the Navarrese side against Spain. In one of the engagements of the war the town of Pampalona was attacked. The Navarrese hurled themselves on the little town, Francis' brothers Miguel and Juan amonst them—and if he had been old enough Francis would have been there, too. The Castillians were yielding, but at the last moment one, Ignatius, rallied them; they held out a little longer and probably would have won had not a cannon shot wounded their leader.

When Francis was eighteen he went to Paris, to the great school of the age. He entered into the ordinary life of the university. His studies succeeded well. He was not allured by the debauchery of the city; the scandalous lives of some of his fellow undergraduates and teachers repelled him. He ascribes his safety to a fear of destroying the lithesome and athletic body that was his. This explanation seems plausible enough, but we wonder how much his Basque faith and the grace of God had to do with it!

Francis had not been two years in Paris when there came within the circle of his friends a Swiss, a gentle, lovable and learned man. He and Francis shared rooms. Francis was not a saint at this time, but the potentially saintly material was not absent. The part that Favre played in making a saint of Francis can never be guessed at. But he did play a part, a part recognized by Francis and seemingly not a small one, for later Francis would surreptitiously insert the name of Favre in the litany of the saints.



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
The Heavenly Patron of all missionaries, who died within sight of China, the country of his dreams, on December 3, 1552.

No less wonderful is it that Francis dallied not with heresy. The renaissance was still in its first glow in the university city, and hand in hand with it ran the errors of the Reformation. Francis was amongst the intellectual elite. His ambition could easily have been fired by the intertwining of culture and heresy. There were even some interfering fellows who said as much and even went as far as to inform his brother on Xavier. Francis' apology of orthodoxy leaves no doubt about his feelings or his faith. "God knows," he says, "the mortification that I experience at being unable to recompense them according to their works".

It was at this time, when things were not well with Francis, that the captain of Pampalona came to live at his college. Ignatius saw the vanity and the nervous ambition of the young man. How far more he saw cannot be conjectured. He set himself to convert him. Ignatius tells us through Polanco that "Francis was the toughest clay he ever moulded". If we can believe the old histories, he spent morning, noon and night nagging at him. A nagged one always does something eventually in a paroxysm of rage. But to convert a man so that he lives a holy and heroic life would, we imagine, exhaust the energies of the most suasive nagger. Ignatius won over Xavier.

Francis was not the only disciple that Ignatius won. There were seven others—all men of ability and holiness, with Ignatius as their guide, who offered themselves to follow Christ. On the feast of the Assumption their contract was sealed on Montmartre. Plans were made for the future, but very few of them fructified.

After many vicissitudes, a headquarters for the group was made at Rome and Francis was made Ignatius' secretary. Their routine work had begun—they had become a stable body.

The new society was not two years in Rome before John III of Portugal began to make inquiries about it. John's possessions in the Orient were clamoring for missionaries. Here was new blood. Why not send some of it east? There would be less red tape to be disentangled in trying to extract a few members from a new order than from an old one. His Roman Ambassador, Mascarenhas, was instructed to bring back with him to Lisbon a couple of these new missionaries. Rodriguez and Bobadilla were chosen. Bobadilla was ill. The ambassador could not wait. Salmeron and Xavier were the only other two in Rome. Salmeron was for Ireland. It must be Xavier then. Would he go? The reply was never doubted. He had a day to prepare. Then Ignatius bade him goodbye: "Ite, omnia incendite et inflammate". Was this prophecy?

Eight months were to pass before their boat sailed. Rodriguez and Xavier toiled away in Portugal. In the court and out of it they left evidence of their work. John noticed it. He thought it rather presumptuous sending such a pair to evangelize the Indies while his own court could do with a little salutary edification. He decided to hold the two missionaries and he forced their hand by giving them a college. This made the situation delicate. A compromise was hinted. John accepted. Rodriguez stayed in Portugal and Xavier went to the Indies.

For eleven years he was to toil there. The hours of light did not end his work. The greatest work was done at night. Report after report tells us of somebody, a Goan, a

Malabar, or his servants or companions finding Francis kneeling on the ground, his arms extended and his heart with God. With a little change of scenery his life would read like Christ's. All day long he preached —his every word and act was a sermon—whether he was among the sophisticated Goans, the simple Malabars or the distrustful Japanese. Yet never did the people think themselves preached at. Francis was too sincere for that. He just won the people, explain it how we may. And then, at night, just like Christ when He slipped away to the gullies in the hills around Tiberias or into the shades of the Garden of Olives, Francis would disappear in the woods and spend the night in prayer to prepare for the morrow.

Like Paul he journeyed unceasingly over land and sea, ever seeking new conquests. His constant cry is cryptic and pleading: "Da mihi animas".

He was harshly criticized, calumniated and maligned, but Xavier rose supremely superior to all. His work prospered, prospered even beyond what would have been his wildest dreams, but never enough to satiate a heart that took its motto from the "Kingdom of Christ".

It was hinted to him that he should stay in one mission, organize it and solidify his work. Yet he was not a free lance. He opened the ground, put men to work it and passed on. His work, too, was never slip-shod or too hastily done. Was it not Xavier that first brought faith's fire to Nagasaki? In Christian history has any soil run redder with martyrs' blood? Have three centuries of persecution deleted from this people's memory the name of Christ?

His journeys are a marvel of persistance. Through forest and storm-driven sea he made his way for God and for man. In eleven short years —in the prime of his life—he wore out that athletic body that was his pride. No sacrifice was too great for the cause.

Through all this dismal suffering there shines here and there a little deed of sympathy or a half suppressed wish to be back in Rome with his friend Ignatius. Little things like these will smother the word "fanatic" should it hesitate on our tongue.

There was disappointment, too, keen, heart-shattering disappointment. The mind and heart can rise superior to ordinary suffering, suffering in fact stimulates them, but disappointment, and especially disappointment in doing the work of God, requires a dauntless trust in Him Who never deserts His own.

In Japan such was his lot; elsewhere he was abused, here unsheathed mockery harried him. To seek the protection of the Mikado he trekked across the whole country. In winter, in the snow, he went, his companions fainting and benumbed. At night Francis would rise and cover his companions with his own scanty covering. But the great Mikado would make their way in Japan easy. Such was their hope. When they arrived at Miyako the place was a shambles. Civil war had reduced the city to destruction. The aristocracy had defeated the Mikado, who was now just their bauble. Jeers and stones told Francis that his journey was in vain.

Every country in the East he had visited and started the work of spreading the Gospel. China alone remained. No foreigner was allowed into the country beyond Canton. Francis, though, would try. He could at least become a prisoner and do good work that way. One never knew, too, how fortunate chances would present themselves. But he had yet to reckon with officialdom. It was adamant. No, he would not go, the danger was too great. Trouble ensued, but eventually Francis prevailed. A stubborn saint is about the last thing in the world you can stop.

In August, 1552, he arrived at San-cian, a kind of quarantine or Ellis Island to the port of Canton—the mushroom city of Hong Kong was not thought of in those days. He felt ill after leaving the boat. A shivering fit took him from time to time. He was weak, but his hope was strong. Very soon he would be in China laying the foundation for the Christian Church.

Yet though he was within sight of China he found it difficult to get to the mainland. No merchant would jeopardize his trade by putting him ashore. Days ran into weeks and weeks into months but no chance showed itself and all this time Francis grew weaker and yet weaker. At

(Continued on page 171)

THAT ways and means of helping China Mission Seminary are not restricted to gifts of money was made clear on two occasions recently, and the Seminary very gratefully thanks the benefactors of whom we make mention below.

In October, Mrs. Brennan, of St. Anthony's Parish, Toronto, very kindly held at her home a "visiting day" in aid of the Missions, and generously entertained a very large number of her friends. The visitors came by invitation in a single afternoon and each one brought along a gift to be sent to China Mission Seminary. As a result, a few days later a car came to the Seminary loaded down with dozens of jars of preserves, fruits, vegetables and other good things for the table. It was a most welcome addition to the stock which must always be on hand to keep fifty young men supplied with the necessary calories and vitamins three times a day for nine months of the year.

And here's another proof that where there's a will there's a way to help the Missions. In Phelpston, Ontario, is a priest, Rev. J. M. Castex, from whom we have received benefactions on many occasions. On Mission Sunday this year, realizing that many of his parishioners who could not give gifts of money to the Missions would be willing to help by other means, he asked all who could to do so to contribute some products of their farms as an aid to China Mission Seminary. Within two weeks a truck load of potatoes and other vegetables, more than fifty bags altogether, was delivered (cartage paid) to us and now are stored in the root house, giving us the assurance that during the Winter months ahead we shall not have to worry about a plentiful supply of the ever desirable "spuds".

The gifts in kind to which we have referred, apart from the fact that they save us a considerable expenditure of money in providing for the needs of a large household, are evidence of the desire of the generous donors to do something to help us in our work here at the Seminary. It may be that what these friends in Toronto and Phelpston, Ontario, have done for us will be an incentive to others to share the burdens entailed by the obligation we have of providing for the upkeep of an institution numbering about sixty people.

Living in a Different World

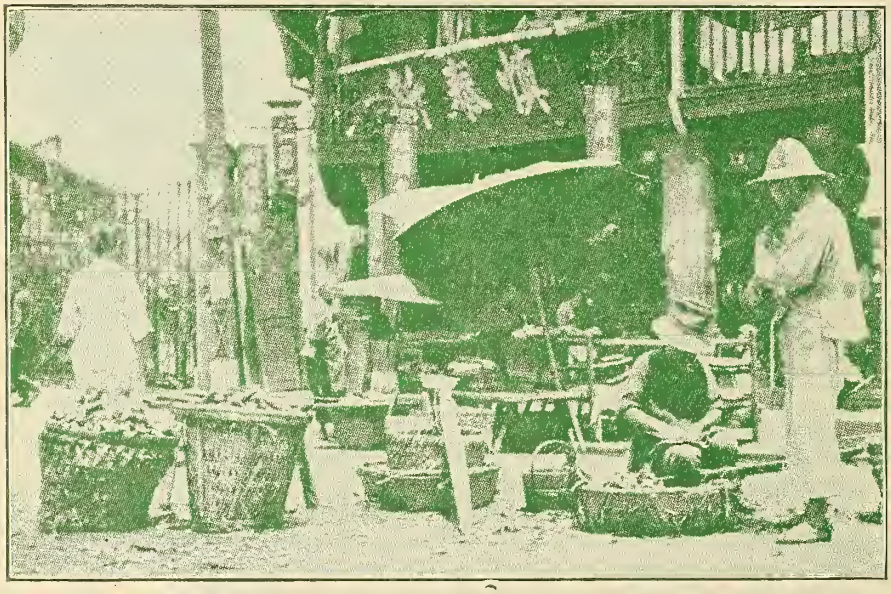
By Rev. Bernardine Linesch, O.F.M.

LIVING in China is like living in a strange world. One does not have to be in China very long to realize the truth of this statement. A little over a half a year has convinced me of it. Everything is so strange, so different in China; I might even say upside down and backward. However, when a person gets accustomed to living here, this strangeness soon wears off, and the things which once seemed so odd seem quite natural. One gets used to seeing everything done in such a different way, and makes nothing of it. I am quite sure if I were to write this same article in six months from now, I would be at a loss what to write about. Even now I sometimes wonder whether the Chinese way of living and doing things is not in many ways as good or even better than our own, all things being considered.

So many peculiar observations in China now come to mind that I do not know which one to tell you about first. If what you are about to read now seems a little mixed up and incoherent, please do not mind. This is just an article on China.

At present I recall a few observations which I made right here in Wuchang Mission Compound. A little painting job was executed by Chinese painters. I watched the progress of their work to my great amusement. True to form, all the trimming was done first. The main part of the job followed starting from the ground on upward, believe it or not. The roof was the last thing to be painted.

A short time ago a carpenter was hired to do some repair work around the house. He came with a few small logs and several crude looking tools, and what he did not fix with his outfit is not worth talking about. He made slats for shutters, legs for chairs, repaired a few window sashes, built a new ladder, besides doing a lot of other odd jobs around the house. It is really surprising all that a carpenter can do with a few tree logs and so few and such poor tools. But why simply mention the carpenter's skilfulness. In China all artisans are skilful in their various trades considering their tools and the methods they use. Many things are made in China today as they were made centuries ago, in spite of all the helps afforded by modern foreign machinery and methods. It is a rare thing to see a painter use a brush or a tailor a sewing machine or even a tape measure for that matter.



Some merchants on Danforth Avenue, Toronto, wouldn't stand for this "sidewalk display" of wares, but almost all the markets in China are open shops.

A word about our courtyard and the hill just to the rear of it might be enlightening. I never saw such a variety of odd plants and trees anywhere in so small a space. The vegetation and verdure is characteristic of the semi-tropics. Outside of a few date palm trees, all trees are rare and have peculiar tendencies. Many of them keep their leaves the year round while others, after they have shed them, blossom out into fragrant smelling blossoms about mid-winter. Naturally enough where there are trees there are birds, and we certainly have our share of them. But they, too, are so different from the ordinary run of birds. It is true we have some sparrows, but where doesn't one find sparrows? Instead of seeing robins, thrushes, and meadow larks, we sometimes see the paradise bird, yellow-feathered birds about the size of robins, together with a number of other birds with sweet melodious tones, the like of which I have never seen or heard before. Magpies and white-winged crows are quite numerous and picturesque, to say nothing about the great majestic jays.

But now let us go beyond the limits of our compound for some more strange sights. The streets are for the most part nothing more than alley ways back home and are walled on both sides. There are no front lawns to be seen anywhere, and to see trees along the street is very rare. Merely to walk along the streets as they are constructed in China, one gets the impression that such things as trees do not grow here at all, but a bird's-eye view of the city from one of its hills immediately corrects this false impression. We, living here on Flower Garden Hill, have a fine view of a great portion of the city from our second floor enclosed porch. From this point of view many a false idea as to locations and distances which one gets due to travelling the winding walled roads in Wuchang is clarified at a glance.

The sights to be seen along a Chinese street are often amusing, sometimes sad, then again very ordinary. Many do not bear des-



"YOU'RE NEXT!"
Chinese barbers, at least the ordinary head-shavers, are to be seen almost anywhere along the street.

cription here. You know in China practically everything and anything is carried on the shoulders of one, two, or more men, and believe me there are carriers and carriers. The second commonest thing to be carried is water, not to mention the first. The Chinese prefer river water to any other for their tea.

From sunrise to sunset, the streets are generally crowded with people of all classes. With so many people daily milling about it seems like every day is a holiday. Since the conversion of many pagan temples into schools in this modern age of education, one sees the streets crowded with children of all ages on their way to school early in the morning, eating their breakfast as they go. About the same time can be seen the farmers carrying their vegetables to the market places. Almost all the markets in China are open shops, except for a few of the more high-class ones. Chinese barbers, at least the ordinary head-shavers, are to be seen almost anywhere along the street. Then, too, there is the usual crowd of people out marketing for the needs of the day, and still another crowd just walking about aimlessly, bowing here and talking there. The many different street scenes, described in detail, would make interesting reading in book form.

A few more items in brief will help you to realize why I say living in China is like living in a different world. First of all, the language question comes to mind. The Chinese language is really unique. Whether you grunt, cough or sneeze, you might be making a sound which has some meaning in Chinese. To write it one has to be an artist in the true sense of the word. To be able to read it one has to have good eye-sight and a good memory. To speak this language one has to have good control of the muscles of his mouth, and before anyone will be able to understand you when you speak it, the subject matter must be made clear either by gestures or some other ingenious way.

Chinese customs, too, are so different from our own. When they say yes, they usually mean no. When they say they don't want something you can be sure they really want it. If they ask you questions, it is not the sign of curiosity. That is their way of showing you that they like you. However, I have not found out yet what it is a sign of when they stand and stare at you.

If you like to travel by water come to China and you will get your fill of it. China seems to me to be just one big lake with an outlet to the Pacific Ocean, the Yangtsze River acting as a big funnel. The person who said China is nothing but a geographical figure did not know what he was talking about.

Where left is right; where lying and stealing are sometimes virtues; where banditry is chivalry; where mattresses are a luxury and knives and forks are unknown; where dogs all look sick and cats do not purr; where sounds are the queerest and smells the rarest; that is China—the land of the flea and the home of the shave.

A SPIRITUAL CONQUEROR

(Continued from page 169)

last a man was found who would dare the risk on payment of a bribe. On a day assigned he would come to the island. All the while Francis waited, avidly counting the hours until the journey began. When the day at length arrived the merchant failed to keep his appointment.

Disappointed and overcome with fever, Francis' strength gave way. On a wind-swept hill of San-cian he lay in a straw-thatched hovel. An incompetent Malabar watched him in his delirium. He lay dying within sight of China, the country of his dreams. How he had pondered and set his heart on gaining that country for Christ. While he was toiling in other lands he had always thought of China. China would be his last work. But now his life was ended. Gladly would he yield that life to Christ. But would the shadow of the cross ever fall on China—that great land with its teeming millions? He hardly dared to say—but yet he had Christ's words. The shadow fell—not in his time, but through his efforts—a short shadow it was, but deep. Slowly, very slowly, it lengthens. Let us pray that it will not cease to lengthen till in its shade it embraces all that great country.

—*T. Martin, S.J., in "The Rock".*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION

(Continued from page 167)

both civilizations differ too much. That is only one of the many trials and unpleasant things daily confronting them. Yet they seem conscious of only one difficulty and that is their inability to cope with the demands made upon them. To be forced to turn away the sick from their door is the one hard thing in the lives of those Sisters. Their numbers are too few—five among two millions. This year two more Sisters will be here from the Mother-house at Pembroke. A wonderful help! Not everybody can leave home and come to China. But everybody, if they only wish to, can help the Sisters in China spiritually; and *many* can help them materially.



REPAIRS WHILE YOU WAIT
This wandering tailor believes in saving rent. His shop is roofed by the heavens and the only walls are those on either side of the street. The rest of China may be upset, but he looks quite undisturbed.

SHE FOUND HER GOD!

TIME and again we have urged our kind friends to pray and to make sacrifices in behalf of the missions. We are certain that you have prayed and have made sacrifices for God's poor pagans, for we could recount many an incident which undoubtedly was the result of someone's prayers. Suffice it to recount just one incident which happened at Safang lately.

One bright November morning two old women—Lo Po-po and Kuei Po-po—strolled in at the front entrance of the Safang compound. Although both were strange to us, yet Lo Po-po seemed somewhat familiar with the surroundings.

Hesitatingly she approached, saying: "Sister, I have brought you this Kuei Po-po who wants to join your religion. She came to my house and asked me as to the whereabouts of the Catholic Church. I happened to know of your dispensary, school, and catechumenate, and so I brought her to you. Will you accept her?"

There in front of us stood another of God's chosen ones in this land of innumerable souls who knew Him not. She was bent with age, but kindness and goodness shone out of her eyes. Then, too, asthma had laid its wasting grasp upon her poor body and one could see that her days were numbered. So we took her in as another charity pupil, even though our charity list had previously been more than filled. With a deep bow of thanks, Lo Po-po departed, happy in the thought that she had done a good deed to this forlorn soul.

Kuei Po-po immediately made herself at home, arranging her few belongings in one corner of our old catechumenate building. Her bed was made of boards, loosely arranged on iron benches with a little straw to cover it. She was neat and so arranged her quilts very carefully and packed her remaining treasures in the vicinity of her bed. She was happy, appreciative, and had a real good will to learn to know this God of the Christians.

The next day she started in the classroom and Kuei Po-po applied herself to her utmost strength. Due to her asthma she never could enjoy a solid night's rest and hence was very weak.

Before long, however, she could make the Sign of the Cross, say a part of the "Our Father," and knew something about "why" one joins the Church. At intervals she asked to rest awhile, but soon again she would appear in the classroom.

Speaking about the truths of our holy Religion, these old people grasp the ideas quite readily, but forget them just as readily. Kuei Po-po, though, was intent upon understanding it and keeping it. To remember all that had been said was impossible, so she fixed her attention on just one sentence and held on to that. Then during her nightly vigils she would ponder on these truths and eventually retain them in her memory. Some of her older classmates would get discouraged when they could not remember what had been told them, but she always advised them to remember just one statement and then to meditate on that. Often one could hear these good old souls discussing matters among themselves and seeking help from those whose memories were more retentive.

Dear reader, let me ask you here: "What is it that can turn the hearts and minds of these old people away from their created gods to an invisible God?—people who have for forty, fifty, and perhaps eighty years bent in adoration before hideous idols which to them meant all. What is it, I say, but the gift of faith coming from the heart of God Himself?" Perhaps in answer to *your* prayers have these souls received the wonderful gift.

After an interval of two weeks our good Kuei Po-po was confined to her bed, but she was always cheerful and resigned, and even though she was in pain, she continued her frequent rehearsals of the doctrine she had comprehended thus far.

Things were coming to a climax. The asthma was tightening its grip on its victim, in spite of all the care the good Sister nurse could give her. Our suffering Kuei Po-po asked permission for a few days respite with her relatives in the city. However, the Sister in charge did not consent to her leaving. And here lies the point. Why did the Sister refuse her consent? To grant the permission would have simplified matters all around. Why not just say: "Yes, you may go, and when you have rallied again we shall be glad to welcome you back among your classmates"? God in His merciful providence was directing it all: good Kuei Po-po had co-operated with His grace in beginning her studies, and her heavenly Father was leading her safely to her coveted goal. With her whole heart she acquiesced in Sister's arrangements, saying: "I will not go since Sister wants me to stay". Happy soul, happy will you be for all eternity because of your ready obedience!

On Sunday morning our good Po-po surprised us by attending the second Mass, for she said: "This is the Lord's day and I must adore God". But during the course of the Mass, her strength failing her, she needs must return to her bed. There she lingered on until Thursday morning, the vigil of our Immaculate Mother's feast. That morning she arose early and, to the astonishment of all, she dressed herself in her best clothes.

Her classmates urged her to rest a few days longer, but she insisted that she must "get ready". No one surmised what she was getting ready for. After she had dressed herself completely she retired again while all the rest of the catechumens repaired to church for Mass. After Mass our patient enjoyed a hearty breakfast. Later short calls at her bedside revealed that she was getting along nicely. Kuei Po-po was still highly interested in the truths

of religion and she admonished all to study hard and try to retain at least one fact daily.

Just as the Angelus bell rang out its remembrance of our merciful Redemption another soul was nearing the portals of heaven. Kuei Po-po was found unconscious in the throes of the death agony. The Sister from the dispensary near by rushed to her bedside armed with the remedy of all remedies,—a bottle of saving water. Other Sisters arrived just in time to hear those momentous words: "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost". Then medical aid was given, but there was no response. Our good Po-po clung to the thread of life and gave us time to call for the priest, who supplied the ceremonies of the Sacrament of Baptism and said the prayers for the dying. There lay a worn-out frame inhabited by a soul purer than the purest snow, clad by the infinite mercy of God in the cloak of sanctifying grace, ready to take its flight into the arms of Him who made it.

Round about stood pagans, Christians, and Sisters, praying for the departing soul which had received such signal graces. The pagans stood wondering at the peace and serenity of that countenance, and the composure of those attending in contrast to the shrieking and howling, banging of cymbals and gongs, and the rush and tumble when attending the deathbed of a pagan.

"How peaceful! Look, she is not afraid! What composure!" were some of the remarks uttered among the pagans. At two o'clock her pure soul took leave of its mortal habitation, to be welcomed into a better home where angels stood awaiting it.

Later we made inquiries as to just how it happened that this woman knew of the Church of God. We were told that in years gone by this old woman had heard from some one that there was a certain true God, and that it was in the Catholic Church that they adored this true God. Our good old friend bore this in mind and pondered how she could possibly find this God. She lived far out in the country, many miles from Wu-chang. She was an honest soul and the Lord kept this flame of faith and hope alive in her breast until one day she concluded that it behooved her to walk to Wuchang to try to find her God. She knew not where to inquire but just walked on where the Spirit led her. After several days of aimless wandering she reached Lo Po-po's house just a few doors distant from the home of the God she was seeking. Lo Po-po in turn fulfilled her part of God's plan by directing her to us.

Now, was it worth while coming to China even if but to save this one soul so evidently led by the hand of God? How was it that Lo Po-po, a pagan, did not turn her away, saying: "I have no time to take you to the Catholic Mission," as many a pagan would have done? How was it that the Mission accepted her in spite of the fact that there was little room? How was it that Kuei Po-po applied herself so well during the few days remaining to her? Why was it that she did not die during the night while all were asleep? Was it not, perhaps, because some one prayed for our poor pagans, or offered little sacrifices so that souls might be saved? Was it not perhaps on account of some little boy or girl who dropped a nickel or dime into the mite box instead of going to the movies, and by his or her sacrifice, moved the heart of God to inspire this old woman how to save her soul? We may conjecture, but we shall never know until the scroll of the Sacred Heart shall be unrolled on that day when all the good deeds of the lovers of Jesus shall be made known to the world.

At any rate, her pure soul went to heaven just in time to hand our feast-day greetings to our Immaculate Mother on December 8th; and there she will remember those who were her known and unknown guardian angels on the road that led to her God.—*"Franciscans in China."*



An interesting study of an old Chinese woman.

NONSENSE



Mrs. Jones—"Our new minister is wonderful. He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

Mrs. Robinson—"Our laundry man is just the same."

Elderly lady in plane—"Why so nervous and pale, my boy?"

Pilot (despairingly)—"We have lost both wings."

Elderly passenger (reassuringly)—"Well, don't worry about that. We'll get new ones as soon as we land."

The foreman reported that the jury was unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge said the case was a clear one, and added, "If you do not reach an agreement before evening, I'll have twelve suppers sent in to you."

"May it please your honor," spoke up the foreman, "make it eleven suppers and a bale of hay."

After a little dinner-party, when all the guests were gathered in the drawing-room, it was suggested that every lady should state the gift she most coveted.

Promptly, each lady announced her choice. Mrs. Johnson wished for exquisite jewels, Mrs. Williams desired to be the best-dressed woman in the town, while Mrs. Smith craved popularity. Suddenly, however, a tactless husband exclaimed:

"I say! Don't any of you care for beauty?"

He—"Did you hear about the Scotchman who had apoplexy?"

She—"No."

He—"He was throwing pennies to children and the string broke."

Mistress (indignantly)—"Just look at the dust on this sideboard, Mary. It's at least six weeks old."

Mary (calmly)—"Then it ain't nothing to do with me, mum. I've only been here four weeks."

Diner—"Waiter, you ought never to have brought this coffee from the kitchen. It's too weak to stir."

Judge—"You have a pleasant home, a good wife and happy children?"

Prisoner (hopefully)—"Yes, yer honor."

Judge—"Well, you won't see them for two months."

"Did you hear about our new stenog being hurt in the explosion last night?"

"How come?"

"A smile lit up her face and the powder went off."

"Is your wife economical?"

"Sometimes. She had only twenty-six candles on her fortieth birthday cake last night."

Helen Margis—"The secret of good health is onion eating."

Helen Dudewig—"But how is onion eating to be kept a secret?"

"Buy a bunch of violets for your sweetheart, sir?" urged the small boy.

"Haven't got one," replied the young man.

"Take a bunch home to your wife."

"Sorry, I'm not married."

"Here, buy the bloomin' lot to celebrate your luck!"

Mistress—"Really, Gertrude, I must compliment you on the excellent way you have ironed these things."

Gertrude—"Yes, mum, them's mine. I'll do yours the same if I get time."

Father—"So the teacher caught you using a bad word and punished you."

Tommy—"Yes, and he asked me where I learned it."

Father—"What did you tell him?"

Tommy—"I didn't want to give you away, Pa, so I blamed it on the parrot."

Small Nephew (after the wedding)—"I say, you've been married to George!"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, you told me Fred was the best man!"

Old Lady—"You are the rascal who sold me the sixpenny surprise packet last week, and there was nothing in it."

Hawker—"Well, wasn't that a surprise?"

Little Bobby's father owns a garage. Recently when Bobby saw a kitten purring contentedly he remarked: "Oh, mother, come here quick; the cat has gone to sleep and left her engine running."

Customer—(pointing to Chinese characters on laundry ticket)—"Is that my name?"

The Laundryman—"No, 'scliption. Means li'l ol' man, cross-eyed, no teet'."

Customer—"Er—thank you."

Judge—"Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

Speeder—"Never, your honour. I've tried to pass you on the road once or twice, but my bus will do only 55."

The Bore (dramatically)—"Picture the jungle by night, the prowling lion in search of prey, and me lying a few feet away."

The Bored—"Quite! No need to picture the last part—I can hear you."

Mrs. A. (to husband who came home carrying a manuscript)—"What is that in your hand, John?"

Mr. A. (pompously) — "Brains, madam. Are you surprised?"

Mrs. A.—"Not at all. I know you didn't carry them in your head."

He was reading to his wife an account of a famous naturalist's death.

"Reaching for a rare plant, he slipped over the cliff, and as he fell he gathered momentum."

"Oh, George," she interrupted. "The poor man! What an enthusiast he must have been. Fancy picking flowers even as he fell to his doom."

"Jim, I don't believe you've washed your face since I saw you playing football. Do you know it's very dirty?"

"I know, mother. But dad showed me the little things that live in water, through his microscope last night, and I'm not going to have them crawling over my face with their funny little legs!"

Young Author—"The art of telling a story consists of knowing what to leave unsaid."

Married Friend—"It doesn't make any difference, my boy. My experience is that she finds out, anyway."

Teacher—"Billy, can you take five from one?"

Billy—"Yes, sir, you can."

Teacher—"How do you mean, you stupid fellow!"

Billy—"Well, sir, I take five toes out of one stocking every night."

The housewife was superintending the dusting of her husband's library.

"Careful, Bridget," she said to the maid. "Mind how you handle the books. Some of them go back to George the First, you know."

Bridget, who was in the act of dusting a novel, smiled knowingly.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, "and I see one or two of them ought to go back to the lending library as well."

"Madam, if you'll buy the car, we'll put your initials on free."

"Oh, it's not the initial cost. It's the upkeep."

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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MISSION SUPERIOR HOME

We mentioned in our last issue that Right Reverend Monsignor McGrath had been obliged to return to Canada following a serious illness of many months in China. He remained some weeks in Vancouver and Victoria and reached the Seminary on January 6th. It is a very real pleasure to have him sharing our Seminary life with us again. Readers of "China" will be pleased to know that the Monsignor's health is gradually improving, and that he has benefitted greatly since his return.

Monsignor McGrath went to China in the Fall of 1931, and had been only a few months on the Missions when he was signally honored by the Holy See by being chosen as the first Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, the territory in China assigned to St. Francis Xavier Seminary for evangelization. He is optimistic about the future of the Church in China, and is looking forward to the day when our present students, numbering fifty, will be with him and the eighteen other priests now in Chuchow making new conquests for Christ in Chekiang Province.

AMUSEMENTS OR MISSIONS

Considering the fact that donations and contributions to foreign mission work have fallen off so alarmingly in recent years, and that it is so difficult for mission institutions such as ours to secure even a fraction of the amount necessary to conduct their work successfully, we were quite interested in a little statistical item which appeared recently in the daily press. Perhaps you will be interested, too. Interested, not so much in the statistics as in the reflection which inevitably must come to one interested in the work of Catholic Missions when he compares the material means available for mission work with the huge sums which were expended in a year of depression for one item alone: moving picture amusement.

According to safe estimates, about sixty million people each week attended moving picture shows in the United States alone. Taking the very moderate average of 30 cents admission fee for each individual, it means that each week 18 million dollars were expended on this form of amusement. Thus, one billion dollars were turned in to the coffers of the movie shows by American people in a single year. Catholics form a sixth of the population. Theoretically, they would have given 150 millions. That Catholics do constitute an imposing group of customers for movie shows is emphasized by the concern caused some of the producing companies by the spread of the Legion of Decency recently. The very lowest estimate would tell us that Catholics in the United States spend two million dollars a week at cinema shows.

We have not available any precise statistics for Canada, but we may state without hesitation that, proportionately, Canadian Catholics spend enormous sums weekly for movie attendance. In comparison, their donations to the missions are insignificant. There is no question of suppressing amusements and honest distractions, but there is the suggestion that if Canadian Catholics were to sacrifice a movie show occasionally and send the money thus saved to aid the missions, there would be a considerable impetus given to the work of the Church in foreign lands.

IT IS IMPORTANT FOR US

To weary our readers is the last thing we would wish to do. Yet, we must run the risk of it by mentioning so frequently the necessity of our subscribers supporting our work by the prompt renewal of their subscription to our publication "China". Literally, it is a matter of "bread and butter" to our missionaries to have the circulation of "China" maintained by paid-up subscriptions. You know, it is a problem — this subscription business. Perhaps you do not know it, but it is a fact that most secular magazines are not supported solely from their subscriptions. Take any largely-circulated secular magazine you wish. You could scarcely buy the paper in such a magazine for the five, ten, or twenty cents you pay to the newsdealer, much less get the stories which represent a vast outlay of money for printing, for pictures, and the prices paid to writers, etc. Such magazines live on their advertisements. Thousands and thousands of dollars are received for the advertising which goes into secular magazines. But for magazines like ours, subscriptions are the very bread of our existence. We want to keep on existing, so please help us by renewing your subscription, and, if possible, secure some new readers for us.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

EVER since the day when Jesus our Lord said to Peter that the gates of hell would never prevail against the Church He intended to build upon him, as upon the rock of the new foundation, the Catholic Church, confident in the promise of Her Divine Founder, has always faced the most severe storms with an unusually calm countenance and unshaken hope in God's final triumph. Emperors and kings, scholars and revolutionists, have arrayed themselves against her in the course of twenty centuries. Once the moment of apparent victory had passed, one after the other they have disappeared from the scene of the world, while the silence of death has sealed up their grave forever.

But after all these storms, the Catholic Church still stands so strong and so firmly rooted in the love of millions, that not only does she fill with joy her own children, but also invites the respect and sympathy of those outside her pale.

All the history of the Catholic Church in China bears a striking witness to the above statement. But the experiences through which she had to pass in the last years, namely, since the Nationalist revolution, have made this witness wonderfully refulgent.

The Historical Background

In order to understand how the Catholic Church emerged victoriously from the Nationalist revolution, the historical background of the latter has first to be briefly recalled to memory.

The failure of the Boxer uprising to check the Western impact upon the East stirred up the patriotism of men who had studied abroad or travelled extensively. Chief among them was Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Within a few years, these latent forces broke up into the political movement of 1911, which brought to an end the millenary Imperial rule and established the republican regime with Dr. Sun as president.

The hopes centered in the new Republic soon proved illusory. Yuan Shihkia overthrew Sun Yat-sen, and by his monarchical aspirations led to the foundation of the Kuomintang or Nationalist Party, which soon formed a government of opposition in Canton under the aegis of Dr. Sun.

After the World War, China acutely resented the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. First anti-Japanese, then anti-foreign, and lastly anti-Christian feeling ran high throughout the country. Soon afterwards, Russian advisers were invited to Canton and Chinese Communists were admitted into the Party.

In the succeeding three issues of "China" will be continued this very interesting article by Rev. Paschal M. D'Elia, P.J., Professor of Missiology at the Pontificial Gregorian University in Rome and Member of the Sinological Bureau, Shanghai. The article is taken verbatim from "The China Year Book, 1934," and we reprint it as it appeared in "Franciscans in China". We advise our readers who seek information on the church's struggles in China to read these articles carefully. The subsequent instalments will give some interesting facts about the present status of the church in China.

On March 12, 1925, the Leader died, bequeathing to his Party the formal task of carrying out his revolutionary programme to fruition. A punitive expedition, under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek, was launched against the Northern war lords, with the aim of conquering the whole of China to the ideals of the late Leader. Within a few months the ever-victorious army reached Central China.

Then it was that the left wing, hitherto kept in check by the more moderate elements of the Party, gained the ascendency; anti-foreign and anti-Christian excesses became the rule. Schools, churches, and mission-buildings were looted or seized on the slightest pretext. Windows, partitions, staircases and altars were torn out, while images and statues of saints were broken or mutilated. Soldiers very often made themselves perfectly at home in Church property, dislodging foreign as well as Chinese priests, who had either to be content with the worst room of their own residence, or flee to the mountains.

The climax was reached in Nanking on March 24th, 1927, when a large force of Communist soldiers attacked the foreign residents, killing and wounding some, whilst others barely escaped with their lives under naval protection. The Catholic church in Nanking was thoroughly stripped and ignominiously turned into a stable, after everything sacred had been desecrated. Two Jesuits, an Italian and a Frenchman, teaching at Ricci College, were killed in their own residence, while two others had a narrow escape.

The sad news of the Nanking outrage soon spread through the country and became a menace to all foreign missionaries. Vexing questions were being asked, like: What about foreign missionaries? Is there still a place for them in China? Should they remain? Should they all leave for their native country? Should the Chinese be called not only to a larger, but to the exclusive, part of Church responsibility? Even so, would the Church survive at all?

These and other similar questions admitted of no easy answer, and missionaries were only too aware of it.

So much for the historical background of the Nationalist Revolution.

The Three Characteristics of the Nationalist Revolution

As to its psychological point of view, it has three main characteristics which singled the revolution of 1926-1927 out of any other previous outbreak.

First, the revolution was nationalistic, viz., exasperatingly patriotic. It contained aspirations and tendencies which dated back to the dislike of whatever was foreign or "barbarian", but which broke out in a way and with a violence hitherto unknown. It powerfully fostered a jealous sympathy for what belonged to the Chinese name and race: a keen sensitiveness of the independence of the Chinese people, inciting them to get rid of all importations once and for all, and exclude all interference from outside, be it called unequal treaties, Christian evangelism or foreign tutelage. It was not to be expect-

ed that Chinese Catholics would remain untouched by this rising tide. There were those who shared deeply these instinctive hankerings after ecclesiastical emancipation, this fever for autonomy, and who dreamt of a new order of things where they would be freed from European guardianship. According to them, more prominence should be given to the Chinese clergy by increasing their authority in the Church and in all grades, from the lowest to the highest, from the simple priest to the bishop. As for non-Catholics, they took more and more pleasure in identifying foreign priests with their nationality, religion with foreignism, and in making the masses believe that missionaries were the tool of foreign imperialism.

Secondly, the revolution was Demist, viz., it was permeated through and through by the ideology of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Since the advent of the Republic, the history of China had been a succession of uninterrupted civil strifes. War lords had appeared and disappeared as if by magic. They had leagued together for and against one another. They had fought each other, betrayed each other, allied and fought again, to betray one another and to ally once more on the morrow. Factions and parties had been organized, divided, reorganized, redivided, and so on. And why? What were the interests at stake? What were the principles to be safeguarded? No one exactly knew. But the new party, which had taken good care soon to stamp itself with the envied appellative of "Nationalist", perhaps for the first time in Chinese history, had a full programme in view; the programme of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, namely, the happiness of the people. Imbued with foreign and revolutionary literature, Dr. Sun had amalgamated the triple slogan of the French revolution ("Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!") with Lincoln's celebrated phrase: "government of the people, by the people and for the people". Under his pen, "the government of the people" and "liberty" became Nationalism; "the government by the people" and "equality" became Democracy; "the government for the people" and "fraternity" spelled Socialism or rather



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

"CHINA" VERY HEARTILY FELICITATES MOST REVEREND JAMES C. McGUIGAN ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF TORONTO, AND WISHES HIM MANY YEARS OF HAPPY SERVICE IN HIS NEW FIELD OF LABOUR.

Sociology. Shortly before his death, Dr. Sun launched upon China at large—and the Nationalist party religiously received and accepted—his famous ideology, his San Min-Chu-I, namely, the racial, the political and the economic principle in behalf of the people, or, to make it shorter, his Triple Demism, as the present writer translated it, coining a neologism derived from the Greek word "demos", meaning "people". The carrying on of Dr. Sun's full programme as it was embodied in the San Min-Chu-I was the task that the Nationalist party had set itself to.

Thirdly, the Revolution had unmistakable links with Communism. Emissaries of Soviet Russia, like Karakhan, Borodin, Galen, and many others, had been active —prodigiously active—in Canton, Hankow and elsewhere in China. The Whampoa Military Academy and some influential members of the Party had drunk deeply of Soviet political and economic theories. Dr. Sun himself had "flirted" with Bolshevik Russia. Having been refused help by the Western Powers, he believed that the salvation of his country forced him to throw in his lot with Russia. He did not burn incense to Bolshevism and Communism, but in order not to displease his Russian advisers and his Russian brought-up members of his Party, he did not deny in his lectures on the Triple Demism that these doctrines were worthy of some consideration. Hence, it happened that he sprinkled his book with more than one phrase savouring of Communism. It was enough

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DAYS in SHANGHAI

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

EVEN though no land could be seen on the morning of October 22nd the yellow water told us that we were in China, in the mouth of the Yangtze, that mighty river which stretches far into the interior of China.

Soon land appeared on the horizon, and the "Empress of Russia" which had brought us safely from Canada, weathering the tail end of a typhoon steamed steadily up the river with the tide, her bow throwing back a sickly yellow foam.

We passed a battleship and several Chinese junks, and from then on we made our way carefully through a colorful collection of Oriental and Occidental shipping. Fortunately we were to dock on the Shanghai side of the river, thus avoiding a trip across the river in a tender to the Custom's Jetty, so when within sight of her berth the big Empress went slowly astern up the crowded Whangpoo River and sided gently towards the dock. It was a thrilling moment as the boat drew nearer and nearer the wharf. We were actually in China.

While still a distance out in the stream we discerned two priests in the crowd behind the barriers and Father McGettigan, Father Strang and myself identified the beared priest as Father Amyot and the slighter priest as Father Gignac. Sister St. Martin and Sister Mary Angela spied two Grey Sisters in the crowd and decided, correctly, that they were Sister St. Julitta and Sister Mary Catharine, who had come to Shanghai from Lishui to greet the new arrivals and accompany the new Sisters down the coast and up the river to their new home, the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Lishui, Che.

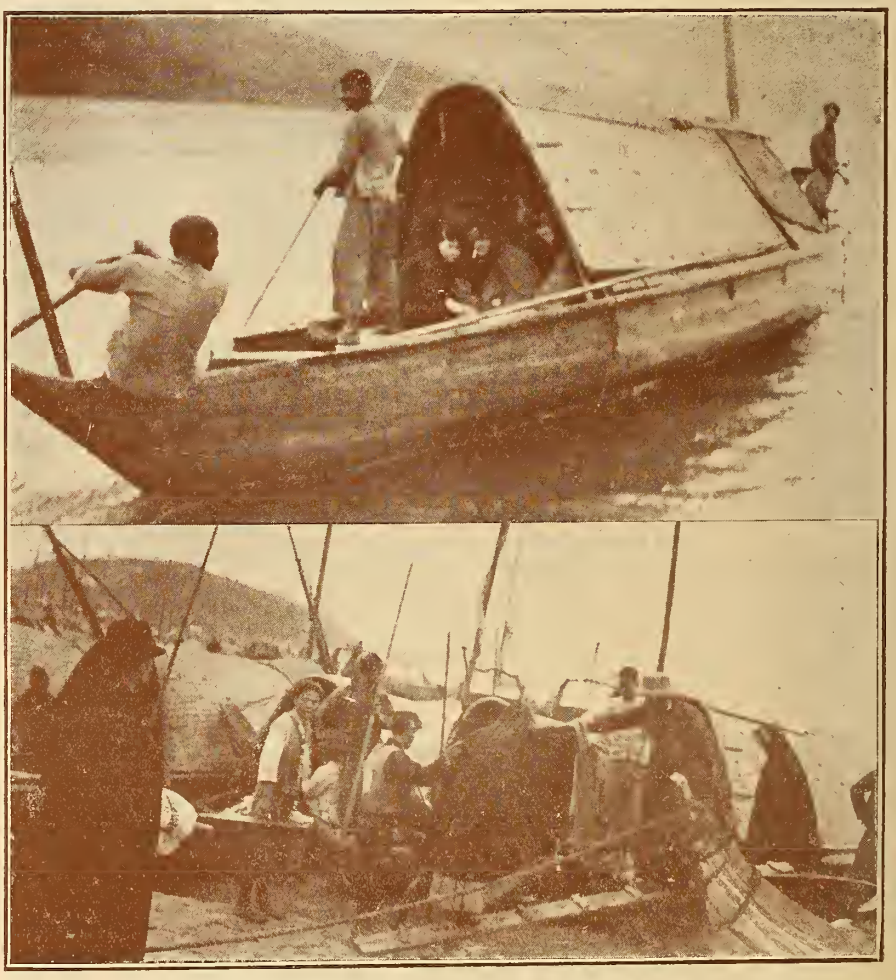
After a delay of more than an hour for examination of passports and for Custom's examination of baggage, we were able to exchange greetings and received a real welcome to China. Soon Fathers Amyot and Gignac had Father McGettigan, Father Strang and myself into a taxi which wiggled its way through the crowded narrow streets.

The Sisters took another taxi to the Sisters of Charity Convent, which was their headquarters while in Shanghai.

Father Amyot very capably fulfilled his duties as guide to Shanghai, so that conversation about the Seminary, the Departure Ceremony, and everything in general was interspersed with: "We are now on the Bund; that is the British Consulate," and we dutifully gazed at an imposing entrance. Passing a busy intersection we were informed that Nanking Road was the most important street in Shanghai, although some of the important banks and hotels were located elsewhere.

The streets and buildings were much like any Western city, but the people! There were many Europeans and Chinese dressed European fashion, but the coolies carrying packs and pulling rickshas left no doubt but that we were in China. The ricksha pullers always aroused my interest and in many cases my sympathy. Among the pullers of the privately owned rickhas were some strong well-fed runners, but some of the pullers of the public rickshas looked under-fed and weak as they plodded along the street either barefooted or with

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GREY SISTERS BEGIN MISSION EXPERIENCES

Top view shows the Sisters on their way to Lishui in a river boat. In the lower view Father Amyot is saying "watch your step, Sister!" as the boat is boarded at Wenchow. Father Strang (at left) looks on.

PRIEST FIGHTS GANG TO SAVE CHINESE GIRL



AN incident which occurred recently in Tsingtien, in our Mission of Chuchow, has received a great deal of publicity, not only in Catholic newspapers, but it has "made the front page" of two of Toronto's daily papers. The priest who was the hero of the incident is our own Father John MacDonald who was ordained in 1931, and went to China that year. Father MacDonald is a son of Chief of Police Samuel MacDonald, of Windsor.

The newspaper accounts say nothing of the injuries to Father MacDonald, but letters from Lishui tell us that, as was to be expected, taking on a gang of toughs in a fistic encounter is not an easy job, even for a hefty missionary like Father "Chook". He had his glasses smashed, wrenched his back and had his hands somewhat injured. However, nothing more serious happened to the one-round champ, and a visit to the dispensary at Lishui and a few days rest restored him to normal good health. "It was hot while it lasted," says one letter, "but all's well that ends well."



FATHER JOHN MacDONALD,
who saved from a pagan marriage the girl shown in picture at top.

From "The Casket", published in Antigonish, we reprint a typical account as it appeared in the public press.

An old Chinese custom was rather rudely jolted in the district of Chuchow recently when it clashed with the tenets of Christianity as interpreted by Rev. John MacDonald, formerly of Windsor, N.S.

The custom in question, the selling of baby girls to their future husbands, is one that has the sanction of antiquity and pagan public opinion. It might still be enjoying uninterrupted honor had not one of its victims become a convert to Christianity and, spiritually, a ward of Father MacDonald at Tsingtien.

Educated by the Sisters at the Canadian Catholic Mission at Lishui, the girl told her teachers that the man to whom, years before, her parents had sold her for the immense sum of $45, had now come to claim her as his bride. The young woman found the idea repulsive, and Father MacDonald offered to see what he could do to have the engagement broken.

The girl's father agreed to let her have her own way in the matter, but the other man refused to give her up, even if it meant getting his $45 back. The girl took refuge at the mission school, and the prospective husband began what corresponds in China to "Habeas Corpus" proceedings.

In Tsingstien it was a bigger case than the Bruno Hauptmann trial, for it was the first of its kind on record.

After much deliberation the magistrate handed down his decision. He ruled that the rights of the prospective husband must be respected, and that he could take his forty-five-dollar bride.

That seemed to settle the matter, but Father MacDonald was only beginning to fight. Hurriedly reading up on Chinese law he felt that the magistrate's decision was unsound, and he appealed to a higher court. The superior court reversed the verdict of the trial judge, giving the girl her liberty.

The disappointed husband-to-be decided to have his bride, law or big "foreign devils" to the contrary nothwithstanding. He hired twenty bandits to raid the mission and carry off the girl. This is where he made his second mistake. He didn't hire enough bandits.

The outlaws swooped down on the school and for the first time in their unsavory careers came up against a husky Nova Scotia athlete. They didn't know that Father "Chook" had been a member of the Windsor hockey team when it was rated about the best in the Maritimes; neither did they know that subsequently he was left wing forward and captain of the St. F. X. College hockey team at Antigonish, and a very effective member of the Xaverian football team. They didn't know, poor chaps, and perhaps in any event they would not have greatly cared. Ice hockey and football enjoy only indifferent esteem in Lishui.

If the banditti had figured on any resistance at all in their sketchy plans, no doubt they expected the contest would be brief. It was. Father "Chook" met the attack alone. Two vicious wallops—and two bandits went down for the long count. The next two were tougher, and assimilated a Windsor right and left each before going into a coma. Then the battle closed. There were only 16 stalwart outlaws left, and they made a brave fight indeed against one man garbed in a clinging soutane, but the odds were too great. Father "Chook" waded through the squad distributing purple eyes and bloody noses without a lost motion, and when he had finished with number 16 and had started again with number five, despair seized the bandits and they scattered for the hills.



Photo by Leatherdale, Toronto

RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM C. McGRATH
Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By

Rev. Craig Strang

(Lishui, China)

ON November 7th we arrived here after our very pleasant journey from Toronto, accounts of which have already been written. We were made quite at home by the other Fathers here, and were given one month's holidays before starting the study of the language. We are told that such a holiday is not waste of time, but has advantages that we will appreciate later on, and we take their word for it. So, for four weeks we have been doing nothing except using all our senses in getting acquainted with Chinese life, taking it all in without having much to say—especially to the Chinese. Our time was occupied by reading some matter on mission life, writing letters, talking to the priests about Seminary days, picking up some Chinese words, playing some football with the boys of the school, playing some victrola records and listening to the stories of the older Fathers. The Chinese customs caused us much amazement as well as interest, but it is not my purpose to set them down here, as they have been mentioned in other letters from here; I have chosen some incidents, however, that I think are worth while recording and telling about.

"Salve Regina"

Never before was I so affected by sacred singing (or singing of any kind for that matter) as when I heard the "Salve Regina" ("Hail, Holy Queen") rendered by the choir boys here after night prayers, under the direction of Father Venadam. During prayers the church is lighted by only two candles on the altar and a lantern at the back of the church, but after prayers they are extinguished and an aureole on the statue of the Blessed Virgin gave the only light in the sacred darkness, and a reginal splendour to the Queen whom it crowned. Then soft strains of the solemn rendition of "Salve Regina" flowed from the voices of some thirty Chinese boys in the choir loft. The harmony was perfect and the prayer went on . . . "vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve" ("hail, our life, our sweetness and our Hope") . . . these golden-voiced words must have sounded sweet to the Heavenly Queen, too. And so on, through the beautiful melody and more beautiful prayer, the voices and the hearts of the singers, doubtlessly mixing with those of the angles, made us forget we were in pagan China —wherever we were this was not pagan, and when the final echos of "O dulcis virgo Maria" died away we knew that Mary was truly honored and very pleased with the "good-night" salutation. Mention of Father Venadam's choir has already been made in "China", but that night was a new triumph for him and his boys. Never (in Canada or Newfoundland) have I heard Gregorian Chant more beautifully or properly rendered—it is worthy of mention, in my opinion, with the Choir of the Monks of Solemnes, and of others that excite the admiration of all Christian people.

At present Father Venadam is preparing his boys for the joyful Christmas music and hopes for the perfect precision that crowned his efforts last year.

Just as at home, the beautiful hymns we hear and sing as children remain with us through life and grow ever sweeter, so also here, when these Chinese boys leave school, they will take with them musical memories and sacred associations that will bind them ever to our Lord and His Blessed Mother.



Sisters St. Martin and Angela on board the "Empress" as it entered Shanghai, bringing them to begin their mission work in China last October.

"Oliver Asks for More"

One afternoon, without occasion, and on the spur of the moment, I entered the refectory of the boys' school attached to the mission. The boys were at their evening meal of rice with some vegetables, meat, and fish to give it a relish. Although silence was not enforced there was little or no talking—all too busy eating, but not too busy to give me a bow and a greeting: "Huh, Sun Kung". "Dig in, boys, don't mind me," I replied in the Newfoundland "wo" (dialect) and gazed around at the small tables with the three common dishes in the centre of each table, and at each boy with his bowl of rice and chop-sticks. Then I saw one empty rice bowl; its owner, I figured, ran out of his ration in his eagerness to have his fill, and had come to a full stop. But no, up he hopped and went to the head of the room where I spied a big pot of boiling rice only half diminished, yet being further depleted by the lad under my observation — he was asking for more—and getting it.

As I watched him I thought how the scene in many respects was similar to a famous one in English literature—when Oliver Twist "asked for more" in the village poor-house. How graphically does Dickens' pen describe the dire calamity of the boys there and how Oliver had to break the tradition and ask for more than the meagre ration allotted to them; nearly every edition of the famous story has this scene illustrated, for it has been powerfully instrumental in opening the eyes of England to the many abuses that its poor received and in urging that a stop be put to such inhumanity.

I was very happy to see my little friend in the dining-room "get more", but I know that there are thousands here in China getting nothing—often not even a first portion; but worse again, I know that there are millions of others still slaves to the abuses of paganism. And Christianity

knows that. Christianity knows that God's priests are here trying to give to the famished souls the Food they so sorely need. They have described in many letters which appear in "China" the sad plight of these spiritual indigents. Why hasn't Christianity responded to this spiritual need as England did to its material one? Surely they do not need the pen of Dickens to do it. Many of the letters from our missionaries equal Dickens' rhetoric, and yet —why is there such little response? Maybe you can help solve the difficulty.

"One of God's Ways"

It is not often that a death occurs at the Sisters' Convent, but this morning (December 7th) Death visited it and took an angel on earth and made her an angel in heaven. She was a little foundling who was left at the Convent gate just two years ago. It is not the custom here to encourage foundlings, as the Sisters would not be able to accommodate them all. In all they have received four foundlings, and all of them were in critical conditions of health and did not live long after their baptisms—but this little one (Malia—Mary—she was christened) lived for two years and endeared herself to the Sisters by a loving disposition and a piety rare in one so young—the priests used to bring her presents, and her little friends loved her dearly. During her short life she was always ailing and in much suffering. I thought of "Little Nellie of Holy God". Although she had never received our Lord in Holy Communion, just a week before she died she received the Holy Ghost in the sacred anointing of Confirmation.

After Mass I saw her for the first time—she was in her coffin in the parlour. At four o'clock she had died, and her frail little body was reverently prepared and placed in a box lined with cloth. Very nice she looked in her little dress and with a medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended around her neck by a blue ribbon. In the forenoon she was buried in a field with her little predecessors and the grave marked by a cross.

All this may seem of small or no significance, but it is an undisguised manifestation of the way of God—and that is never insignificant. His way this time is remarkable both in its beauty and its simplicity. The little one will be missed by the Sisters, priests, and her little friends; that, and the memory of her suffering are the only notes of sorrow, and they blend with and render sacred the joy of her holy and happy death and will add more to her bliss as she celebrates the feast of the Immaculate Conception tomorrow in heaven.

"Uncleanliness and Ungodliness"

I've always believed the proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness", even when long ago I had to be forced to wash my hands and face, but recently I have been more convinced by a demonstration of the negative of this proverb.

It was in the Chinese temples —three of them I visited, inspecting the idols and altars. The faces and images were like what I had previously seen in pictures, some with expression of gluttonous satiety, others with sickly grins, some with vacant bovine stares, others with ferocious frowns or gaping mouths. But what I noticed most was the state of the buildings (not deserving of the name)—dirt and dust, neglect and dilapidation—it was no one's job to keep the place presentable; no one seemed to care. The first temple I visited was the biggest disappointment; it was not what I'd call a temple, or even a house; it was merely a shack, and then I saw the only good point about it —it was no better than the god deserved. As we were there one unfortunate came seeking knowledge of the future. The ceremony was quaint and simply absurd. The ignorant one was given a can (a pork and bean tin for all we know) in which were about twenty sticks like six-inch rulers. Kneeling down before Boussa (Buddha), he started to rattle and shake the can, assuming queer contortions himself as he did so, until one of the sticks objected and fell out. This was

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The first parish in Chuchow to be visited by our new missionaries after reaching China last October was Tsingtien. The group above, taken at the entrance to the Mission house at Tsingtien, shows (left to right): Rev. H. McGettigan, Rev. C. Strang, Rev. Wm. Amyot (one of our most experienced missionaries, who came to Shanghai to greet the 1934 Mission Band); Rev. J. MacDonald (of Tsingtien), and Rev. G. Doyle. The two new Sisters (at left) were accompanied from Shanghai to Lishui by Sisters Catherine and Julitta.



Rev. Arthur Venadam, of Pomquet, N.S., with his Lishui choir boys, whom he has trained to be remarkably proficient in church music. Father Venadam went to China in 1931.

MY FIRST MISSION TRIP

By

REV. W. H. McNABB

Wednesday, Oct. 24th

We remained at the Mission in the morning. Before the Way of the Cross in the afternoon I was talking to an old Christian woman. She said she had never been outside of the city in all her life. She has, of course, the small bound feet of the older generation; they were bound when she was an infant; and since most of the travel in China even to-day is by foot, she would find it extremely difficult to venture on a journey. She has somewhat of a reputation for curing ills, much to her pride. She recounted one of her cures—a deaf child. I suppose her remedies consist of old formulas handed down generation after generation. She made the mission most faithfully—not missing a single exercise.

That evening we received another invitation to a banquet—this time in the city. But before going there we had another call to make—to a paralytic. This man, an old Christian, had formerly lived in the city near the Mission, but when he became paralyzed he had to move out to his son-in-law's, where apparently his religion was scoffed at and despised. He, however, was most firm in his faith and his only fear was that when death approached the priest would not arrive on time, for Suichang is sixty li from Sung Yang. We told him he would live a long time yet, for his paralysis is not very serious, and that we would call again when we returned from Nan Dong and would then bring him Holy Communion. He was reluctant to let us leave. His faith and devotion really touched me. He wanted to settle everything for his funeral in order that it would be carried out in Christian fashion and with all possible ceremony. He made us promise we would call again.

We set out for the home of our host, who lived just off the main street, but whose living quarters were very poor. However, he certainly put up a fine meal—chicken, potatoes, meat, various kinds of food unknown in Canada, and, of course, wine. Having eaten well and smoked a while, we went back to the Mission, stopping on the way to make a few purchases.

In our January issue we began Father McNabb's story of a Fall Mission journey to Nan Dong in company with Father Beal, the Pastor of Sungyang. The diary form of narration will help readers to appreciate the difficulties of travelling to the outlying mission stations. Circumstances on the missions are such that a good deal of time is necessary to round up the scattered Christians and give them an opportunity of fulfilling their religious duties.

Thursday, Oct. 25th

At eight-thirty we were on our way to Nan Dong. Owing to the mountains being so hard to climb Father Beal thought it better to hire a chair for me, though he himself never uses one, on this trip to Nan Dong. After riding twenty li one of the chair-carriers took sick and said he could not proceed. Father Beal said that he was an opium-smoker, though I could not see how he knew; hence I asked him. He said that all opium-smokers had yellow stain on their hands and that their eyes turn greyish. His strength gave out because he needed more opium to keep up his energy. I thought that I could continue the remaining distance on foot, so we left the chair-carriers and proceeded. After a few more li we came to a small village and there we stopped to have dinner. In the kitchen of the house we saw a real novelty—a large fish pond, about ten by three feet, set in the ground (the floors in Chinese houses are made of earth). By means of a hollow bamboo pole water was kept continually running into the pond from the near-by stream. The pond had several large fish—dark ones and gold ones. The fish could be purchased, and as the Catechist said, rather cheaply. After dinner we struck a long, gradual climb, then the down grade and into a town called Chi Eu. We stopped to take tea. Then leaving here we had another long climb. A long descent brought us to another good-sized place, but not Nan Dong. It was getting on towards sunset. Just one more long steep descent and we arrived at the outskirts of our destination. Nan Dong is spread out over quite an area, so that the people, to distinguish, give the different parts descriptive names. The first is Nei-Nan Dong (Inside Nan Dong), the second is Sjan-Nan Dong (Upper Nan Dong), while the place where we were heading for was the third, Yuoh-Nan Dong (Lower Nan Dong). The first place has a number of Christians so that we called to tell them of our arrival. From there we tried to take a short road, but lost our way in some rice fields, till we came out at the back of a Christian's house; and they, of course, pointed out the correct road. A second time we lost our way, for it's a queerly laid-out place. However, we were soon put right again and in no time arrived at the house the priest is accustomed to sleep in. It was just six o'clock. Nothing was prepared, so that they began to hustle around, getting straw and boards for our beds. Supper appeared about seven-thirty, and not a bit too soon, for we were hungry. After night prayers Father Beal spoke a few words about the importance of the Mission and the order for the next few days. Then we retired. This first night we found it very cold, for the house was built on the side of a hill. It had one window, the bottom of which was just chest-high when we stood up, and it opened right on the ground-level like basement windows in Canada. I could hear something moving around in the straw on the bed, but did not know what it was. I thought it might be a rat, a snake, or a mole. However, I found out several nights later as I turned a flashlight on to discover the noise-makers to be rats. That first night I was too tired to be bothered about it.

PERHAPS you are thinking of soon drawing up your Last Will. Do you wish to remember some worthwhile Catholic endeavour? Make a note of our legal title. It is ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

IF YOU HAVE already made your Will, and forgotten to leave a portion of the wealth with which God has blessed you to do some good for God's work, it is not yet too late to remedy the defect. In re-making your Last Will please remember the Missions.



Father McNabb, of St. Thomas, Ontario, has fully recovered from the serious illness which nearly proved fatal to him a year ago. He is now helping Father MacDonald in Tsingtien. Father McNabb is here shown with six young boys whom he baptized.

Friday, Oct. 26th

The next morning it was cold. The Chapel, or rather the open parlor where we said Mass, was just across from the house where we slept. All during Mass I was shivering. After breakfast we sat in the sun to warm up. A little later we went up to Sjan-Nan Dong to see the property purchased for the building of a Church, school, etc., later on. We made a few calculations as to the probable location of Church, etc. The property is centrally located in the town, facing an important street. At the back, the river or better stream runs along. There, stones aplenty can be obtained for the buildings. Although the mountains are more or less wooded the trees are small and would not do for a two-storey building, hence it will be necessary to have two or three one-storeyed buildings.

While looking over the property a Catechumen came along and invited us to go up to his home to have tea with him. His home was not far. This man is somewhat of a public personage, for he settles law suits (such as may arise in little Nan Dong). His three daughters are baptized; one of them is to be married in another month. He had a new house built but a year or so ago. After sipping a little tea and taking a smoke, we returned to Yuoh-Nan Dong to take dinner.

In the afternoon we remained at home. In the evening quite a crowd gathered after we had eaten supper. We talked over many things. They were greatly interested in knowing about food used in Canada. They were surprised to know that corn, potatoes and beans grew there. And of course, we had to tell them that rice was not grown there, but that we could buy it. It is strange to them to think of people living without rice, for over here to be without rice means that you have a very poor fare, the poorest of the poor.

* * *

Saturday, Oct. 27th

Nothing eventful in the morning. In the afternoon we visited the Christians to call them all to Mass next day. The extreme poverty of the place is particularly noticeable in te ragged and patched clothing worn, especially by the children. How they pass the winter is hard to say. No wonder they freeze their feet, with very thin socks or none at all, but only old torn cloth shoes.

In the evening the crowd gathered again for a chat. They are very anxious to know about the new Church and school. The town has a small school, but it has only twenty or thirty pupils, the fee being too much for the poorer people. The weather has turned a little warmer, hence our room is not so bad as the first night.

Sunday, Oct. 28th

At the early Mass Holy Communion was distributed. Father Beal said Mass immediately after I had said mine. In the meantime I took breakfast and prepared to preach a Sermon on the Sign of the Cross. Mass and Sermon over, we gathered in an open space (a field) to have a picture taken.

In the afternoon we had the Stations of the Cross. Afterwards a number of interested parties came to find out more particulars about the new Church, etc. As the Christians are going to give of their own accord material and help (as much as they can) Father Beal put it up to them whether they wanted two buildings or one, and how they would be built. After the discussion an old man came to ask for some of Father Beal's tobacco. And why? Well, here's the story: Three years ago Father Beal had some Edgeworth tobacco with him in Nan Dong. He gave some to a fellow who, as he learned later, had been sick all that day, unable to eat or work, but after smoking the tobacco he felt completely cured and was able to eat a good supper. Hence the story went around that Father Beal had some marvellous medicinal tobacco. Thus it was that this old man appeared to ask for some this Sunday afternoon. He said he wanted it for his son who had a pain in the stomach. Father Beal averred that as far as he knew the tobacco had no curative power for such a pain. So then the old fellow asked did the Reverend Father ever have a pain like his son had. To which question the answer was no. This confirmed the old man's opinion, surely that brand of tobacco must be good for the stomach. In the evening a goodly number turned out for an after-supper chat, for this was our last evening there.

* * *

Monday, Oct. 29th

After Mass Father Beal gave the Mission Blessing. After I had finished my Mass one of the Christians came up and asked for a drink of Mass wine. Curiosity, I guess. I refused him, of course. We took breakfast and started with our two carriers back to Suichang. The man in whose parlor we said Mass accompanied us out for a few li, as he had some business to transact at the last moment; this kept us about an hour late. The sun was getting higher and when you go climbing mountains in Chekiang province it

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DAYS IN SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 22)

a leather or straw sole tied to each foot. These coolies would rent their rickshas from a company by the day and it would keep them hustling to make even a small profit. There are thousands of these rickshas in Shanghai and it is a sight to see them draw up at an intersection awaiting the change of the traffic light. Within a few moments a group of rickshas, five or seven abreast, and fifteen or twenty deep will be collected, ready to dart ahead when the tall majestic turbanned Sikh policeman gives the signal. At any hour of the day and in any part of the city can be found one or more wandering risksha pullers looking for fares.

Continuing our drive we turned up Avenue Edward VII which divides the International Settlement from the French Concession. Scenes in a few side streets told us that Shanghai is Chinese as well as European.

Eventually we reached our headquarters in Shanghai, the Procure of the Lazarist Fathers, known in Canada as the Vincentions, after their founder St. Vincent de Paul. This house is the headquarters of the Lazarist Missions in China, and is large enough to accommodate visiting Lazarist missionaries. Here is caried on the business of the missions under the able direction of Father Moulis.

Dinner was over when we arrived and Dr. McRae and the other Fathers gave us a real welcome, and also a late dinner. The several days passed in the Procure were of real benefit to us, newly arrived in China, enabling us to come into contact with the genuine Catholic culture of those bearded veteran missionaries, Fathers Moulis, Crapez, Abeloos and Lassus, who direct the business of the Procure. For even as the statue of St. Vincent de Paul surmounted the main altar in the chapel, so also did the spirit of this Saint cast its influence over all in the house. During the day they are occupied with the temporal affairs of the missions, when they are always considerate, but when the necessity demands they can be very strict, but after dinner and supper they are ready for a joke, a discussion on any subject or a simple game of dominoes. It was delightful to observe these priests laughing and humorously chiding each other with a simplicity and gaiety that was by no means childish but which bespoke rather a certain greatness which is the fruit of years of prayer and service of the Church. Theirs is a Catholicity, not cramped by the slightest narrowing influence.

The next morning we had the pleasure of greeting Monsignor McGrath, although we were sorry that it had to be in the hospital.

We were quickly initiated into the ways of Shanghai and soon were able to get around without a guide. English was spoken in all the stores; our most interesting purchase was a sun helmet, in preparation for next summer.

The money question was a weighty consideration, especially the **dong-pas**, a copper coin a little smaller than an English penny, and at the present exchange one receives about 990 of these coppers for a Canadian dollar, so when one receives seventy or eighty of these coppers in change it is easy to understand why it is a weighty consideration.

We visited all the usual points of interest about Shanghai, including the orphanage at Zi-Ka-Wei, which is really wonderful. There can be obtained all kinds of church goods, chalices, statues, bells, medals, etc., all made on the premises.

On Sunday it was our privilege to take part in an outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament in honor of Christ the King at the Sacred Heart Convent. The grounds and altars were beautifully decorated; priests, Sisters, children and others marched and sang. I am sure that Our Eucharistic Lord was pleased with China's homage.

Another privilege was having dinner with Father Frank MacDonald, S.J., the Canadian pastor of the Church of Christ the King, the parish in Shanghai for English speaking Catholics.

After nine interesting days in Shanghai we embarked on the "Haian", a small Chinese coastal steamer which would take us to Wenchow; as the "Haian" steamed down the Whangpoo River to the Yangtze I noticed that the date on the bell was "1873". Although the date betrayed the age of the boat it also gave the information that the "Haian" was built in the same year in which the Little Flower was born, which was a pleasant thought for the missionaries making their first voyage on a Chinese boat.

We remained on deck late that night, singing all the songs and hymns we could remember, and watching the lights on passing junks and steamers.

When finally I went below the bunks were prepared for the night. Yes, the bunks, the mattress, the pillow and the bedding! It was not, of course, the same as that which we had experienced on the "Empress of Russia". However, I felt that it was a good introduction to mission life in China. I closed my eyes and eventually slept.

The boat continued on to Wenchow.

OUR PRIESTS IN CHINA

CATHOLIC MISSION, LISHUI, CHE.—Very Rev. R. Serra, Reverend Fathers V. Morrison, P. Kam, A. Gignac, A. Venadam, J. McGillivray, G. Doyle, H. McGettigan and C. Strang.

CATHOLIC MISSION, KINHWA, CHE.—Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser, P.A.

CATHOLIC MISSION, SUNGYANG, CHE.—Rev. L. Beal, Rev. P. Wong.

CATHOLIC MISSION, LUNGCHUANG, CHE.—Rev. J. Venini, Rev. D. Stringer.

CATHOLIC MISSION, TSINGTIEN, CHE.—Rev. J. MacDonald, Rev. W. McNabb.

CATHOLIC MISSION, PI-WU-KA, CHE. — Rev. Bernard Boudreau.

CATHOLIC MISSION, HUANG D'AN, via JUIAN, CHE.—Rev. W. Amyot, Rev. J. King.

(The postage for a letter to China is five cents)

FIRST MISSION TRIP

(Continued from page 28)

is not exactly cool plodding from stone-step to stone-step. When noon arrived it found us still far from the place where we had taken dinner coming to Nan Dong, so we decided to eat in Chi Eu. The Catechist gave a little talk and left a doctrine book at this place. At five-thirty we were back in the Mission in Sui-chang.

Tuesday, Oct. 30th

In the morning Father Beal took Holy Communion to the paralytic. He also gave the Mission Blessing. I proceeded ahead to Chu-z-ka by chair, for Father Beal had some further business to arrange. I left at eight-fifteen and arrived at five to twelve. This is very fast for chair-travelling—the distance being forty li. The Catechist expected our return and soon had dinner ready. The baggage-carriers arrived about two o'clock. They said their legs were aching, so that they would stay over a day in Chu-z-ka to rest up, before the long trip back to Nan Dong.

About 5.45 p.m. Father Beal and the Catechist came in. Yesterday's long, hard trip from Nan Dong and to-day's forty li made Father Beal confess that he was really tired.

Wednesday, Oct. 31st

Market Day in Chu-z-ka. Market Day means more in China than it does in most places in Canada. The whole neighborhood for 30 or 40 li would be in town. It being a bright day, I strolled out with the Catechist to look about the town. At this time of the year the Fall products are brought in—rice, peanuts, chestnuts, sugar-cane, etc. We met several Christians on the streets. We called on a salt merchant who has a boy studying in the Sung Yang Mission School. He was originally a native of Wenchow—the seaport some 150 miles east of here. He was most polite, serving sweet and hot water (a special treat in China). Then he brought us tea and boiled eggs—fortunately for me the eggs were not the two-year-old variety—but were quite fresh.

The Chinese use salt in large quantities for preparing and preserving foods, so much so that the large salt merchants sell only salt and make a good living. This day particularly is a busy one for them; I could see this man's clerk wrapping up package after package as fast as customers appeared. The salt is purchased in Wenchow and is brought inland by boat and raft in large baskets. The salt is a very coarse kind—greyish in appearance.

From here we passed along several other streets and then back to the Mission. In the afternoon we walked out three li to visit some Christians and to tell them to come to Mass on the morrow—The Feast of All Saints. These particular people had been neglecting their duties and hence we went to check them up.

* * *

The Feast of All Saints

Before prayers started we looked to see if the people whom we called on yesterday afternoon came or not—but no, they were not present—it looked as if they had not heeded our words. It had been raining during the night and indeed was still unsettled, so we thought they had let the weather hold them excused. And so when we had given up hope of their arrival, in they came, except one who did not show up at all. Someone, I thought, back home was saying a prayer for the Missions and it had not gone unheeded—it had brought these men out after such a long stay away. Father Beal preached.

After dinner we started out for Sung Yang, twenty li away. We got back to our central Mission just in time for Rosary and Benediction at three o'clock. I had been through my first experiences on a Mission trip, and I thoroughly enjoyed it, despite the discomforts. Now I know a little of what it means to be a Missioner on "active service".

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

(Continued from page 26)

the answer to his petition, but it had to be interpreted, and there was a fellow (who may have been a priest) behind a dirty counter who did this for a consideration. It was pitiable to watch the man's face as he listened to the utterance of the oracle.

What a beautiful contrast are the Catholic Churches; big or small, rich or poor, they present a cleanliness due to such a holy place. I have not yet come to know just what "pagan holiness" is, but whatever it is, the squalid surroundings seem quite distressing.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

(Continued from page 21)

to make the left wing of the Kuomintang believe and make others believe, that the Revolution should be above all Communistic.

What was then the attitude of the Catholic Church when she faced Chinese Nationalism, Dr. Sun's Triple Demism, and Soviet Communism in China? To answer this threefold question is the main object of the present paper. Insofar as she succeeded in extricating herself from this trple difficulty, she emerged victoriously from the Nationalist Revolution.

(To be continued)



The new altar in Chu-z-ka chapel, seven miles from Sungyang. This beautiful altar is the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Toal, of Dublin, Ireland, a generous benefactress of our missions.



Fisherman: "I tell you, it was that long. I never saw such a fish!"
Friend: "I believe you."

Mistress: "Why don't you ever water the rubber plant, Norah?"
Norah: "I thought it was waterproof."

Lady: "Oh, so you've been in touch with Royalty, have you?"
Tramp: "Yes, lady, I was once stung by a queen bee!"

First Coal-trimmer to second Coal-trimmer: "Did you know, Bill, that in the advertisements this ship is called 'a floatin' palace of rest and recreation'?"

Father: "Everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out the other."
Youngster (thoughtfully): "Is that what we have two ears for, father?"

"I've eaten beef all my life, and now I'm as strong as an ox."
"That's funny; I've eaten fish quite a bit and I can't swim a stroke."

Mistress: "Mary, if that's Mrs. Gabber, I'm not in."
Mary (returning): "It was, ma'am, and she was very glad to hear it."

Junior (smart boy): "Let's play Adam and Eve."
Little Julia: "How do we do that?"
Junior: "You tempt me to eat your apple—and I do."

Veteran: "Anyhow, there's one advantage of having a wooden leg."
Friend: "What's that?"
Veteran: "You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

Fortune-teller: "There's a dark woman following your husband."
Visitor: "She'll soon get tired; he's a postman."

"Goin' away, Mike?"
"I am that!"
"Well, if it's the next train ye're after catchin' ye just missed it!"

Gertie: "Isn't George ever going to marry?"
Flo: "No; I don't think he intends to marry. He is studying for a bachelor degree."

Father: "It's a good plan, my dear, always to think before you speak."
Daughter: "But, dad, when I do that the girls have changed the subject."

"Where have you been for the last four years?"
"At college, taking medicine."
"And did you finally get well?"

Mrs. M'Tavish (to a sick husband): "Donald, Sandy M'Grabbe has called. Can he come up and see you?"
M'Tavish: "Aye, but put the grapes awa first."

Mrs. Brown: "I've just asked Mrs. Smith 'ow 'er ole man's gettin' on, an' orl 'er said woz—'E's out of order.' Does 'er mean 'e's bad?"
Mrs. Jones: "No, 'e ain't bad. She's got that sayin' orf them broken slot misheens. It's swank, an' means that 'e won't work."

A dusky highwayman stepped out into the road and called to another darky: "Throw up yo' hands, brudder."
"Can't do it, cause ah get rheumatics in mah hands," was the reply.
"Nebber mind that. Ah's got automatics in mine!"
"Yo' wins, brudder, yo' wins."

"Look here, Mrs. Murphy, why have you been hitting my little boy?" asked an extremely indignant mother.
"I hit your boy because he was rude and called me a fat old pig!" retorted the other woman.
"But, goodness me, Mrs. Murphy, you ought to know better than that. Hitting my son won't do you any good; you'll have to start dieting!"

Yawning Miss: "Is that watch of yours going, Willie?"
Lingering Suitor: "Yes, dear."
Miss: "When?"

"Man," said the stern-faced woman, "will wake up one morning and find that the world is ruled by women."
The husband grimanced.
"Um," he said, "that's just like a woman, that."
"What's just like a woman?" she asked snappily.
"Why," he answered, deliberately, "to get the better of a man while he's asleep!"

"So you think he's an advocate of free thought?"
"Well, he offered me a penny for mine."

Whipper—"My college son is poor at football and worse at track work."
Snapper—"He might as well go in for an education."

"Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of."
"Oh, that's probably the person who actually does the work."

McGinty: "I've a terrible corn on the bottom of my foot."
Pat: "That's a foine place to have it. Nobody can step on it but you."

"Father," said little Eric, "what is a diplomat?"
"A diplomat," replied the father, "is a man who remembers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age."

"You should take this mulberry-colored dress, madam, it would suit you as you are so pale."
"But I'm not usually so pale. I am only shocked at the price."

Impressionistic Artist—"I do wish you would watch that child. He has spoilt two of my pictures already."
Wife (after anxious scrutiny): "Which two, dear?"

Her Partner: "If you are tired of dancing, Mrs. Newrocks, we will sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."
Mrs. Newrocks: "Oh, dear me no, after such a big supper I really couldn't eat anything."

"Mummy, do you say 'It is me,' or 'It is I?'"
"Always remember the rhyme: 'It is I,' said the spider to the fly."
"But couldn't you say 'It is me,' said the spider to the flea?"

Mother: "No, Jimmie, for the third time I tell you that you cannot have any more dessert."
Jimmie: "All right; but I don't see where dad gets the idea that you're always changing your mind."

Jackson—"Heaven bless him. He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening."
Wilson—"In what way?"
Jackson—"He lent me an umbrella."

"Does your wife talk a lot?" a a man asked a friend.
"Talk a lot?" was the reply. "If I suddenly became deaf and dumb, it would take her a week to discover it!"

Father: "You say you won this prize at school for sport? This book was given for arithmetic, and it has another boy's name on it."
Son: "Yes, dad, I fought him for it."

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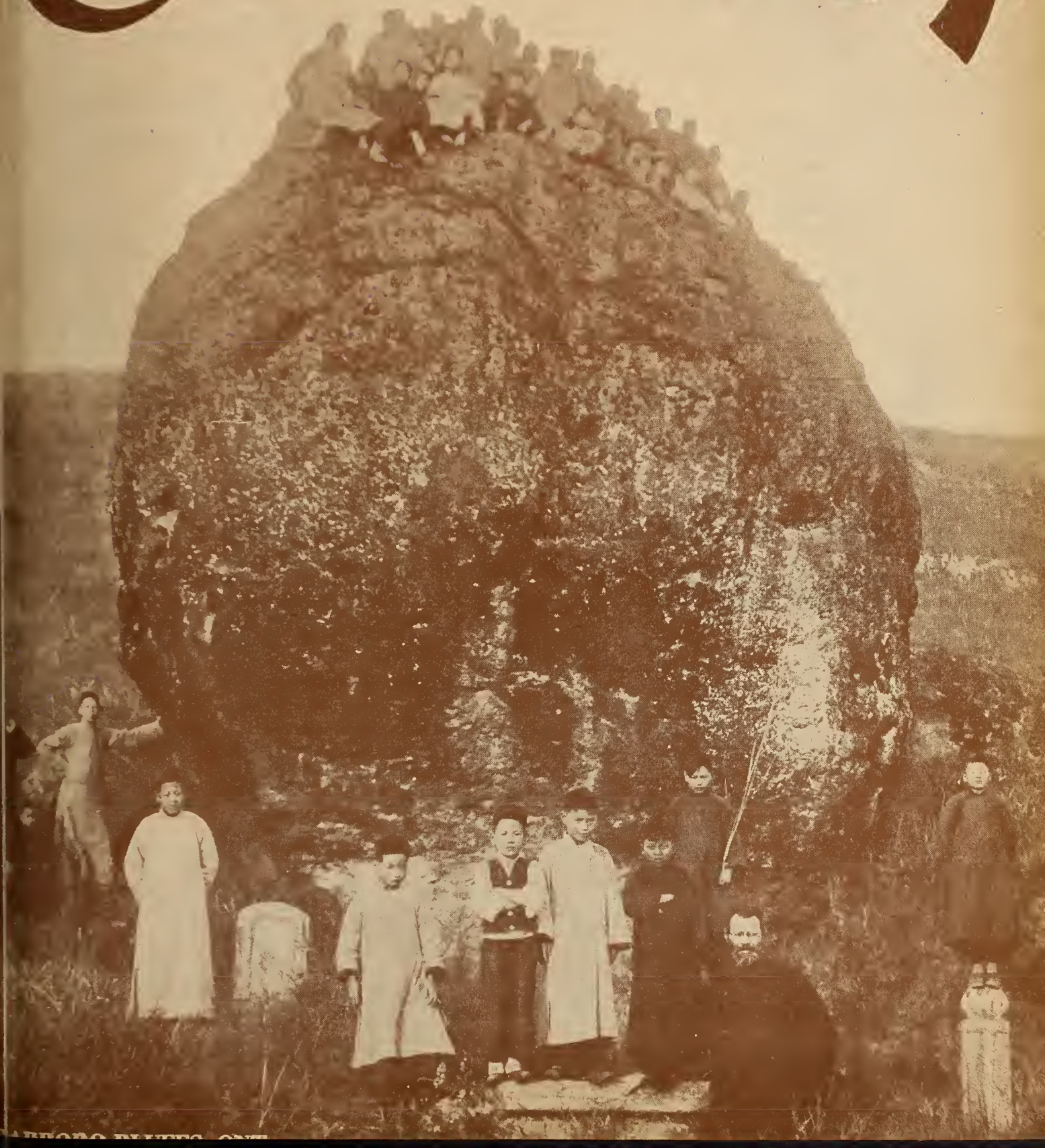
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Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

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The Apostolic Delegate's Visit to China Mission Seminary

HIS Excellency, Most Reverend Andrew Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, is at present engaged in an official Visitation to Seminaries and Higher Institutions of Learning throughout the country. On Friday, January 25th, it was the privilege of China Mission Seminary to welcome His Excellency. and to have him as its honoured guest for a day.

On his arrival in the morning. the Apostolic Delegate was received by the President of the Seminary, Very Rev. Dr. McRae. The priests and students of the Seminary accompanied His Excellency in processional order to the chapel, where was held the liturgical ceremony prescribed for the reception of a Prelate making a Visitation. During this ceremony the President of China Mission Seminary read to the Apostolic Delegate the address printed forthwith, and in reply His Excellency expressed his pleasure in visiting the training home of foreign missionaries in Canada. To the students he addressed words of encouragement and appreciation, and paternally gave to all the Apostolic Blessing. The Seminary choir rendered "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" and "Oremus pro Pontifice" in part singing.



During the day, His Excellency very graciously received individually the members of the Staff and the students of the Seminary, and with each and every one he chatted familiarly, giving them to understand something of the zeal which filled his heart when the Foreign Missions were concerned, and assuring them that our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., would be most interested in the report of his Visitation to China Mission Seminary. In the evening, as he took his departure, His Excellency stated that he had enjoyed immensely his stay with us. It was for himself an inspiration to come and stay amongst priests and seminarians who were devoting their lives to the work closest to the heart of the Pope. "I have been happy in speaking to you all of the Foreign Missions," said His Excellency, "for I know that the Missions are in the very centre of our Holy Father's heart."

Following is the text of the address presented to the Apostolic Delegate by the President of the Seminary:

"His Excellency,
The Most Reverend Andrew Cassulo,
Titular Archbishop of Leontopolis,
Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland,
Apostolic Inspector of Seminaries.

"May it please Your Excellency:

"The Mission Seminary of St. Francis Xavier welcomes you this day, both as the representative in this country of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., and as Apostolic Inspector of Seminaries.

"This being the first official visit of an Apostolic Delegate to the institution, we humbly and reverently offer the assurance of our homage and devotion to and our love for His Holiness, the Vicar on earth of Jesus Christ and chief Pastor of His Church, whose august person and sacred office are represented in the person of Your Excellency. We beg to assure you of our devout prayers for him and for the Church during these days of severe trial and anxiety. Sharing our Holy Father's anxiety, his misgivings of the world and his paternal fear for souls, we trust that we may loyally assist him through prayer and participate in his hopes and confidence.

"In a more intimate sense we joyfully welcome Your Excellency as Apostolic Inspector of our Seminary.

"Young as the Seminary is, being still in its infancy, we feel we are justified in feeling a certain amount of pride in what it has accomplished during its ten years of operation here.

"The work was founded in 1918 by the Reverend John M. Fraser, Missionary Apostolic, for the purpose of educating and ordaining secular priests for the Foreign Mission Field of China. In 1923 its management was assumed by the Bishops of Ontario, and in 1924 the present house was established at Scarboro Bluffs under the patronage and warm encouragement of the late beloved Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto. It opened with eleven students, and today it numbers on its roll fifty young men, who, coming from all over Canada and Newfoundland, are faithfully preparing to devote their lives to the conversion of pagan China.

"Inspired and quickened to action by the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the gloriously reigning Pius XI., Pope of the Missions, they have answered his appeal by enrolling themselves in that ever-growing army of laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. And in them, we sincerely feel we can assure Your Excellency, the Seminary has a group of neophytes who, by their devotion to duty, unquestioning obedience and loyalty, and unfeigned piety, are a credit to it and give promise of fruitful priestly work among those far distant teeming millions, whose salvation they are aspiring to effect.

"In the course of this inspection, Your Excellency will, undoubtedly, discover much that is imperfect and showing room for improvement. We humbly beg to state, however, that we are fully conscious of our weakness and defects, largely due to insufficient space, slender means, and these uncertain from day to day, and to human frailty, and we are most grateful for this opportunity of official and paternal correction.

"We feel also that we cannot permit this occasion to pass without acquainting Your Excellency with the fact that what the Seminary has accomplished it owes to the magnificent generosity of the faithful throughout Canada and Newfoundland. In many cases they have provided out of their want the material means of carrying on this work, and to them we owe a debt of gratitude which Almighty God alone can repay.

"Finally, we deeply appreciate this gracious visit with which Your Excellency has deigned to honour us, and we tender the assurance of our prayers that Almighty God may bless you and render your labours fruitful of many souls in China and over the whole of Your Excellency's jurisdiction.

"We beg Your Excellency's blessing on us all—the Seminary, its benefactors, its priests here and in China, its students, and its work."

Shih-t'ang

by

REV. JAMES D. McGILLIVRAY

SHIH-T'ANG is a little village on the Chuchow River, about eighty li from Lishui. Why this town is called Shih-t'ang (Rock-pool) I never inquired. As long as the title includes the term "rock" no one can say the place is mis-named, for it is mostly all rock. Except where it opens onto the Chuchow River, Shih-t'ang is completely surrounded by mountains of solid stone.

When Father Morrison, the pastor of Lishui, was making the Fall missions, the Christians of that district asked him if it were possible to send them a priest to celebrate the feast of Christmas this year.

Within the past two years an attempt has been made to connect the principal cities of this district by means of roads. How often, in Canada, have we heard this remark: "Oh, if we had a car how convenient it would be to go here or to go there, etc. . . ." The young people, I suppose, never heard that; it is ancient history. All have cars now. Up to within a few months ago if we were going to visit one of the missions and were logical in our wishing, the first wish would be for a *road*. Even now, to arrive at Fr. Beal's mission at Sungyang or Father Amyot's mission at Huang-t'an one can take a small boat for a part of the way, if there is water in the river. If the water is very low, a raft replaces the boat. For the remainder of the journey you can claw your way along the side of those mountains. But one of the means at your disposal is *not* a road in the ordinary meaning of that word. At present, with the exception of those two places, there are roads going to the mission centres. All we need now is a Ford. Isn't that true to life? No sooner have we a road than we start wishing for a car. Foreign missionary priests—and sisters, too, are hard to please. They are always wishing

(Continued on page 39)

CHRISTMAS AFIELD

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

THE Christmas spirit was in the air at Lishui.

Father Venadam was in the church with his choir preparing for Midnight Mass. Plans were made for a fine Christmas Crib which would delight the Christians, and large gorgeous lanterns were placed around the mission compound and in the church; it was not difficult to imagine how brightly they would gleam on Christmas Eve.

There were rumors of a large Christmas cake, geese and even mince pie. In fact everything pointed to an ideal feast day celebration, a day of "much praying and much eating".

It was thought that all would be at home for Christmas except Father McGillivray, who was scheduled to go to Yunhwo for that great feast, and incidently give the Chinese an opportunity to appreciate his first Chinese sermon; then a letter arrived from Monsignor Fraser asking for a priest to assist at Kinhwa over Christmas.

Father Serra gave the necessary authorization, so on the morning of December 24th, in a wobbling rickshaw, I left headquarters for the bus station outside the walls of the city. I was accompanied by Mr. Ou, a former seminarian who spoke Chinese and Latin, but no English.

That bus ride from Lishui! The road along the edge of the river is blasted out of the rock. The Gorge Route along the Niagara River gives a slight idea. The road is narrow, and at places there is a sheer drop of a few hundred feet. The driver goes ahead at a good speed, approaching blind turns with a nonchalance which is almost awe-inspiring. Back seat drivers would have heart-failure in this bus. The better way is to watch the scenery from the side and keep eyes off the road ahead, unless blessed with good nerves. The Chinese seem unaware that there is any possibility of a mishap. A woman across from me is contentedly cracking watermelon seeds! The passenger behind me becomes sick from the fast motion. Dogs on the road are unaccustomed to motor cars and are usually frightened and know not what to do, sometimes they run ahead and then to the side. One dog paid no attention to the oncoming bus—poor dog, he's dead now. The driver did not even slow down.

Two cows on the road instead of going to side, race ahead of the bus. The driver slows down and sounds the horn, as a cow is a valuable animal in China. After a frantic dash of about 400 yards the cows, in seeming dispair, turn to the side, one loses its footing and slides a few feet toward the edge of the cliff, and has seemingly started a long drop to the river below. Some of the passengers cry out, but the cow recovered its footing just in time. The bus continues on its way.

At Chin Yuing, 90 li from Lishui, it was necessary to change busses. This town is in our district, but as yet there is no chapel there. While awaiting the bus two girls with newly-painted cheeks went giggling by.

The next stop and change of busses was at Yung Kan, which is in the Kinhwa district. During the wait, I opened the lunch prepared for me by the Sisters in Lishui. There were apple-sauce sandwiches (by request), a few cookies, a piece of cake and some candies, so it turned out to be a real surprise package. The lady in charge of the little tea shop poured out a cup of weak green tea for me. It was at least wet and hot. Before coming to China I had thought that I would always be able to get a good cup of tea, no matter where I was. At the mission we have black tea like at home, and tinned milk and sugar are usually available, but on the road one must be content with Chinese tea, in fact it is very welcome although not always obtainable.

Eventually the bus started on the last lap to Kinhwa with the usual formalities, the whistle blew and we were off. A real ceremony is necessary to bring the bus to a standstill at a bus station, sufficient to dock an ocean liner. As soon as the bus is within sight of the station, the station master stands in the road and starts waving green and red flags. I tried to figure out the code, but it was beyond me, or perhaps it is different for each station, and only the bus driver is in the secret.

The bus carries not only passengers, but other things. In the aisle are a few bags of rice, and as these notes were jotted down my feet rested on a sack of meat, the torn corner of the sack revealing its contents.

A gentleman in the corner satisfied a certain desire by inhaling the odor from an orange peel which he gracefully held to his face.

At a stop a couple of farmers excitedly boarded the bus, and sat on the sack of meat at my feet. Evidently it was their first ride in a motor car, and it was interesting to watch the expressions on their faces.



The Crib at Kinhwa, 1934.

Being a foreigner I was more or less an object of curiosity, but when once I removed my hat, and they saw my blonde hair I was more than ever an object of interest.

At Kinhwa it was necessary to pass over a pontoon bridge after leaving the bus. Taking rickshaws we had a long ride through the city before reaching the mission. Monsignor Fraser gave me a fine welcome and brought me to my room.

There is a fine church and residence at Kinhwa, and I enjoyed visiting the mission compound under Monsignor's guidance. We saw the kitchen and next to it was the cook's room. The poor man was sick while I was there, but fortunately the man who did the laboring work around the mission was able to take his place, while a farmer who was called in completed the kitchen staff.

There is a good number of boys in the school while the girls' school is under the direction of Chinese Sisters.

All was prepared for Midnight Mass. The church was decorated with lanterns and hangings, and several bright oil lamps lighted the church very well. The Crib, especially prepared, was very fine. During the evening the priests heard confessions, preached, and the choir sang Christmas hymns. Many pagans were present, and it is to be hoped that some will become catechumens.

At midnight Monsignor Fraser came to the sacristy, and when he was vested we entered the church, and commenced the Pontifical Solemn High Mass. Monsignor was celebrant, Father Tcheng was assistant priest. Father Kiang was deacon, while I acted as subdeacon. The Sisters sang very well and the people were very devotional, even though some of the children fell asleep. What pleased me most was the large number who received Holy Communion.

After the High Mass I celebrated my three Masses at a side altar, and then I went into the house and had a lunch before retiring for the morning. The time was three o'clock in the morning of Christmas, which meant that it was two o'clock in the afternoon of December the 24th in Toronto, as China is thirteen hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time.



IN THE CONVENT GARDEN AT LISHUI

I assisted at the ten o'clock Mass celebrated by Father Kiang on Christmas morning, and by the end of the Mass I was almost immune to the sound of cannon firecrackers exploding.

For our Christmas dinner we had goose, very well cooked, and I enjoyed my first Christmas dinner in China.

In the afternoon Monsignor Fraser showed me the city, and it is a fine Chinese city, with several buildings of solid foreign construction. There were some very good stores, but the railway station was a real surprise. It is new and modern with every convenience. Many small cities in Canada would welcome a similar station.

While the city was interesting it was sad to think that to these people the day was just another day, the 19th day of the eleventh moon. Christmas meant nothing to them, very few of them had even heard of the meaning of this great feast. Business went on as usual.

In the evening it began to rain and Monsignor and the other priests said that it would be impossible to leave in the morning, as the roads would be too dangerous. In the morning, however, after Mass and breakfast I set out for the bus station, carrying four loaves of bread and a dozen buns. The bread in Kinhwa is good.

Arrived at the station we were informed that all the busses had been commandeered by the military to transport soldiers to the Lungchuan district, where the bandits were rather active. As there was a possibility of one bus leaving in an hour I decided to wait, so in a typically Chinese restaurant near the station I sat down and read the office of St. Stephen, Martyr.

The restaurant was open to the street, and the "kitchen" was near by. A previous rain and a present drizzle made everything wet. A dirty mangy white dog sniffed me over, and an industrious chicken pecked at the mud on my shoes.

After an hour's wait the boy told me that it would be impossible to get a bus that day, so with down cast eyes, to avoid the mud and puddles, I returned to the mission, there to receive another welcome from Monsignor Fraser and the other priests. They were not surprised at my return. It seems that in China it is almost impossible to surprise a missionary. Experience has taught him a great deal.

After a wait of two days, there being no certainty as to when the busses would be on schedule again, I telephoned Father Serra who gave me the necessary permission to go to Shanghai to have some dental work attended to, on

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SHIH-T'ANG

(Continued from page 36)

for or wanting something. You cannot satisfy them. Some are actually looking forward to the time when there will be a little chapel and school in every important centre. Did anyone ever imagine such optimism?

The road to Shih-t'ang is no boulevard. At one place the bus is polled across the river on a bamboo raft. Not a bit dangerous, of course. But just as a little precaution the passengers get off. The arrangement is all right. At least a certain harmony exists; if the road were any better it would surely "lose face" when this bus runs over it.

On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22nd, the importance of my mission overshadowed the inconveniences of the journey. I was on my way to poor people in a little village lost in the mountains of Chekiang: to take away their sins by the sacraments of Penance and Baptism, and to bring down from Heaven—for the first time on Christmas night at Shih-t'ang—so they could receive Him in their hearts, the same God Who was born in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago. Did it make any difference how I got there?

The Christians did their best to show that they appreciated the great grace God was giving them. There were firecrackers, paper lanterns and noise galore. Many came in from the surrounding villages.

On Christmas Eve the services start much earlier in China than in Canada. Long before eight o'clock they are well under way. Before midnight the priest and catechist both have preached. Between the sermons the people are praying. Praying in China is also different. In Canada sometimes the priest has to speak to the people for not answering the prayers, particularly the Rosary, out loud. That is a fault that does not exist here. When a Chinese starts to pray, he is praying out loud—he is singing at the top of his voice. At times one would prefer the other extreme, especially when hearing confessions that are not coming in any too clear at best.

At twelve o'clock I said two Masses and distributed Holy Communion, then packed the Mass kit to leave early next morning for Yun-ho, a city forty li distant, in order to say the third Mass there on Christmas Day. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived at Yun-ho. No, the roads and bus serivce are not perfect yet.

When Dreams Come True

"The Shen-fu (Spiritual Father) is wanted at the telephone office in the city," was my first greeting on arriving at Yun-ho. My very good friends, Fathers Venini and Stringer, were 'phoning from Lungchuan for me to visit them as I was already half way there. Once a year, at the time of retreat, all our priests have a chance to see each other. At other times if one happens to be in range of a brother priest he would certainly like to drop in on him. But there was another reason why an invitation to leave Yun-ho was most acceptable.

Away back in 1927, while at St. F. X. University, Antigonish, I received my first introduction to Yun-ho. It came by way of an article in "China" written by Father Morrison, who was pastor there at that time. In that issue Fr. Morrison described his only place of abode as "one windowless room with a damp mud floor", and so cold that he could write only between eleven and three, when he had the sun.

Perhaps that write-up of the difficult life of the missionary priest in China influenced my choice of vocation. It certainly came at a time when a decision must be made. Did the pitiable condition of the priest's house at Yun-ho have something to do with my coming here? I know it had a whole lot to do with my *leaving* there. Father Morrison's description flattered the place. It hasn't a mud floor. It has no floor at all; just the bare ground. And at places the walls do not come down to the ground. No stove, no heat of any kind. No light, no window, and I could not leave the door open because both the rain and the people would come in. And there were periods when one could get along quite nicely without either. On the walls still remains the "Charlottetown Guardian", Father Morrison's home town newspaper, which he had plastered over the cracks to keep out the cold wind—away back in 1927.

In three days I had administered to the cares of the few Christians for the time being, and then I was quite willing to accept Father Venini's invitation. In fact, my own job at Lishui did not look too bad after that experience. And it was to Lishui I came, for the soldiers had commandeered all the busses going to Lungchuan.

Out in that pagan country one would never expect to see any sign of Santa Claus. Yet that is not true; he actually came to me. On Christmas Day my boy produced a box containing cake, fruit, candy, etc., to go with our rice. It was not difficult to guess where the box came from—the Grey Nuns at Lishui. Not only in regard to tending our sickness, but to add those little human touches that make life worth while, our Sisters never miss an opportunity. The missionary life would be difficult, indeed, without them.



The Students at the Seminary have enjoyed one of the best hockey seasons in years. The recreation periods have seen many a thrilling battle on the ice. And, believe us, seminarians take their hockey seriously. The above view shows the "Senior" teams. The young man standing at the right had the difficult job of referee. Following a series of victories against their sporty rivals of St. Augustine's, the "Seniors" quite confidently essayed to teach an all-star "Junior" team a few tricks. Result: Seniors 0, Juniors 5. Now the boys in the above picture are humbly referring to themselves as the "ex-Seniors". But there will come a day, perhaps, when the jubilant juniors will learn that it doesn't pay to "rub it in" too much to really good hockey players.

The STORY of YU SHAN

By

A Missionary in Chuchow



THE readers of "China" are already acquainted with the little village of Lei Zhih, the history of which was so fittingly described by Father Serra's letter published in the November issue of "China", and with the little Chinese Christian girl whose Chinese name is Yu Shan. The following story woven around this little girl's life is so filled with thrills, plots, dangers and romance that it sounds more like fiction, yet it is an actual story of a long difficult struggle for faith, justice, and freedom from Chinese customs and pagan abuses, made by a little Chinese Christian girl who is helpless except for the strength and protection she seeks and receives from God through fervent prayer. The final outcome of which leads to the greater glory of God and her own happiness.

The story centers around Yu Shan's home village of Lei Zhih, which nestles at the foot of the mountain about two hundred yards from the river which flows along at the foot of another high mountain. In his letter Father Serra told how this village had at one time only three Christians, while today there are only three pagan families, and of how this was accomplished for the most part by the little Christian girl called Yu Shan.

Yu Shan was born of pagan parents in the year 1916. When still a mere infant she became very ill, and was not expected to live, so her brother, a young Christian man, called in a catechist or Christian teacher in the village, and with the permission of his pagan parents had his little sister privately baptized. There was no permanent catechist or Christian teacher in the village, and the brother being a boatman was very seldom home, so little Yu Shan recovering from her sickness, and having no one to teach her the Catholic faith was brought up by her pagan parents as a pagan. But, since in China little girls are not wanted by their parents, Yu Shan, when nine years old, was sold to another pagan according to the Chinese custom as future wife to his son, although she would remain with her parents until the time of the marriage.

A few years later when the Canadian priests took over the district, the visits of priests to these outlying villages became more frequent, and Yu Shan on hearing more and more about the Christian religion became interested in her baptism, and with a few kind words from the priests started to learn the doctrine. For this purpose and at her own earnest request the priests obtained permission from her parents, and had her sent to the Grey Sisters' convent school at Lishui where, as Father Serra remarked, she made good progress in knowledge and piety under the care of the good Sisters, and during her vacation time at home she worked and prayed most zealously in catechising her parents, relatives, and friends. It was at this period when so happy in seeing that her many prayers and energetic works were gradually having their effect upon her parents and many neighbors by convincing them of the futility of idolatry, that she was called upon to bear yet another cross. For it would seem that God was now only preparing her to fight a still more difficult battle for her faith and freedom against pagan evils and injustice.

This arose from the marriage contract made by her father when he sold her some seven years previous. The time for this marriage was now rapidly approaching; the more Yu Shan thought about it the more unwilling she was to join her future with a pagan, who, for a living made josh-sticks which have no other use or purpose than pure idolatry. The fear and uncertainty of the future was an incitement for her to learn even more clearly and perfectly the Christian doctrine, to pray more fervently for the conversion of her parents, and have more confidence in God's help; while the devil was making greater efforts to win back her soul and the souls of her parents and friends. The future looked black, her hopes of being released from the marriage seemed futile; her father, not yet a Christian, was absolutely unwilling to have the contract broken, nor would he do anything to help his daughter, but as a true pagan left her to fight her own battle. From then on she was afraid to go home during vacation time, knowthat her father would not protect her, and that she would be taken away by her promised husband.

The first signs of hope came when the priest finally persuaded the father to defend his daughter and to make every effort to have this contract broken, for unless he did, he could not receive baptism which he now desired. The father then sought ways and mean to induce the pagan to release him from the contract, but all was in vain, for the pagan

not only flatly refused, but told the father that, unless he handed his daughter over at once she would be taken by force.

The father in the meantime having been baptized, and seeing that all his good efforts to have his daughter freed from this pagan marriage were of no avail, as a last resort sought the protection of the Chinese law (wherein there is now a new law which requires the consent of both parties for a marriage, regardless of any contract that may have been made by the parents when the parties to be married were only children). Still the pagan husband-to-be, not to be out-done, and fearing that he should lose the case if taken to court, increased his efforts and disregarding all laws made several desperate attempts to capture the girl, but fortunately without success. It was now no longer safe for Yu Shan to go home or to any place near the village, for her life was in danger, so during the greater part of the past summer's vacation she had to seek refuge with friends in Tsingtien.

Three times during the summer she and her father were called to the court in Tsingtien. From the first and second trial it seemed that the judge was in favor of Yu Shan; but during the third trial, whether through bribery or fear he refused to decide the case and referred it to the Mandarin, the highest authority in the district, who, being more inclined to favor the old Chinese laws and customs, not only gave a decision against Yu Shan, but scolded her for attempting to break her father's contract, and at the same time spoke openly against the Church, and upbraided her for being a Christian.

Heart-broken and disappointed beyond words, the father and daughter went to the priest's house and through bitter tears told the priests of the unjust decision they had been given. The priest seeing the rank injustice of the whole affair and bitterly resenting what the Mandarin had said about the Church, advised them to press their case and take it to the Higher Court at Wenchow, where justice would surely be given them. In the meantime, they were not to be discouraged but pray and place all their trust in the good God, and all would turn out for the best. On November 24th, the case was tried at Wenchow, and a final decision was given to the effect that the previous decision given by the Mandarin at Tsingtien was unjust, therefore null and void, that the father was completely released from his contract, and Yu Shan was not obliged nor could she be forced by law to marry, but was free to marry whom she wished. On returning to Tsingtien after the trial Yu Shan and her father heard Mass and received Holy Communion in thanksgiving for all that God and His priests had done for them, and intended leaving for their home that afternoon, but on hearing that the priest was leaving the next day to make a four-day mission at Lei Zhih, they waited and with the priest and his sacristan set off the next day for home, where they were warmly greeted by relatives and friends, everyone, men, women, and children were rejoicing so much that Father MacDonald says "He never saw a happier crowd since coming to China".

But in their joy little thought was given to the treachery and threats of the pagan party, to whom the verdict of the court meant very little except to increase his anger and determination to capture the girl by hook or crook. And so the following morning after Mass the happiness of Yu Shan and the other Christians was brought to a sudden end. Father MacDonald was making his thanksgiving after Mass when he heard shouts for help coming from the next room adjoining the one used for a chapel. Rushing from the chapel to see what the trouble was, he found a crowd of Christian men and women pounding on the door leading to a small room used for the priest's bedroom. From the excitement and confusion he understood there were bandits in his room. Without waiting for the Christians to break the door down, he ran back through the chapel and around to the back of the house where there was another small door to his room; there he was met by four or five men armed with sticks and knives, who immediately attacked him, striking and holding him fast by the arms so that for a time he was quite helpless; but being well-trained in the art of self-defence and realizing it was a fight for his life, he finally broke loose and started to use his fists in real old policeman style, knocking down for the count three or four including the leader of the gang. By that time the Christians had come to the rescue, and after twenty minutes or so of hard fighting succeeded in driving off the intruders, who while making a hasty retreat did not forget to pour forth volumes of wild curses and maledictions,

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Entrance to the Court of Justice in Tsingtien. Here Yu Shan's case was tried. Dr. Sun Yat Sen's memorial park in the background.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

The Catholic Church vs. Chinese Nationalism

This is the second instalment of a very interesting article by Fr. D'Elia, Member of the Sinological Bureau, Shanghai, and Professor of Missiology at the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome. This article, taken verbatim from "The China Year Book, 1934", gives a graphic description of the Church's struggles in China. This struggle was threefold, namely, the Church vs. Chinese Nationalism; the Church vs. the Triple Demism; and the Church vs. Communism. As Fr. D'Elia points out, in so far as the Church succeeded in extricating herself from this triple difficulty, she emerged victoriously from the Nationalist Revolution.

WHAT Chinese Nationalism wanted was: China for the Chinese! This meant that China should rid herself of the manifold chains by which she had hitherto been fettered: Customs, unequal treaties, concessions, leased territories and unfavorable balance of trade. This meant also that China should be treated on a footing of equality as well as in civil as in religious matters. Therefore: Catholicism should be utterly disentangled from foreign politics of any country; it should never oppose the emancipation of China or the vindication of her rights; it should pave the way so that the Chinese communities, provided with Chinese bishops, might soon be made independent of foreign missionaries.

Viewed from this precise angle, the matter was easy for the Catholic Church to handle. She had to make clear and unobjectionable to the Chinese people and their leaders her own century-old policy and practice. This she did in a long series of statements and facts which were not inspired by any spirit of transient expediency or timely accommodation to the trend of events, since some of them dated far back beyond the Nationalist revolution. This latter, however, came in time, to stress them and in some circumstances to hasten and multiply them.

The Church has always held that patriotism, provided it is in harmony with natural divine right, is a moral virtue akin to justice, which therefore has to be praised and encouraged. Being the Church of St. Stephen of Hungary, of St. Wenceslas of Bohemia, of St. Elizabeth of Portugal, of St. Louis of France, of St. Joan of Arc, of Columbus of Genoa, of thousands and thousands of young men who died on so many battlefields, she cannot help teaching sincere and heroic love of one's own country, desiring its strength and prosperity. And when, as it is the case in China, international problems have first to be solved in order to reach this state of strength and prosperity, the solution of them, in the eyes of the Church, should be sought along the evangelical path of justice and charity. This teaching had already materialized, for instance, in the answer which came from the Vatican relative to the affair of May 30th, 1925. Pius XI in his first Encyclical of December 23rd, 1922, had already written: "The love of one's country and one's race, when regulated by Christian law, is a powerful source of manifold virtues and of acts of heroism." Having received therefore a telegram from the Professorial Body of the Peking National University, asking him, in the name of Christianity, to mediate in the settlement of the dispute of May 30th, he answered, telling how much in sympathy he was with the "great Chinese people", and hoping that "order and concord might soon be restored in a spirit of mutual understanding, conformity with the principles of justice, of equity, and of Christian charity".

Likewise, on July 1st of the same year, the Apostolic Delegate to China wrote: "The Church has no prejudice whatever against China. . . . Chinese Catholics are free, as are all Catholics the world over. Religion does not in any way curtail their civil rights and could not in any way wound their lawful patriotism; on the contrary, it sanctifies the latter by the example of the Divine Redeemer who wept over the ruin of Jerusalem."

In order clearly to disentangle the Catholic Church from any Western Power, one of the first acts of Cardinal Achille Ratti, on assuming the See of Peter, was to succeed where four of his predecessors had failed, namely, in having the Holy See represented in China. Hardly six months had elapsed since his election, when on August 9th, 1922, he established the Apostolic Delegation to China, appointing Mgr. Celso Costantini as his first Delegate. In the eyes of non-Catholics "this was a master move on the part of Rome, for it once and for all destroyed the supremacy of any single national group working in the Chinese mission field". (International Review of Missions, London, 1929, p. 98.) Moreover, "instead of letting the missions depend on the protection of some foreign State" (The Month, London, 1927, p. 252) it gave unity and direction to missionary labours and tended to remove the natural prejudices and fears about foreign invasion. Thus the blow which came in 1927 had been prevented as early as 1922.

Nevertheless, anti-Christian agitation pretended that Catholic missionaries, too, were the tools of foreign imperialism. Thereupon Pope Pius XI on June 15th, 1926, issued a letter wherein he strongly rejected such calumny. The mere fact, he said, that the Church is Catholic, namely, Universal, should suffice to dispel this anti-Christian cloud. Besides, "the Church takes care not to mingle or get entangled with politics and civil affairs" and "she has never tolerated that her missionaries should back by their action the policy or interest of any foreign Power", not even of their own. In times past, when China had not yet entered the path of modern international life, it happened that foreign Governments had—as it was their duty—to take upon themselves the protection of the Church against persecution. But even then, never

had the Church "intended in any way whatsoever to back the policies that perhaps foreign Governments might eventually have cherished in protecting their own nationals." Missionaries are not the emissaries of foreign Powers but the ambassadors of Christ, and hold their mandate from His Vicar on earth.

Time and again foreign missionaries have been reminded by the Pope that in the mission field there should be no such thing as nationalism, meaning thereby the tendency to work for the glory or the influence of their own country or race. They have to work for souls and nothing else than souls. Nationalism has always proved a scourge and even a curse for missions; nay, it is the most dreadful plague of apostleship, *pestis teterrima apostolatus.*

To work for souls in mission lands means not only to save souls, but above all, to plant the Church, a Church native to the soil, provided with her own priests and bishops. Ever since the beginning of missions in non-Christian lands, it has been the constant policy of Rome to urge the establishment of native clergy, including priests and bishops. A huge amount of ecclesiastical documents from 1926 up to our own days had no other aim except to remind missionaries that their first and most urgent duty is to establish a regular, normal, indigenous Church, self-controlling, self-propagating, self-supporting, proceeding in some sense from the vitals of the people themselves. But never had the Popes spoken so openly and so strongly as Benedict XV in his Apostolic Letter, "Maximum Illud", and the present Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical, "Rerum Ecclesiae", issued respectively in 1919 and 1926. The conclusion of the latter was: "Christ's Kingdom cannot be established and made steady anywhere in any other way" then by indigenous priests and bishops. Therefore "nothing will prevent any longer natives from being placed at the head of parishes, and lastly of dioceses, to be erected as soon as it shall please God."

These last words were of February 26th, 1926. Less than four months after, on June 15th, when there were as yet no Chinese bishops, the Pope insisted that the "foreign priests and bishops should co-operate with Chinese priests and bishops for the welfare of the Church and of the country". On October 28th of the same year, the world learned with astonishment that the Pope in person had consecrated in Rome the first six Chinese bishops of modern times. Once more the Catholic Church had provided for the blow which was to come in the following year. Since then the movement of the indigenization of the Church has been speedily accelerated both by facts and the Shanghai Council, whose decrees became laws of the Church on June 12th, 1929. Today twenty-one territories, with about 500,000 Catholics, representing almost a fifth of the whole Catholic population, are under Chinese prelates; moreover, the Vicar Apostolic of Canton has a Chinese as his auxiliary bishop. And the ground is daily being made ready for still more Chinese bishops.

The nomination in 1926 of six native bishops, which, however, had been immediately prepared by the nomination in 1923-24 of the first two Chinese Prefects Apostolic, came to some of our Protestant friends as a great surprise, and they wondered whether this act on the part of the Catholic Church was but a political move to meet the new circumstances. They asked us to write on what they called "the New Policy of the Catholic Church".

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A LEGEND OF HEAVEN

THE angels had ceased from their singing
Strange whispers were filling the air;
The Saints seemed perturbed over something
And gathered in groups, here and there.
Strange people were walking through Heaven,
With shadowy garments and face.
Said Paul to Saints Thomas and Andrew—
"Who let those queer folks in this place?"
But no one could answer his question;
He set out to look for his mate,
For surely St. Peter could tell him,
He'd know if they passed through the gate.
But Simon knew nothing about it,
So off they both went to explore,
And hunted in vain through the heavens,
Until, at the very last door,
They heard such a terrible racket
Both looked at each other and stopped.
Says Paul—"What can Joseph be doing?"—
For this was his carpenter shop.
Then, opening the door kind of slowly,
Sure, what do you think they did see—
A hole in the flag-stones of Heaven,
And Joseph down there on his knees;
Till, spying a ladder descending,
They saw the whole mystery unfold—
He'd built a back door-way to Heaven
To rescue the poor, suffering souls.
St. Peter got mad as a hatter;
"Old man, this has all got to stop,
Or else you'll get put out of Heaven;
We'll close up your carpenter shop."
St. Joseph got up from the ladder
And drew himself up full of pride—
"If you dare to put me out of Heaven
I'll take with me, Mary, my bride;
And since she is truly God's mother,
She'll take with her, Jesus, her Son,
And then there won't be any Heaven."
Says Peter—"St. Joseph, you've won."

From FATHER SHARKEY'S
"THE ANVIL OF THE CROSS".

THE STORY OF YU SHAN

(Continued from page 41)

along with the threat that they were going for more help and would be back for a second battle.

It was not until the fight was over that Father MacDonald learned they were not bandits he had been fighting, but a gang of twenty men from the mountains sent by the pagan who had been defeated in the law-suit, to carry off Yu Shan. One of them had evidenly been in the chapel, and as soon as the Christians had left after the Mass was over, gave the signal to his friends, whereupon two of them entered the front part of the house, which is Yu Shan's home, where they met her father, who being alone at the time was immediately struck a blow on the head which left him unconscious; they then ran across a kind of a court-yard to the end of the house to the chapel. Yu Shan was still making her thanksgiving after receiving Holy Communion, when they came to the door of the chapel and beckoned her to come out. The small passage way where they were being dark, Yu Shan did not recognize them until she had stepped outside the chapel; only then did she realize that they were after her. She tried to escape through the priest's room at the side which was the only way open, but it was too late, they were upon her before she could close the door. By this time two more men came running through the chapel into the priest's room and bolted the door on the inside, while the rest of the gang had gone around to the back of the house with the intention of carrying Yu Shan up over the mountain before the Christians would have a chance to rescue her. It was then that Father MacDonald heard the noise and came to the rescue. At all events they did not succeed in capturing Yu Shan, and once more the devil and his advocates had to suffer another shameful defeat. In the midst of the fray Yu Shan had received many bad bruises about the head and body and was unconscious.

While her mother and other Christian women were attending to her wounds and the men were preparing for the second attack from the invaders, Father MacDonald managed to pull himself together and took command of the situation. Realing that prudence was the better part of valor, and seeing the enemy were not in sight, he ordered the father to get a boat quickly, and with his sacristan took Yu Shan and her father to Tsingtien for police protection, where he at once notified by telephone Father Serra the Pro-Prefect at Lishui. On his arrival in Tsingtien that afternoon, Father Serra placed the matter before the Mandarin who promised to send his police at once and have the culprits arrested. The next morning Father MacDonald went to Lishui to have his injuries attended to, and at the same time enjoy a short well-earned rest.

The following day Yu Shan was also taken to Lishui where under the tender care of the Sisters she will soon be well again and safe at last from all trouble and danger after her hard struggle and harrowing experience. While in the boat on their way to Tsingtien after the fight that eventful morning, Father MacDonald was binding up her father's wounds when Yu Shan began to cry. "Why do you cry?" asked her father, "it is all over now and we are safe." "Yes, we are safe," replied Yu Shan, "but look at the good Father's hands, they are all cut and bleeding, all because he fought to save us."

This then is the exciting story of our little Chinese Christian girl, Yu Shan, whose great faith, devout prayers and unfailing confidence in the goodness of God has saved her from a terrible future of actual slavery. It is plain to be seen that God was ever at hand in answer to her prayers to protect her. We know God will not be out-done, so that the good which Yu Shan has done in converting souls for Him has not gone unrewarded.

According to our patron Saint Francis Xavier, "if we are to convert the people of China, we must first of all educate the children." And if there is any truth in the saying: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world", we must place more and more stress on the education of the Chinese girls who are to be the future mothers of our christianity. With good Christian mothers the chances are a hundred to one that the children also will be good Christians. I beg of you, therefore, to pray and help the missionaries all you can to find ways and means to educate in the Catholic doctrine the thousands of little Chinese girls who otherwise will have very little, if any, opportunity of knowing and receiving the many graces and benefits that our Holy Catholic Faith holds in store for them.

PERHAPS you are thinking of soon drawing up your Last Will. Do you wish to remember some worthwhile Catholic endeavour? Make a note of our legal title. It is ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

(Continued from page 43)

A small pamphlet in English was issued in 1927 by the present writer developing the thesis that the consecration of these Chinese bishops was but the crowning of a century old policy, and that, therefore, the spectacular event of October 28th, 1926, meant not a new policy, but a new era for the Catholic Church in China.

The first of these three difficulties stated above was thus easily solved—or rather had already been previously solved—by the Catholic Church.

(To be continued)

CHRISTMAS AFIELD

(Continued from page 38)

my explaining that going now would save time and the necessity of a trip a few months later.

I am now in Shanghai, the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and I hope to return to Lishui tomorrow. By now all the Christmas decorations have been removed and probably the Crib is no more, but I shall be glad to return to Lishui, the headquarters of the Canadian Mission to China, for to me it is home.

HOW FAR FOREIGN?

By

REV. F. BLANK, O.F.M.

"WHAT strikes me most is your frequent use of the word 'foreigner'. Is it because you think of yourself as a foreigner, or is it because the Chinese like to drive it home?" writes a friend. My reply is restricted to my own experience and observations made in Wuchang, which, according to visiting missionaries, is less courteous than other cities.

No, it is not merely because we think of ourselves as foreigners, the word is dinned into our ears from many sources, sometimes with malice, then again for sheer amusement. As we pass along the street, the call "foreigner" or even "foreign devil" may come from a teashop, workshop or home. If we ride in a rickshaw, a youthful rascal passing by may roguishly greet us with a few words which, by their insinuation, contain nothing less than an insult. Although these thrusts at our feelings are not of daily occurrence, they are not so rare as to surprise us when they do happen.

How do we react to such effrontery? Since the missionary knows that this scoffing proceeds only from the cruder element of the populace, he, "possessing his soul in peace", endeavors to bear all in the same spirit with which His Divine Master and Model bore insult and mockery. In the service of the Lord there is greater heroism in suffering unjust reproach than there is in accepting compliments. The latter are flowers which soon wilt; the former, jewels in the heavenly crown.

One thing that calls down unfavorable comment upon the missionary is the Chinese garb which he wears in conformity with the regulations of his religious community. Whether Christian or not, those Chinese who from time to time meet the missionary take no particular notice of him, but those who see him very rarely are nonplussed, and they relieve their confusion of mind with the exclamation: "A foreigner wearing Chinese clothes!" In these days many students and, in general, men of higher walks in life are adopting western styles. It is considered a mark of education and advancement. Little wonder, then, that they are perplexed when seeing Westerners in eastern apparel.

But our differences with the natives do not always make us the target for ridicule; on the contrary, there are times when we are the object of admiration and esteem.

Surely, the Christians always love their missionary. Although they are proud to have one of their own race to be chosen by God to perform the exalted duties of the priesthood, yet it is difficult to say whether they prefer their own to a foreign missionary, who, they well know, has made great sacrifices to help them obtain salvation. They are truly devoted to him.

Also in the class room of the High (Middle) School the English speaking foreign missionary holds an enviable position. Though most of the students may be pagan, they value their English teacher for the one reason that he speaks the language which they also would like to know and speak. However inattentive these students may be at times, they are completely absorbed when their English teacher reads aloud in class with the view of giving them the clear and correct pronunciation. Likewise, the school which has English speaking missionaries as teachers always has a large enrolment.

Out of his official capacity as shepherd of souls or teacher, the missionary, when dealing with fair-minded people generally, is respected, for even the lowest classes of Chinese admit that, in nearly all respects, other nations are superior to their own. In fact, their esteem of things foreign not rarely is exaggerated to the length of real "fish stories". Conversation brings out this fact. One evening while walking along the shore of the mighty Yangtze in company with a few school boys, I found amusement in the argument of two little chaps whether or not that big stream is bottomless. From that discussion my attention was diverted to the question of an older boy, age 14, who asked: "Do fish swallow boats in America?" At first I doubted whether I understood his Chinese, but on inquiry I learned that boys really pass the story that foreign fish are big enough to swallow a boat. Merely an exaggeration of foreign greatness!

The very word "foreign" occupies a prominent place in the Chinese language. A match is foreign fire; coal oil, foreign oil; cement, foreign stone dust; a steamer on the river is a foreign boat; besides, there are foreign tiles, foreign money, foreign clothes. The dictionary has a long list under this classification.

Since the scope of these few lines is limited to my own local observations, not even a passing reference can be made to the past centuries, in which many missionaries have suffered hardships and persecution on account of their nationality as well as for their preaching of the gospel. One can

(Continued on page 46)

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From Monsignor Fraser in Kinhwa

JUST after the New Year, a letter came from Monsignor Fraser from Kinhwa, telling of the work being done there by himself and the native priests under his direction. Monsignor writes as follows:

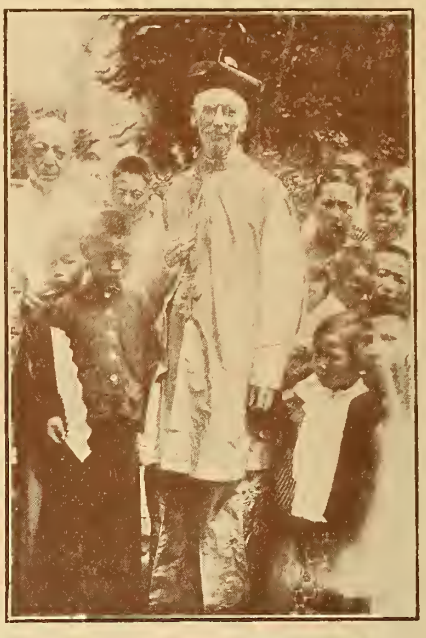
"Today we buried little three-year-old Mary, who died of smallpox. Young as she was, she knew enough to ask for Confirmation. Yesterday I was called to the church to administer the Sacrament. What a sight she presented! Smallpox is a frightful disease; her face was a hideous mass of sores and bereft of all human semblance. She is better off now—an angel in Heaven, with the added glory and happiness conferred by the Sacrament of Confirmation.

"The other day Father Kiang and I visited for the first time Kinhwa's new Mandarin, who formerly was Mayor in Father Beal's city, Sungyang. He was very kind and courteous. He told me how he had helped Father Beal to purchase a piece of property adjoining his church. We spoke of many topics, amongst others of the now famous North Mountain near here. Buses will be running on the new motor road to there this year. This new summer resort with its great cool caverns promises to become an attractive spot. Many tourists from Shanghai will now visit this and other beauty spots of the province, in making the great circular tour on the highway just completed.

"I received today a letter from one of my assistants, Father Ly, telling me that on the Feast of Epiphany he was going to baptize 80 catechumens at Siaokaotsu.

"You will be pleased to hear this news. This is the beginning of conversions in the county of Yungkang, which up till my arrival had not a single Christian. The Spirit has begun to move over the waters. Eighty new Christians in one village! This would make a nice little parish in itself. Pray the Lord of the harvest soon to send laborers into this fruitful vineyard.

"Siaokaotsu is in the south-eastern corner of Kinhwa district, just near the confines of the Chuchow Prefecture. Sixty miles away, in exactly the opposite corner, another movement towards the Church is taking place. My assistant there recently baptized 44 persons in one day, and the catechist of the principal city writes that several hundred families of late have entered the Church."



A recent picture of Monsignor Fraser, showing him in Kinhwa, surrounded by the Chinese children whom he loves so dearly. "China" takes this opportunity to extend sincere sympathy to Monsignor Fraser on the death of his sister, Miss May Fraser, who died in Toronto in February. The prayers of our readers are earnestly begged for the repose of her soul. R.I.P.

THE ANVIL OF THE CROSS

"China" has on many occasions been favoured by poems written by Father Hugh Sharkey. Before leaving for China in 1929, Father Sharkey published some of his poems in a volume entitled "The Loom of the Fairies". It met with instant favour. Recalled to Canada in 1933 to do missionary work among the Chinese in Vancouver, B.C., Father Sharkey has been hard at work and has done magnificent pioneering in Vancouver. Despite his arduous labours he has found time to add to his collection of poems, and readers will be pleased to learn that he has now published his second volume. The new book of poems appears under the title of "The Anvil of the Cross". In the Preface to his new book, the author writes:

"My first book of verse, 'The Loom of the Fairies,' was published a few years ago, when I was leaving for the mission field in China. It was put together hastily and was intended merely as a souvenir for my many dear friends; but it received a wonderful welcome, even from those who were complete strangers to me. Since then, many have insisted that I should publish another book of poems, and at last I am acceding to their request. The proceeds from the sale of this little book are to be used for our struggling little Chinese Catholic Mission here in the City of Vancouver. That is my apology for offering these poor poems to the public, and it is hoped that if the book is not bought for the sake of the poems that are in it, it may be bought for the sake of the souls that depend upon it."

The "Anvil of the Cross" is a neat volume of more than 140 pages, bound in imitation leather. It sells for $1.00. Readers of "China" who wish to help the Chinese Mission in Vancouver and at the same time add a pleasing volume of poems to their library are requested to write direct to Father Hugh Sharkey, Chinese Catholic Mission, 572 East Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C.

HOW FAR FOREIGN?

(Continued from page 45)

hardly be a foreign missionary without feeling and often being made to feel that he is a foreigner. Still, those who understand the missionary's viewpoint know that he brushes aside all unpleasantness that arises from his position, constantly keeping in mind the vision described by St. John: "I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in the sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."—*"Franciscans in China."*

OUR COVER

The picture on the cover of this March issue of "China" shows a group of schoolboys from Tsingtien on an outing with Father Serra. The boys are up on the rock all right, but we certainly don't know how they got there.

NONSENSE



Customer (to butcher) — "Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at the other."

Butcher—"Yes, ma'am, in these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meat."

Young Wife (anxiously)—"Do you think I've put too much salt in the soup, dear?"

Model Husband—"No, darling, not at all. There is, perhaps, not quite enough soup for the salt; that is all."

It was during the War. A patriotic woman, visiting a farm, noted a stalwart young man milking. "See here, young man! Why aren't you at the front?" she demanded.

"Well," said the milker, "I guess it's mostly because this cow ain't any different from any other!"

"I 'ear your old man's getting better after all, Mrs. 'Arris."

"Yes, dearie; and it's put me in a bit of a 'ole. I've sold all 'is clothes to pay for an 'ead-stone."

Two small boys, who had been fighting on and off all the evening, were eventually sent up to bed.

"And don't forget to say your prayers, both of you," said their mother.

There was silence for a few moments, and then one of them called out: "Mummie! Will you come up and speak to Jimmy? He keeps on asking God to bless me, and then says things under his breff."

The young man seated in the dentist's chair wore a marvellous shirt of striped silk and an even more wonderful check suit. He also wore the vacant stare that so often goes with both.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," the dentist murmured to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how shall I know when he's unconscious?"

Catty—"My dear, I could give you a wrinkle or two!"

"I'm sure you could, darling, and never miss them, too."

Dora—"And so you quarrelled?"

Lallie—"Yes, and I returned all his presents, and what do you think he did?"

Dora—"Something horrid, I'm sure."

Lallie—"He sent me half a dozen boxes of face powder, with a note, explaining that he thought he had taken as much as that home on his coat since he first met me."

"How do you suppose Solomon got his great reputation for wisdom?" inquired Mrs. Peck.

"Oh, I'm sure, Henrietta, it was not from anything he thought up for himself," responded Henry, meekly. "You know he had a great number of wives and he probably listened carefully to all of them."

Wife—"A fine husband you are. Why, you can't even keep me in clothes."

Husband—"No. And I bought you a home, and I can't keep you in that either."

Office Boy — "Please sir, I think somebody wants you on the telephone."

Chief—"Now, what is the use of saying you think I am wanted? Am I wanted or not?"

Boy—"Well, sir, somebody rang up and said: 'Is that you, you old idiot?'"

Two Negroes were boasting about the merits and qualifications of their respective motor cars, both typical worn, shabby old wrecks.

One of them said: "Dey's just one reason why Ah cain't run disheah cah o' mine 200 miles an houah."

"An' whut's dat reason?" asked the other.

"De distance is too long fo' de shawtness of de time," said the first.

A touring actor entered a tailor's shop and gave an order for a suit. He took home a small pattern of the material and showed it to his son.

"What do you think of it, Tommy?" he asked.

"Not bad," Tommy replied.

"Why, you're looking at the wrong side," added the actor.

"I know I am," the boy replied, "but that's the side I shall have to wear when the suit comes down to me."

Two Irishmen met during a rain storm. They argued, and inevitably the argument turned into a fight.

For a while Mike got the better of Paddy, then he slipped and in a moment Paddy was on top of him.

"Now then, me ole son of Oireland," he said, "will ye give in?"

"No," said Mike, trying to struggle up.

The fight continued, and once again Paddy gained the upper hand.

"Give in now?" he asked.

"No!" cried Mike.

"Then change places with me," said Paddy. "I'm getting wet keeping the rain off ye."

"You never say nice things to me now. You used to call me your heart's delight!"

"Yes—de light that failed."

"Why do you object to my becoming engaged, daddy? Is it because of my youth?"

"Yes, he's hopeless."

She:—I have been asked to get married lots of times.

He:—Who asked you?

She:—Mother and father.

"What's that bloomin' noise outside this time o' night,"

"Why that's an owl."

"Of course it is, but oos 'owling?"

Young man (in library)—Have you a book called "Man, the World's Ruler?"

Lady Librarian—You might find it in the fiction department, sir.

"What is the secret of your reputation as a great leader?"

"My skill in guessing what was sure to occur, and then loudly advocating it."

Mother—Who's the brightest boy in your class, Junior?

Junior—Bill Smith! He pretends to be looney so he won't have to study.

"If I were you," she said, during a lull in the domestic storm, "I would have more sense."

"Of course, you would," he retorted decidedly.

Golfer—"Hi, caddie! Isn't Major Pepper out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?"

Caddie—"Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic!"

Millionaire—"My boy, you must never forget to be kind to the poor."

Son—"Why, Dad?"

"You never know; they may be rich one day!"

"Does your husband ever quarrel with you?"

"Goodness, no! James is too much of a gentleman. He just goes out and slams the door!"

A—"Did you hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking through brick walls?"

B—"No; what does he call it?"

"A window."

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CHINA



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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

Foreign Mission work is a constant struggle. It is ever hard and difficult. In this regard it is the same at home as on the mission field. At times the task of winning and holding the interest and support of mission helpers seems to match the labour of the missionary to gain the interest, confidence and trust of the pagan.

It should not be so. Yet we must be frank enough to admit that many people are apparently as indifferent about our foreign mission work as the pagans among whom the missionaries live and labour.

Foreign mission is not the special engagement of a select group or class of Catholics. To place the burden of this great and primary work of the Church upon a comparatively few hundred or thousand is utterly unfair and a deliberate dodge of a responsibility appraised altogether too lightly in many circles and places.

It is not that great sums are sought even though there is desperate need of such. Catholic foreign mission work does not proceed or progress on the huge endowment policy. There is always—as there must be—the element of sacrifice necessary to ennoble and bless the work.

What we look for, what we feel we have a right to, is a bit larger interest on the part of the many who are quite able to share in this work. If this interest were well and widely distributed, there would not be the distress and discouragement that hinders and depresses those who gave themselves for this work in place of their brethren, who by reason of conditions and circumstances of life, must remain at home.

Foreign mission work is not the peculiar work of any particular religious community, society or association. All engaged in this work give themselves to it because it is the great work of God's Church.

As Catholics, our obligations are not entirely restricted to parish, diocesan or national needs. True, they have their definite, full and proper place and force. They never rest in such majesty and power as to completely overshadow or unjustly minimize and depreciate the needs and rights of foreign missions and missionaries.

"To say that we are overwhelmed with local claims and home wants," said Cardinal Manning, "and that money expended for foreign missions had better be spent on the spiritual destitution at our own doors, is the most shallow and the most miserable of delusions."

"MY VOICE ITSELF"

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has himself officially characterized mission magazines as "My voice itself." They are, too, the "Voice of the Missions," speaking with the tongues of the missionaries themselves. The very theme of the various organs of the missions is the everlasting sacrificial story of the Cross, told in all its pathos by the raconteurs of Christ. Naturally, it is our desire that as many Catholics as possible be readers of "China", for thereby their interest in the work of God in Fields Afar will be quickened, and their hearts will be stirred by the realization of what is being done to bring the message of Redemption to so many souls spiritually poverty-stricken in the mission fields.

The Vatican publication, the **Osservatore Romano,** has for a long time dwelt upon the significance and value of missionary publications. And since there is on the part of some of the faithful, and here and there on the part of the reverend clergy, a prejudice against organs which are so important to the missions, it may be well to reproduce what the Osservatore says in this regard:

"These mission publications are the living voices of the missionaries. Though a majority of them are issued in the interests of the particular needs of the missions entrusted to one or another order or religious community, they do not in any way constitute a detriment to the general mission interests which the Roman Congregation of the Propaganda and its publications represent. Rather they help the cause by winning little worlds of readers for the special mission fields, and in this manner help to awaken the Catholic conscience regarding the great general missionary task of the Universal Church."

"China" Wishes its Readers a Very Joyful Eastertide.

SOWING the SEED in SUNGYANG

By

REV. J. L. BEAL

THE exception proves the rule in many cases. For the past few months there seemed to be an absolute lack of religious spirit among the Christians and a cold indifference on the part of the pagans who were accustomed to pay regular visits to the Mission. From the account written a few weeks ago I advanced arguments to show that unless the people got some material help along with the doctrine, they were not interested in what the Church had to offer in the way of Salvation.

The light is not to be hid under a bushel. With this principle before my mind, I started a campaign against this indifference in order to rouse the people from this insidious torpor to a spirit of fervency. Two fast walking catechists were sent out every day to the homes of would-be-Christians and delivered my message. The surrounding country villages heard the message and among the many, twenty-five promised to come to the Mission which was opening February 8th for the benefit of those who had not heard a proper explanation of Catholic doctrine.

The estimated population of this fair city is 25,000 — one out of every thousand is thinking about saving his or her soul. The proportion is still pretty high, but there are other places with a higher average. Now among the 25 who promised to come, only six attended the exercises during the Mission. We had a hard break in the weather, it poured rain most of the time, showers being interspersed by hail and snow. To these six faithful members much credit is due. The inclemency of the weather failed to dampen their desire to learn what they could before signing their names in the register of Catechumens. The elder of the six was an adherent of the Lutheran church for over twenty years. He called one day after New Year's for an explanation on several points of doctrine he could not understand; because his religious superior was unable to give a satisfactory answer he sought out the Catholic Priest. This man was sincere and his sincerity was rewarded by finding the true path, the source of living water that is able to quench the thirst of man for truth and knowledge. I warned him as well as the other members of possible repercussions from pagan friends or from associates of his erstwhile persuasion. The Christians were encouraged to attend the Mission daily because there was a Plenary Indulgence to be gained if they faithfully attended for the five days. Many did come and gave the neophytes a good example by going to confession and daily Communion. Many more were impeded by social calls of friends at this time of the year, when everybody goes visiting and banqueting until the fifteenth of the month. It was the first time this ceremony has been displayed. The results are not big numerically but the seed has been sown; God will give the increase in due season.



Even the people of Newburg, Ont., will have difficulty in recognizing the missionary in this picture as Father Joseph King. Father "Joe" is with Father Amyot at Huang T'An. A letter received recently says that the barber has restored Father King to his normal appearance.

The next reception will take place in the ninth month when the rice crop will be harvested. There will be a respite in the field of labor, when many will be able to attend another five-day session. The Christians and pagans will be better prepared than for this last one, because it was all new to them.

As I have mentioned in a previous article, our efforts are well repaid by the co-operation of the faithful few. We are encouraged to continue in this constant warfare against the powers of darkness and draw as many as we can from the Shadow of Death into the Light of Salvation. I had asked many of my friends at home, and Religious, to assist me by their prayers that this Reception Ceremony be a success. To all these faithful co-workers I want to express a word of thanks. If there is any credit due me for this work I want to refer it all to you who have been so instrumental in making it a success. It gives me courage to work even harder, when I know and am assured of such noble assistance from friends across the water. With your continued co-operation by prayers and good works, I hope to be able to tell you after the next ceremony that a larger number have entered the ranks of Catechumens and are preparing for Baptism. With your help and the Grace of God it will be made possible.

It is my holy ambition to get this church filled with faithful followers of the Gospel. I will say it is the experience of every priest when he enters the pulpit, a feeling of regret and sorrow, to have to announce the Word of God to only a handful of listeners, to have to look at row after row of empty seats. To those at home it may have an added tinge of sorrow that the collection box will be more of an ornament than a receptacle for alms. Here we are satisfied for the most part in having the listeners, poverty makes it almost prohibitive for collections. Help me get the pews filled with worthy listeners. Providence will take care of the rest.

Off the Beaten Track

By

REV. DESMOND STRINGER

IN our particular part of Chekiang the months of September to December are the most delightful as regards weather. Every one knows what a Fall countryside looks like—a riot of colors. So we chose this time to make a trip to a town sixty-five li away. Father Beal had been trying for a number of years to visit this place which, as yet. is not a Christian centre. We would go and see whether or not there was any possibility of introducing the Faith to its inhabitants.

The path was the usual cobblestone one, winding and weaving its tortuous way through rice-paddies, wheat-fields, hamlets and villages. Whereas other paths we have trod went up and down with a level stretch thrown in here and there, this one seemed to go up and up, now gradually, now abruptly, but always up. After five hours walking we turned to look at the clouds (or was it just fog) that hid the valley from view. The summit reached, we began the descent. It might be well to entitle this downward stretch "Dentists' Delight". If it was any longer we both should have been mere skins full of disjointed bones. And yet our carrier bore a load on his shoulders of nearly a hundred pounds — an evident proof of the food-value of rice.

Evening saw us approaching the town. Just as we were entering, a pagan, his hands full of joss-sticks, came to the door of his home to make his bow to the gods of the wide open spaces. We passed him just as he made his profound bow, and to all appearances he was making it to us — Paganism acknowledging Christianity—perhaps.

We stoped at a hotel which Fr. Larry insisted reminded him of the Royal York, but it was just the "Fiddle" to me. Please, oh please, don't ask for an explanation of that one; the people of the town here never heard the word "violin", so we're safe. This hostel had a central ventilation plant, a trifle draughty if the wind happened to be too strong. Our room was graced with four beds, each made up of two benches, a board, straw mattress and a mat. The rest of the furniture consisted simply of a table and chair. The first night we spent in peaceful wakefulness trying to induce the rats to stay out of our room. Our meals we took in the dining-room, the mud floor of which was swept clean for the "foreign gentlemen". The food was the ordinary fare, rice, pork, bean-skin, vegetable and wine. Chop-sticks were of the new streamline type, which added greatly to their manipulation.

Strolling about the town next morning we were impressed with the numerous and various evidences of a virile paganism. It was the first of the Chinese month, a day on which sticks of incense and candles are lit and placed before the household shrine, and outside the door in honor of Tien. The temples, however, presented a rather wretched appearance; several of them we saw were used as workshops and schools. We learned, too, the story of the evolution of the god known as the "Eternal Protector". A student he was and very industrious, so much so that often he burned the midnight candle. On one occasion, as he was studying very late, he heard voices outside his window which opened on a court yard in which there was a well. Here the townspeople came to draw water. He listened to the muffled conversation and was shocked to realize he had overheard a plot to poison the well. Unable to prevent the deed, at least he could stand guard and warn the people away. Early morning found him sitting at his post. Soon water-carriers came, but he prevented them saying that the well had been poisoned during the night. A crowd collected; they would not believe him; in fact, they prepared to do him harm. Seeing the futility of further explanation or reiteration, he jumped up and cast himself into the well. The poisoned water

(Continued on page 62)



VERY GOOD FRIENDS OF FATHER VENADAM IN LISHUI
Seated, left to right: Mr. L. Q. Wong, High School student; Fr. Venadam; Mr. N. F. Lin, a business man. Standing: Mr. P. L. Wong, High School student, and Mr. W. C. Liu, a High School Professor.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

The Catholic Church vs. The Triple Demism

This is the third instalment of a very interesting article by Fr. D'Elia, Member of the Sinological Bureau, Shanghai, and Professor of Missiology at the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome. This article, taken verbatim from "The China Year Book, 1934", gives a graphic description of the Church's struggles in China. This struggle was threefold, namely, the Church vs. Chinese Nationalism; the Church vs. the Triple Demism; and the Church vs. Communism. As Fr. D'Elia points out, in so far as the Church succeeded in extricating herself from this triple difficulty, she emerged victoriously from the Nationalist Revolution.

THE second difficulty admitted of no easy solution. It concentrated around the attitude of the Church towards Dr. Sun's teaching and the book, the Triple Demism. Imposed as it was upon all schools, even mission schools, as a "sine qua non" condition, it was impossible for the Church to ignore it, impossible even to keep silent concerning it, as countless faithful would be affected by its teaching. The Church had to deal with the new generation all aglow with Demist doctrines. On the nature of these dealings depended, for a great part in 1927, the future of Christianity in China.

The threefold question to be answered by the Church was this: should the book be approved as a whole, or condemned as a whole, or does it contain a mixture of good and evil? If so, the duty of the Church was to separate the wheat from the chaff, to show what was good and what was Utopian, equivocal or wrong.

The present writer was asked to set himself to this task and to solve it to the best of his ability, in behalf of the Catholic missionaries and faithful. This he tried to do in a French publication which came out early in 1929. (Paschal M. D'Elia, S.J., "Le Triple Demisme de Suen Wen", Shanghai, 1929, 1930.)

The book contains the integral and literal translation of the celebrated San Min Chu I. Exactness of translation was purposely given in preference to elegance of style. The text was commented on in historical, critical or explanatory footnotes. Then the unwieldy mass of the sixteen lectures was digested in an analysis as lucid as possible, and the underlying theories were reviewed from the standpoint of the Catholic Church.

Then came the writer's final judgment, which was as follows: Racial Demism deals with Chinese nationalism. It is sometimes unjust towards foreigners, but Dr. Sun's ideas are not altogether wrong. The Catholic Church accepts and consecrates the nationalism which remains within the limits of natural and divine law.

Political Demism does not raise any difficulty from the Catholic viewpoint as the Church accepts all forms of government.

Economic Demism on the contrary, and its embarrassed terminology, raises many serious problems. The main difficulty is this: Socialism and Communism are condemned by the Church; now Dr. Sun often admits that his economic Demism, Socialism and Communism are interchangeable terms; from which it would logically follow that Dr. Sun's economic Demism is condemned by the Church. If so, the whole book was to be rejected. Nevertheless, the author, after having weighed the meaning of every word, every sentence and phrase used by the original writer, strove to prove from the Chinese text itself, that Dr. Sun's Socialism was not the one condemned by the Popes, and that his Communism was a Communism only in name. The whole economic Demism was then digested in ten short theses bearing the following conclusion: "At the risk of seeming to utter a paradox, we think that, with the Triple Demism in hand, we may tell Sun Yat-sen that, no matter what he says, he is neither a Communist, nor a Socialist, but simply a Demist, and that, once cleared of the obscurity of formulae, and the somewhat intentional ambiguity of terms, his Demism can by means of a few corrections, be presented in such a way that it does not oppose the Catholic teaching. Were Sun Yat-sen truly a Socialist, "a fortiori", a Communist, he would have spoken very differently and would have demanded other reforms. Nowhere does he base his teaching on philosophical materialism; nowhere does he condemn the right of private property as illegitimate; nowhere does he assert the absolute primacy of the State over property, family, and education.

This threefold judgment was found sound by eminent theologians and sociologists to whom the book was previously submitted, both in China and in Europe. Moreover, it was endorsed by the Papal representative to China, Mgr. Costantini, in a letter addressed to the author and made public. Later on, the Prefect of the Propaganda, the late Cardinal Van Rossum, also congratulated the author for his painstaking work.

Even the National Government of Nanking was pleased with this publication. The Publicity Department of the Central Executive Committee soon asked for 5,000 copies of the first edition. This was the occasion of issuing early in 1930 a second French edition "revised and corrected". At the same time, Dr. Chang Monlin, then Minister of Education, and Dr. Wang Chung-wei, at the time President of the Judicial Yuan in the Nanking Government, and representative of China at The Hague as permanent judge in the International Court of Justice, in a joint request to the author asked him to issue an English edition of his study on Dr. Sun's lectures, in order to give it "a broader reading". The Government authorities were well aware of the fact that to com-

ment on Dr. Sun's teachings in a fair and just way without leaning to either side was "a rather delicate" problem; in fact, so delicate that both of them thought that "criticisms of Dr. Sun's doctrines sometimes lead to misunderstanding". They were, however, of the opinion that the Catholic missionary who had translated the San Min Chu I and commented on it, had succeeded in carefully avoiding these misunderstandings. Consequently, an English edition was asked by these two Government authorities.

This English edition came out in 1931 (Paschal M D'Elia, S.J., "The Triple Demism of Sun Yat-sen". Franciscan Press, Wuchang, 1931) and was generally very well received by the English press, both in China and abroad. ("Book Reviews of the Triple Demism of Sun Yat-sen", Franciscan Press, Wuchang, 1933.) The "International Review of Missions" remarked: the book "is naturally written from the Roman Catholic point of view, but is none the less valuable for the Protestant reader, both because so much of it is essentially true, and, also, because it shows the Roman Catholic outlook."

The book helped to disperse the last anti-Christian clouds from the political horizon of Young China, and bring an understanding between the Nationalist Government and the Catholic Church. Thus in an interview with the Chinese Chancellor at Nanking, Mr. Yang Feng, the Apostolic Delegate could assure him that Catholics were "ready to expound the Triple Demism in their schools, with the proviso, however, that, wherever possible, the same should be harmonised with Catholic teaching, and that the integrity of Catholic doctrine should be safeguarded." ("The Chinese Recorder", 1929, pp. 402, 536.)

This point of the impossibility of touching, even slightly, the "Catholic deposit" of truth was emphasised still more by the Apostolic Delegate on different occasions, especially when he was invited to attend the State funeral of Dr. Sun at Nanking. Then he informed the Government that his connection with Dr. Sun's Triple participation was not to be interpreted as having any doctrinal Demism. He wrote: "We appreciate everything in this book which is in accord with Christian doctrine, but we would not admit any theory or interpretation which could touch the purity of our faith," Bolshevism, for instance. The Government took respectful note of this declaration, while the Minister of Education remarked: "But we are not Bolshevists, and we appreciate the help of the social doctrine of the Catholic Church for the reconstruction of China." ("Il Pensiero Missionario", Roma, 1933, p. 121.)

The political atmosphere was thus cleared, and the relations between Church and State became again not only normal but rather cordial.

On August 1st, 1928, a striking message("The Chinese Recorder," 1929, pp. 33-42) of sympathy was sent by the Holy See to "the most noble people" of China. In it it is said that "the Holy Father, who has followed and continues to follow with lively interest the course of events in China, and who was the first to treat China not only on the basis of perfect equality, but also with an attitude of a true and most particular sympathy, consecrating with his own hands at St. Peter's, in Rome, the first Chinese bishops, heartily rejoiced and rendered thanks to the Most High for the end of the civil war." Then, taking a lead which to some of the Powers was a stumbling block, and to others a scandal, the Pope hopes that the Chinese people might soon be freed from the heavy international burdens which they resent so much and wished that "full recognition would be given to their legitimate aspirations and rights". The Papal organ commenting on this Message stated that it was an act "full of solemnity, of majesty, and of charity, which before the whole world pronounced a judgment without appeal in favour of the justice and legitimacy of China's aspirations. Just like any other nation, she has the right of living, of rising, and of strengthening her civil, religious and social life." ("Osservatore Romano", September 21st, 1929.) The Message was received with joy by the Chinese Government. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. C. T. Wang, wrote: "We are heartily grateful to the Sovereign Pontiff for the sympathy he shows to the Chinese Republic, and the desire he has to make use of the strength of religion to stir up the Chinese renaissance and foster her peace and progress."

The following year, the Catholic Church was officially invited to send a representative to the State funeral of Dr. Sun. Previously the Government took great care to give assurances that no ceremonies out of keeping with the attendance of the Papal Envoy were to have place at the funeral. The Papal representative was received in Nanking and treated for

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A corner of the Public Garden in Tsingtien, the town where Fathers John MacDonald and Wm. McNabb have their central mission.

CHINESE

By REV. J

IT isn't very often we get a trio of them in a string. In fact three a day is even a rarity. Perhaps it is the heat. They say the heat does affect one's nerves. Though I didn't think the folks hereabouts had any nerves. Plenty of nerve I know they have. Our stripped peach trees bear mute and stark testimony to that. What's that? Oh! I beg your pardon. I was referring to family squabbles. Or rather neighborhood squabbles. Free-for-all affairs. Privacy is a decidedly unknown quantity amongst the descendants of Confucius. Even more unknown than the "x" of algebra fame. All that separates most families is a partition of thin and well-cracked boards. What would a Chinese house be perfectly unsuited for? A soundproofed talkie studio. Then there is no knocking at doors for permission to enter. There are no doors, not during the waking hours, at least. The whole front of the house is removable, and is removed. Section by section it is yanked down in the morning and banged back up again at night. Much like the solid wooden shutters on many of the stores in Italy. Or perhaps, to be more exact, it should be said that only the business houses are equipped with such dismountable fronts. Homes that do not face on Main Street have fixed fronts; and doors. Huge cumbersome affairs with wooden hinges, that are creaked open at the rising of the sun, and on the going down thereof, screeched shut. But if these non-business houses have fixed fronts, they make up for their exclusiveness by the fact that there is seldom one sole family living under the same roof. Quite often—nearly always—it is quite possible to visit all the families living in one section, without getting out from under cover. This, perhaps, will help to explain why the Japs had such a stiff time, during the Shanghai incident of a couple years back, clearing out the snipers hidden in the houses.

SO there you have a little local color for the three-ring squabble circus. The first act was put on by the cooper's wife and the spouse of the sargeant. Next door neighbors. Erstwhile friends. Forthwith bitter enemies. They are really to be excused, however, because, according to Freud, they are incompatibles. As he and his psycho-analysts would have it, "they cannot keep their evil urges, their passions, etc., down in the cellar". But they are to be excused for that also, because neither of them knows what a cellar is, nor what psycho-analysts are either. But Mrs. Copper certainly does know that Madame Sargeant has infringed on her washing-board rights, and that is an affront not to be lightly condoned. From washing board rights to personalities is less than a step. Skeletons dragged out of closets? The whole cemetery is ploughed up. On and on they go. When they can go no further, they repeat. My, how I envy them their volubility. If I could only speak like that, I am sure I would have China converted in six months. Then the bugle blows, and the sargeant he comes home for his dinner. The barrage continues, unabated, and Mr. Sargeant finds himself drawn into the melee. That makes two to one, so Mr. Cooper he steps into the fray to even things up. Bon! The sargeant he calls in his relatives, his friends, anyone who will listen to him. And the cooper he knows quite a few people himself. So by now we have a first class brawl in full swing. The blacksmith drops his tongs; the butcher wipes his hands on his apron; the grocer measures out Mrs. Brown's pint of peas in a hurry; and they all come to have a "look-see"; and a few words to boot. The crowd is so dense that it is only with considerable difficulty that the sweating coolies, laboring under their staggering loads, succeed in clearing a gangway. But the farmer swinging along with his buckets of precious fertilizer has only to mention his all-powerful "open sesame", to find a path cleared as if by magic before him. Contestants? Spectators? It is impossible by now to distinguish which is which. What a bedlam! What a flow of language! What a pity Webster died so soon! There are at least two pages of words to be added after zythum and zyxomma. Shakespeare with his vocabulary of a mere fifteen thousand words!

Foul. Insulting. Immoral. Beastly. Rotten. All that and more were the invectives hurled back and forth. "Don't say such things," admonished one would-be peace-maker; "they make people laugh at you." Which was just exactly what the onlookers were doing. And repeating the more spicy vituperatives. Which all goes to show just what an idea our pagan friends have of the sinfulness of such things. Why you would almost think they had been reading the Police Gazette or some of the other "literature" that graces the book stores of the enlightened. And the hate, the venom, with which



The football field in a public park in Lishui.

GNETTES VENINI

these corruptions were spat forth. Vitrolic they were meant to be, but they did not even singe. The receiver was every bit as hot as the sender. Countered, tit for tat.

ROME. London. Lungchuan. The citizens pay their taxes to Mussolini, King George or Chiang-kai-shek, but Adam is their father, and their mother, Eve. And even at that, I believe the squabblers of Lungchuan have the edge on their ilk of the Eternal City or the Town on the Thames. At least they seldom come to blows. Words are cheaper than arnica. The worst row I ever witnessed was staged, not in pagan China, but in the very centre of Christendom. We had just come from our jubilee visit to St. Paul's-outside-the-walls, and were on our way to the catacombs of St. Sebastian, out on the Appian way. As we trudged along the dusty road, dusty as only Italian roads can be, a youthful Garibaldi of some twelve summers came tearing out of a court-yard. Just like he was going places. And following in his wake came a series of yells, screeches, curses and blasphemies. Mass production as interpreted by two daughters of Romulus. They were at it hammer and tongs, tooth and nail. Hair. Clothes. Blood. All were flying. It seems that the hopping hopeful who pulverized us on the road was the apple of one mother's eye, the thorn in the side of another. A species of thorn apple, as it were. In this particular instance the thorn had pricked a little too sharply, was nipped, and was in process of being reduced to apple-sauce (if you don't mind a metaphor hash) when the mother of the first part arrived on the scene. Hence the battle. And wars have been started for less. The compliments passed out in the shadow of the Seven Hills were much of a oneness with those of the dirty street in Lungchuan. The sole disparity was in the combinations of the vowels and consonants, if any vowels were used. The meaning was the same in both cases. The hate just as great. Teach Mrs. Cooper and Madame Sargeant, Italian, or vice versa, and the two pair could double for each other any day in the week. But this Fascisti affair was a serious thing. A fight to the finish, and only the timely arrival of the carabinieri resulted in the doctor getting the business rather than the undertaker.

But the Lungchuan gendarmes do not come unless they are called for. And they do not go away unless they are paid for. So they were not sent for. Our Act No. 1 was quelled by the intervention of the inevitable middle man, plus a sheer lack of verbial vim. A husky Shantung road-builder was the peace-maker, and he exhorted the belligerents, all and singularly, to live in peace, "because," said he, "you have to live more than one day." I don't know. We'll give the native of Shantung the benefit of the doubt. But that statement of his sounded to me like a wisecrack. But it really doesn't make any difference, because, personally, I am convinced that neither Mrs. Cooper nor Madame Sargeant understood ten words of the peace-parleys. The negotiations were carried on in the best of northern mandarin, and I am willing to wager a tuppence that neither of them, or the both of them together, know where the local school-house is. Mais, que voulez-vous? The thing had to finish sometime.

MRS. COOPER also had a few lines to say in the second act. She was quietly sitting in her shop, resting on her laurels. With her was Mrs. Bean Curd. We'll call her that because the income from the sale of bean curd is the chief source of revenue for her cigarettes and her finery. Now to understand this act it must be known that Mr. and Mrs. B. C. do not pull well together. Perhaps the cigarettes and the finery have something to do with it. But anyway they don't pull together. In fact they pull apart. So much apart that Mr. B would desire that Mrs. B spend a little more of her time on her own premises. Again it might have been the heat. I don't know. But it certainly was hot. And perhaps Mr. B was exceptionally riled this evening. In any case, he meanders over to Mrs. Cooper's and orders his bride home.

"Sez you?" says she.

"Sez I," says he, and makes a grab for her. And succeeds in seizing her by the arm. She, in turn, attempts to anchor onto Mrs. Cooper. Now between all this grabbing and seizing and anchoring, Mrs. Cooper finds herself mixed up in her barrels and buckets. And that doesn't please her one bit. And she wants to tell the whole world in general and Mr. B. C. in particular. So the record is put on once more, Mrs. B. C. playing second fiddle. But Mr. Cooper, he readily agrees "that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof". He has had

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The tennis court within the mission compound at Lishui is a great attraction for the young fellows, one of whom is here serving a hot one to Father Paul Kam on the far base line.

IN A LITTLE CHAPEL AT HUANG-T'AN

By REV. Wm. K. AMYOT

"WELL, can you beat that, Father King! Look who's here!"

"Wan - chih - tee - kee me - oh?" (Have you eaten your rice yet?)

"Chih - tee - kee - bay," (Eaten), came the answer.

"Here for the Feast?" "Ah!" . . .

"There you are—the first arrival for this evening and it is just 9 a.m. Things promise well as to attendance."

Christmas Eve is always a busy day in China and this proved to be no exception. The sacristan with willing helpers put up decorations, and Father King was overseer in the placing of the Crib. Others were busy preparing a lunch for the Christians to be eaten after Midnight Mass.

Darkness came all too soon and with it the worshippers began to arrive in earnest. Like moths about a candle, they gathered around the pump-lamp that was being primed for the night's devotions. Amid a babble of voices and a sea of faces outside the windows we ate our evening rice. That over we proceeded to the chapel and like the children after Pied-piper they followed us up the narrow stairs, and sat themselves down for the evening. It was just about 7 p.m. mind you, and prayers were not scheduled to begin till eight-thirty.

In order to avoid the rush later some came to confession, then at the appointed time prayers began. The uninitiated might wonder what this was all about—the happy crowd of Christians shouting out those prayers, often each on his own separate note, and some of the visitors passing remarks to their neighbors, just the ordinary preliminaries to Midnight Mass. They do it that way, you know! The Lord must understand and smile sometimes, too, at the rumpus. When the intermissions came, instead of going out for a walk and some tea as is usually done, they stoically stuck to their places. They were so comfortably packed in like the proverbial sardines, and it was warm, which is just what the Chinese enjoy.

More confessions and then after the third period of prayers, sermon, and more prayers it was midnight and Christmas.

Bang, bang, bang! go the cannon crackers in salute, and immediately we began Midnight Mass. Enacting over again, renewing once more, in this far off isolated mountain-hemmed valley, in our poor rickety up stairs chapel, the wonderful mystery of Bethlehem. Void of worldly comforts or grandeur, as others know them, like in Bethlehem of old, it was night—yea, and in a land where so many were not interested, no room in their homes for the Prince of Peace. Yet here in the bright light were the few adorers, the poor, like the handful of shepherds that first Christmas night. Here, they had gathered to see again that which had come to pass. Representatives only of a race of people who recognize not the God who created them. Here, again offering Himself for these and for all mankind was the Word Made Flesh—God, and He dwelt among us. O happy memories! O blessed Communion of Saints! Yes, and more, O happy anniversary! for it was this very night two years ago that we first began to reserve the Blessed Sacrament here in Huang-T'an, that He whose "delight is to be among the children of men" might continue to tabernacle among us.

The Christmas feeling was in the air and Father King did his share by acting as choir and organist all in one. There was some little commotion caused when the shuffling process had to be gone through for those who wished to receive Holy Communion. They managed, though, some way. Then the Blessing—on Christmas one feels somewhat as the Pope must feel when blessing the world.

During the second Mass the Christians made their thanksgiving after Holy Communion — praying out loud, of course. They then filed down stairs, many of them for the first time since 7 p.m. Perseverance is a virtue.

Before going home each was supplied with a putty-like patty, a species of cold pounded-rice delicacy (?) with some sugar in it, lacking wrapper of any kind and certainly their hands were not the first to touch them. The best name for such things is just "rubber-cake". In that form they were easily and equally distributed and were enjoyed by the whole crowd. We didn't hear of any reported as sick so presumably their "innards" were able to stand the shock. On our part though, "from eating rubber-cake, O Lord deliver us".

A few Christmas carols made it seem more like old times. Two o'clock in the morning, why that makes no difference, nothing but



Not much to look at is this poor, dilapidated little building—but it is the centre of activities for the growing Christian community of Huang T'An. The upstairs portion is a chapel, while the lower section is the home of two Canadian missionaries.



Father Ly, a Chinese priest working with Msgr. Fraser in Kinhwa, baptized the 79 persons shown in this picture. The ceremony took more than five hours. These new Christians live in Siaokaotsu, near the confines of Chuchow Prefecture. Msgr. Fraser's letter, which was published in "China" last month, reported a remarkable movement towards the church, and hundreds of pagans are under instruction for Baptism.

bandits could disturb these people after they have gone to bed.

Firecrackers soon brought the crowd back in the morning for the other Masses. And once more they lustily sang out the prayers. Their voices never seem to tire. The grownups, like the children, had a grand time setting off those ever present firecrackers, whose sound rolled up the valleys on either side. The Christians, you see, were having a feast of their own and were letting the pagans know about it.

At noon, they laughingly told us how one man had made a flying leap for safety and shinnied up a pillar when the chapel floor gave warning that it was weakening under the strain of age and an excessive load. It didn't give way though, but I doubt if it will stand many more such gruellings. One breathes freely only after the crowd gets safely down on such occasions.

Those living far off then came in to make their bows and to be wished a good trip. (Some nearby Christians had kindly put them up for the past night.) So with many a "Tsow-hah!" (i.e. walk well) or "Ma-ma-tsow!" (slowly, slowly walk) they departed and headed for the hills.

Quite a number were back also for Benediction in the afternoon, making it very near to a twenty-four hour day, and Christmas, 1934, had become history.

True there is nothing startling in all this, but it gives one just a little idea of how things are carried out in a small mountain village in China. And for Father King and myself this way of spending Christmas has its own consolations.

CHINESE VIGNETTES

(Continued from page 57)

plenty. Too much. So with the aid of friends or foes he shunts Mr. B. C. off to his own camping ground. And Mrs. B. C., she comes stamping along as well. She is going to play first fiddle now. Whiteman, with all his saxophones, trombones and dish-pans, could not manufacture half as much racket as was bellowed forth from that pocket-edition emporium. And could Mrs. B. C. play her fiddle. Whew! The very bean curd curdled a few extra curds. Even the baby next door woke up.

AND still it was all as nothing. For of a sudden a horrible yelling, roaring, grunting, rose from behind the spectators. They had simply to turn on their heels, and there was Act No. 3. Ah! This was a real tilt. Barnum had saved his best for the last. The piece de resistance! the climax! Bang! Thud! Ouch! Tear 'em away! There was a crowd! Milling about like a herd of wild steers just about to stampede. The street is very narrow. Fifteen feet at most. And half of those fifteen are taken up by a canal, with only the approaches to the houses boarded over. Our gatekeeper, an ex-bamboo weaver of eighty-odd birthdays, usually sits out at the doorway of an evening. A drag on the old bamboo pipe. A chat with the neighbors. They help to draw out the long day. But when he saw that scrimmage, heaving, weaving, back and forth, he picks up his bench and walks. After running the race for a decade, and more than the allotted span, he has no desire to be trampled to death by a mob of wild men. Nor drowned in a dirty canal. Yes, this was a battle royal. Two brothers. Who can put up a better fight than two brothers? Cain and Abel showed them how to do it, didn't they? Masons these freres were. Building a big stone bridge for the new motor road. Heaving about heavy rocks from morn till night. And swinging hefty sledge hammers. Perhaps it is well that their little difference of opinion took place after working hours. But I must admit the loving lads were very practical. They chose as their trysting-place a spot right opposite the coffin-maker's shop.

Finally by dint of much entreating, exhorting, threatening, together with an equal amount of pushing and pulling, a veritable tug-of-war, Cyril and Cedric were unravelled and consigned to their respective corners. And who do you suppose were amongst the most ardent peace-makers? Mr. Cooper and the Sargeant. "Naughty, naughty," they admonished, "to fight like that."

Slowly the rumblings of the bout died away with the dispersion of the fans. One by one, the sections of the disappearing house fronts found themselves lodged in their allotted slots. Our octogenarian banged shut the gates of the mission. Lights out. Peace.



— A Lenten Allegory —

Casting for a Simon of Cyrene

SCENE: The mission world: 10,000 x 100,000 souls; a seething mass of unregenerate Shintoists, Buddhists. Animists, Confucianists, Mohammedans, Hindus, Jews.

Time: Daily, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same; from the morning watch even unto night.

Protagonist: The Mystical Body of Christ: 1 *Lord,* the Pope of the Missions; 2 *Lord,* the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; 3 *Lord,* the missionary Orders and Congregations of the Catholic Church.

Retainers: All mission-minded folk and subscribers to mission magazines.

Antagonist: Anti-Christ: 1 *villain,* Communism; 2 *villain,* pagan customs and prescriptive rites; 3 *villain,* spirit of laicism.

Judas: All apostates, national or individual.

Pilate: Compromise in high places—weasel concordats.

Herod: The spirit of concupiscence.

Scribes and Pharisees: The spirit of patronage.

High Priests: The simoniacal hierarchies of ancient cults.

Simon of Cyrene: The Apostolate of the Press.

Soldiers: The temporal power of pagan governments.

Mob: Oriental devil worshippers: Eskimo medicine-men; fakirs from the land of the rising sun; bonzes and marauding bandits from the land of the dragon; lamas from the table lands of Tibet; sun priests and priestesses from the valley of the Nile; African anthropophagi; voodoo mistresses from the black hills of Jamaica; sun-baked Mayas and leather-skinned Indians; and over all, with cracking whip, alternately lashing them to fury and despair, Usury, the Simon Legree of the mission field.

Properties: *A cross*: suffering; 3 *Nails*: moral, mental and physical pain; *A Crown of Thorns*: the pride of place and power; *A Reed*: any nominal Catholic; *A Spear*: "Why support the foreign missions?" *A Sponge and Vinegar*: the opiate gag of silent indifference; 30 *Pieces of Silver*: political preferment, social prestige, extravagance in opera, symphonies, movies, dinners, liqueurs, taxis, cigarettes, cigars, marcels and beauty parlor comforts, sartorial delights, furs, silks, radios, fashion models, apartment appointments, bridge, chocolate floats, ring or rink side seats, best sellers and so forth and so forth.

SYNOPSIS

Jesus Christ died to redeem all men from hell. Though, as Man, He can die no more, yet, in His Mystical Body, He daily dies upon the mission field. For there, the members of his Mystical Body are locked in visible and invisible combat with the traditional foes of Christendom,—with immortal souls, the guerdon of success. Flying the pennons of the Pope, barricaded with grace and reinforced by the prayers and aid of organs for the Propagation of the Faith, the militant members of this Mystical Body are forever pressing forward, falling, rising, stumbling on, in their efforts to set the Cross within the stanchion posts of pagandom—even though in so doing, they may be carrying the wood for the sacrifice and be transfixed thereto. Yet, lest they prove unequal to the task, there is need of a modern Simon of Cyrene, there is need of the Apostolate of the Press.

The Mystical Body of Christ upon the mission field today is calling for a more vigorous Simon of Cyrene.

The Mystical Body of Christ upon the mission field today is pleading for the sustenance of concerted Catholic Action as exercised through the Power and Apostolate of the Press.

Is Christ, is the Pope of the Missions, is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is heathendom waiting for you?—*From "Jesuit Missions".*

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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

(Continued from page 53)

turned him black; which, when the people saw, they realized the truth of the words he had spoken. Someone afterwards saw him rise from the well, and, holding a sword in his hand, ride away on a horse. The final step was to number him among the gods.

The people of this town seemed quite friendly, at least in a negative sort of way, but the farmers are the same sociable class they always have been. Walking through the fields we chatted with this one and that, asking questions as to crops and the like; making known who we were and why we came. It is said every locality has its particular trait even in dress. Here we noticed that the women wore as the everyday head-gear a towel draped loosely and somewhat resembling a bonnet. As regards the houses, brick walls were far more numerous than the customary mud ones.

In the afternoon we called to see the Mandarin — this having been arranged for in the morning when we sent our cards. He seemed rather conscious of his position — he was only a young man just turned thirty. He regaled us with hot water instead of the customary tea, and was rather fidgety during the interview. Yet he kept excellent order in the town and his position is no sinecure. Bandits ravaged and burned the place about five years ago and who can tell when they might come again.

Staying at our inn was a young Chinese and in the course of a conversation struck up with him we learned that his parents were Christians, and that he had run away from home. No, he was not baptized. But now he was in difficult straits. Our Cathechist urged him to follow the example of his parents, but the only response he could elicit was a promise to "think it over".

In the evening some school boys came along to have a look at us, and a feed of peanuts. They get a great kick from watching and listening to a foreigner read in Chinese. We took out a Cathechism and proceeded to read, asking them now and then how they pronounced a certain character or what was the meaning of this. To one only of them did we give a Catechism although each wanted one. In this way interest will be more sustained since it must go the rounds as each one has his look.

Before we left the chief of police paid us a visit—did some one say, "a doubtful compliment?" He was quite chatty telling us about the Catholic Church as he knew it in his far-off Province. He was from the North. It was his hope that we would open a chapel in this vicinity.

As nothing further could be done for the present we decided to hit for home. Perhaps our visit shall bear fruit and we shall be able to open a chapel there. And of those who read this we ask a prayer to this end.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

(Continued from page 55)

the first time with the same ceremonial as the representatives of the other nineteen nations. Thereupon, a Church authority in Rome commented: "Three years ago Chinese revolutionists, poisoned with Bolshevism, were shouting: Down with the foreigners! Down with the missions, tools of foreign imperialism! To-day the Church has gone to Nanking, not to offer apologies, but as a friend of China, borne on the prestige of her doctrine of justice and love."

On December 29th of the same year, 1929, the Nanking Government was officially represented at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius XI, which took place in the Cathedral of Peiping, in the midst of an immense congregation, fifteen Ministers of different nationalities and a score of the highest Chinese officials.

During the Sino-Japanese conflict, Dr. Yen, chief of the Chinese delegation at the League of Nations, made, in February, 1932, a strong appeal to the Pope, imploring a word of sympathy in behalf of his country. Pius XI in his answer emphasized the unmistakable proofs of good will which he had repeatedly given to the Chinese people, and assured them of his prayers that peace might soon be restored between the two great nations which God made neighbors in the Far East.

When the Chinese Government, during the spring of 1932, appointed the Emergency Committee to meet in Loyang with a view to study the means of avoiding the profound economic crisis which was threatening the nation, among the 110 members from the most prominent personalities of the Republic, were to be found five Catholics. One of them dared to make a very bold proposal for a non-Christian assembly. He remarked: To rely on the resources of Confucianism, Buddhism or Taoism, for the relief of China's chaos is but to lose time. Let us therefore do more and better. Let us turn to the Ten Commandments of God. And having explained each one of them, he concluded: "With the faithful observance of the Decalogue, our people would be entirely relieved within only three months."

On February 7th, 1933, Dr. Kung Hsiang-hsi, a prominent member of the Chinese Government, received in a special audience by the Pope, thanked him for the successful activities of his Delegate to China, and for the educational and cultural works of the Catholic Church in China. Although he is not a Catholic, he also asked the Pope to give the apostolic blessing to his country and earnestly to pray and make the Catholics all over the world pray for the peace of the Far East.

The above statements and facts abundantly prove that not only is there no incompatibility between Demist China and the Catholic Church, but also that they can help one another, all the more so, that the Leader of the Party was a Christian and sympathized with Catholicism. To foster and develop Christian teaching in China would therefore mean to carry out more fully Dr. Sun's legitimate aspirations in all fields, racial, political, social, as well as religious.

(To be continued)

OUR COVER

The picture which decorates our cover this month was sent us by Father Gerald Doyle. The young girl—who is known by the name of Marsella—is the companion of the Grey Sisters at the Lishui Convent. She accompanies the Sisters on their trips and is a most helpful young lady in many respects.

NONSENSE



Williams: "I wish I was dead."
Friend: "Can't you marry her—or did you?"

Criminal (who has got a life sentence): "Oh, my lord, I shall never live to do it."
Kindly judge: "Never mind, my man, do as much of it as you can."

Mr. Newrich: "'Ow much do you charge to trace back family 'ist'ry?"
Geneologist: "Fifty pounds to have it hunted up; one hundred and fifty pounds to have it hushed up."

Guest (being shown paintings): "Did you say that was a Correggio?"
Host: "No, a replica."
Guest: "Oh, well he's a pretty good man, too, isn't he?"

Jones: "Could I borrow enough on my policy to buy a car?"
Official (life company): "You might, but we'd have to cancel your policy if you drove that kind of a car."

Passer-by (to workman with hod of bricks): "Hi, one of those bricks fell on my foot."
Workman: "You're lucky. Look at all the bricks that didn't!"

Woman—"Why do you liken that man to the busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he?"
Her Husband — "Oh, no, he isn't that. But nearly everyone he touches gets stung."

"This picture took ten years of my time."
"That is a long time just to paint a picture."
"Oh, I painted it in ten days—the rest of the time I spent trying to sell it."

An inquisitive old lady was always waylaying the new minister in the street to ask him questions. One day she stopped him and said: "Mr. Smith, would you please tell me the difference between Cherubim and Seraphim?"
The young minister thought wildly for a moment or two. Then he replied, with an inspiration: "Well, they did have a difference, I believe, but they have made it up."

Wife: "Don't you think a man has more sense after he's married?"
"Yes, but it's too late then."

The old gentleman tumbled over a five-barred gate just in time to save himself from the angry bull. "You brute," he spluttered, shaking his fist at the animal, "and I've been a vegetarian all my life."

"What did you pay for this car?" asked the garage man who had been asked to overhaul it. "Well, as a mater of fact, a friend gave it to me." "Man, you've been swindled."

Mistress (trying to compose reference for discharged maid): "Really, Jane, I can't think what reason I can give to explain your leaving."
Maid: "Well, ma'am, suppose you just put, 'Why I let her go I can't think'."

Landlady: "I'm sorry the chicken soup isn't good. I explained to the cook very carefully how to make it, but perhaps she didn't catch the idea."
Boarder: "It tastes to me as if it was the chicken she didn't catch."

Mrs. Billus (returning from doctor's): "John, the doctor told me tonight that I need a change of climate."
Mr. Billus (listening in): "That's all right, Maria. The radio says it's going to be twenty degrees colder tomorrow."

Diner: "What on earth is this broth made from, waiter? Surely it isn't chicken broth?"
Waiter: "Well, sir, it's chicken broth in its infancy. It's made out of the water the eggs were boiled in."

"Mother, isn't dinner ready yet?" asked Bobbie.
"No, dear, it's much too early," responded mother.
"Isn't the clock slow?" asked Bobbie.
"No, dear," replied mother.
"Well, I guess my stomach must be fast then," added the child.

Two small boys were returning to the boathouse after a very successful fishing trip.
"We must come here again, Bill. Did you mark the spot where we caught them all?"
"Yes I put a cross on the bottom of the boat."
"Fathead! We might not get the same boat next time!"

"You look worried, dear. What are you looking for?"
"A husband."
"But you've got one."
"That's the one I'm looking for."

"My boy," said the magnate to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."
"What are they, dad?"
"Honesty and sagacity."
"What is honesty?"
"Always—no matter what happens or how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."
"And sagacity?"
"Never give it."

Johnny had been the guest of honor at a party the day before and his friend was regarding him enviously.
"How was it? Have a good time?" he asked.
"Did I?" was the emphatic answer. "I ain't hungry yet!"

Johnny—"Mom, won't you give me that candy now?"
Mom—"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't give you any unless you kept still?"
Johnny—"Yes, but——"
Mom—"Well, the longer you keep still, the sooner you'll get it."

Judge (in Traffic Court)—"I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail."
Driver—"Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?"
Judge—"What do you mean?"
Driver — "Fine today—cooler tomorrow."

"I say, Brown, have you got that umbrella I loaned you?"
"No. I loaned it to a friend. Are you wanting it?"
"Not exactly, but the chap who loaned it to me says the owner wants it."

Old Gentleman — "Why are you crying, my little man?"
Little Boy (sobbing bitterly) — "I don't know what to do. Mother won't let me stand on my head and Daddy grumbles because I wear out my shoes."

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat taciturn. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party.
"Yes," replied the hostess with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense."

Problems Can be Solved by

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF ..... "

CHINA



SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

MAY 1935

Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.

2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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THE LIFE OF A MISSIONARY

WHEN once a young man decides to give his life to the work of the Foreign Missions he begins to learn things concerning the attitude of Catholics towards the Missions. What strikes him in his contact with people is the honor and esteem shown towards those who are engaged in missionary enterprise. It seems to be part of the Catholic mentality to have such high regard for missionaries, and it is in fact a praiseworthy attitude.

FATHER DESMOND STRINGER, writing in this issue of "China" on "The High Romance" of the missionary life in China has some excellent things to say which support the contention that the missionary of modern times has a life as difficult in most aspects as had the pioneers of old. In some respects, of course, there is a favorable difference. It is true, for example, that the hardships of travel have been lessened to some extent. That has happened quite recently. Even the first of our missionaries who went to Chuchow found it much more difficult to get to their missions than, say, the last group who went over. Development of the highways has made that possible. Again, the missionary of today can preach the Gospel openly, whereas had he lived in pioneer days he would have had to do this secretly. Moreover, it is easier for him today to obtain food and clothing more suited to his nature than in the days of old.

APART from such aspects, however, conditions in China have not changed very much. The Chinese people are the same. Their nature has not changed nor have their social conditions been much improved. It is not our intention to disparage the Chinese nature or character, but, as Father Stringer points out, it is an open fact that Western and Eastern ideas concerning culture and civilization do not agree. Even Chinese leaders of modern times realize the lack of culture among their own people, and the late renowned Dr. Sun Yat-sen stigmatized his nation for this lack of culture. Over a year ago there was launched a "New Life Movement" (which was outlined in "China" at the time) sponsored by the Chinese National Government. General Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo of the Chinese Army, states that the purpose of this Movement is to create and develop "a new national consciousness and mass psychology" to do away with the "age-long influences of apparently sanctified customs" and the "age-long aloofness and habits . . . . which have a tremendously suffocating effect upon a great country." But changes are slow in coming.

THE result of this stagnation and lack of culture and civilization is a serious problem for the missionary. In Father Stringer's words "one of his first concerns on the missions—and the most difficult—is the study of the Chinese mentality . . . . here in China the missionary is as a voice crying in the wilderness of paganism. On every side he sees and hears much that does violence to his sense of Christian refinement. But it is the missionary's task to lift up the age-old Chinese culture from its heathen depths and 'baptize it into the Catholic Faith'." For the missionary to take into consideration the Chinese philosophy of life and accommodate himself to it as far as Christian principles will permit is indeed not an easy task. There are sacrifices required in this respect which no one can imagine who has not experienced life in China.

CONDITIONS on the Missions have not yet reached the stage where isolation and loneliness have been deleted from the list of hardships to be endured by the missionary. When a person leaves home to enter religious life we are accustomed to refer to him as having "made a sacrifice". Surely, those who have bravely broken the links that bind them to home and family and have ventured "out into the deep" in far-off China have made a great sacrifice. But their going to China is only the beginning of sacrifice. Among the pagan people whom he has adopted as his own, the missionary, as a rule, is forced to live a life of isolation. He is even denied, except at rare intervals, the happiness of association with his fellow priests. Having been assigned to a particular parish there he stays, laboring day in and day out. And whilst thus doing the work of his Divine Master he knows what it is to endure physical hardships. He must be out in the heat, in the cold, and in the rain. And any of you who have faithfully followed the experiences of our missionaries as related in their letters in "China" will know that the "luxuries" of life are an unknown quantity for the priest or sister on a mission trip to Chuchow. Missionary life indeed has its romance when it comes to physical sacrifices.

THE hardest feature of a missionary's life is his daily contact with a people whom it is difficult to understand. The missionary newly arrived in China goes through a trying time till he assimilates some of the truths so well enunciated by Father Stringer for the guidance of our missionaries-in-training here at the Seminary. When the first romantic notions are dissipated the missionary must trust more than ever to his unshaken faith in the Providence of God. Thank God, the missionary, despite all handicaps, keeps his hand to the plow. You, dear reader, who have learned from the pages of this magazine the trials and difficulties of our Canadian missionaries in China, should have their cause deeply rooted in your hearts, and by your prayers and your alms give them the encouragement they need to carry on their work of saving souls.

ORDINATIONS AT CHINA MISSION

LESS than one week after his enthronement as Archbishop of Toronto, His Excellency James C. McGuigan, D.D., visited China Mission Seminary, and we had the privilege of welcoming this illustrious Archbishop as he did us the honor of performing in our Seminary chapel on Wednesday, March 27th, his first Ordinations in his new See.

Second Minor Orders were received by James Leonard, Toronto; Harold Murphy, Kingston; Leonard Hudswell, Tweed; and Lawrence McAuliffe, Peterboro. William Matte, Gogama, Ont., received First Minor Orders. These five young men, together with two others (Ronald Reeves, London, and John Maurice, Ingersoll) will be ordained priests before the end of this year for our Mission in China.

Archbishop McGuigan gave a splendid address to our students, encouraging them in their high vocation, and telling them of his own personal interest in all that concerned the Church in foreign fields. As a missionary Bishop he would paternally foster and promote the interests of our Mission Institute.

The following Address of Welcome was given to His Excellency by Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President of St. Francis Xavier Seminary:

To The Most Reverend
James Charles McGuigan, D.D.,
Archbishop of Toronto.

May it please Your Excellency:

In graciously consenting to visit St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Your Excellency, is honoring it, not only by conferring Holy Orders for the first time as Archbishop of Toronto, but also by affording us, its priests and students, the opportunity of welcoming you within its walls and tendering you the pledge of our respectful homage and loyalty as your subjects and our love and obedience as your children.

Mindful also of the tremendous responsibilities attached to your high office, we beg to offer Your Excellency the assurance of our constant prayers, that assisted from on High, you may be enabled to bear them successfully unto the end.

Engaged, as we are, in training and ordaining young men for the mission field of China, which has been confided to us by the Holy See, Your Excellency's appointment has for us a very special significance in view of the fact that our gloriously reigning Pius XI is "The Pope of the Missions".

Often has he proclaimed his predilection for this part of the Church's activity and urged upon clergy and laity the necessity for valiant efforts to win to the Faith the millions of pagans who still sit in the shadow of death. He has even written that "the Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption," and that, besides safeguarding the flock already within the fold, she is to "strive with might and main to win over and to join to Christ all those who are still without the fold".

Since then "The Pope of the Missions" has selected Your Excellency for the most important See in English-speaking Canada, may we not rejoice in the conviction that Toronto has an Archbishop whose heart is missionary and beats in full sympathy with the nearest and dearest interests of the heart of the Vicar of Jesus Christ?

That this conviction is further well founded, we need only look back to Your Excellency's record as Archbishop of Regina.

In that archdiocese you were confronted with a task which demanded sacrifices, laborious efforts, patience and deep faith and confidence in Divine Providence, under conditions which in almost every respect resembled those to be met with in the foreign field.

That the Seminary has thus far succeeded, one need only recall the fact that it opened its doors here in 1924 with ten students and numbers to-day some seventy-six members in this country and in China.

To the warm encouragement of the late beloved Archbishop McNeil, whose vision was world-wide, whose courage was as great as his Christlike love of souls, the Seminary owes its place in the Archdiocese of Toronto. To his guidance, sympathy and fatherly solicitude is, in no small measure, due its success. To the Bishops of Ontario, under whose management it is, and especially



ARCHBISHOP McGUIGAN
(Picture, courtesy "Catholic Register")

to their representatives on its Board of Directors, it is ever grateful for their sympathetic co-operation in rendering easier a path beset more or less always with obstacles.

In this review, necessarily brief, we beg to draw Your Excellency's attention to the magnificent generosity of the Catholic body, both clergy and laity, throughout Canada and Newfoundland, who have supplied the financial means without which it would have been impossible to carry on. From them have come the material offerings which have enabled us to educate priests and send them to join the Church's ever-growing army in China. To this great body, who unerringly sense the pulse of Catholic Action, and who are drawn as if by divine inspiration to zeal for the foreign mission work of the Church, this Seminary owes a debt of gratitude which Almighty God alone can satisfy.

Your Excellency's visit to our Seminary this day, for which we are most grateful, marks the beginning of a new epoch in our work, strengthens our confidence and renews our faith in the merits of the great undertaking for which God's Church was founded.

We humbly ask Your Excellency's blessing on it all, its benefactors, its priests, its students, and its catechumens and converts in far-off China.

Signed on behalf of St. Francis Xavier Seminary,

J. E. McRae,
March 27, 1935. Superior.

FISH-POND

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

EVER since Our Lord told the Apostles that He would make them fishers of men, priests and missionaries have often been called fishermen striving to save souls, to bring all into the Church founded by Our Divine Lord. St. Francis Xavier is said to have fished with a net in India, where he converted large numbers, but it is thought that if he had landed in China he would have contented himself with a rod and line, making individual rather than mass conversions, because the Chinese are difficult. St. Francis referred to China as the "rock", giving an indication of its difficulty for the missionary.

Now whether the great Saint would have used a net or a line here in China it is certain that the missionaries to-day use only the line. While at times in some sections they are busy recasting the line into the pond, in the majority of cases it is necessary for the missionary to exercise great patience, to call into play every means at his command to land even one convert, and often when he thinks that one is landed, it slips back into the water, or it is rotten and the hook will not hold, but perseverance and the assistance of those at home who help in spiritual or material ways means an ever increasing number safely landed.

All of which leads up to the reason for the title at the top of this page. The missionary comes to China to save souls and for that reason this pagan country, with its teeming millions, takes on the appearance of an immense fish pond, with the waters often disturbed and murky. For the missionary China is a fish pond.

Please pray that the missionaries will be good fishermen.

* * *

REPORTS from Shanghai state that Father John MacDonald, who had a fistic encounter with some Chinese "badmen" last November, is much better and will soon return to active work on the missions. While it is true that Father MacDonald successfully defended himself when attacked, he did not emerge unscathed, but had a pair of badly-injured hands and suffered from shock. He came here to Lishui for treatment and when his hands were almost better he went to bed with influenza and then suffered from an attack of quinsy.

After the New Year he went to Shanghai to have his glasses, which had been broken in the fight, repaired, and for a thorough physical examination. The doctor sent him to the General Hospital and after tests had been made he underwent a severe and prolonged treatment for amoebic dysentery, following which efforts have been made to keep the vertebrae in the proper place; having been injured years ago in hockey, the displacement of the vertebrae was aggravated by his recent display of Catholic action. At all events he will soon be back with us (it is now March), ready to carry on his work.

* * *

FATHER WILLIAM AMYOT arrived here a few days ago for his Spring visit. He reports that all goes well up in his mountain parish of Huang T'an and that Father Joseph King is as spry as ever and has increased his weight by two pounds. Father King is still faithful to a resolution made after last retreat and daily separates an embryo beard from his engaging countenance. Stick it right out, Father Joe. Incidentally Father Amyot returns to the mountains with permission to build a new house, one floor of which will serve as a temporary chapel. Father Amyot hopes he will have enough money to finish the work.

The new house is a real necessity as Fathers Amyot and King have been living in very poor quarters. Eventually it is hoped to build a church which will be dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.

* * *

THERE was a disturbance in the street in front of the mission a few nights ago but the few priests who heard the loud talking did not pay any special attention to it. In the morning we learned that a young man aged 22 had been badly burned and he had been brought to the convent for the Sisters to treat.

"Just before midnight the gatekeeper called us," one of the Sisters told me, "and informed us that a young man had been burned and that they wanted us to come. Naturally we could not go at that hour so they brought him to the gate, Mr. Wong, the catechist, coming, too. There was hardly an inch of flesh not burned, even his hair was all singed

(Continued on page 75)



On the beach at Lishui last Summer. The priest is Father McNabb, of St. Thomas, Ont., wearing sun helmet.

Blessing of New Church At Pi-Wu-Ka

Described by REV. CRAIG STRANG

EVEN casual readers of "China" can easily see that the life of a missionary is filled with hardships—great and many. When these hardships are brought to the attention of the Catholic people at home it is not with the intention of showing the missionaries in a heroic light, but rather to demonstrate to the people that, despite difficulties, the missionaries are achieving results because of the financial and moral support received from friends of the missions. As the missionaries would like to see their works multiply, so, too, ought the donations of mission supporters be increased in order to permit this.

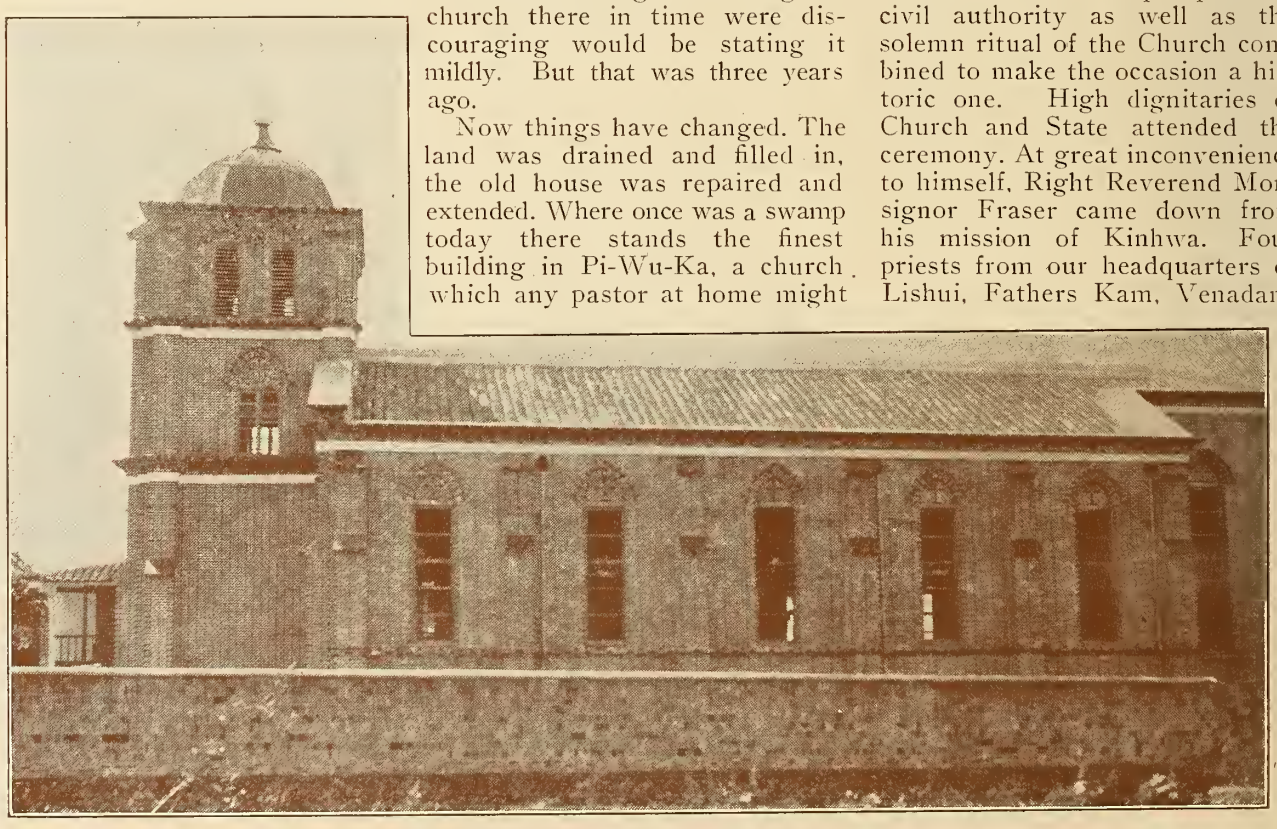
But mission life is not all difficulties—the missionary also has his successes, those successes which mean to him all the human encouragement he ever has. And so it is of a successful work that I write today. Happy I am to describe for readers of "China" the ceremony which took place on February 10th at Pi-Wu-Ka, the blessing of the new church which was donated a few years ago by an anonymous friend in Newfoundland, and of which Father Bernard Boudreau, of New Bedford, Mass., is the architect, builder, and now the proud pastor.

Letters which have appeared in "China" on other occasions have told of the sorry plight in which Father Boudreau found himself when he first opened the mission in Pi-Wu-Ka, and of the trying circumstances of the following three years. The "church" was an upper room in a house that was almost tottering to the ground; it was more like a barn than a house—"and not even a good barn", as Father Jim McGillivray wrote when he made his first visit there one Christmas. This mission property was in a bad state; it was really nothing but a swamp. To say that prospects for the building of a regular church there in time were discouraging would be stating it mildly. But that was three years ago.

Now things have changed. The land was drained and filled in, the old house was repaired and extended. Where once was a swamp today there stands the finest building in Pi-Wu-Ka, a church which any pastor at home might be proud to have, and proud to have been its builder. It is a substantial and lasting monument to the generosity of a kind donor and to the indefatigable zeal of a hard-working missionary. We pay tribute to Father Boudreau's skill in designing and erecting his church. Under his direct supervision, and with his own unstinted labor, he raised this edifice to the great glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

It is a long story and a soul-stirring one, and we newcomers have arrived in China just in time to see the glorious climax in this chapter of pioneer work in the Prefecture of Chuchow.

Preparations for the event were long in the making, for the Blessing of a new church is not a daily, nor even an annual event here. All the pomp of the civil authority as well as the solemn ritual of the Church combined to make the occasion a historic one. High dignitaries of Church and State attended the ceremony. At great inconvenience to himself, Right Reverend Monsignor Fraser came down from his mission of Kinhwa. Four priests from our headquarters of Lishui, Fathers Kam, Venadam,



Father Boudreau's church at Pi-Wu-Ka, dedicated to the Canadian Martyrs.

McGillivray, and Strang accompanied Very Reverend Ramon Serra, our Vicar-Delegate, who officiated at the Blessing. Father Wong, the preacher for the occasion, came from Sungyang, and Father McNabb journeyed from Tsingtien to assist as Master of Ceremonies. As best I can I will now describe for you the event.

On the previous afternoon five priests from Lishui boarded an already overcrowded bus and set off for Pi-Wu-Ka in a heavy downpour of rain. We were greeted in the village in a most enthusiastic fashion; innumerable strings of firecrackers were set off, terminating in an extra loud salvo as we reached the Mission compound. Father Boudreau had hired the best city orchestra for the event, and they rendered a most choice selection at our entrance, by way of a hearty welcome. Refreshments followed, and as we supped the Chinese tea and munched at the Chinese delicacies the orchestra played appropriate "luncheon music"—not to be compared, of course, to Rex Battle and his Royal York orchestra. Everybody gathered round as we ate, commenting on our appearance and our conduct and bowing to us every time they caught our eye.

During the remainder of the afternoon and until eighty-thirty at night there was a constant stream of visitors; many were pagans from the village who came for a "look-see", and many were Christians from distant places who came to witness the ceremony. At 8.30 p.m. all the Christians assembled for night prayers, and a goodly gathering it was. Throughout the evening bright and multi-coloured lanterns were hung, and they cast a cheerful gleam on the surroundings. Outside, the rain poured down. However, we were quite comfortable in the quarters which Father Boudreau had prepared for us; we had brought our own "pu-kai", or bedding.

Sunday dawned, and the weather showed no improvement. In fact the weather was so miserable that it would have spoiled any other occasion but the present. It would take more than a deluge to dampen the ardour of the priests, or the interest, enthusiasm and devotion of the Christians, who all showed up in their best attire. We said our Masses at an early hour. The Christians had come in for morning prayer, Mass, and Holy Communion, after which they left for breakfast and later returned for the ceremony. It is worthy of mention that some who could not get room on the bus on Saturday rose at five o'clock, took the early morning bus, attended the High Mass and received Holy Communion during it; they were up



"China" heartily congratulates Rev. Bernard Boudreau, of New Bedford, Mass., the Pastor at Pi-Wu-Ka, whose zealous labors have been crowned by the blessing and dedication of a splendid church in his parish.

from five o'clock to nearly noon without breaking their fast.

By ten o'clock on Sunday, February 10th, the congregation had assumed enormous proportions that taxed not only the capacity of the Church but crowded the whole Mission compound. The Sacred Ceremony commenced. The cloth was stripped from the altar and the church emptied. The Christians stood at a short distance and the procession around the church began. Father Serra, vested in cope, was accompanied by Monsignor Fraser in his vestments as Protonotary Apostolic, and by Fathers Venadam and McNabb, who read the responses. They were partly sheltered by umbrellas, and in this fashion the walls were blessed outside. Then the procession entered the church and the blessing was given to the interior; last of all came the blessing of the altar. The church at Pi-Wu-Ka was placed under the patronage of the Canadian Martyrs. The congregation had resumed their places; special seats were reserved for the mayor and other civic officials. Then the Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Serra. Msgr. Fraser was present in the sanctuary; Father McNabb was assistant priest, and Father Venadam directed the choir from the organ gallery.

Father Paul Wong preached an appropriate sermon, calling attention of his listeners to the Heavenly Patrons of the new church. He pointed out how these heroic apostles had brought the Catholic Faith to far-off Canada and how their influence had spread and was now being reflected in the lives of the missionaries and people present in this new church. As a result of the sacrifices made by these saintly missionaries a few centuries ago —a sacrifice of their whole lives, even unto death, unto martyrdom —Canada was now a Christian country. That same spirit of sacrifice which prompted these valiant saintly men to leave their homes and journey far to preach God's message was the same spirit which animated priests in Canada to leave their homes and come to the Chinese people with the same message of God's love for all His creatures. The preacher concluded with an earnest exhortation to his fellow-Chinese to do all in their power to spread the good tidings brought them by the Catholic missionaries, and to strive to make their China God's own country. Father Wong's sermon made a deep impression on everyone present.

When the ceremony had ended, the rest of the day was spent in inspection tours, especially by the pagans, who asked many questions. Let us hope that what they learned that day will ultimately lead some of them to the True Faith.

Father Boudreau had prepared a Chinese banquet for his guests, and admirably filled the role of a genial host. Arrangements had also been made to provide for those Christians who had come from afar—nobody was forgotten. A good-will banquet was tendered to the civic officials on the following day. We could not remain for that, as our various

(Continued on page 75)

THE HIGH ROMANCE

A Letter to a Seminarian

From
REV. DESMOND STRINGER

IN every walk of life a very great deal depends on one's mental and imaginative view of it as a whole. There is a couplet I heard somewhere, which seems to epitomize what I mean:

"Two men looked out through prison bars,
The one saw mud; the other, stars."

A missionary's life is a romantic one, even though some do frown on describing it so. The author of "The Romance of a Priest" writes, "romance implies a blending of the heroic, the marvellous, the mysterious in actions, manners, ideas, languages or literature." Surely that is wide enough to admit its application to the life of a foreign missionary. Further on he tells us "the romance of the Levite is the gradual development in his soul of the realization of his Creator." Your life on the mission will be replete with opportunities to realize there is much which is heroic and marvelous and mysterious if you have eyes to see and ears to hear. The fact of coming away from all that you regard as "culture" is to perform an heroic act. Here on the missions you are as a voice crying in the wilderness of paganism. On every side you see and hear much that does great violence to your sense of Christian refinement. Disgust may grip you and then discouragement. An heroic exercise of faith is often necessary to secure your heart and mind and soul against a daily and constant contact with pagan environment. To keep alive and foster the growth in yourself of a love for your charges when they continue to remain indifferent or hostile to your advances, to be treated with contempt by those who are vastly your inferior, that, I think you will agree, calls for heroism. In the midst of paganism to preserve the bloom of your Catholic heritage; to maintain the freshness of your mind; to retain your finer feelings and not permit them to become dulled; to augment and intensify your happiness of heart; to be and act the Catholic priest and gentleman and sustain that standard while you live and breathe and move in the insidious atmosphere of heathenism — all this demands effort which can quite truly be called heroic.

Our work is not alone concerned with the preaching of Doctrine or the dispensing of Sacraments, but also in endeavouring to lift this people out of the slough into which idol-worship has sunk them, and clothe them in the raiment of Catholic culture. The very idea of such an accomplishment is a marvelous one—just how much so you will understand more clearly after living here a few years. I know perfectly well neither of us can have any reasonable hope—short of a miracle—of viewing this ultimate success. Likely we shall live and die in the night even before the first glimmer of dawn. It is perfectly natural that we should desire to taste the wine of success; perhaps we do, sometimes, but the flavour of gall is too predominant to our uneducated sense. This lack of visible success is a spot where discouragement lurks, but we can fortify ourselves against it by remembering that others will reap where we have sown. Any success that does crown our labours will be the result of hard work. During the past year or two occasionally I have watched the road builders at the task of breaking a motor-way through these mountains. Hundreds of these fellows chipping, chipping, chipping away the hard rock. Every once in a while they were assisted by a blast of dynamite. It seemed a perfect allegory portraying the work of the missionary. Daily he picks away at the rock of paganism, and at intervals the Holy Ghost blasts out a chunk when there is a movement of some village or clan towards the Faith. It is in this constant labouring that you will pursue "the gradual development in your soul of the realization of your Creator"—that is, your romance; and the deeper your love of Him the higher your romance will be.



A study in expressions.

Yes, the wider your education, the more thorough your work will be; but that does not mean necessarily greater results in the number of conversions. A Christian is primarily the product of God's grace: but a well-educated mind is of great help in preparing the way for it. Up till now our converts have sprung chiefly from the poor and ignorant. There is still that stratum of society versed in the history of Chinese culture and achievement who must also be taught the knowledge of God. We have the example of the first Jesuits, highly educated men, who won a foothold in this Celestial Empire by their gifted minds. Somewhere I read that the Chinese are worshippers of intellect. Be that as it may, we should be able to talk intelligently on things Chinese — to demonstrate the power of Christ's message to save Chinese culture as it saved that of ancient Rome. Later on I shall say more about this.

There are certain times in the year when you have plenty of leisure. If you have the habits of study and reading these periods of enforced rest from

active work will be filled with many useful and pleasurable hours. As regards a hobby, by all means have one, but do not let it have even the faintest semblance of anything Chinese. One that takes you into the open air is preferable. Something, anyway, by which you can from time to time escape the daily grind. Learn to play the organ. Apart from its being almost a necessity for services, it is excellent recreation. Sometimes when a knotty problem defies solution or you are undergoing a mental strain, being able to sit down and play a few airs helps you to relax. It is really an art, you know, the ability to relax. And while I think of it, remember that sleep is one of your most precious possessions anywhere, especially over here. So when you go to bed leave all problems at your prie-dieu.

One of your first concerns—and most difficult—on the mission will be the study of the Chinese mentality. You have read and heard enough to realize there exists a wide gap between ours and theirs. Keep before your mind the broad reason for coming here—the impregnating of Chinese culture with Christian principles. The other day I happened to be reading again what is known as the Sacred Edict which treats of the five cardinal relations among mankind. Wieger, in his "Moral Tenets and Customs in China", treats it in ten chapters. It is a system of ethics codified by Confucius. But, lacking a supernatural sanction, it has to-day little hold on the people within range of my experience. It is valuable as a source of information on Chinese character. Many of their customs and manners will appear to you blatant and insincere. Others may seem irresistibly funny. To understand them is a difficult task, accomplished only by careful reading and close observation. Confucius says "When one is respectful, but without manners, he is tiresome". See the point? For you to act the gentleman according to the best norms of their culture will be to demonstrate to the people at large that Christian principles greatly enhance these standards. The Chinese are sticklers for what we call "standing on one's dignity". In the chapter on Education of Youth, we are told that the intention in establishing the customs was to secure "mutual respect by distinguishing the high from the low, the superiors from the inferiors". You will have to know your place and how to speak and act accordingly. There is not the spirit of democracy here that you find at home. I am not discussing which is better; just stating what conditions are. It is rather difficult to explain in a few lines. Perhaps this illustration, insignificant though it may be to you, will help. At home we say "Thank you" for a service done irrespective of the person's status. Here servants do not expect such a formal acknowledgment. This is but a trivial thing to be sure, but it is the conglomeration of trivial things that stamp you in others' eyes as cultured or not. If you are right in some things and wrong in others you can imagine what impression you will make.

Do not be surprised when, on being introduced to a stranger, he begins to ask your age, the extent of your financial resources, how much you paid for an article of clothing you happen to be wearing, and the like. You don't say (or look, either), "That doesn't concern you". Such directness will not carry you far. If you do not care to state the price, all you need reply is it cost more than such and such an amount. If there happens to be a big discrepancy between the value of the article and the amount named he will know all the more surely you are simply telling him it is none of his business; but it is done with politeness—all "faces" saved. "Face" is a curse, no doubt, in many aspects, but never make a person lose it where you can possibly avoid doing so. The Chinese is "a double person; the real one that does not appear, and the false one that is acting a part". Remember this when one of your Christians, feeling himself offended, stays away from Mass for months. You call on him and he tells you, "Yes, I'll come next Sunday", but does not. The dual-personality is at work. Keep this in mind and save yourself a lot of worry. He does not want to make you "lose face" by saying he will not come; you are expected to know that until his injured dignity is repaired he is just not going to come. I'll grant you such mentality is aggravating, but it does exist. Therefore, study their characteristics. Look back now and read that definition of romance. Isn't there plenty of it?

Yesterday was the centenary of Sir Robert Hart, of whom the N.C.D.N. writes that "of the foreign names which are written in the history of modern China Hart's name stands as high as any." Further on it gives a quotation from Morse which runs thus: "He understood the Chinese character as no foreigner in China, since the early Jesuits, has understood it; he plumbed the Chinese mentality, and, a master of the Chinese language, could present a case in style which, appearing defective and childish to the Western reader, appealed to the subtile but restricted Chinese intellect with a force that was irresistible . . . he never put his foot forward so far that he could not withdraw it, and before making a serious proposal on an important subject he was certain that it would be



A group of converts in Father Beal's parish of Sungyang.

accepted, either because he had carefully prepared the way or because he had insight into the tendency of events." There is much food for thought in this appraisal of him that will help you in your daily life here. Note in particular his ability to adapt himself to the limits of native intelligence. He arrived at this perfection only by strenuous effort. In your dealings with the people and when called upon for a decision, think carefully before giving it, and once given stick to it. And never make a threat of any nature unless you are prepared to follow it out if necessary. Also, don't take "it" out of charity. When your charges do something that pleases you speak a few words of praise.

To explain the slow progress of the Church here is certainly beyond my powers. Merely saying that God is withholding the gift of Faith is no explanation at all. If He acts so it is probably because the people are not prepared to receive it. But why? There we have ground to work on. The reason in a general way may be the same as one suggested in explanation of a like reluctance on the part of India's millions to accept Christianity—that what they refused to date "was not so much the Christian faith as its European form". Dealing with this question in his book, "Renascent India", the author gives a passage from St. Augustine writing on the unwillingness of the Jewish élite of Our Lord's time to accept Him. He paraphrases the quotation thus and applies it to India: "They fear that, if all believed in Christ, none would be left to defend their own divine civilization and polity against Western invaders; for they feel Christ's doctrine to be opposed to their own piety and to their own ancestral traditions". The following paragraph is his summing up. I will quote it for you, changing the name India to that of China. It may give you an idea or two. "There it seems to me lies the true impediment to China's conversion, and until China can be convinced, not only by word but by deed, that Christ has not come to eradicate all that constitutes Chinese civilization and piety and self-determination and freedom, but rather has come to restore the ancient patrimony of the Chinese to its pristine purity and to transform (Catholicize) it with a new glory of perfection—until then, humanly speaking, no conversion of China as such, and as a whole, can be expected." Something similar seems to be the trouble with Japan, who "believes her present plight is due to her surrender to western civilization"; further on this "western civilization" is qualified by the word "materialistic".

Whence comes this confusion and ignorance as to what Christianity means? And what is the remedy? The fear seems to be that we are here to nationalize them according to our various nationalities: Canadian, English, French, etc., Protestant religions or sects, since they are national, must rather strengthen this notion of the Chinese. One educated Chinese told me he thought we came here to teach the Chinese foreign customs. Multiply him by some few hundred millions and see what your task is. We have to teach this people that Catholic principles not only mean the salvation of their souls, but also the saving of the best in their ancient culture. The old Romans suffered from this blind ignorance and fought with fury against the very Power that was to preserve to posterity much that was finest and noblest in it. Belloc writes of that ancient Roman culture that "it was, as it were, baptized into the Catholic Faith". Such is our task, to lift up the age-old Chinese culture from its heathen depths and "baptize it into the Catholic Faith." I won't say that the final product would be to your liking. I can't imagine Chinese culture even after its regeneration as being something I would wish to adopt. Because of this I can understand a little more clearly what used to be a mystery for me—how a Chinese, after having lived a long time in the West, still hankers to return to the East. I suppose it's that same sense of being in exile that fills us both, that feeling of isolation I spoke of before which affords you opportunity to practise heroism.

Just a final word. Do not come to China with the idea that the people are waiting for your message with eager hearts and open minds. Some few, yes—those, as I said above, whom the Holy Ghost blasts out. The motive urging you to spend your life here is charity—love of God and neighbour. "If love is true, service for the beloved is the greatest pleasure." Note the word is service, not results. The pragmatic test is not the only one. In the final reckoning it will be the extent of your love and not your results which will determine the reward. There is a Scotch word "cuiter" which tells you what you must do from the moment you set foot here until you put it down in Heaven. Look it up. Doesn't it require heroism, love, patience, any word you will—and is it not all a romance?



In the city of Tsingtien, Chuchow Prefecture, newspapers may be read and the news learned without the expense of buying the paper. Here's the "newspaper stand" provided for public use.

FISH-POND

(Continued from page 69)

and kinkly. He looked like a dried up baked potato. There was no hope for him so Mr. Wong told him the truth and explained to him about baptism. The young man was well disposed and after the minimum of instruction he was baptized, following which we gave him an injection of morphine to relieve his pain. He died this morning at 7.30. He had been a Christian for about seven hours. One of the school-girls, who lives in the same house, told us that he was awake all night and that he prayed all the time. Towards the end the effects of the injection wore off and he suffered very much, but he kept on praying."

The soul of another Chinese has gone to Heaven — guided there through the ministrations of our wonderful Sisters at Lishui.

* * *

IT was a prolonged burst of firecrackers that was passing without comment from the missionaries at supper, as one becomes inured to the sound of explosives after a short time in the interior of China, when someone stated that the neighbors were bidding farewell to the goddess of the kitchen who was returning to "headquarters" to make her report at the close of the year.

This goddess of the kitchen has the place of honor in every pagan Chinese kitchen and while she may be more or less forgotten during the year, she receives plenty of attention as the Chinese New Year draws near, for then, according to the pagan superstition, she returns to "headquarters" to report on the behavior of the people during the year. Sugar is placed in the mouth of the idol in the hope that the deity will say sweet things about her worshippers. Finally spirit money (similar to our stage money) is burnt and the goddess departs in the smoke, so the story goes.

* * *

IN spite of the efforts of the Chinese government to have the people follow the Gregorian or Foreign calendar, the country, as a whole, still holds fast to the traditional calendar, guided by the moon, and the Chinese New Year is the one great time for celebrating throughout the country. This year it fell on the fourth of February and, while the post office and the schools under government control remained open, stores and other establishments here in Lishui shut down and all took a vacation. At New Year's all debts must be paid and on the day before men may be seen going about endeavouring to collect money owed them. Seeing them walking from house to house carrying a lighted lantern in the daytime reminds one of the old philosopher who, with a lantern in hand, started out on his search for an honest man. This business of collecting money continues until the early hours of the morning of New Year's Day.

On New Year's Day scarcely a person is to be seen on the streets and the odour of joss sticks, being burnt to placate the gods, comes from almost every house.

After a few days the stores begin to open, the boatmen on the river start off on trips and things take on a more normal appearance, except that there is the preparation for the great dragon procession, which takes place on the fourteenth day of the New Year. This procession must be seen to be properly appreciated and deserves an article by itself.

HIS MASTERPIECE

An artist conceived a great picture,
Yet feared after all his toil
That even the whitest background
His masterpiecc would spoil.
So He sought for a spotless canvas;
He would paint on a fadeless scroll
And away in an unknown village
He found it—a virgin soul.
So He took all the blue of the heavens,
He took all the gold of the sun,
With the hundred hues of the rainbow,
And He mixed them into one.
He sought all the beauty of Nature,
He bought all the glory of Grace
And ctched with His brush on the canvas
The wealth of one Woman's face;
And the whole world stood enraptured,
And the angels sang for mirth,
For His portrait was so perfect—
It brought a God to earth.

The above is from Father Hugh Sharkey's Volume of Poems, "The Anvil of the Cross", copies of which may be secured from the author. The price is one dollar, and the proceeds from the sale of his poems go to help maintain his Chinese Mission in Vancouver. Address your order to Rev. H. Sharkey, 572 East Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C.

BLESSING OF CHURCH

(Continued from page 71)

duties took us to our respective Missions on Monday morning.

For many reasons the people of Pi-Wu-Ka will remember the ceremony of the Blessing of their new Church of the Canadian Martyrs. The celebration, Chinese fashion, was extended over three days, in the course of which every individual resident of the place visited the Mission at least once. Throughout the three days the orchestra did their duty manfully, taking time off only for necessary respites and meals. The significance of the occasion was not lost on the people, and they are well aware of the privilege that is theirs in having such a beautiful church in their midst consecrated to the service of God.

Thus ends an epoch in the history of Catholicism in the little parish of Pi-Wu-Ka. Another epoch, and perhaps a more trying one, is already begun—that of attaining the purpose for which the church was erected, to bring the people to it and to foster them in it. All the good work that it will help to accomplish will redound to the benefit of the kind donor, and the goodness of the donor in giving will have effect upon the hearts and minds of those who worship in Pi-Wu-Ka's church. It works both ways—"it is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that receives". The work of continuation is no less important than that of beginning; in the eyes of the world it may not be as glorious, but you, dear readers, who seek not after worldly glory; you who wish to see God's Kingdom spread in China; you who want God's blessing in your heart and in the hearts of those near and dear to you; you it is who are privileged to be the instruments God will use to make possible the continuation of this work in Pi-Wu-Ka and in other sections of the Prefecture of Chuchow confided to the care of St. Francis Xavier Seminary. Our needs you know; it needs but a willing heart to help. So, in offering thanks to our benefactor for this new church, and in offering sincerest congratulations to its Pastor, Father Boudreau, we offer the readers of "China" the opportunity of helping to keep the work going.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

The Catholic Church vs. Communism in China

This is the final instalment of a very interesting article by Fr. D'Elia, Member of the Sinological Bureau, Shanghai, and Professor of Missiology at the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome. This article, taken verbatim from "The China Year Book, 1934", gives a graphic description of the Church's struggles in China. This struggle was threefold, namely, the Church vs. Chinese Nationalism; the Church vs. the Triple Demism; and the Church vs. Communism. As Fr. D'Elia points out, in so far as the Church succeeded in extricating herself from this triple difficulty, she emerged victoriously from the Nationalist Revolution.

UNLIKE the second difficulty we have just spoken of, the third one, coming from the Communist tendencies of the Left Wing of Chinese revolutionists, admitted of no other solution than suffering and prayer. And this the Church did with overflowing abundance, as it was impossible for her to come to a compromise or reach an understanding with a doctrine so destructive of human society as Communism.

Suffering has been very acute in the last years for Protestants and Catholics alike. Some missions, especially, in Kiangsi, Fukien, Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Anhwei, have been in constant turmoil since the Nationalist revolution. Missionary effort has been at a standstill; it has been blocked by more than one obstacle: by colossal inundations, by educational restraints, by many wars, political agitations, anti-religious movements, but above all, and first of all, by the Reds, because of whose depredations the Church, "the eternal beginner", had to begin all over again.

A huge number of churches, schools and residences have been destroyed. When they escaped destruction, they were forcibly occupied by troops and looted. Missionaries, both foreign and Chinese, were often robbed, beaten, wounded, held captive or killed.

From an exhaustive inquiry we have personally conducted among all the heads of the Catholic missions, it results that, during the years 1926-1933, outside of a large number of Chinese Catholics who were either robbed, beaten or killed, there were as many as 39 Catholic missionaries who were slain by Communists, brigands or other outlaws, and at least 264 who were captured by the same, the duration of their captivity varying from a few hours to four years. Today (January, 1934) there are still four missionaries who are captives, one of them having been in the hands of Communists ever since May 1st, 1930. All their names, without a single exception, their historical data, and the pictures of the great majority of them are in our possession. They will soon be the object of a special publication under the title, "The Witnesses of Christ in China".

As the inquiry we have just mentioned embraces not only the period 1926-1933, which is the special object of this paper, but extends also to the beginning of the Republic, it seems worth while to add here the result of this information.

From 1912 to 1933 there have been 50 Catholic missionaries killed and, at least, 334 captured. (Up to September, 1934, this number was increased by 3 deaths and 3 captures.—Ed.) Eighteen of them have been captured twice, and four, three times. The number of the captured reached its zenith in 1930 with as many as 77, while both in 1929 and in 1931 as many as 8 missionaries were put to death. Most of the victims are, of course, priests: 220 captured and 43 killed, in addition to six Vicars Apostolic captured and one killed, two Mission Superiors captured, ten lay brothers captured, 29 seminarians captured and four killed, and 60 Sisters captured. The Mission of Hanchung, Shensi, comes first in numbers captured with 29, and that of Ichang, Hupeh, leads in those killed with 7, thus deserving its appellative of "The Bloody Mission". The Chinese Secular Clergy hold the record with 91 captured and 16 killed. As for nationality, the highest percentage of both captured and killed is also held by the Chinese since they reported 104 captured and 18 killed, the Italians coming next with 53 captured and the Belgians with 10 killed. These figures splendidly bespeak the heroism of the indigenous Church which is second to none in this martyrology of our own days. Here are the figures of both captured and killed during years 1912-1934:

	Captured	Killed
1912	1	1
1913	1	1
1914	4	2
1915	..	..
1916	3	..
1917	1	..
1918	2	1
1919	1	..
1920	4	1
1921	9	1
1922	12	1
1923	10	2
1924	12	1
1925	10	..
1926	20	4
1927	33	6
1928	30	4
1929	43	8
1930	77	6
1931	36	8
1932	13	1
1933	12	2
1934 (to Sept.)	3	3
Total	337	53

The hardships those missionaries had to undergo very often tested to the limit their endurance. In the impossibility of making many quotations, which will have their natural place in the coming publication, mention will only be made here of the cruelty with which Father Gabriel Liu, a Chinese priest of Weihweifu, Honan, was treated. One

night after he had retired to bed, he was rudely awakened by highwaymen, who pressed revolvers to his throat and ordered him, half-dressed, to follow them. Leading him to a secluded spot, they filled his ears with molten wax, blindfolded and bound him hand and foot, then confined him in a hole which they sealed with a huge millstone. The cave, dug out as a cellar for potatoes and turnips, was so low and narrow that the prisoner could not even kneel up straight, and there was not sufficient air to breathe. The captors lifted the stone a bit to allow a better circulation of air, but they made him remain in the dungeon for 27 days. Liberated finally, he was allowed to return to his family in a state of utter nervous exhaustion.

The revenge of all these modern martyrs is, of course, nothing but prayer and charity.

In the middle of the year 1933 a humble Chinese servant succeeded in braving the dangers of a bandit camp and carrying Holy Communion, secretly, to a Spanish Jesuit, Father Esteban of Wuhu, Anhwei, who has been in the hands of the Communists ever since December 17th, 1931. The consecrated Host had been concealed in a pyx wrapped in silk and attached to the shirt of the poor servant. The letter which Father Esteban sent on this occasion breathes of sublime nobility. He wrote: "I am content to be a captive and to suffer for Jesus Christ, to bear imprisonment which will end when God wills, either in liberty that I may work again in His service, or in death for Jesus Christ. I am well. Thank you for the cans of milk: I have sent them to the hospital of the Reds that I may return charity for their hatred. I think you will appreciate this little sacrifice for these poor folk who cannot understand a doctrine of love for one's enemies. I preached this to a group here one day, and a Red leader told me I was insane. If they only knew how much I loved them and all the Chinese."

Charity is added to prayer for one's enemies. Thus at the end of 1932, at the request of the military authorities, Monsignor Massi, the Vicar Apostolic of Hankow, consented to care for the welfare of 2,300 Communists taken prisoner by General Chiang Kai-shek. The missionaries were happy to take a purely Christian revenge, in overcoming evil with good. In fact, those poor Communists had often ruined missionary work, captured and killed missionaries by hundreds. Now that they had fallen into their hands, they were given as a reward: food, shelter, clothes, medicines for their body and Heaven for their soul. And all this was lavishly given to them. In 1932 from September 28th to October 20th, as many as 388 Communists were baptized when on the point of death, and 160 more, between October 21st and November 21st of 1932.

The former Apostolic Delegate has recently said: "Looking back over the last troubled years in China, what shines most luminously, what promises most for to-morrow, is the discipline of our forces. Our organization, buffetted most violently, remains intact. The page the missionaries have written is, from a human aspect, a sorrowful one, but from a supernatural aspect, refulgent with glory. I feel proud of my connection with the Church's redoubtable battalions in China. Almost without interruption for years now, we have had priests in bondage among the bandits or Communists. Such men honour the Church; their deeds make tomorrow glorious with hope."

It was in this way that the Catholic Church solved the Communistic difficulty of the National revolution.

In spite of the most serious handicaps, such as endemic civil war, anti-Christian movements, exasperating Nationalism, steadily increasing anarchy, Demist ideology, extensive banditry, widespread Communism, captures and murders of missionaries, the Catholic Church in China to-day not only goes on with her supernatural work, but develops in a way which borders really on the wonderful and the miraculous.



Rev. Arthur Venadam, of Pomquet, N.S., is known for his love of Sacred Church music. Since his arrival in China in 1931, he has done remarkable work amongst the youth of Lishui and his choir there is the admiration of all. Under his capable direction the group of boys in the above picture have learned to sing Gregorian Chant extremely well.

NONSENSE



He—"I once travelled four hours on foot just to give a fellow a thrashing."

She—"And then you had to tramp back for four hours?"

He—"No. I came back in the ambulance."

First Mother—"Are you bothered much by your children telling fibs?"

Second Ditto—"Not so much as by their telling the truth at very inappropriate times."

Teacher—Johnny, what's the difference between a battle and a massacre?

Johnny—A battle is where a whole lot of whites kill a few Indians, and a massacre is where a whole lot of Indians kill a few whites.

The other day an ex-soldier expressed an opinion of what the next war will be like.

"It will be terrible," he said. "The safest place will be in the army, and the soldiers will spend their spare time knitting comforts for the harrassed civilian population."

"So your baby is two years old. I suppose you are teaching him to talk."

"No, indeed, we are trying to teach him to keep quiet now."

Wife—"Mrs. Jones has another new hat."

Hubby—"Well, if she were as attractive as you are, my dear, she wouldn't have to depend so much upon the milliner."

Bore—"Whenever I start to talk about my India days I am reminded of the time—"

Bored—"Well, it's nearly midnight now."

Wife — "Before we were married, Jack, you said I was a queen."

Husband—"Yes—but I have lost my taste for a monarchial form of government."

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond swain.

"No," said the girl, candidly, "you're not; but you're too good for any other girl."

Dietitian — "Yes, a few lettuce leaves, without oil, and a glass of orange juice. There, madam, that completes your daily diet."

Mrs. Overweight—"Thank you so much, Doctor, but do I take this before or after meals?"

Professor (after lecture) — "Any questions?"

Student—"Yes, sir. How do you calculate the horse-power in a donkey engine?"

Dentist (to small boy who has had some teeth extracted)—"Never mind, Bobby, they'll soon grow in again."

Bobby (eagerly)—"Will they be up in time for dinner?"

"John," said Mrs. Finnerton, "are we going to have a garden this year?"

"Well," replied Mr. Finnerton, "will you have time to keep after me till I weed it for you?"

This was sent to a teacher after she had sent a message by a boy to his mother that he must be sent to school cleaner:

"Dere techer,—Our Johnny ain't no rose—he comes to school to be larnt not smelt—Mother."

One of the two flappers in the bus was reading a newspaper.

First Flapper—"I see that Mr. So-and-So, the octogenarian, is dead. Now, what on earth is an octogenarian?"

Second Flapper—"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea. But they're a sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying."

Mr. Jones was airing his views at the dinner table about the inconsistencies of women.

"These modern girls who protest that they are never going to marry," he said venomously, "why, everybody knows they will belie their own words at the first opportunity."

His wife kept a discreet silence.

"Why, Martha," he said, "I once heard you say that you'd never marry the best man alive."

"Well—I didn't," said Mrs. Jones.

"Gal," pleaded a colored suitor at the conclusion of an impassioned proposal, "ef you' don' marry me Ah'll go crazy!"

"Humph!" sniffed the unmoved belle. "An' who's gwine fin' it out?"

At an evening party a woman was describing how she had had a quarrel with her husband, but had made it up, and to commemorate the event had planted a sapling.

"There, you see," whispered one wife to her husband, "if we had done that, what a splendid avenue of trees we should have had by this time."

An Irish Guards officer called up a sergeant and spoke of the unsoldierly appearance of a recruit.

"He looks very slovenly, sergeant."

"Yes, sor."

"Are you sure he washes?"

"Yes, sor."

"Absolutely certain he washes?"

"Yes, sor, but he dries a bad color, sor."

A farmer had a horse he was anxious to sell, and one day while driving with one of his summer boarders the horse stopped so frequently as to lead the boarder to ask:

"What ails your horse that he stops so often? Is he balky?"

"No," replied the farmer, "he's all right. It's simply he's so darned afraid somebody will say 'Whoa,' and he won't hear it, that he stops to listen."

Mabel: "Did that painter who stained your front door to look like mahogany do a good job?"

Edith: "He shall never darken my door again."

The terrible child watched the visitor sipping his tea for a few minutes, and then protested.

"Mr. Smith drinks just like anybody else," he bawled. "Not like a fish at all!"

Ace (relating experience): "I had flown three miles over the German lines when I found that my engine was missing."

The Girl: "Mercy! How could you fly so far without any engine?"

"What's the noise?"

"John, the barber, is shaving himself."

"What's the conversion about?"

"He's trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."

"Yes, I'm a cosmopolitan. My father was Irish, my mother Italian. I was born in a Swedish ship off Barcelona, and a man named McTavish is my dentist!"

"What's McTavish to do with it?"

"Why, that makes me of Scottish extraction!"

Mrs. Catterson—"I don't like Mrs. Chatterton. She's so sly and deceitful."

Mrs. Patterson—"Doesn't she tell the truth?"

Mrs. Catterson — "That's the trouble. Every time I'm certain she's lying I find that she isn't."

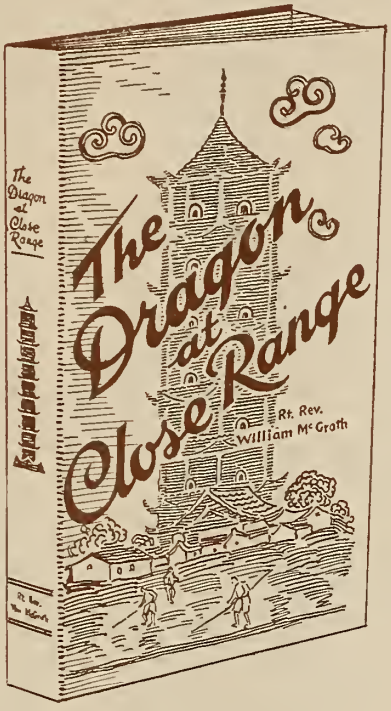
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It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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SERVING THE MISSIONS

HOW many Catholic people are generous in their efforts to share their Faith with others? How many show their appreciation of the Gift God has given them? It may be truly said that we show as much appreciation for our Catholic Faith as we manifest zeal in living up to our missionary obligations. Generally speaking, the measure of the one is the measure of the other. That is why, if we wish to be arden and zealous followers of Christ, our missionary zeal should never be at a standstill. True zeal cannot remain inactive. On the contrary, it must ever grow deeper and deeper and seek for new conquests and new activities.

IF we are truly Catholic at heart, we never lose the Catholic viewpoint. As members of the One True Church we must always be vitally interested in the progress of the Church everywhere. It is the duty of the individual Catholic to support his parish church and school, but one's duty does not stop there. It reaches out into the vast world and must embrace the work of the foreign missions. To have the true Catholic outlook means that one sees beyond the limits of one's parish and does something to aid the propagation of the Faith in places further afield.

"LIFT up your eyes and see the fields already whitened unto the harvest". Today, God's Church is in need of much help for her missionary work. A vast and well-nigh overwhelming task faces the Catholic missionary. A thousand millions of immortal souls are still sitting in the night of heathenism and in the shadow of everlasting death, and the stark statement of fact that millions of these souls annually pass into eternity without baptism, and without knowing their Creator and Redeemer, certainly ought to arouse to some measure of action those Catholics who are guilty of selfishness and lack of appreciation in the matter of their Faith.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the highest form of serving the Missions is to give them personal service. That in itself is a special vocation, not open to very many. But there are communities of young men and young women who have followed such a vocation, and it is by aiding such groups of missionaries that the average lay person has the opportunity of himself serving the missions. Many there are who can excellently serve the missions by praying for an increase of missionary vocations or by directly fostering such vocations. The number of Catholic missionaries on active service throughout the world today could be multiplied twenty times over, and still there would be work aplenty for them all to do. The distressing fact is that the support of the present army of missionaries is a difficult matter. That brings us to speak of another way in which the ordinary body of the Faithful can serve the missions, namely, through their financial support.

IT is in respect to financial contributions to the missions that the average Catholic fails to be unselfish, and fails to realize his duty; somehow or other he looks upon mission support as a work of supererogation. It is far from being so. If there is any one charity that has a claim on every kind of Catholic citizen, that charity is represented by the foreign missions of the Church. Our Holy Father himself has said that charity to the Missions is the greatest of all.

WE who depend on each day's mail to bring us the means necessary to maintain our Seminary and support our missions in China can speak at first hand of the lack of financial support given to the foreign missions by the average Catholic. We say "the average Catholic", for this leaves room for those friends of ours who have helped us through thick and thin. God alone knows how much we are indebted to those individuals and families who make a sacrifice every month to send us their contributions. During the past five years of depression, due to the widespread unemployment, our mission alms have dwindled and continue to dwindle. It has been a time of much anxiety and has meant much sacrifice for us to keep our Seminary functioning efficiently in the important work it has to do. If only more readers of "China" would hearken to our appeals for financial support, then there would be a load lifted from our minds. It is the readers of "China" who must support our work. Do you object to our use of the word "must" in these days of strain? Some, no doubt, may say, "But how can we give, when we haven't it to give?" or "I haven't had any work for three years. Where is the money to fall from?" May we insist again, that our request is not made to those who cannot give—who are out of work! We appeal to those thousands of Catholic families who are in a position to help the missions and yet who never do so. All we ask is that those who enjoy the blessings of Faith, and who are able to spend money on unnecessary worldly frills and pleasures sometimes sacrifice a little and remember God's work. Keep in mind that our cause is yours and that of Christ; and that we must rely both on you and on Him: on Him, to bless our work; and on you, to contribute towards it.

FISH-POND

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

FIRE! The window of my room was like the door of a blazing furnace. The outside bell clanged impatiently, Father Morrison having leaped from his bed and rushed outside in his fare feet and pulled the bell-rope. With the light streaming into his room, his first impression was that the building where the boys were sleeping was in flames. The flames and sparks leaping two hundred feet into the air, lighted the whole neighborhood and at first glance the fire seemed very close, but when looked at calmly it was evident that it was about two hundred yards down the street. Fortunately there was no wind and as there were several mud walls and a few open spaces between the fire and the mission property, we were in no personal danger.

All the priests were aroused and a few walked down the street to see the fire better. The time was three-thirty in the morning.

A large two-storey building housing several families was a mass of flames. When we arrived the roof had fallen in and there was no possibility of checking the fire, it was a case of keeping it from spreading, and on this occasion the mud walls proved their worth.

The fire-fighting equipment, while incapable of coping with the situation, arriving, as it did, very late, was better than I expected here in the interior of China. Six men worked a pump while a well-organized bucket brigade kept up the water supply. When going at full pressure a stream of water can be thrown about twenty-five feet in the air.

A great crowd had collected and the police and soldiers were busy keeping the crowd back and clearing a passage for the pail carriers, each of whom received a ticket for each pail carried. The next day he would collect on his tickets.

By four o'clock the fire had nearly burnt itself out, so we went back to the mission and to bed.

EVER since Our Lord told the Apostles that He would make them fishers of men, priests and missionaries have often been called fishermen striving to save souls, to bring all into the Church founded by Our Divine Lord. St. Francis Xavier is said to have fished with a net in India, where he converted large numbers, but it is thought that if he had landed in China he would have contented himself with a rod and line, making individual rather than mass conversions, because the Chinese are difficult. Now, whether the great Saint would have used a net or a line here in China, it is certain that the Missionaries to-day use only the line. While at times in some sections they are busy recasting the line into the pond, in the majority of cases it is necessary for the Missionary to exercise great patience, to call into play every means at his command to land even one convert, and often when he thinks that one is landed, it slips back into the water, or it is rotten and the hook will not hold, but perseverance and the assistance of those at home who help in spiritual or material ways means an ever-increasing number safely landed.

All of which leads up to the reason for the title at the top of this page. The Missionary comes to China to save souls and for that reason this pagan country, with its teeming millions, takes on the appearance of an immense fish pond, with the waters often disturbed and murky. For the Missionary China is a fish pond.

Please pray that the Missionaries will be good fishermen.

The next morning, or rather, later the same morning, a visit to the scene showed only smouldering ruins, but even so, soon the industrious Chinese were clearing things away to prepare for the new building.

As to the cause of the fire: Several men were playing cards and one of them went out for a few minutes and on returning threw a lighted cigarette into a heap of refuse, which ignited. The men were arrested.

At home, one of the first thoughts after, or during, a fire is the amount of insurance. Here in the interior of China insurance is available but in practice the premium is very high and it is doubtful if the insuring company will meet its obligations when a claim is made, or it may have ceased to exist before the fire occurred. So, generally speaking, very little property is insured here.

* * *

Some time ago an old woman arose in the night and, lighting a match to find her way, accidently set fire to the netting over her bed. The house was burnt down and several families lost all their possessions. The old woman was quickly arrested, not only for her unfortunate act, but also to save her from the wrath of the impoverished families. Their wrath was greater because their misfortune was caused by an old woman.

The woman here in old pagan China receives, generally, only secondary consideration, while if she is old and cannot work, she receives very little consideration. The treatment of women is one great difference between a pagan and Christian country. Our trip up the river last year provides an example of the pagan mentality. Two boats were engaged for the trip, one for the Sisters and one for us. The Sisters' boat was lighter and had better boatmen, with the result that they made better time. We passed the night at Tsingtien and on arrival at the river in the morning we found that the baggage in the boats had been changed and we were expected to take the better boat. Why? Because we were men and naturally received the preference over the women. But the question was quickly settled by Father Amyot ordering the baggage changed once more and the Sisters took the better boat.

The Chinese boatmen could not see things our way at all, at all.

THE Chinese fear the three "F's", namely Fire, Flood and Famine. To many, starvation is just around the corner and this year a great number will probably die as a result of the bad crop of last summer, when the heat was the greatest experienced in sixty years. But the rising river is an annual menace. The room I am in now has been flooded three times in the last generation, once half way to the ceiling, and as a result of the rain during the past two weeks the river rose six feet.

The worst flood in this district in recent times was about twenty-four years ago when many families were impoverished. One of the chapels in our district was **burnt down by the flood.** No, I am not confusing matters. Lime was stored in the building and when the water seeped in and mixed with the lime the walls ignited and the house burnt down.

Following this flood the city of Tsingtien was equipped with life boats, which are now rotting away.

* * *

FROM the outpost of Lungchuan word comes that Fathers Venini and Stringer are carrying on and making progress in a difficult section. Father Stringer writes: "Everything up here is as it should be, even to rumours of a thousand bandits one hundred and fifty li away. They are a nuisance, as they disrupt the mail service."

Father Stringer's good humour will carry him through many difficulties.

* * *

LACKING an ear, a soldier of the Chinese Army walked into the Mission dispensary here at Lishui to-day (the 15th of April) and asked the Sisters to dress the wound where the ear was recently cut off. This soldier, together with two companion soldiers, was captured by the Reds in the southern section of our Prefecture of Chuchow. The Reds were undecided whether to keep them prisoners, to kill them, or to mutilate them and set them free with reminders of their visit. The last course was decided upon and one had his nose cut off, the second surrendered three fingers, while our visitor had his ear neatly severed from his head, and under the ear the Reds added a deep gash, just as an extra reminder.

The Sisters dressed the wound and remarked that the only consoling feature was that the Reds performed the operation very expertly, using a sharp instrument and making a clean cut.

* * *

BACK from that most interesting city, Shanghai, Father John MacDonald is now in the best of health and prepared to make up for lost time in the Missions under his guidance. After a couple of days spent here at Lishui he left for Tsingtien, but the first breakfast he had with us provided an occasion for some ironical laughter, in which he quickly joined. Father John was nicely settled at the table and with knife expectantly poised he glanced around with a mystified expression. "Where is the butter?" said he.

There was a surprised pause and then came the above-mentioned laughter, while someone gently informed him: "You are on the Mission now, not in Shanghai. If you are here next Christmas we may have some, but it is not promised."



A sign-post outside Lishui, which may not mean very much just yet to Fathers Strang or Doyle. Father Stringer holds the camera. The above three priests are among our most regular contributors to "China".

Healers of the Borderlands

A Tribute to Nursing Sisters in China

Tibet, China.

MARIE DES ANGES arrived back in Tachienlu a few weeks ago. Leaving here some years ago, she went to Shanghai, taking charge of the General Hospital there. Later she returned to Italy, where she had charge of a sanatarium for sick Sisters home from the Foreign Field.

Marie des Anges is one of the most charming and capable Mother Superiors we have ever had on the Tibetan frontier. A Canadian by birth, she spent her early years in Quebec, and there she also received her medical training. This strong, energetic Sister is on the happy and sunny side of sixty, yet to look into her fine, handsome face one would imagine she was still in the region of thirty. It is one of the delights and pleasures of life to meet and speak with Marie des Anges. Her sweet, Christ-like spirit surrounds the wounded Chinese soldier, the poor, sick wood carrier, and the dying lama, with comfort and hope and cheer. A poor Chinese patient believes he has to limp, but when Marie des Anges has attended to his foot he feels like walking. Love and kindness and mercy and patience are some of the words you begin to think of when you sit in the presence of this gentle lady.

Some Other Workers.

We have been very fortunate in the Mother Superiors up here on the Chinese Tibetan border. Some years ago Sister Alice, also a Canadian, spent a term in the French Hospital. Then came Sister Rose, also a delightful Mother Superior. Sister Alice is now in Chengtu and Sister Rose is in Kiating. Both these women have ministered to the poor and sick here in Tachienlu, and when any European needed their help and nursing they were prepared to come night and day till the patient was well and strong. When young Emmons, of Harvard, returned from the Gong Ga with his feet badly frozen, these kind ladies rendered all possible assistance. And when Dr. Reichelt fell from his horse on his way up the Jedo the Sisters did all they could to ease the doctor's pain. Both Roubin and Mandeville found a warm spot in the

(Continued on page 94)

SUNGYANG

By
REV. L. J. BEAL

SINCE my appointment here as Pastor in Sungyang (early last September) I have tried to learn the true state of affairs in this city as well as in the outmissions. The results attained are not very inspiring, but still there are hopes for the future. One of the biggest difficulties in our mission work is to try to understand the mentality of the people. We ourselves are accustomed to calling a spade a spade, but our Chinese people call a spade a hoe or anything but a spade. In plainer terms, many of the people with whom I have come in contact here are "double-faced". If they would only mean what they say, or say what they mean, it wouldn't be so bad. Let me recount an incident which explains what I want to say.

After our last Retreat at Lishui, Father McNabb and I returned here by chair, stopping en route for dinner at a small town. The restaurant keeper was highly pleased to have us as his guests. Business was good. Our carriers told this man we were Catholic priests, and added lots of other information common in these parts when "foreigners" were being introduced. Instantly, the restaurant keeper showed a lively interest. Very sincerely (as I thought) he professed his willingness to know something about our business and the religion we taught. I took the man's name and address, assuring him he would hear from me at the first opportunity, as soon as I had the Fall programme mapped out. After the regular missions were completed I sent my esteemed acquaintance a letter informing him I would be along the following week to give him the instructions he had so ardently longed to receive. I made the trip in company with my catechist. Our would-be host was not at home. After our much searching for him, he suddenly appeared, and at once began to give us a long line of false excuses. I was sorely disappointed in the changed attitude of the man. After I had spoken to him at length on questions of religion, he flatly confessed that he would continue to believe that one religion was as good as another, and that it made no difference whether one adored God or the devil.

I sought another opportunity to speak with him, but he was too busy at the time preparing to take in a pagan "show" which was going on a short distance away. He was more interested in having a good time than in learning something which would help him save his soul. There are millions in China (and elsewhere) just like this man. They refuse to accept the graces offered them. When they are faced with the necessity of choosing between the true and the false, they are unwilling to make the sacrifice required in following the Light.

There is no doubt about the fact that ninety-five per cent. of the Chinese people are poor—extremely poor—and needs must work hard to scrape together enough to keep them alive from day to day, and to put away a very little to help them join in the festivities of the New Year as best they may. I have come to the conclusion that for the most part they are a materially-minded people, for whom things spiritual have not a very strong attraction unless they see the possibility of personal gain. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but as a general rule there must be something more enticing than Christian doctrine before they act seriously about becoming converts.

Some time ago I had twenty or more workmen in the mission compound; they all wanted to become Christians, and while their pay lasted they seemed to be very much in earnest, even attending the devotions in the church, but as soon as the work and the pay ceased their fervency also ceased. What was I to conclude?

Speaking as a missionary of several years' experience, I will say that sometimes the temptation is strong to let things go the easy way, and to fall into a state of indifference when efforts seem to bring but meagre results. But that would never do. As a missionary, one must be prepared for that. One knows that the going is hard, and one must be prepared for reverses. The missionary receives his consolation from the few who really respond to his efforts and make use of the Grace of God. He knows that the conversion of even a single pagan is a work of God's grace, and that any sacrifice made to bring even one soul to God through Baptism is well worth while.

To those of you who have been following our work as recounted in "China" it may come as a surprise to know that only thirty-nine per cent. of the baptized Christians of Sungyang attended Sunday services during last year; several have apostatized, and many have incurred impediments which forbid them to receive the Sacraments of the Church. To offset these reverses, friends of the missions everywhere ought to redouble their prayers and their good works, and make personal sacrifices if necessary, in order to obtain for these poor people the grace and the strength to reach the goal they at first set out to gain, but who have weakened so badly along the way.

HOME FROM CHINA.



Following a serious operation in Shanghai, Father Beal has been ordered by his doctor to return to Canada for a much-needed rest. He is due to arrive here towards the end of May. Father Beal's home is in Otterville, Ont.

"GOOD MORNING GLORY"

By

REV. CRAIG STRANG

SINCE I arrived here I have assisted at the burial of three Christians; I was out on my third this morning and it was the first to give me occasion to see how a Chinese city wakes up—I kept my eyes open, watching the city open its. Father Venadam was to perform the ceremony, but I accompanied him to find out how it is done and to pick up as much information as possible; this time I was especially curious to see the city during its first hour of the long day—I don't know why I call it long—it just seems that every day with them must be long, but of course they have an entirely different opinion, and in that opinion they are probably more correct than I am in mine.

It is interesting to watch any city coming to life—coming from the dead quiet of night to the quick and lively bustle of busy day. The wailing mourners and the shrieking flutes which formed part of the funeral procession brought many onlookers to the doors — some coming straight from the bed. Disheveled hair, blinking eyes, yawning mouths, garments hastily thrown on (if cast off at all for the night) or highly disarranged (if they had been slept in) were the chief features of each spectator. The pigs were still sleeping in the kitchens—a funeral didn't mean much to them, certainly not enough to lose any sleep over.

Restaurant owners had been up earlier and had their "Monday Morning Specials" ready for consumption (maybe they were the early birds, up after the worm—literally). Their fires made the first smoke of the morning, but the smoke clung most tenaciously to the street before rising above the houses. Their stoves, which were mostly in front of the stores, were made of large oil casks, with an opening in the side, and in a big black pan on top of it simmered what goes to make the breakfast menu; it was not a bit like ham and eggs, though some of it **looked** like porridge. In a short while employees would tour the streets with the food on large trays (sometimes balanced most dexterously on their heads), and you can have your whole breakfast brought to your bedside for a few cents.

It also happened to be market day and the men from the country, with their pigs and fowls, their vegetables and meat, had already taken their stands at the busier corners. As we passed they were having their morning smoke and had not yet started shouting their wares in their high-pitched voices, which, to our ears, are indistinguishable noises.

As we approached the city gate the day was getting brighter and warmer and drier. People now were in a more advanced stage of their morning toilet and some were having their morning rice, seated on the door step. Yes, by now the world had the sunrise, whether it was waiting for it or not. Only the more indolent or the weak did not rise to greet him—he may shine on "the just and the unjust", but when he first appears he does not shine on the late risers. But if they didn't rise to greet him our wailers and players succeeded in getting them out and told the world "here comes the sun" as well as here comes the corpse. Early as we were, we did not meet any milkmen, as you might think we would; nor did we meet any of the late home-comers who meet him in their evening clothes. There are no milkmen, and there certainly is no milk, and we have no fast "over-night-ers" and no smart evening clothes. Of course I didn't miss the milkman as I drove along; in fact I think he would be out of place here, and at the time he never occurred to me at all—it has occurred to me only now as I write about it, but you have to read it just the same.

Outside the city walls the only signs of coming day were the level rays of the sun and the vapour from the dew of the night. Bing Crosby would feel just as much at home here as in his shower. Fortunately the field which was chosen for the grave was not far and we arrived there after a short cut through other fields. By now it was even warm and the coolies who carried the coffin let down their heavy burden and took the spade and picks and shovels from the top of it. It was a big coffin, indeed, and I saw it really needed the eight men to carry it. The relatives were with the hired mourners and it was hard to distinguish them, for they were all dressed in the mourning garb—long white robes and white hats, not unlike a cook's. The grave was dug—about one foot deep—earth would be piled up on the coffin to form a mound in the shape of a pyramid.

The relatives were all pagans, for this had been a death-bed conversion — a conversion wrought by the care of the Sisters. For many months they had been visiting this man as he lay sick unto death in his bed and they freely interspersed spiritual medicine with their hypos and

(Continued on page 91)



A funeral procession leaving the Mission Compound at Lishui.

Brilliant! Snappy! Provocative! Most enlightening! These are some of the adjectives used by enthusiastic readers who have "discovered" Monsignor McGrath's "most 'different' book ever published on the work of the Foreign Missions".

From cover to cover you will enjoy "The Dragon at Close Range". A copy of this book ought to be in every Catholic home and in every Catholic school library.



Sample Page of Illustrations.

"The Drago

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Sample Page of Illustrations.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

The Present-Day Catholic Church in China

For the past four issues we have printed a most enlightening article which was originally written for the "China Year Book" by Father D'Elia, an authority on the Chinese Missions. Here we present his concluding word.

To those who wish to get a real insight into the position of the Church in China we recommend a re-reading of the articles we have published in recent months under the title of "Catholic Missions".

TO cast even a cursory glance on the actual work and expansion of the Catholic Church in China is to realize more intimately how she emerged victoriously from the Nationalist revolution.

To-day flocks of people ask to be received into the Church. We hear of thousands and thousands from Kiangsi, who, realizing how empty are the promises of Communism, are asking for baptism: missionaries there write that they are simply overwhelmed with work. Sometimes what was meant for destruction is precisely what brings people to the Church. The district official of Haimen, Kiangsu, related in 1928 how a young lady whom he knew became a convert, although she had always been bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church. Questioned by him why she had joined the Church, she answered: "The revolution of Wuchang, and later, that of Nanking, brought terrible scenes before my eyes. I was surrounded by murder and bloodshed. Confronted with the bestiality of man, I realized that charity alone—charity such as is taught and practised by the Catholic Church—is capable of saving the world. I became a convert." And the non-Christian official added: "The example and the words of this friend made a deep impression on me. The more I study and observe Catholicism, the more I am convinced that the salvation of our people is there, and not elsewhere." ("The Rock", Hongkong, 1928, p. 306.) In 1933 the Mandarin of Lichwan, Hupeh, although himself a pagan, said in a public speech: "There is only one way to restore peace, and that is by leading the people to the Christian religion." Thereupon a score of families expressed their intention to study Catholicism.

The number of missions, each one under the care of a Vicar or Prefect Apostolic or Mission Superior, has jumped from 76 in 1926 to 122 in 1933-1934. Every corner of this immense Chinese field has been planted with a Cross. The recorded Catholic population to-day is 2,624,166, not including about half a million more preparing for baptism. Last year the actual number of conversions was 69,715, which was the largest record since 1923. There are at present 86 bishops, of whom 13 are Chinese. The Chinese workers reckon 1,614 priests, 340 brothers and 3,360 sisters as against 2,346 priests, 429 brothers and 1,730 nuns hailing from a score of different nations, thus splendidly bespeaking the universal character of the Catholic Church. The future is brighter still. New workers come in hundreds year by year from Europe and America. Outside of the 12 central or regional seminaries established for the benefit of several missions, many Vicariates or Prefectures Apostolic have one or two seminaries. To-day as many as 813 Chinese youths are immediately preparing for priesthood, while 5,507 more are receiving the first training in Latin in view of Holy Orders. These figures do not include 41 Chinese studying in Rome, nine studying elsewhere and 357 trained in a religious order.



This picture was sent to us by Monsignor Fraser. He reports a wonderful movement to the Church in many sections of the district of Kinhwa. This group was photographed after Mass one Sunday at Pukiang.

Catholic education is much in honour. Non-Christian students, often children of high officials, flock to our schools. In Hongkong, for instance, there has been an increase of 700 pagan girls in 1932. Between seven and eight hundred schools at least have been registered with the Government. The three Catholic universities of Shanghai, Peiping and Tientsin have been granted final registration. Colleges and universities number 102; higher primary schools, 362; primary schools, 3,135; catechetical schools, 1,099. The total attendance of all these schools is 146,401 girls and 210,228 boys.

The high standard of Christian life is shown by the reception of the Sacraments. Last year, the following figures were reported: baptisms, 483,637; confirmations, 89,476; confessions heard, 9,246,204; communions distributed, 24,361,733; marriages blessed by the Church, 19,733; extreme unctions, 33,276. In this respect, the Vicariate Apostolic of Nanking-Shanghai takes the lead: with a Catholic population of 151,769, last year as many as 1,055,657 confessions were heard and 3,154,486 communions were distributed. These dry figures are a marvellous tribute to the enrooted faith of our Catholics, when we consider the almost insurmountable difficulties, especially of travelling, many of them have to overcome to receive the Sacraments.

Works of charity also are in full swing. Last year we had 432 orphanages with 2,512 orphan boys and 20,330 orphan girls, besides 68,409 children of the Holy Infancy. Sick and aged people to the number of 80,177 were taken care of in 260 hospitals and asylums, while 7,799,693 consultations were given in 744 dispensaries.

Concluding Word

The history of the Catholic Church in China is a glorious one. It is a story of ups and downs, of seeming defeat and of steady triumph. To reap successes, victories and triumphs when the path is easy and there are no obstacles on it, is a beautiful and meritorious thing, but much more holy and much more meritorious is it to reap the same harvest in the midst of difficulties.

This is what the Catholic Church has done in China, especially in the last years. Not only has she weathered the storm, not only has she maintained her former position, but also she has improved and deeply consolidated it, thanks to the untiring labours of her missionaries, both foreign and Chinese. She can therefore look with confidence to the future, for Christ has promised his Church that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her".

If you went into the corner bookstore and saw a copy of "The Dragon at Close Range" you would want to buy it at once. Don't deprive yourself of the pleasure of reading Msgr. McGrath's book for the sake of the trouble it means to post a letter. Use the order form on page 87.

"GOOD MORNING GLORY."

(Continued from page 87)

prescriptions and pills, and if the latter failed to restore the fast-failing life, the former succeeded in giving a new life that knows no ailments and destined never to end.

When the grave diggers had finished their work, Father Venadam began his, and blessed the grave according to the blessing in the ritual, and the schoolboys who made part of the procession chanted the prayers in Chinese—and it sounded quite pleasant on the morning air. As soon as it was over the grave diggers set to work again. The relatives approached to pay their respects to Father Venadam and me and went so far as to kneel down and do it—just imagine making a little fellow, no more than three years old, kneel down on the yet wet grass and bow to us as if we were gods. However, I understand that the rest of the family have signified their intention of coming to listen to doctrine and I hope some day they will bow before our Lord in the Tabernacle even as they kow-towed to us that bright and early morning. After some futile remonstrance and exchange of greetings we wended our way back to the city.

By now the city was fully awake—all the stores were open, all the people were up, and all the pigs were out—I saw one little piggie who was up too early, for he was getting killed. I had a good laugh as my rickshaw man went down a hill a little too fast and ran into a store, knocking down one of the panels that serve as a wall at night, but we drove on with the indignant shouts of the storekeeper and the laughing railery of the onlookers in our ears. On the whole it was a nice way to start the day and the week, and as I thought you might like to read about it, I took some notes as soon as I got home, and fill them out now (about a month afterwards). When, and if, this appears in CHINA it will be more than a month from now, but I think it will be fairly fresh in my memory, and I hope it will be a little diversion for you as you read—and perhaps be a little informative as well.



Father Venadam stands by as the grave-digger goes into action. Notice the path through the ricefield along which the funeral procession came.



"MINGO"

By Rev. J. McGillivray

"GET up, get up quickly!" whispers Father Venadam, "there is another thief on the premises again to-night." Some of us are sleeping on the verandah; others in their rooms with the windows and doors all open. It is a very hot summer. The next night it is Father Stringer who is calling the gang, or whoever first detects the burglars. One night the alarm is given by Msgr. McGrath, who is seriously ill and is awakened by a thief coming through his window. Another night we are aroused by Father Kam, who hears a burglar trying to open his screen door.

There is not very much to steal, but the danger is of setting the place on fire. The thieves blaze their trail by lighted josh sticks; the odor of incense is all around. We get up and get out. Fortunately, by that time they have made a good get-away. I help search the grounds. Not a bit nervous at all, but really, I was never very enthusiastic about catching one of those fellows. Perhaps I wouldn't be able to let him go. They do not come alone, and are usually equipped for something more than a social call. Their favorite entrance is by digging a hole under the mission wall. A few pots and pans, perhaps a piece of meat or some old clothing is missing, and a night's sleep ruined. The weather is uncomfortably hot; one is lucky to get to sleep at all. To be called out at one or two o'clock to drive away thieves puts an end to one's sleep for that night. And that ritual was performed far too often last summer. Now we have reason to believe in future our slumber will not be so interrupted. Mingo has arrived.

A Chinese came to the Mission one night this winter with a big black and white dog. That the dog was foreign was seen at a glance. The Chinese dogs of this district would destroy every vestige of love for animals in the most ardent heart. In many places the expression, "You're a lucky dog", will pass in friendly parlance, but not in China. The word "dog" is a contemptuous term and admits of no other meaning. The reason is easily seen. The color of those Chinese dogs is a dirty yellow, the hair is off them in spots, and they are full of scabs and sores.

Mingo is a foreign dog. His coat is glossy, and up until lately he has been well cared for. The man who brought this dog to us says he found him out in the country and thought he belonged to the foreigners at the Catholic Mission. It is the bursar's duty to take care of all visitors, so I gave the finder four ko-tz (about thirteen cents, Canadian) as his reward, and proceeded to make our guest at home until his owner is found.

The dog does not seem a bit friendly. His tail hasn't wagged an inch since his arrival. During his recent wanderings he was not favorably received. As the way to the heart is through the stomach, we try him out on some bread and meat. The dog is foreign, all right; no stranger to that food. Bread and meat is to him what corned beef and cabbage is to Dinty Moore.

How about a place to sleep? Accompanying Msgr. McGrath a year ago, we combed Shanghai in a vain attempt to procure a suitable watch dog. So far we have not had the honor of receiving a dog visitor. There are some shavings in the wood-shed. That should make a fairly good bed—but not for him! No sooner is he left there than he starts to bark and set up a fuss. There seems to be nothing wrong, so we leave him again. The same thing happens. That's no good. We do not want any unnecessary noise; some of the priests and all of the boys are in bed. Well, I can show him my room. It is no palace, but a friend gave me a nice pair of curtains for the window. His highness follows me in. There is a fire in the stove. After giving the place the once over, he finally curls up on a straw mat and in a few minutes is dead to the world. I should not think of disturbing so particular a guest. As a mark of his appreciation for the treatment given him, the next day he refused to allow anyone to enter my room. Both priests and servants had to await a word from me before he would treat them as friends. An ideal watch dog. Not cross; that would not do, since we have on the premises over one hundred school boys, but he is able to distinguish unwelcome visitors.

Alas, his owner arrived, or, more correctly, his custodian. It seems the dog has more than one owner. That is to be expected in China. Buying a piece of property the other day, actual dimensions 30 feet by 27 feet, a good-sized drawing-room, six people had a share in that spot of land. And they actually called it a field! It took the middleman something over a month to talk all parties to terms. His fee was 130 Mex (forty-five cents, Canadian). He earned his money. In almost every transaction a middleman is indispensable. Without him the prey would not be worth the powder. A foreigner would be talked hoarse days before his Chinese friend would think the subject was properly introduced.

Mingo's case is in the hands of the middleman. And the dog himself is occupying a comfortable place right under my desk.

EARLY in May, Sister Matthew McGettigan, of the Presentation Order, died in St. John's, Newfoundland. "China" offers sincere condolences to Father Hugh McGettigan, her brother, one of our Missionaries who is now in Chuchow, China. Our sympathy is also extended to the sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McGettigan, 28 Leslie St., St. John's, and to the other members of the family, Rev. John McGettigan, Parish Priest of Marystown, Nfld.; Sister M. Ignatius, of the Presentation Convent, Grand Falls, Nfld.; Sister M. St. Hugh, of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Sisters, Los Angeles, California, and two brothers, William and James, in St. John's.

We beg the prayers of our readers for the eternal repose of the soul of the deceased Sister. Requiescat in Pace.



SILLY SYMPHONY

By

REV. CRAIG STRANG

In our last issue, Father Strang told us of the ceremonies marking the reception of guests on the occasion of the blessing of the new church at Pi-Wu-Ka. Now, in humourous vein, he has something to say about the orchestra which enlivened the celebrations. You'll enjoy this.

ABOUT that orchestra at the festivities at Pi-Wu-Ka. I am sure the editor would not want a drawn out account of it in a write-up of the ceremony—he may not want it separate, either—long or short, but maybe it will slip by him somehow or other—if it doesn't slip by, look what you would miss:

This particular orchestra had about fifteen pieces (instruments), and for three days only five men were playing them; that cuts down expenses, and the host has to dish out less rice. The player who plink-plunked on his guitar also bla-blahed on his trombone; he who ta-taed on the cornet also tweet-tweeted on the piccolo. The violinist held to his own, but everybody else switched about. The orchestra pit was a little bandstand erected near the door, and it had straw over it to keep the rain off. The players sat around a square table, as if playing a game of poker (in fact they kept their poker faces all through the performances), and the instruments in the center of the table looked like the "pot". The man at the traps had a lot of gadgets to handle—his cymbals were very handy and came in for a lot of banging—he also had the block of wood, but whatever its significance it could not be heard over the din of the other instruments.

The leader of the orchestra was not what you'd call a knock-out—I don't suppose his fan mail was very great; people with stocking caps, yellow teeth and absolutely no personality are not big hits. He did not play any instrument, nor do any directing for what I could see—he just used his vocal chords—notice I did not say "sing". He was very base. I called him "Ha-cha," which is the Chinese for "a good laugh." His staff now was more presentable, though they did not go to any pains in "slicking" up. They had a little lad with them whom, it seemed, they were training. That little fellow I know would make a big hit in the movies—he could play opposite Shirley Temple great. But soon his voice will crack—soon he will lose that look of guilelessness, and will be like the rest of the players—maybe he will have yellow teeth, too.

The program was as varied as it was long and as weird as it was strange—they played everything from the latest hit ("From your wee tiny feet to your great pig tail—I love you") to the oldest of the classics: "The Story of the Three Kingdoms", and many others too humorous to mention. But the "Three Kingdoms" is a real symphony—it comes under the definition of classic music because you can't whistle it, and it has a whole lot of movements, plenty of tempo and the most startling changes. It embraced every variety of theme from care-free hilarity (indicated by much banging and booming on the drums) to most pathetic and doleful sighs, as if an oyster were crying for its mother-in-law (indicated by much scratching and scraping on the part of the violins). The rendition of the composition was most strenuous, and so every now and then a player would reach down for a big iron tea-pot and take a copious "swig"; the tea was a big feature, for it kept the kitchen boy busy filling the fast emptying pots. But I don't blame all the noises on the tea.

Interpretive music is a weakness of mine, and I tried to construct the story of the "Three Kingdoms" as they played through it. The music convinced me that they were in a state of chaos, and there seemed to be constant war amongst them. At times there was dialogue, and I was lost then; Ha Cha would come out with great guffaws and the man on his left emitted feminine screams, as if saying, "Lover, go way from me". The plot was thickening, I reckoned, and so was his voice, but that made no difference — nothing seems to make a difference, for the audience, however much they liked it, betrayed only mild interest and murmured politely "ha Ding," which is "good hear," and means that it is a knock-out. To make a wrong story short, Ha Cha ended up the symphony with a prolonged "OOOH", as if he was the man on the flying trapeze.

Saying it with Music in China is like doing a lot of other things here—be unintelligible, be unnatural, be impersonal, but above all else be noisy. So if you are in the mood for that kind of thing, tune in to Pi-Wu-Ka on Monday mornings at five-thirty, and sway to the ba-ba-boom of Ha Cha and his Happy Noises.

HEALERS OF THE BORDER-LANDS.

(Continued from page 85)

hearts of these Canadian ladies and when the State of Belgium failed to function the two Shanghai boys enjoyed some delicious wine, a present from the Sisters. Just before Marie des Anges left for Shanghai and Italy, she and Sister Alice very kindly nursed me through a serious attack of rheumatism, and when we met her at Christmas, her first question was, "How is the rheumatism?" Dear soul! Apparently I found a very warm spot in this Sister's heart as she told me many years ago I was very much like her brother in Ireland. I felt the compliment! It may be difficult for those on the outside to realize how eternally busy these good women are and the tremendous amount of work they get through. Here is a sample of a little note:

"Very kind of you indeed to remember an 'old friend'.
Excuse delay in replying to your kind note.
So busy—always the same story—busy and so little work is done.
Hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you.
Very truly in Christ,
Marie des Anges."

An Excellent Clinic.

There are six foreign Sisters in the French Hospital at the South Gate and their daily clinic has been the envy of western doctors who have visited Tachienlu. Frequently the number rises from one to two hundred and the morning scene outside the dispensary must remind these nursing women of a similar scene around the Pool of Bethesda, where we read, there lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. The mass of vile and disgusting and terrible sores, many of them almost beyond the art of healing, which these gentle ladies attend to day by day, is sometimes unbelievable. And the good work goes on summer and winter, even when the Sisters themselves are needing rest and medical attention. Sometimes they have a spare moment, and when they have they make some little delicacy for the old bishop, Mgr. Giraudeau, now fifty-five years on the Tibetan frontier.

—North China Herald.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN CHINA

CHINA'S ancient secret societies, with centuries of tradition behind them, are being revived under the stress of widespread banditry, civil war, and the growth of Communism. In general, these secret societies are combinations of the people to protect their interests.

For centuries, these secret societies have grown stronger in periods of chaos, and practically disappeared during periods of peace and prosperity. Their reappearance usually marks displeasure of the people with their rulers, and during some periods in China's long history they have become powerful.

In southern China, the secret societies take the form of "tongs," familiar in the United States among southern Chinese immigrants. The "tongs" are wider in scope than northern secret societies, and have continuous existence.

In northern and central China, secret societies are almost entirely protective associations of farmers and laborers, designed to guard their members against the extortions of tax-collectors and soldiers, and the raid of bandits.

Reports appear almost daily in the Chinese press of the activities of the Yellow Spears, the Red Spears, the Heavenly Gate Society, and the Watch and Ward Society, all of which have a long and fairly honorable history. Picturesque leaders have appeared to inspire the people to fight for their lives and property.

These societies naturally have grown most rapidly in Honan and Shantung provinces, the seat of major fighting in the civil wars, which were hardest hit by military oppression and banditry. The four major societies have acquired a membership estimated at five millions, and have organized their own paid armies.

In Honan the Yellow Spears have been welded into an effective force under the leadership of "Mad Chang," a dynamic young man believed to have mystic powers by the more superstitious Chinese. He calls himself the "reincarnation of a tortoise."

"Mad Chang" inspires his followers by a fantastic rigamarole familiar to the student of Chinese superstitions. He claims to have a magical stove which manufactures magic pills rendering his army immune to bullets.

Before going into battle, Chang makes a lot of pills, and instructs his followers to carry them. Then they rush into the fight with great confidence. The fact that many of his soldiers fall in battle does not seem to weaken the confidence of those that remain.

Some of his followers claim that "Mad Chang" will be the next Emperor of China, after the militarists are defeated. Half a dozen of these claimants to the former imperial throne have appeared during the past three years, but all except "Mad Chang" have disappeared into oblivion.

Where these secret societies are well organized, they serve the useful purpose of keeping off bandits and curbing tax collectors. Frequently their leaders seem to be honest and sincere men.

—North China Herald.



A view along the mission trail to Nan Dong in Father Beal's parish of Sungyang. The hillsides are terraced so that all available land may be cultivated.



Mistress—"Nora, you've left your fingerprints on nearly every plate."
Maid—"Well, it shows I ain't got a guilty conscience, anyway."

Sunday School Teacher—"Can any of you little girls tell me who lived in the Garden of Eden?"
"Yes, teacher: the Adamses."

Pat—"That was a foine sintiment Casey expressed at the dinner last noight."
Mike—"What was it?"
Pat—"He said that the swatest mimories in loife are the ricollections of things forgotten!"

The insurance agent asked the prospect: "Did you ever have appendicitis?"
"Well," answered the prospect. "I was operated on, but I have never been quite certain whether it was appendicitis or professional curiosity."

The Doctor (to patient)—"You go to your chemist and ask him for some iodhydragyrate of iodide of potassium, some ankydroglucochloral and some dioxyamidoarseno benzol—and I should not be surprised if with those we shall be able to triumph over your loss of memory."

"Most interesting," said the sweet young thing to the motor car salesman, "and now show me the depreciation, please. I hear it is heavy in those cars."
"As a matter of fact, madam," replied the opportunist, "we found it a source of worry and had it removed altogether!"

The barber had cut him, nicked him and gashed him.
"Give me a glass of water, please," gasped the victim.
"You aren't going to faint, I hope," said the barber with alarm.
"No," replied the victim; "I just want to see if my mouth will hold water."

Absent-minded lady teacher, in trouble with the gears of her car, to traffic policeman—"I can't attend to you yet. Put your hand down."

Two Chicago girls were doing Italy. They were standing in front of St. Mark's. "Elizabeth," asked one, "is this Venice or Florence?" "Consult your timetable," was the answer. "If it's Monday, it's Florence; if it's Tuesday, it's Venice."

Teacher—"Harry, can you tell me what classical music is?"
Harry—"Yes, ma'am. It's any kind a feller can't whistle."

Visitor—"Your son is rather small for his age, isn't he!"
Fond Mother—"Oh, no; most boys of his age are overgrown, I think."

Young Wife—"I want some lamb, please."
Butcher — "Yes, ma'am, which part?"
Young Wife—"Oh, the part you eat mint sauce with."

Mrs. Bing—"They say the Government is going to control everything."
Mrs. Sting—"Well, it's going to have an awful time with that Jones boy who lives next to us."

"How you gettin' on wid youah 'rithmetic, Lou?"
"Well, I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."

"Goodness! Have you had another tooth pulled?"
"Yes. I have a regular drawing account at the dentist's."

Lady—"Well, I'll take a pound of those sausages. Are they British?"
Butcher—"Yes, madam—the good old bulldog breed."

"That's the second time today I've seen that man following that woman in another car, yelling at her all the time."
"Yes, that's old Johnson. He's teaching his wife to drive, but he's not taking any risks himself."

The defendant in a case tried in a Western court had been duly convicted of theft, when it was seen, on "proving convictions," that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.
"Why didn't you say so?" angrily demanded the judge of the prisoner.
"Your honor," said the man apologetically. "I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."

Plausible Tramp (in suburbs): "Lady, I ain't beggin', but can I hang around till yer dawg's done with that 'er bone?"

Druggist: "How's your wife?"
Customer: "Oh, she can't complain."
Druggist: "I didn't know she was as bad as that."

Typist: "Do you know what time I have to get up to be here by nine?"
Boss: "No. Why not get here by nine and find out?"

"My fiance lost all his money in the Stock Exchange crash."
"I bet you feel sorry for him?"
"Yes, he'll miss me."

Lawyer: "You say your husband is a finisher; what does he finish?"
Witness: "Well, just now he's finishing his third term in prison."

"Now, Henry, give me a kiss and you shall have a penny."
"No good to me," said Henry with disdain. "I can get twopence for taking castor oil."

Villager (proudly displaying parent to a visitor): "Aye, she's goin' to live to be a centipede, bain't you, Mother?"
Mother: "Oh, go on with you. You wouldn't say so if you 'ad my feet."

Boots (in Irish hotel): "I've forgotten, captain, whether you wanted to be called at six or seven."
Voice from within: "What time is it now?"
Boots: "Eight, yer honor."

"Senator, I wish you would give me a job as your private secretary."
"Oh, my boy," responded the oily Senator, "don't get mixed up with the Government service. Nothing to it. Ruins a young man. Besides, I have promised that position to my son."

Enemy at the Manoeuvres—"You are my prisoner."
Sergeant Binks—"Nonsense! How did you get here?"
Enemy—"Over the bridge."
Sergeant Binks—"Then, my dear fellow, you are drowned. We blew up that bridge yesterday!"

Mother: "Oh, Freddie, I thought we had all agreed to economize, and here I find you eating bread with both jam and butter on it."
Freddie: "Why, of course, Mother; one slice of bread does for both."

"I used to tell my son that if he was a good boy I'd take him to the circus."
"Is he too old for that?"
"Rather. Now he intimates that if I succeed in keeping in his good graces he may get me a ticket to see him play football."

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Our Mission in China Must be Developed.



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St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. JULY AUGUST 1935



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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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MISSION ESCAPES FIRE

From time to time we have reassured our readers that our Canadian Missionaries in Chuchow are singularly free from the activities of the much-publicized "Chinese bandits". The province in which Chuchow is located, Chekiang, being on the sea coast, is highly developed and well patrolled, and does not offer security to any maurauding bands such as play havoc in places inland which are not sufficiently protected by the authorities. With the exception of a "Red invasion" some ten years ago, our mission has been left undisturbed, and happily continues so. Letters received some time ago told of a mild bandit raid in the parish of Lungchuan (where Fathers Venini and Stringer are stationed), but the mission property was in no danger. The only damage done was the capture and summary execution of three prominent and supposedly wealthy citizens.

A new danger faced our mission property at headquarters in the early hours of May 21st, as a letter from Father Gerald Doyle reports. The homes of a dozen families adjoining the Mission Compound were razed by fire supposed to have been caused through a careless cigarette smoker. Just after midnight our priests were roused from sleep to find the houses next door a mass of flames and sparks alighting all over the Compound. No time could be lost if disaster was to be averted, and quickly the priests formed a bucket brigade and saturated the front of the residence. Fortunately, the roof was made of tile, and the brick wall of the Compound served as a fire barrier while the projecting roofs of the burning houses were hurriedly forced away from the wall by the use of planks. The roof of the kitchen was destroyed and one of the outhouses caught fire. The city fire brigade was on the scene within half an hour and succeeded in confining the blaze to a dozen houses.

All at the Mission thanked God for His protection, and they felt grateful that there was no wind at the time. It was a very close call.

AT THE SEMINARY

As you read this, the student body of China Mission Seminary is scattered over distant provinces in Canada and in Newfoundland, enjoying (we hope) the long Summer holidays after nine months of hard work and study at the Seminary. Before disbanding for vacation on June 15th, we had the happiness of witnessing the ordination of seven of our young men to the Subdeaconate, and the promotion of nine others to the rank of Clerics and Minor Orders. Following the usual examinations at the close of the term, the Annual Retreat was conducted by Rev. Charles O'Brien, S.J.

We are pleased to report that two of our missionaries who are back from China on health furlough are rapidly regaining their normal good health. Monsignor McGrath is spending the Summer at home in Newfoundland, and Father L. Beal is fast recuperating at his home in Otterville, Ont.

PROSPECTS FOR SEPTEMBER

During the past few years the increase in missionary vocations has made itself so definitely felt that it has presented a problem to the authorities at our Seminary. Despite the current financial depression, two years ago we went ahead and built an addition to the Seminary. It provided only a temporary solution to the problem of housing the many aspirants to the missionary priesthood. Last year, and again this year, we have unfortunately been forced to refuse entrance to our seminary to splendidly-qualified young men just because we had no accommodation for them. Already we have accepted as many new students for September as we have room for, and much against our will, we have had to disappoint some applicants.

While it is something to be proud of that vocations are not lacking, still we are conscious of the fact that the work of bringing souls to Christ in China needs all possible volunteers, and we cannot but regret our inability to take care of all those who wish to devote their young lives to this high purpose. It but serves to emphasize our need for the fullest measure of support for our growing Institution on the part of the clergy and laity throughout Canada and Newfoundland. Our Building Fund could well take care of some liberal donations from our friends.

A LESSON TO CATHOLICS

"An appeal for $25,000 brought a total of $28,115.50 at the People's Church, Bloor Street East. **The fund is for the foreign mission work of the church.**"

The above is a quotation from a Toronto daily paper. We would that Catholics were as generous in giving to the Foreign Missions as non-Catholics are in supporting theirs. Whilst there may not be many readers of "China" able to set aside large sums to help Catholic Missions, yet we know there are some who will want to make the fullest use of their worldly goods. To such we recommend our mission work.

ON THE SPOT

Being a Pleasant Account of a "Social Affair" in Lishui

By

REV. CRAIG STRANG

FEBRUARY 3rd, the last day of the Chinese year—the 22nd year of the New Republic—and all's well; but maybe not so for us—you see we were invited to the time-honoured last meal of the year. Yes, we took until then to break into Lishui social life, and as there were no reporters there to ask us leading questions, we have to take the lead ourselves and send on to the Reverend Editor the answers to the unasked questions.

Of course, we did not weep very much about the three months' delay before we crashed the social page—the different conventions of the two civilizations are not easy to acquire. I know that most of the Christians here would not greatly like our Christmas dinner. I am more certain that all the Christians in Canada would not like the Chinese New Year "sumptuous" repasts. It is a gap that all missionaries must fill if they want any contact with the people at all, and so during this new year we new priests took advantage of several invitations that were offered to us. The first was on New Year's eve, as I mentioned above, and as it did not greatly differ from the others, I will confine my few remarks to that one.

Mr. Mo, one of our teachers, was our host. He conducted us to his house about five o'clock in the afternoon—Fathers MacGillivray, McGettigan, Doyle, and myself. Father MacGillivray was an old hand at this, and we depended upon him a lot, both as to what to eat and how to eat, what to say and how to act. A very able instructor is Father Jim. Well, we were asked into his "most abject abode", and saying we were not worthy of such an honor, we groped our way in. I say "groped" because it was quite dark inside, but everything was cleared away and we found our way to seats against the wall in perfect safety. So far very good. In the center of the room was the Chinese square table—like a card table, only it isn't collapsible. Generally, eight sit around it—we were just five. Our host spent some time talking to us, telling us that his food was awful tripe and that he was ashamed to offer it to us. We said that we were sure it was not, and hoped for the best. Between sentences he went to the kitchen and brought in dishes, mostly in bowl shape, and placed them on the table—fifteen in all, and lastly came the chopsticks and wine cups. We were asked to sit in, and having said grace, he filled our cups with hot wine. It has taken us some time to get onto the wine, and taken hot, it is not too bad; that night it was a life-saver, for it aided the swallowing immensely.

It was hard for us to make out the contents of the dishes; in one there was chicken—that was all right—it was boiled (they boil everything here), and if it tasted a bit oily, it was not too bad. The chicken was hard to handle with the chopsticks, but with the help of the bare fingers we managed each to get a share. There were several other kinds of meat—the least objectionable was the ham, and that bowl was a favourite of ours. As for vegetables—there were several bowls of stringy concoction which does not taste worse than grass, and some of which had some flavour. There was fish, too, but we only had one try at that—even though two of us were Newfoundlanders. Some other dishes contained food which we cannot name; they were mixtures of various edibles—bamboo shoots, sharks' fins, etc. A little of that was all we dared. In one large bowl was what



Father Hugh McGettigan, of St. John's, Nfld., with a group of converts whom he had the happiness to baptize last Easter Saturday at Lishui.

looked like sliced Christmas pudding covered with sauce; it turned out to be some kind of a rubber concoction, "sweetened, I think," said Father Jim, "with glue," for it was very hard to grasp with the stick—even the host found that difficulty; unfortunately, they were all large portions, and we had to take more than we cared to. All the while our wine cups were being kept filled and kept hot, which was a blessing.

Then came **my** Waterloo. I was getting on as bravely as I could till they served me the dough-ball they call **der vu**. Maybe others would like it—I know of none of the priests who do; it is made of bean curd and meat beaten into a pulp to form a very soggy ball—something like the dumplings served with pea-soup which I used to like so well at home. In my zeal I put a whole one in my mouth—I did not finish it, but it finished me. From then on my interest lagged most perceptibly. Our host every now and then would remark how tasteless and insipid his banquet was, and we always came back with remarks that informed him we thought it delicious and a triumph in the culinary art, but when he mentioned it again when I had the taste of the **der vu** in my mouth, I did not have the courage to contradict. It was, I thought, too much of a demand upon my politeness.

There was, besides this, stringy "mien", something like maccaroni, as hard to swallow as to get to the mouth with the chopsticks. There were puffed rice flakes that looked like large white corn flakes —that was all right—what there was of it, and there was plenty of it, such as it was. Later on we had sliced orange peanuts and watermelon seeds and cigarettes. That was the beginning of the end; it was then that we put serious objections to the invitations of "Chi-chi, eat more, eat more", and we took our last pick at the dishes, and politely told our host that we were full to the chin. He liked that, but said we did not eat much because it was all so miserable. We let that pass.

All during the meal, whilst we used our bit of Chinese with the host (Father Jim was most fluent), we held unbridled conversation amongst ourselves and had great fun at it—of course, we had to speak fast, as our host knew a little English—he was a Seminarian once, but had to leave on account of ill health.

Eventually we rose from the table and found our way home just in time for the fire crackers which were set off to celebrate the advent of the new year, which was but a few hours away. The sacristans presented to us a little feast—biscuits, etc., and Chinese tea, at which we, who had just eaten, merely sipped.

Well, we have had our first break into Chinese eating. The above account may seem very terrible; it is so mainly because it is like nothing to which we are used; in itself it is wholesome enough, and as soon as we get our palate seasoned to it, it will not be so bad. Still, a beefsteak would be very welcome any time, and if the sacrifice we make in not having it, and in taking **ver du**, will in any way forward our work, it is all worth while.

EX-PRIME MINISTER OF CHINA ORDAINED PRIEST

Story of Remarkable Life; Diplomat Who Served in St. Petersburg, Versailles and Locarno; After Wife's Death Entered Monastery.

BRUGES, Belgium, June 29.—A former Chinese noble and high official to-day completed an extraordinary soul-journey. It had led him from the religious cult of his native land, where he had served as Premier and diplomat under the old imperial dynasty and the new republic, through marriage to a Catholic wife, conversion to the Catholic faith, and finally to profession in the Benedictine Order and ordination as a Catholic priest.

The ordination took place to-day at St. Andrew's Benedictine Abbey, near here. In the ceremony, His Excellency the Most Rev. Celso Costantini, former Ap. Delegate to China, administered the Sacrament of Holy Orders to Mr. Lou Tseng Tsiang, former Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador of China, who now becomes Father Peter Celestin Lou, a priest of the Catholic Church.

Present at the ordination ceremony were numerous friends and admirers, nearly all of whom were non-Catholics and acquaintances of his diplomatic days.

Dom Peter Celestin Lou, O.S.B., the former Lou Tseng Tsiang, is 65 years old. He began his diplomatic career in 1891 as secretary of the Chinese Embassy at St. Petersburg. In 1911, he became Chinese Ambassador to Russia. In that same year, foreseeing events at Peking, he warned the Chinese Emperor of the revolutionary peril in his native country and pressed His Majesty to give up the Crown.

When the Chinese Republic was proclaimed, Mr. Lou was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs. Later he was named Prime Minister of China and was conspicuous for his efforts to create a Legation of China at the Holy See.

In 1899, Mr. Lou married Mlle. Bertha Bovy, a Belgian, at St. Petersburg. The diplomat's bride was a Catholic and in 1911 he himself embraced Catholicism. It was the Ambassador's greatest sorrow that the marriage was childless.

Mr. Lou headed the delegation from China at the Versailles Peace Conference, and refused to sign the treaty by which China was to meet liabilities for the future

Mrs. Lou's health becoming undermined by the Chinese climate, he asked his government for the Legation in Switzerland, a request which was granted. From 1922 to 1927 he resided at Locarno on Lake Majeur, where Mrs. Lou died in 1927. Mr. Lou resigned his diplomatic post and entered St. Andrew's Abbey on October 4 of that year. He made his religious profession in 1929.

Dom Peter Celestin's conversion and entry into the religious life has made a great impression upon his countrymen in China. His contributions to the well-known "Le Bulletin des Missions", published at St. Andrew's Abbey, have created considerable attention. His statement at the Missionary Week at Louvain in 1929, on the obstacles to the propagation of the Faith in China, published in the "Bulletin", is regarded as a necessary guide for all missionaries, travellers, officials and the like, who have anything to do with China.

Notwithstanding the severe life of the monks and the hardships of study, Dom Peter Celestin declares that he "is the happiest man in the world".

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

Lishui, May, 1935.

EAST MEETS WEST in a conglomeration of nationalities and customs in that most cosmopolitan of cities, Shanghai. The result is beguiling, almost escaping explanation. Perhaps each lends something of itself to the other, but gives nothing. Where necessary, each adapts itself but at the same time holds fast to its own enshrined traditions. The few exceptions are singular and do but make the rule more evident.

Europeans, some of them born in China, while making their homes in this city still consider that their real home is beyond the waters, in England, France, Germany, Portugal, Russia, America, or elsewhere, and to that real home they strive to make periodical visits, to offset a subtle influence of the East which slowly but almost inevitably subdues or changes something inside them. From these visits home they return refreshed, unconquered, and better able to carry on their work in the Orient, no matter what it may be.

* * *

Through this great city flows the immense wealth of the rich Yangtze Valley. In Shanghai there is to be seen the greatest luxury and comfort and also the direst poverty and misery. But he who knows only Shanghai knows not the real China.

In this cosmopolitan, fascinating city, overflowing with wealth and poverty, with its millions striving for existence, money, power or pleasure, are there some who know and acknowledge the God who created them, who pray to the God who is seemingly forgotten in this pagan city?

How many there are who remember their Creator I do not know, but there are some. Among whom are some fine old Catholic families which frequent the several churches in Shanghai, and then there are the convents and other religious houses, but there is one place which left a lasting impression on my mind: the chapel of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary attached to the General Hospital.

* * *

In this devotional chapel, beautiful in its simplicity, the Eucharistic Lord is enthroned each day from five-thirty in the morning until late in the afternoon, while white-robed missionary Sisters are constantly on adoration. By their acts of reparation and supplication the balance is levelled, nay, weighed down, against the neglect which Our Lord receives from those who have forgotten Him or who know Him not. Throughout the day many others find their way to this little chapel situated in the International Settlement. There may be seen a young woman during her tiffin hour, a couple of Sisters from another convent who came for a visit, a priest, or perhaps a layman who has dropped into the chapel for a few minutes silent communion with the King of Kings. Especially at four o'clock is the chapel well filled when there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the singing of the Sisters is an aid to devotion.

* * *

In the hospital, the Shanghai General Hospital, nearly all the boys (the Chinese assistant nurses and servants) are Catholics, although the hospital is non-sectarian. Each day there is prayer in common in the chapel for the Catholic boys, who also receive instruction from time to time. When new boys are employed no direct effort is made to convert them, but with very few exceptions they are converted by the good example of the Sisters and the Catholic boys. Soon they are going to the chapel with the others and then they ask to receive special instruction. The good spirit among the boys is evident to any visitor.

* * *

It is to this hospital that some of our priests have gone from time to time for treatment, and needless to say, the Sisters have done everything possible for them. At the present writing the hard-working pastor of Sungyang, Father Lawrence Beal, is there beginning his convalescence following a serious operation. (Father Beal has since returned to his home in Canada.)

* * *

FORTY li up the river from headquarters here at Lishui is a flourishing mission outpost of the Catholic Church under the spiritual guidance of Father Bernard Boudreau, the active pastor of Pi-Wu-Ka. A substantial little church, dedicated to the Canadian Martyrs, stands as a monument to the pastor's energy. Devoid of special decoration inside, the plain white walls and pillars give a simplicity to the church which is in keeping with the simple faith of the Christians, although as an aid to devotion Father Boudreau hopes to have a large picture of the martyrs to place over the altar.

* * *

It was to this mission outpost at Pi-Wu-Ka that I went to assist during Holy Week. Leaving the mission here at Lishui early in the afternoon of Wednesday I went to the bus station. There I remained for four hours and changed busses three times, but never went beyond



White-robed Franciscan Missionaries of Mary on adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the chapel of their convent attached to the General Hospital, Shanghai.



Avenue Edward VII, Shanghai, which is the dividing line between the French Concession and the International Settlement.

the confines of the station. Finally when the shadows of evening were drawing over I was told that there would be no travel service that day, the busses being commandeered to transport soldiers to Lungchuan. So I returned to the mission in time to be late for supper. Later I was told that a bus loaded with soldiers turned over near Pi-Wu-Ka, many being injured.

At break of day, Thursday, the bus service being uncertain, I left by chair for Pi-Wu-Ka. The carriers were good men, and in the cool of the early morning they made very good time, resting only every ten li and then only for a couple of minutes, as at each stop I got out and walked ahead for about half a mile.

* * *

It was necessary to cross the river twice by ferry, as Pi-Wu-Ka is on the same side of the river as Lishui. The logical location for the motor road was on this side of the river, thereby avoiding the crossings, but that would mean that many rice fields would be destroyed and the gentry in Pi-Wu-Ka were influential enough to have the route changed to the other side of the river, thus saving many fields. For the building of a road here in China the property is seized by the authorities and no compensation given to the owners.

* * *

After the second crossing of the river I was carried through the city to the gate of the mission. Father Boudreau was in the church hearing Confessions, but within a short time Mass commenced and together we carried out the ceremonies for Holy Thursday. The Repository was erected under the tower and throughout the day the Christians remained on adoration, taking turns, and until midnight they could be heard praying aloud before the nicely decorated Repository.

* * *

Not only the Christians and catechumens of the city were present for the Holy Week ceremonies, but several men had come from villages sixty and seventy li away. One woman had walked sixty li, and that with small feet, that is, feet that were bound when she was a child. The young girls to-day in China do not have bound feet, except, perhaps, in some remote country places.

* * *

An amusing illustration of the slowing-down effect of small feet is found in an incident related here recently. The Sisters were leaving the convent when an old woman at the gate asked them, with customary Chinese politeness, where they were going.

"We are walking to the North Gate," the Sisters replied.

"Oh!" exclaimed the old woman, "you will not be able to return before dark."

"Why certainly we can, we have plenty of time."

"Ah, yes," the old woman observed slowly and perhaps sadly as she glanced at her own bound feet. "You have big feet and can walk quickly."

* * *

Returning to the story of Holy Week at Pi-Wu-Ka: the Christians assisted very devoutly on Good Friday and Holy Saturday. Going into the church late Saturday evening I found several making a quiet visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the darkened church, a good indication of the faith of the people. On Easter Sunday Father Boudreau said the early Mass and preached, while I said the second Mass. The church was well filled, to the delight of the pastor, who explained that it was the time for transplanting the rice and therefore difficult for some to come in from the country.

* * *

Recently the pastor at Pi-Wu-Ka was preaching on "Faith", and to make an illustration he pointed to a crack in the wall of the church. "What caused that crack in the wall?" he asked, and in the pause before answering his own question, an intent listener jumped up and said: "The mud in the foundation was not pounded enough." Immediately surprised glances from his neighbors forced the eager man into silence, but Father Boudreau hurriedly seized upon the unexpected situation and said: "Exactly, and unless you have a good foundation in Doctrine and are faithful to your duties, you, too . . . etc." Father Boudreau is doing magnificent work here in China. Besides the church at Pi-Wu-Ka he has three mission chapels and one hundred and five villages under his care.

* * *

At Lishui the Holy Week ceremonies were carried out as solemnly as possible. Father McGillivray assisted at Sungyang, and Father Strang went to Lungchuan for Easter. Father Gignac remained over at Tsingtien.

* * *

Just as I was finishing pounding this typewriter one of the sacristans came in. He had just returned from Kinhwa, where he had been sent on business, and reported that Monsignor Fraser was well and sent his best regards. Monsignor is busy now building a girl's school.

* * *

A very welcome visitor here at Lishui is Father Prost, C.M., of Wenchow, who is spending a few days with us. Father Prost has been very kind to all our priests passing through Wenchow and we have in him a real friend.

BAPTISMAL CEREMONY LASTS MORE THAN FIVE HOURS

Kinhwa, Chekiang.—On January 6th, Feast of the Epiphany, 79 persons of the village of Siao Kao Tsu were baptized by Father Ly, assistant to Mgr. J. M. Fraser, founder of the St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary of Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Canada. The ceremony took five and a half hours.

Previous to conferring the baptisms, Father Ly had remained six weeks in the village, preaching daily and with two catechists teaching the catechism and prayers. He is to return there shortly to prepare the neophytes for Confirmation, which will be administered by H. E. Bishop Paul Faveau, Vicar Apostolic of Hangchow, some time in March.



FATHER LAWRENCE LY

There was previously neither priest, catechist, church nor chapel in Siao Kao Tsu, which is about 150 li from Kinhwa, and not one of the villagers is gaining any temporal advantage through entering the Church. This makes the conversion of the village the more remarkable.—Lumen.

Prisoner for a Year

The Thrilling Story of a Missionary's Captivity Among the Reds

AT the end of February, thirteen months after his capture by the Communists in Fukien, Fr. Cyprian Bravo, O.P., walked unexpectedly into the Vincentian Fathers' Mission Station at Sinfeng, in Kiangsi.

"The good fathers must have been surprised to see you," a friend said, when he arrived in Hong Kong on St. Patrick's Day.

"I suppose they were," Fr. Bravo replied, "but they were not half as surprised as I was to find myself amongst them. I never expected to be a free man again."

It was on January 25th of last year that Fr. Bravo was captured. A native of Palencia in Spain, twenty-eight years of age, he had come to China three years before, and had worked in the Foochow mission, one of the three sections of the province of Fukien which is under the care of the Spanish Dominicans. Towards the end of 1933, when serious political trouble occurred in Fukien, the Communist leaders took advantage of the situation and opened an energetic campaign. An announcement was made by the various foreign consuls, pointing out the danger and recommending the missionaries to leave their districts. Fr. Bravo did not leave.

This was no foolhardy decision. He was in the walled town of Shahsien, he talked the matter over with some of the important men of the town, and they came to the conclusion that they were safe from attack. He was particularly anxious not to leave, because the mission there was a young one, the number of Catholics was small and he did not wish to desert them.

Attack on Shahsien

In due time the Communist army came. It battered at the city walls, but its attack was feeble and it seemed as if hopes were going to be fulfilled, and the town would escape capture. Then tunnelling began. Approaches were made from various points, and mines laid. At last through a long tunnel a coffin filled with a great amount of explosives was placed under the wall and fired by a lengthy fuse. The mine and the method of firing it were primitive, but the aim of the besiegers was attained. A huge breach was made in the wall and the city was entered.

Then began one of those scenes of carnage and horror to which Fr. Bravo was soon to become accustomed. The eastern section of the city received the brunt of the assault. It was surrounded, a large part of it was razed to the ground, and all in it were at the mercy of the Communists. Before evening, Fr. Bravo was a prisoner with a rope around his neck and his hands tied behind his back. Next day he was untied, but for some time he was kept in close confinement. In the beginning he was given over to the sport of the soldiers. He was not maltreated, but was subjected to jeers and ridicule, and was given lurid accounts of his future fate.

Held to Ransom

From the beginning he was threatened with death. He was told that he would be spared, and released, only if a large ransom was paid. Many others were likewise held to ransom. In making prisoners, the one object of the Red army was to get money. The rich men, or those that they believed to be rich, were their first victims. Pillage was a matter of course, and no effort was spared to root out hidden treasure. Anyone who was considered likely to have money or valuables was tortured until he spoke—or died. There was utter disregard of human life. Mere suspicion was enough to cause execution without a trial. Blood flowed freely during the fortnight that the army chiefs remained in Shahsien. Then they moved on, bringing with them over a hundred prisoners among whom was Fr. Bravo.



FR. CYPRIAN BRAVO, O.P.
Photo taken three weeks after his release from captivity.

A long march followed, nearly two hundred miles, to Siukin. There the prisoner remained for several months, spending the hot summer months there, and moving on only when winter was at hand. Short halts were made at other towns, including a terrible ten days at Itu where about twenty "official" executions took place every day. While he was in Sinkong, the town was bombed by the aeroplanes of the National army. The last four months of captivity were spent in rapid marches by night, and short halts at various places, only a few days being spent at any one spot. When the time of release came Fr. Bravo found himself near the frontier of Kiangsi.

A Captive's Life

During all these long months Fr. Bravo was never allowed to forget that he was a prisoner. He complains of no ill-treatment, but his life was rough and hard. The food which he received was the same as that given to the soldiers, eight ounces of rice twice a day, with sometimes a few vegetables placed on it. The rice was coarse and unwashed. Each person had a small cloth bag for his rice. For each meal his allowance was placed in this and all were then placed in a pot to be boiled. When meal-time came each one got his bag. The meal was over in five minutes. Occasionally there was tea for those who were thirsty; more often there was hot water; usually there was nothing.

The lack of clothing caused the greatest hardship. The only pos-

sible clothes or shoes which the prisoners could get were those which the soldiers threw away as useless. The thin Chinese shoes do not last long in marching, but if soles were broken and the prisoners' feet were bleeding no one cared. There was no rest on these hard marches. If one were exhausted and lagged behind, he was pushed on, and threatened. The extremes of heat and cold, too, caused considerable suffering. When rest came, it was taken on the ground. There was no shelter in heat or cold or rain. After the first days, surveillance was not rigid, but escape was an impossibility. All the districts in the hands of the Reds were ringed about with guards, and without a written order no one could pass.

The Red Army

The number of soldiers operating in that part of Fukien seemed to be about 30,000. They were in good control and received all their orders from Mao Chu Tung—the Dictator. The officers and men were not unfriendly to Fr. Bravo, in fact the officers seemed quite well-disposed, but they made it clear that his fate or fortune did not rest with them. The army was ill-equipped. It possessed one aeroplane, the gift of a general who co-operated for a time with the Reds during the Fukien Rebellion in 1933. For guns and ammunition it depended on what it captured from the Government forces. There were very few pieces of artillery and comparatively few muskets, many of the soldiers were armed with old-fashioned spears. The gunners manufactured for themselves a kind of gunpowder, of which the chief ingredient was powdered camphor-wood.

When the army captured a town or district it immediately took complete control. Every thing of value was seized in the name of the people, and then an attempt at ordered government was set up, a governor being put in charge at once. Every effort was made to win over the civil population. Propaganda was carried on extensively and skilfully. Meetings were held to explain the principles of Communism, and in addition to the speeches there was music, and sometimes there were plays. The army brought with it a band of Chinese musicians and a troupe of actors. Special newspapers were published and widely circulated, and posters giving the latest bulletins were posted on the walls. The news was uniformly optimistic. Brilliant successes of the Red armies in Kiangsi, Szechwan and other places were reported. Half of the island of Hainan was said to be in the hands of the Communists. Maps of China were published with the places held by the Communists colored red. They showed most of the country as red.

Though no effort was spared to create an atmosphere of enthusiasm the effort was not successful. The people remained, for the most part, just terrified. All who could flee before the advancing army did so. Those who remained endured considerable poverty. Business was all practically suspended. There was no work going on in the fields in all the areas through which the prisoners passed. The Communists had their own currency, and prices were fabulous. Salt, for instance, was $16 a pound. All the people had to co-operate with the Communists if they wished to live. Doctors, for example, were compelled to put all their services at the disposal of the army. The army had its own Red Cross corps, but Fr. Bravo never saw them with any wounded after their many battles, and there was certainly no provision for wounded prisoners. But the doctors tended the sick. They cared for Fr. Bravo when he was laid up, and gave him quinine injections.

Ruthlessness

The Communists realized that in trying to carry out their programme they had a hard task to accomplish, and they were ruthless in their methods. All hindrances were swept aside. The weak and old were slaughtered, the slightest resistance meant death. One of the officers pointed out to Fr. Bravo the absence of beggars, claiming this as a triumph of Communism. In the next town that was entered there were some beggars. That evening Fr. Bravo saw them roped together and led to the hills, accompanied by the executioners. Next day there were no beggars.

Torture was applied as a matter of course, and it was ingenious in its brutality. Unfortunate victims were placed kneeling on rods with heavy weights on the soles of their feet. Then the rods were rolled, causing untold agony. The hands of others were racked and crushed, while the mouths of the victims were gagged to stifle their cries. There was no secrecy about either the executions or the torture. Fr. Bravo had to be a spectator to both as a daily occurrence. Several times he was assured that his own turn had come. More than once when a messenger arrived, he was told that it related to him and that it had been finally decided to execute him. And he waited from hour to hour in expectation of the end.

During the last months, when the position was constantly being changed, and the sound of gunfire was heard in the distance, it was quite clear that the Red army was being pressed, but no hint of failure was ever given. Fr. Bravo had ceased to regard the success or failure of the Communist movement as having any reference to himself. He knew that a sudden

(Continued on page 110)



There's not much space wasted on a Chinese ferry.

Canadian Literature

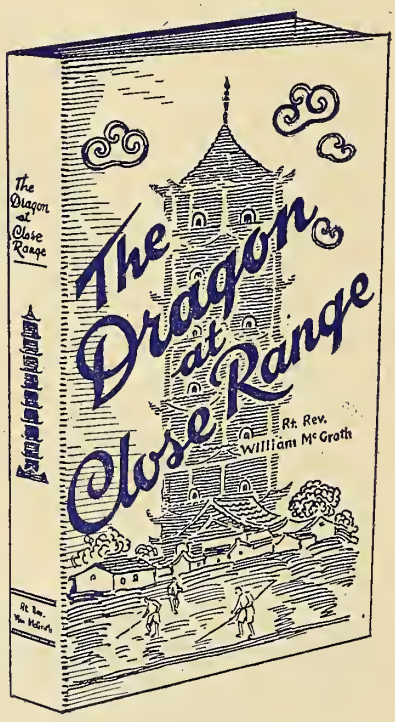
A REVIEW

By

HENRY SOMERVILLE M.A.

in the "Catholic Register", Toronto.

This book, "The Dragon at Close Range", by Rt. Rev. W. McGrath, has been modestly advertised as a "first contribution to Canadian missionary literature". It is recommendation enough to bespeak a kindly welcome from Catholic readers in Canada. A country which gives tariff protection to its manufactures and subsidies to its coal and has preferences for its tobacco, should surely be able to indulge a little favoritism towards its native literature. A young country is handicapped in its literary production by its youth; it is doubly handicapped by proximity to a much larger country, with the same language, able to swamp the market. Yet a country, if it is to count as a nation, and not merely as territory for economic exploitation, needs a literature more than it needs any of its bolstered industries. Coal and tobacco can be imported if need be, and the labor and capital diverted from those fields can be applied to others. But there is no substitute for a national literature. We may share in the heritage of a wider community than our own, in the classics of Greece and Rome, and especially in the unsurpassed treasures which are English Literature, but there remain certain tasks of culture that we can perform only for ourselves. Writing is the least universal of the arts, it is the expression of a limited group consciousness, not only because of the differences of language, but because its subject matter is the experiences of limited human units. Even if we had some universal language in Latin or Esperanto, the Canadian could not adequately communicate his mind to the Turk. The two races inhabit different thought-worlds. The Canadian thought-world is not quite the same as the English, not quite the same as the American, though it has many affinities with each.



A literature, as Newman said, is the voice of a particular nation. Our own writers, using our particular idiom, interpreting our particular experiences, are indispensable to our growth as a nation, not in a statistical sense, which is no sense at all, but in the spiritual sense, which is the only real sense.

Any contribution to native literature, therefore, is to be indulgently received. But to recommend it on this ground is open to misconstruction. There is a suspicion of its nakedness being wrapped in the national flag because it has too little attractiveness of its own. And to speak of "missionary" literature is perhaps also to add to the suggestion of apologetic. Now this book of Msgr. McGrath's has certainly no need to be apologetic. It is a piece of extraordinarily good writing. It can be called emphatically an enrichment of the national literature. And it is authentically literature produced by Canada, not in the mere sense that it was written by a Canadian (Msgr. McGrath, we believe, is a Newfoundlander) or written in Canada (for it was written in China), but in the sense that its style is one which tends to be cultivated under present Canadian conditions, and which in this case, we imagine, has been adopted to appeal to the popular taste.

When the present Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow became a priest the newspapers of this country, and this continent, lost a most brilliant reporter. The style of writing here exemplified

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may not be the loftiest, but it is the most popular, it is the style that appeals to the majority of readers, and therefore commands the front pages and the high salaries. The qualities of this style are liveliness, ease, boldness, pictorialness and humor. The language is familiar, colloquial, even slangy. The aim is more to present concrete images than to communicate abstract ideas. When it is well done, the style is so piquant that it pleases even those of classic tastes, for it is fresh and intensely alive. It is seldom well done. A writer who has the gift under commercialized newspaper conditions is driven to write himself out in a few years, even a few months. Thereafter he lives on his name, but is a mere caricature of his better and earlier self. His forced humor becomes vulgarity, his familiarity descends to flippancy, and his descriptions lose all value because they become sheer fabrications, inserted because it is thought the words will read well, though they have no correspondence with the object alleged to be described, and therefore no truth.

Msgr. McGrath has been fortunate in the assignment he received as a reporter. He went all the way to China, far off the beaten track, and had crowds of virginal subjects for his thumbnail sketches, and he was never under the temptation of padding, for the shorter his articles on missionary topics the more chance of Catholic editors receiving them hospitably.

The discerning reader who knows something of the craft of writing can easily imagine how the missionary in China came to try his hand at this literary genre which has hardly as yet received the hallmark of the academies. He wanted to attract reluctant attention, to arrest the multitude, to overcome the tendency of readers to skip missionary appeals. Therefore he used the artifices of the tabloid press and the publicity experts. He made himself a consummate master of the technique. If Directors of Schools of Journalism get hold of this book they will use its cameos as models for their neophytes. The discerning reader can guess also that Msgr. McGrath's work must often have been done under arduous conditions, when travelling, and with accommodation that did not provide for literary occupations. For example, there is a story beginning "Up by candlelight at 4 a.m." which insinuates the lack of amenities:

Up by candlelight at 4 a.m. As we said Mass we couldn't but contrast this awful shed with the many churches and chapels we know so well at home. Below in the kitchen the old lady was preparing our breakfast of rice and a special treat of bean-curd (no ordinary dish for the poor), and as there was no chimney, the smoke just poured up through the open hole leading to the chapel (sic) above. Got away by 6.30.

At noon we stopped for dinner at Daw Joe, the half-way house of today's trip and the only place en route which boasts of a restaurant. Honest to goodness, you should see that restaurant! Today's special was rice and tea. If you are so fastidious or so wealthy as to be able to afford meat for your daily meal, then you must just run down to the butcher shop for a few ounces of pork—when they have it—bring it back and cook it yourself. The mud stove is available for the use of the passing traveller who drops in for a meal.

So, while we recited the office, the boy scoured the town for a piece of pork, but in vain. He was successful, however, in securing some peanuts for dessert. Not everybody can have peanuts for dessert. In fact, the crowd of hungry-eyed boys who surrounded us as we began to eat looked as if they had never before seen a half pound of these delectable dainties on the table at one time.

Msgr. McGrath's study of popular journalistic features is sometimes evident in his lines as well as between them. He has one article headed "Believe It or Not" apropos a visit of Mr. Ripley to China at the time of writing. Monsignor would have enjoyed a Ripley visit to his own location up country, and the following paragraph shows how accurately the missionary catches the note of the cartoonist:

"Had Mr. Ripley come here we could have shown him a few things, human-faced crabs: towns with lifeboats instead of fire stations, because the greatest danger is from flood; a photograph of an old man (now dead) whose finger nails were two feet long, and a place along the river bank where a chapel was burned down by a flood. Perhaps our readers can figure that out for themselves."

The quotations we have given from Msgr. McGrath are good, but they have been selected merely to illustrate particular points, not to give away his juiciest plums. The prize for the richest fun we might give to "A Chinese Banquet". As a thrilling epic we would select "The Red Siege of Kanchow". Rudyard Kipling is not more tersely enthralling. In an anthology of the world's best short stories we would put "The Good Thief of Chusan". The human interest stories, quaint and touching, are too numerous to specify.

We would do a grave injustice to Msgr. McGrath if we left any impression of him as a mere literary craftsman. He is a theologian, and some of his pages on theology reach sublimity. But above all he is the missionary, and in his lightest as in his gravest moods the cry that comes from his heart, so that the reader can almost hear it, is the cry of the great Apostle of the East, St. Francis Xavier: Da mihi animas. Give me souls!

OUR COVER

Two little Chinese maids seem quite pleased to have their picture taken with "Bobby". Here's what Msgr. McGrath says about "Bobby" in his book which is reviewed on this page. Under the title of "A Dog's Life" a little article reads: "Do you think China a tough place for a missionary? You don't know the half of it, says Bobby, our thoroughbred setter, assigned to what he considers the disgraceful role of watch dog in the Lishui Mission Compound of the Grey Sisters from Pembroke, Ont.

"Watching isn't Bobby's long suit. He'd far prefer the tang of the crisp November air on the partridge barrens. But a fellow can't indulge such expensive tastes these days because 'twould cost too much to go home.

" 'Don't talk to me about China,' he says, 'Those crazy firecrackers are the only things you ever hear resembling the sound of a gun, and as for birds, nothing but those miserable chickens running all over the place. Yes, it's a dog's life'."

OF YOUR CHARITY

please pray for the repose of the souls of

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Morris
Rev. Dr. M. J. Ryan
Sister M. Sophia Burke
Sister M. Clement Culhane

These, and all our deceased benefactors, share in the spiritual benefits enumerated on page 98.

R.I.P.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP MISNER

(The following account of the consecration of Bishop Misner, C.M., D.D., as Vicar-Apostolic of Yu Kiang, Kiangsi Province, was written at Yu Kiang by Father Beal, and sent to us from the Shanghai General Hospital, where Father Beal was a patient. The write-up came too late for publication in our June issue.)

OUR Chuchow Mission was represented at the Consecration of Bishop Misner by Fathers Morrison, McGillivray and Beal. The first lap of the journey to Yu Kiang (from Lishui to Kinhwa) was covered in record time, just four hours. At Kinhwa we were cordially received by Monsignor Fraser who showed us about town after "tiffin" (lunch), and pointed out the places of interest and the possibilities of future expansion in this striving city. From Kinhwa we entrained for Yu Shan (Jade Mountain), some four hundred li distant. The best accommodations we could secure were third class day coaches, but even these were to be preferred to the busses we later used going from Yu Shan to Hokow. At noon a steward attired in a white gown came along to take our orders for lunch, and in short time we satisfied our appetites with plates of steaming rice and meat boullion.

As one enters the Province of Kiangsi, Yu Shan is the first mission encountered that has a resident priest. This station is being ably cared for by Fathers Poizart and Lloyd. Besides the school they conduct a dispensary where hundreds of patients are daily cared for, and much fruit is being reaped from their efforts to bring solace to the many sufferers who call on them for "foreign" medicine.

In a downpour of rain we left the following morning for Hokow, a distance of about 200 li. The roads throughout this section of the Province are fairly good, but the noted Kiangsi red clay causes the bus drivers no little worry, especially on a rainy day. We arrived at 11.30, and were greeted by Fathers Sageder and Ma. The former has been there for thirty-five years, and five years ago he was outside the Vicariate for the first time. He has suffered much from the Reds who on occasions have occupied his residence and caused thousands of dollars' worth of damage to his compound. It was most interesting to hear him recall the hectic days of the Red invasion, and tell of the occasion when he lay concealed in a house while all around him the blood-thirsty hounds of Lenin were searching meticulously for the foreign priests. One terribly hot day he had to hide under the roof of a house, and he doesn't know yet how he escaped prostration from the heat.

We left Father Sageder's the next morning en route to Yu Kiang. This time we travelled in much better busses. For speed and comfort they left nothing to be desired; they were really first class. The rain had not abated in the least, giving us actual experience of the inherent sticky quality of the Kiangsi red clay. Before reaching the ferry boat, Father Morrison was much embarrassed when he slipped over an embankment. He sustained a sprained wrist, but Father Dunker and the doctor soon had it strapped and painted with iodine. Father Smith was patrolling the river bank on the lookout for arrivals to direct them to the east gate where chairs were in readiness to take them to the mission.

Although the day was cold and rainy it did not impair the hearty welcome given us by Bishop Misner, Father Lewis and the other Fathers who had gathered there to make this the most outstanding event in the history of the Vicariate. We found the new Bishop to be a most lovable character, possessing those qualities and virtues which will make him an admirable Spiritual Ruler in his vast vineyard of Kiangsi.

In our talks with him, what I appreciated and noticed was his frankness in speaking of the difficulties which faced him in his new position. The trials and hardships he has already endured for love of souls will not likely be lessened, but rather increased. Some of the difficulties we meet with in our own Chuchow Prefecture seem trifling when compared with those which have been the lot of Bishop Misner. His Vicariate has suffered untold losses materially at the hands of the Reds. Many of the mission compounds in his district have been occupied by both Reds and Government troops.

Many of the exploits of the late lamented Bishop Sheehan (whose successor Bishop Misner is) were recalled in our conversations. On one occasion, in a single week, Bishop Sheehan was forced to spend eight hundred dollars on telegrams, etc., to effect the evacuation of some of his mission properties. The stories I have heard of the trials experienced in this section of the Chinese Missions have given me a new appreciation of what some missionaries are called on to endure in their labours for souls. They have been veritable heroes, martyrs in spirit if not in deed. Nobly have they borne up under their hardships for years, while in some cases death has been the reward of their valour.



H. E. BISHOP PAUL MISNER, C.M., Vicar Apostolic of Yukiang.

By Sunday evening ten different nationalities were represented in the Residence, coming from various Missions and Vicariates. The most distant point represented was Peiping, by His Excellency Bishop Montaigne, C.M., a very jovial and likeable man, an honor to the Hierarchy of China. Bishop O'Shea was the consecrating Prelate, assisted by their Excellencies Dummond and Defebvre as Co-consecrators. Assisting in the sanctuary were Bishops Montaigne, Espelage, O.F.M., of Wuchang, and Msgr. Cleary, Prefect-Apostolic of the Irish Missions. Father Piggott, V.G., represented Bishop Galvin of Hangyang Vicariate.

At 8.30 Monday morning, Feast of the Annunciation, the grand procession moved slowly up the aisle

(Continued on page 110)







The Sacrament of Confirmation was solemnly administered by Very Rev. Ramon Serra at Lishui at Easter time. The two top pictures show the groups then confirmed. The bottom picture shows the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception with their school girls. Father Serra, who snapped these pictures, happily reports that only six of these pupils in the Lishui Girls' School are yet unbaptized. The Sisters, in addition to caring for these girls, also conduct a dispensary, and their fame as nurses and teachers has attracted many pagans to the study of Catholic doctrine. Our readers are requested to pray that the work of our missionaries in Chuchow Prefecture may continue to bear abundant fruit.

CATHOLICS IN CHINA

The Catholic population of China at the end of June, 1934, was 2,702,468, according to statistics just published in the 1935 Year-book of the Bureau Sinologique, Zikawei, Shanghai.

The total number of conversions for the year was 82,145. As compared with 69,547 for the previous year, this represents an increase of 18 per cent.

The net growth, taking the various losses into account, was 78,908, the largest on record for more than ten years and thirty per cent. greater than the net augmentation of the preceding year, which was 60,818.

The comparative numbers of personnel for the last two years is as follows:

	1933	1934
Bishops	88	89
Priests (Chinese) ..	1,595	1,647
Priests (Foreign) ..	2,303	2,367
Brothers (Chinese).	469	607
Brothers (Foreign).	462	541
Sisters (Chinese) ..	3,319	3,419
Sisters (Foreign) ..	1,693	1,831

—Lumen.

THE ROMAN MISSAL IN CHINESE

A complete translation of the Roman Missal in Chinese has been published by the Nazareth Press, Hongkong. The work is in one handy volume of nearly 1,300 pages, and is conveniently divided into five sections.

It may come as a surprise to learn that this is by no means the first translation of the Roman Missal into Chinese. As long ago as 1670 a complete version, done in the classic style by Fr. Louis Buglio, S.J., was printed in Peking. So far as is known, only three specimens of this ancient text, remarkable for its clarity as well as conciseness, are still extant.

Fr. Buglio, who has been styled "a perfect Chinese scholar", also published Chinese versions of other liturgical works, notably, of the Roman Ritual (1675) and a large part of the Roman breviary (1647).—Lumen.

Father Hugh Sharkey has published a Volume of Poems, "The Anvil of the Cross", copies of which may be secured from the author. The price is one dollar, and the proceeds from the sale of his poems go to help maintain his Chinese Mission in Vancouver. Address your order to Rev. H. Sharkey, 572 East Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C.

PRISONER FOR A YEAR

(Continued from page 105)

victory or defeat would not alter the decision in regard to him. Now and then he was able to communicate with his religious superiors, but these messages could be of only a very general character, for they would be seen by his captors.

Necromancy?

The strangest thing that Fr. Bravo had to tell of his captivity was of the kind of spiritualistic séances that were held. When an invocation had been made he heard voices speak that he knew did not belong to any of those present. Stranger still, while the influence remained he heard officers speak fluent Spanish, though he knew them to be ignorant of that language. They even spoke in it to him on some of those occasions telling him of Spaniards whom he knew, and imitating to perfection their particular provincial accents. Must it be attributed to diabolical influence? Fr. Bravo does not claim to give any explanation. Strangest of all was the fact that he was told that it was due to a message given in one of these seances that he was set free. They told him that it was through this means that they communicated with Mao Chu Tung, and that a message was given that he was to be released. It was replied that he did not believe in Communism, but was opposed to it, and that all who opposed it should be killed. But the message insisted that he should not be killed but released. Then it was objected that he did not believe in the truth of their spiritualistic communications and was opposed to them, but still it was insisted that he should be released. Again Fr. Bravo makes no comment on what he was told, but simply states what was said to him.

He was brought before the commanding officer and told that he would be set free. The officer asked him to let people know that he had not been ill-used, but had been treated as well as possible in the conditions of a campaign. He was given a signed paper which would assure him a passage through the lines. He was told where he was to go, and was given recommendations about the best route to take. The directions were excellent, and a five days' journey on foot brought him to safety and freedom in Sinfeng, where he arrived footsore and delapidated on Feb. 27th. He had been captured on Jan. 25th the previous year.

Fr. Bravo's period of captivity has left him somewhat enfeebled in health—though he makes light of it—and completely unimpaired in spirit. His attitude towards his former captors is one of pity rather than of blame. His love of China and its people is as warm as it was before, and his thoughts are with his mission. But everything that he tells of his experiences among the Communists is a further proof of the ghastly character of the menace to civilization that passes under the name of Communism, and of the urgent necessity of eradicating it if peace and prosperity are to flourish in China.

T. F. RYAN, S.J.,
in the "Rock", Hong-Kong.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP

(Continued from page 108)

of the Cathedral. Father Smith's Cadets formed a Guard of Honor at the various entrances to the Cathedral and near the Sanctuary, and one could see that they were proud of their distinction. I was privileged to be Chaplain to the second Co-consecrating Bishop, Bishop Defebvre of Ningpo. The ceremony was carried out in the solemn manner with which the Church marks such splendid events. It was good just to be even present.

The high esteem in which Bishop Misner is held was evidenced by the large number of the Clergy present for the consecration. I believe it was the greatest gathering of ecclesiastics yet to assemble for a like function in China. Numerous telegrams and gifts marked the occasion for the new Bishop.

As I write this at Yu Kiang we are delayed on the return journey by flood waters. We have two rivers to cross before we reach back to Yu Shan. Then we hope to entrain for Shanghai. On the return journey we shall have the company of Father Moulis, the Superior of the Lazarist Procure in Shanghai, where our priests have always been given the finest hospitality.

Taken all in all, the trip up here has been beneficial. It has been rich with experiences, and has given our Canadian Fathers a fuller insight into the work being done by their co-labourers in the great work of propagating our Holy Faith. I feel sure that readers of "China" will not neglect to offer a little prayer for Bishop Misner, for his zealous priests, and for all the missionaries in China and elsewhere who are doing so much to make God's Kingdom Come.

EIGHT MILLION CHINESE IN FOREIGN LANDS

The committee on Chinese oversea affairs has compiled statistics which show that almost eight million Chinese live abroad.

The Malay Archipelago and the countries of south-eastern Asia have the largest numbers: 2,500,000 in Siam, 381,417 in French Indo-China, 193,598 in Burma, and 15,000 in India. The Chinese population of the Malay States is 1,709,392; in British Borneo it is 75,000 and in the Netherland Indies 1,232,650.

In Hong Kong there are 825,635 Chinese, in Macao 119,875, and in Timor 3,500.

The Philippines have a Chinese population of 110,500; Hawaii has 27,179; Australia, 15,500; New Zealand, 2,854, and South Africa, 4,500.

Chinese in the United States are estimated at 74,950, in Canada 45,100, and in Mexico 25,000. In the countries of Central America there are 9,400 Chinese. Peru has 5,704, Chile 2,700, Brazil 820, Argentina 600, and Venezuela 2,826.

There are 100,000 Chinese in the Japanese Empire, 1,074 in Japan proper, 46,691 in Formosa, and 41,303 in Korea. Soviet Russia has 251,500, and Turkey 7,000.

A relatively small number of Chinese live in Europe. France, which has the largest group, has only 17,000. Great Britain and Holland follow with 8,000 each. Germany has 1,800, Switzerland 149, Portugal 1,200, Denmark 900, Belgium 550, Italy 274, and Poland 139. There are about 100 Chinese in each of the Baltic countries, while in each of the Scandinavian nations there are less than ten Chinese.

There can be no real gratitude for the great benefit of Redemption, if it is not accompanied by an ardent desire to come to the help of those who have not, like we have, the advantage of knowing their Saviour and the indispensable means of salvation brought by Him to this earth. He does not grasp the meaning of Redemption who has no missionary spirit.

A reader in Alton, Ont., wishes publicly to express her gratitude to Saint Rita for a favor received through her intercession.

NONSENSE



"Has your vicar been in this parish long?"
"Yes, sir, he's been the incumbrance here for nearly forty years."

Judge—"How could you swindle people who trusted in you?"
Prisoner—"But, judge, people who don't trust you cannot be swindled."

Mother: "I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum."
Father: "Why?"
Mother: "Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum!"

Man—"How far have you and your wife got with your plan to buy a new car?"
Neighbor—"We've got to the point where we don't speak."

"What are you doing here?" said the woman to the tramp who had got over the wall just in time to escape the bull-dog.
"Madam," he said with dignity, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that, in the interest of humanity, you'll feed that dog."

Cop—"Why didn't you stop when I yelled back there?"
Driver (great presence of mind)—"I thought you said, "Hello, Senator'."
Cop—"Well, you see, Senator, I was going to warn you about going too fast in the next town."

"Well, Mose, how is your better half this morning?"
"She's better, thankee, sah; but, boss, you shore is careless wif your fractions."

Before beginning his sermon one Sunday morning, a minister said that he was sorry to have to complain about the offertories. He felt bound, however, to make a protest and an appeal.
"In last Sunday's collections," he said, "there were no fewer than six buttons. I hope such a thing will not occur again."
Then, turning to the Bible, he announced the text: "Rend your hearts, and not your garments."

Boss: "Well, good-day. Please send one of the other applicants in."
Phyllis: "They haven't waited. They knew they had no chance if you turned me down."

Judge—"Mose, is your wife depending upon you?"
Mose—"She sho is, jedge. If I didn't go out and get de washin' she'd starve plum to death."

Magistrate: "Can't you and your husband live happily together without fighting?"
Mrs. Maloney: "No, your honor; not happily."

A stout elderly lady sat down on a park bench that had been newly painted. A keeper, hastily approaching, said: "You can't sit there, madam, because—"
"Here I sit, and here I stick!" was the defiant answer.

Maurice—"Dad, today teacher said to me: 'Your parents should be proud of having a son like you'."
Dad—"Did she really say that?"
Maurice—"Yes; and then she told me to translate it into French."

Wife: "It's just a little surprise present. A jig-saw puzzle—a hundred pieces."
Husband: "Good! I'm very fond of doing those."
Wife: "Well, it's the vase off the drawing-room mantlepiece. Here's the paste."

She: "I can't bear to think of my thirtieth birthday."
He: "Why, dear, what happened then?"

"Did your wife's father follow you when you eloped?"
"I should say so; he's living with us yet."

Father (who has helped his son with his home work)—"What did the teacher say when you showed her the work?"
Johnny—"She said I was getting more stupid every day."

A parson wrote to the bishop asking him to come and hold a "quiet day". The bishop declined, saying: "Your parish does not need a quiet day; it needs an earthquake."

HOW DO YOU DO?

Some subscribers pay their dues
when due,
Some pay them when past due,
Some never do,
How do you do?

Mrs. Gray—"You're looking very happy this morning. Have you had good news?"
Mrs. Jay—"Wonderful! My husband has broken down and we're going to the seaside for a holiday."

"I haven't much time for meals," said the bus driver, "so I generally have a bite at the wheel."
"That's a bit tough, I should think," said his listener.

Departing Guest—"You've got a pretty place here, Frank, but it looks a bit bare yet."
Host—"Oh, it's because the trees are rather young. I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you'll come again."

A commercial traveller had taken a large order up in Aberdeen, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scot, who had given the order, a box of cigars.
"Naw," he replied, "don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak' them—and I'm a member o' the kirk."
"Well, then, said the traveller, "suppose I sell you the cigars for—say, sixpence?'
"In that case," replied the Scot, "not liking tae refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll tak' twa boxes."

"You mean to say you were not at your own daughter's wedding? Where were you?"
"I was looking for a job for the bridegroom."

Little Boy: "Do you keep anything to relieve pain?"
Chemist: "Where is the pain?"
Little Boy: "It hasn't come yet, but father is just reading my school report.

Little Mae: "Mother, I know why little people laugh up their sleeves."
Mother: "Why, dear?"
Little Mae: "Because that's where their funnybone is."

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"
"Well, yes. It meant the same thing."
"Ah! What was the exact word?"
"He said you were a slippery fellow."

Helen: "Did you ever think seriously of marrying?"
Tony: "Of course I did. So I didn't!"

Our Work Must Go On!

Our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, Must be Supported.

Our Mission in China Must be Developed.



SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY

has ordained 22 Priests since its opening less than 11 years ago. Nearly 50 students are now preparing for ordination at the Seminary. Altogether, 77 persons (priests and students), depend on the readers of "CHINA" for their support and for the upkeep of the Seminary, as well as for the development of the mission of Chuchow in China confided to the Seminary for evangelization. A large amount of money is required for these purposes. The only revenue received is what comes through the mail day by day. Our needs are many, and so once again we ask YOU, dear reader, to send us a little help if you can possibly afford it. Won't you put a cheque or a money order in the mail for us to-day, please?

Give your gift for the love of God, and you will give a gift that is worth while, no matter how small it is.

ALL TOGETHER, NOW! LET'S HELP THE MISSIONS!

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS. ONT. SEPTEMBER 1935



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1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.

2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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A MISSIONARY PASSES

FOR sixteen years our monthly organ, "China", has gone widespread every month bearing to our friends the news of the doings of our missionaries in China and at home. For the first time, we have the saddening task this month to chronicle for our readers a report on the death of one of our missionaries on active service in Chuchow.

ON the morning of August 6th came a cable from Very Rev. R. Serra, Pro-Vicar of Chuchow Prefecture, bringing the sad intimation that death had called one of our most zealous and most beloved priests, Father James D. McGillivray. We had no previous news of Father McGillivray's illness to help lighten the shock which his sudden passing occasioned. It is difficult even yet to realize that our mission family has been bereaved—that the first link has been broken in the chain of subjects which have been gathered together in a common purpose through the seventeen years since our Mission Institute was first established.

THE details we have so far received from Chuchow record that Father McGillivray died from malignant malaria after an illness of only four days. As the Last Sacraments were administered to him, ten of his brother-missionaries were at his bedside, and the dying priest retained consciousness right to the end. His death has left a void in our mission staff that it will be very hard to fill. A saintly, jovial priest, imbued with the spirit of sacrifice for the cause of Christ in China, he sealed that life of sacrifice by his death among the people for whose salvation he had so gladly and generously spent himself.

FATHER JAMES DUNCAN McGILLIVRAY, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. McGillivray, was born at Low Point, N.S., on February 6th, 1897. His early education was received at St. Ann's School, Glace Bay, N.S., where his family now reside. For a period of twelve years (1911-1923) he was employed in the office of the Dominion Coal Company, N.S. An insight into the character of the deceased is gained from the fact that these years of employment were generously undertaken at the sacrifice of his own aspirations in order to assist his brothers secure a university education.

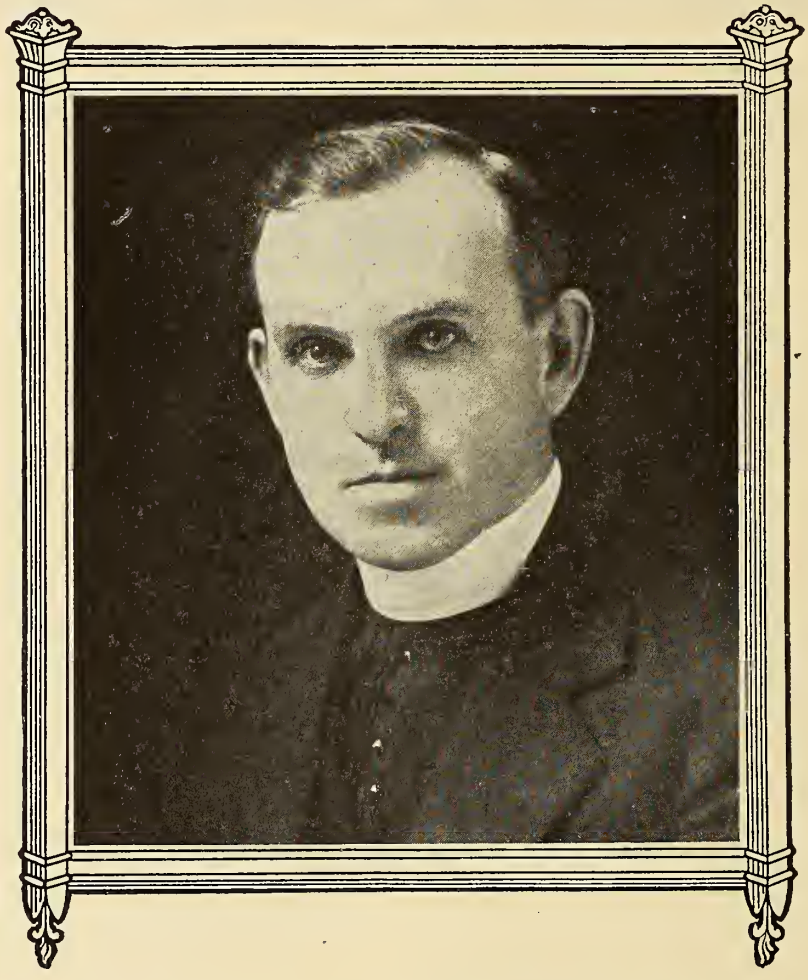
WINNER of a K. of C. Scholarship, James McGillivray entered St. F. X. University, Antigonish, in 1923, and graduated, after a most brilliant course, with a B.A. Degree in 1928. His years at the university marked him as a leader of men. In all departments—Literary, Dramatics, Athletics—he held executive positions, and his managerial ability brought fame to the sporting activities of the university.

IN September, 1928, Father McGillivray became a student at China Mission Seminary, and his years at the Seminary endeared him to every member of our Institute. The two great characteristics that we are told are the desiderata for every missionary—holiness, and a sense of humor—Father Jim possessed in a marked degree. To them he joined a practical and wise discernment on all matters. He was ordained in his own parish at Glace Bay on December 20th, 1931, and went to China, in company with Rev. Wm. McNabb, in October, 1932. Shortly after his arrival in Chuchow he was entrusted by his superiors with the difficult and exacting duties of Mission Procurator, which duties he zealously performed up to the day of his tragic death. Throughout the Maritime Provinces, where the deceased was widely known and extremely popular, there is profound regret over the demise of Father Jim.

TO his parents, his brothers, Basil, Claude and Michael, and to all his relatives, "China" extends sincerest sympathy. Their son and brother has given his life for the Missions. He gave his all—for what more can a man give besides his life—and he gave it in unheroic obscurity, in uncomplaining resignation. May the thought of his heroism, coupled wth the realization of his present happiness, lighten the sorrow that is theirs—and ours.

MAY Father McGillivray's soul rest in peace. May his death be fruitful unto the salvation of the souls for whom he sacrificed his life. We, his missionary associates, earnestly hope and confidently expect that Father Jim will ever be with us and our work; that through God's grace and through his intercession, we may carry on the noble cause for which he sacrificed himself. Our hearts are sad in losing so delightful a companion, so zealous an apostle and so efficient a missionary. His life to us was a source of admiration and a spur to imitation. His death, sad though it be, is to us now an inspiration. God grant that our hearts may be filled with that spirit of cheerful sacrifice which made Father McGillivray face the hardships of life in China so bravely and so willingly. May the greatest of all missionaries, the Divine Saviour Himself, bless our Chuchow Mission now consecrated with the buried remains of our first priest to give his life for the great cause to which we all are dedicated.

In Memoriam



Rev. James Duncan McGillivray

Born, February 6th, 1897
Ordained Priest, December 20th, 1931
Went to China, October, 1932
Died at Lishui, China, August 5th, 1935

The First Member of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute to be Called to his Eternal Reward

May his soul rest in peace

NA HO

By
Rev. Hugh M. McGettigan

YOU may, or may not, have heard of the recent fire here at Lishui. It rendered homeless many people, and very nearly turned the Mission property into a vacant lot. The houses concerned in the conflagration touched on our property; many of them, indeed, had as their fourth wall, the wall surrounding the Mission compound.

The fire broke out around midnight, and it was well on towards morning before it had ceased to be a menace. The city fire brigade, made up mostly of volunteers, failed to respond to the first calls sent out. The rumour that the Reds were close by, was no doubt responsible for their seeming disinterestedness. On being assured, however, that the calls were bona fide, they belatedly responded and worked like Trojans to keep the fire from spreading. This was about all they could do, as by this time the houses already affected were too well advanced towards the dying ember stage of illumined dissolution.

Those within the compound were as hard pressed as the bucket brigade outside. To save the buildings, priests and boys were kept busy. Two buildings, the one, the sacristans' sleeping quarters, the other, the kitchen, ignited, but the flames never really had a chance.

The reason for the foregoing preamble is, not so much to advertise the closeness of the call we had; nor to give friends at home a chance to sit back and laugh at the grotesque figures we must have cut wielding water-buckets at that hour of the morning. It is rather to tell a little story which was born in the ashes of the homes destroyed. It may not be considered as exactly thrilling; many, indeed, may consider it as an anti-climax to the introduction; but to the one chiefly concerned, it was by no means trifling. To us witnesses of the deed, it was well-nigh heroic, appealing to Heaven for recognition.

This story has as its basis the giving of a solitary dollar towards the relief of those made homeless by the fire. The gift, if we judge by our own standards, was not great; but, judged by the lowly material standard of the giver, it was munificent, and raised him in our estimation at least, from the status of the ordinary handy-man to that of the true Christian practising heroism in his charity. The deed, taking all things into consideration, gave insight into the faith of one lately recovered from paganism, and with it the consolation of knowing that the work here is not in vain. It also gave palpable evidence that surely, if slowly, Christianity is gradually seeping through the walls of Chinese conservatism and culture.

The hero of the story, if you wish to class him as such, is Na Ho, the general fac-totum around here. He is the "hewer of wood and drawer of water", and does any other job that presents itself. He has been here in this capacity for a year or more. Formerly, he was more or less a beast of burden. This indelicate description of a human being may not be exactly nice, but when one takes into consideration the fact that the unit of power in China is generally "man" rather than "horse", it is the only description that seems apt. Up to the time he came to us permanently, his existence was a most precarious one. A large family coupled with the arduousness of his work and the smallness of his pay kept him continually striving to find sufficient to eat. Oft-times he and his family went hungry. Not every meal was a sure thing; and often a whole day, sometimes longer, elapsed without food. But he was industrious, and sometimes instead of waiting his turn where the carriers congregate, he came here hoping that a little work could be found to augment his meagre wages. If we consider his present condition, we can say that it was fortunate for him that his Union brothers found him out. Trouble ensued, and in a much bruised and battered condition he was summarily ejected from the Union.

Na Ho's work with us nets him a great deal more than he formerly received, yet, taking all in all, and considering the relative immensity of his family obligations, it is small. It is true that now he doesn't go hungry, but he still lives in a hovel, which by the way, is at present in grave danger of collapsing, due to the heavy rains of the past few days. He and his family are still in almost rags. Yet with all this deficiency of worldly goods and comfort, he did that which many better situated would never have considered doing.

The day after the fire, he came forward with his dollar to help those who were in need. As I said before, this contribution may be considered small according to our monetary values, but here in China it was undeniably great. Na Ho gave until the giving hurt. By his act he denied himself and his family, not some luxury, but something that was a real necessity.

That's the whole story, consider it an anti-climax if you will; but if you knew the man and a wee bit about China, you would, perhaps, be led to parallel the case of Na Ho with that of the widow and her mite; and say that there was joy in Heaven when this poor Chinese parted with his dollar in the name of "nobility's true badge".

OUR COVER

The snapshot, from which our cover enlargement was made, came from Father McNabb. It shows a pagan nun praying in a temple outside Lishui. She is holding a club with which she pounds the peculiar-sounding egg-shaped drum on the table in front of her. This drum is beaten repeatedly, sometimes for an hour, while prayers are being chanted. Note the kneeler in front of the table. On the table are a pair of candlesticks, and between them a fancy bowl containing a lighted joss-stick (incense). This particular nun is from Wenchow; she is well advanced in years, and has been attached to this temple for a long period. Father McNabb's letter adds: "She is quite interested in us priests and our Religion, and she is more talkative than these nuns usually are. I was quite attentive to all she had to say. She has a still older companion — more shrivelled even than she—and the two eat their simple fare together. Talk about your penance —but, of course, all the poor in China eat the same meagre fare, and I suppose they do not regard it as penance."

JOTTINGS

By
REV. GERALD DOYLE

BANDITS swarmed over the Chekiang border recently into the Sungyang district of the Prefecture of Chuchow, and soon rumours, stories false and true, put the district into a panic.

At first only 400, they were joined by other bands, so that soon a well-armed and well-trained force of 2,000 terrorized the district.

Near Suichang about 21 of the civil guard were killed, while in another engagement the bandits surrounded the soldiers, who were thus forced to fight their way out, killing 20 bandits, while two soldiers lost their lives. Usually the soldiers and bandits avoid an engagement, and for this the soldiers can hardly be blamed, as they are poorly paid and poorly fed, at least in this district.

* * *

It was at Chiu-Sz-Ka, near Sungyang, that terror reigned. There we have a mission chapel and catechist, but no resident priest. On arrival there the bandits asked if there was a priest in the town and, on learning that there was none, they arrested three rich men. Those three men are now dead, as well as several others. The catechist reports that about a dozen were killed near the mission compound.

Father Wong, who stayed in Sungyang even longer than was wise, eventually arrived in Lishui, and stated that the bandits were moving about very quickly. "They are not only bandits," he stated, "but they are also Reds and wear a red badge on their caps. They practice communism of a sort, giving work to some poor people and paying good wages, but they rob and kill those who have money."

These bandits have been in the Prefecture for several weeks now, and show no signs of leaving. Several days ago they were only eight miles from Lishui, but they must have changed their minds about an attack. Stories, some true and some false, of their doings reach us from time to time, but there is nothing we can do about it, so we do not worry, at least not very much.

* * *

Father Stringer was a victim of the precautions taken against the bandits here at Lishui and, as a result, passed the night in a sampan instead of here at the mission. Arriving from Lungchuan after dark he found the gates of the city shut and endeavored to have one of the small gates opened, but they would not even listen to him. He was wise enough not to go to the big gate, as there was a chance that they would shoot, mistaking him for a bandit. In doubt, the soldiers at the gate would shoot, and they are very often in doubt, especially during the night, when they are fearful of an attack by the bandits.

* * *

BY way of contrast, we have our "little bandits", who are much closer to us. While they do not carry guns or extort money, nevertheless they even more surely and expertly extort their ounce of blood. There are two kinds that make their presence felt, and the dictionary defines the first as: "An insect that leaps with great agility, and whose bite causes itch," but for convenience here we refer to them as "jumpers" or "hoppers". These little creatures have no respect for time, place or person, so if one suddenly makes a dive for his left ankle it causes no surprise and the irritation on his face passes unnoticed, although as the lips move a lip reader might read: "Missed another one!"

* * *

Reaching a slightly higher plane, at least in one respect, we meet our old friend the mosquito. If the whole concern were the irritation caused by the bite, the mosquito would cause little worry here, but because research has proved that a genus of mosquito, the Anopheles, carries the malaria germ, ordinary precautions are taken against all mosquitoes, so a peep into a missionary's room any time from early in April until the end of November will show the bed canopied and curtained with a cheap cotton net.

While the net keeps the insects out it may also keep a few inside, so experience strongly advises a careful search after the netting is tucked in. The nightly "hunt" with a flashlight may last from two to twenty minutes. But the wise missionary never omits it, nor does he ever forget to bring his net along when he goes on a mission trip; even though his bed may be only a couple of rough planks in a poor Chinese home, he carefully ties his netting over it. The anti-climax is to awaken in the morning and find half a dozen surfeited mosquitoes inside the net.

* * *

Every year the dread malaria saps the strength of some of our priests in spite of all the precautions taken. The treatment our missionaries receive against malaria is a daily dose of quinine of forty-five grains and a liquid diet for three days, and then a daily dose of ten grains of quinine for eight weeks. It requires great patience and will power to complete the treatment. Thank God I have so far been spared from an attack.

* * *

RAIN! Monotonous hours, days of steady downpour.

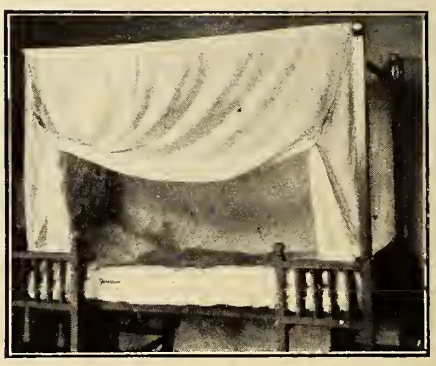
Perhaps it is a blessing in order to dampen the spirits of the bandits in the vicinity and send them in another direction, but there is certainly danger of a serious flood if the river continues to rise. It is now the highest it has been since our priests first came here ten years ago, and it looks treacherous as the muddy waters go swirling by. Vegetation is carried along, and even a cow was seen in the swiftly moving water.

Below the city, on the road to Tsingtien, the first bridge is covered and there is a square mile of land inundated.

The water has risen and entered at two of the gates, and a sampan is now floating in one of the streets.



Four young girls at Lishui who were made very happy recently when their long period of catechetical instruction was crowned by the reception of Baptism.



"A peep into a missionary's room will show the bed canopied and curtained with a cheap cotton net".

Last night there was water in the convent garden and the Sisters brought a supply of potatoes and fire-wood up to the first floor. A canal in the city overflowed and some streets were covered with water to a height of five and a half feet.

Transportation is stopped, the busses are idle at the station and the boatmen hug the shore with ropes keeping their boats close to the city wall, ever ready to take in slack or let out rope as the river rises or falls.

The bus company reports $80,000 damage to the roads, including a large concrete bridge, which was swept away by the flood.

* * *

There is no water in the Mission as yet, but if the rain keeps up it will be necessary for us to abandon the ground floor.

* * *

It rains, but spiritual sunshine is not lacking as Father Aaron Gignac quietly preaches the annual retreat to the Catechists, and Father Morrison announces the number baptized during the year and states that there was a big increase in the number of Communions received.

Spiritual progress, the only progress worth while, is being made in this Canadian Mission in China.

(Editor's note: Word has since been received from Lishui that the heavy downpour stopped, just in time, and the water receded from the flooded streets, leaving them dirtier than ever. Had the rain continued for only a few hours more serious damage might have resulted.)



TSINGTIEN is going modern—as witness the residence (one of several) erected in that city last year. A letter from Father William McNabb (stationed there) says that "since the advent of the motor-bus the local mayor has ordered the widening of the city streets. This is being done now in most large centres. I noticed this particularly during my last visit to Wenchow. Every new building must be set back from the old roadway—far enough to leave room for an ordinary roadway and two sidewalks. The building of new roads has increased the number of bicycles immensely. This form of locomotion is becoming more common here every day. The old steps of our mission residence protruded outside our mission compound wall. The new edict of the mayor necessitated the removal of the steps inside the wall. We hired two or three men to do the work. It included the use of a rope to lift and carry the stones. I was amused to see how often the stones slipped out of the rope. It was but another example of the unlimited patience of the Chinese workman. Not a word of vexation escaped them over the repeated mishaps, and I remarked this to Father Amyot, who happened to be here at the time. He told me that he, too, had noticed that the Chinese rarely curse or swear when something goes wrong with anything inanimate, but let a person make a mistake and then watch out for words good and hot. A much saner attitude towards things inanimate, I think, than shown by the 'Westerner' who blackens and poisons the air with his exclamations when something goes wrong with the car or the fountain pen runs dry."

FOR THE EDUCATION OF PRIESTS

A BURSE is an invested fund of five thousand dollars from which the interest is available for the support of a student for the Holy Priesthood. It provides for the education of priests in perpetuity. Some years ago, Rev. Donald MacPherson, Parish Priest of Port Hood, N.S., began to build up a Burse Fund in aid of our Seminary. This zealous priest has continued to solicit contributions for us, and we most gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following gifts recently made to the "MacPherson Burse".

Sister St. Ita, $10; Mrs. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. Angus McPhee, $1; Mrs. Donald Beaton, $2; Donald Beaton, $1; Mrs. Angus A. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. Angus MacEachern, $1; John Beaton, $6; Mrs. Edward McNeil, $2; Mrs. A. D. H. MacKinnon, $2; Donald Chisholm, $2; John A. McNeil, $2; Alex. M. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. Donald MacEachern, $5; Miss Josephine Gillies, $2; Mrs. John MacKinnon, $1; Mrs. Chris. MacInnis, $10; John A. MacIsaac, $1; Mrs. MacMaster, $10; Mrs. Dan. C. MacDonald, $1; Mrs. Gillies, $1; Sister St. Eliza, $1; Mrs. John Beaton, $5; Glencoe School, River Centre, $1.41; Finlay Beaton, $2; Pete Gillies, $1; Archie Campbell, $2; Hugh Gillies, $5; Finlay Beaton, $2; Genevieve Gillies, $1; Mrs. John S. Campbell, $5; Mrs. Flora MacKillop, $1; Mrs. Dougall MacKinnon, $1; Miss Sarah A. Livingstone, $1; Mrs. John D. Burke, $1; Alex. Beaton, $2; Alex. M. MacDonald, $3; J. Albert MacDonell, $20; Mrs. D. Martin MacDonald, $1; Mrs. John Rankin, $1; John Beaton, $5; Miss Catherine MacDonald, $10; Archie Campbell, $4; Mrs. Angus MacDonald, $10; Dougald A. MacDonell, $2; Mrs. John MacDonell, $1.

We will gladly welcome further contributions to help complete the "MacPherson Burse". Send your offering to Father MacPherson, Port Hood, N.S., or to the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

OF YOUR CHARITY

please pray for the repose of the souls of

Sister M. St. Edmund Prinderville

Mr. Thomas Maurice

Mr. Maurice, who died in Ingersoll, Ont., on August 12th, is the father of Rev. John Maurice of this year's Ordination Class at China Mission Seminary.

All our deceased benefactors share in the spiritual benefits enumerated on page 114.

R.I.P.



A TRIUMPHANT CELEBRATION

The first great public demonstration of Catholic faith in Chuchow

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

IT has been written, and by no less an authority than Father Faber, that the feast of Corpus Christi is essentially a feast of triumph. Of triumph rather than even of joy. It is a day of power, of fearlessness, of public profession of Faith. And even though we cannot express our sentiments as beautifully and as impressively as Father Faber, still our feelings and our thoughts and our whole being are wrapped up and stirred to their greatest depths by this the greatest feast—by this the greatest triumph. We know what triumph it is—it is God's triumph as well as ours—it is His RATHER than ours.

But even to such a feast so triumphantly celebrated all the world over, I think our own celebrations here on the feast of Corpus Christi added an EXTRA note of triumph. It was that of a fresh conquest. You see, it was the first time we had our own outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Our Christians triumphed; God, their God, had deigned to come to them, to even physically mix with them, to be part and cause of joyous festivities with them. Our priests triumphed. The greatest gift God had given them they have brought to others, and triumphantly they joined with the others and took part in the Chinese procession, even as they did formerly in the processions in their homeland. The Church triumphed. The Church, the kingdom of God on earth, has widened its domain and begins to flourish in a new dominion. God triumphed. It was for Him a new conquest. His boundless Love once more won for Him adoration and honor where before He was so little known or loved.

So our feast and our procession had a triumph all their own, and as I set to describe them now, using words that probably would suit any such function anywhere, I would like to keep the reader's attention drawn to the fact that most of the Christians in the procession were one time pagans and often took part in superstitious processions and idolatrous ceremonies; that never before in our district had God been surrounded with such external pomp and grandeur; that it was a wonderful pageant of Faith in this land of paganism, comparable to another "first Palm Sunday".

Corpus Christi is naturally a day of processions, for processions (sometimes we call them parades) are natural expressions of triumph. And how thrilling they can be—how thrilling they must be when the Eternal, Incomprehensible, Almighty Word is carried in them. And how very thrilling, then, was our own first procession.

Most noticeable about the feast this year was that it came in the midst of three weeks of the heaviest rain in these parts for many, many years. And the feast-day itself was the one day that was not wet, but fine and clear. We know that this was in direct answer to all our prayers and we like to think God set aside His day and encircled it with the rainbow of His desire for love and glory from men. Also it was the closing day of the school year. For nine months the boys and girls were hard at their books and at their prayers and at Holy Mass, and this day certainly was a most fitting conclusion to all their efforts of the year.

The deluge (for deluge it was) retarded all outside preparations until the morning of the feast, but inside many hands were busy. New and tasty bunting beautified the Church and altar; for the procession a canopy and many banners were made and white veils and floral crowns for the girls. The choir boys were dressed in soutanes and surplices; the rest of the school boys and the Christians were attired in their new summer clothes, which were, very fittingly, white. Flowers and candles and incense were all in readiness.

WHEN the feast dawned all the Christians went to early Mass and Holy Communion, and shortly afterwards returned for Sunday prayers, doctrine and sermon. Then followed solemn High Mass celebrated by Father Morrison, the pastor, and assisted by Fathers Kam and McGettigan as deacon and sub-deacon. At the Consecration, firecrackers were set off to announce God's coming, and at the end of the Mass the Blessed Sacrament was exposed at the High Altar.

All during the morning and until Benediction in the afternoon there was a constant stream of adorers, all the school children taking turns The setting was just like the ones we liked to think were taking place at home at the same time; the altar with its flowers and candles was the same as the thousands of other altars from which God was so anxious to give His blessings on that day; but the Church was not silent as at home—that was about the only difference, for the Christians chanted their prayers aloud in unison

Benediction with Father Serra as celebrant, and with the same deacon and sub-deacon as in the morning, was given at mid-afternoon from three altars, two of which had been erected in the grounds outside the Church. As the choir broke into the strains of "Pange Lingua" the procession, already formed, proceeded from the main altar to the first one outside, turning to the right, passing by the tennis court till it came to the boys' play ground. Preceded by cross and acolyte candles the school boys led the procession, after whom came the school girls and then the choir, singing Latin and Chinese hymns. Immediately in front of the canopy were the Sisters, priests and torch-bearers. The canopy-bearers were four of the leading catechists (for all the catechists and teachers, by happy co-incidence, were in

The page-spread of pictures opposite gives us a glimpse of the Corpus Christi celebrations at Lishui, the headquarters of our Mission in China. The large group was taken as Benediction was imparted from one of the two outdoor altars by Very Rev. R. Serra. Some of the priests are easily recognizable in the foreground; Father Venadam stands bowed at the right amongst his choristers. The centre inset shows Sister Angela of the Grey Nuns with some of her youthful processionists. The interior of the Church at Lishui is shown in right inset, and a close-up of the Main Altar during Exposition is shown in left inset. Beautiful banners and costumed boys and girls added dignity and attractiveness to this first public procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Chuchow Prefecture.

Lishui in preparation for their annual retreat; the Christians brought up the rear, altogether forming a beautiful and impressive sight.

At the Altar the stanzas "Tantum Ergo" and "Genitori" were sung and the blessing given as bells rang and firecrackers exploded. The procession then proceeded to the second altar, passing behind the church and in front of the priests' residence, where the same ceremony was performed. The singing, both during the Benedictions and in the Procession, was of a very high order, for Father Venadam had gone to great pains to make his choir's last appearance for the year culminate in a glorious triumph. The procession returned to the Church for the third and final Benediction. Afterwards the Christians had much to comment about the ceremonies, saying how pleased they were with the order and how thrilled they were with the solemnity, and it was not until late that they dispersed to their respective homes.

Some months ago there was a big procession through all the city streets, but instead of our Lord being carried in it, big and ferocious-looking Buddas were borne in large and heavy chairs. Instead of people honouring God they were clamoring to Budda to give them a big harvest; stops were made at the many city shrines, and the people, all arrayed in their best attire or in grotesque costumes, set off firecrackers as they danced before Budda, and kneeling down in the streets, they adored him.

O Lord, our God, as yet we cannot prepare so big a celebration for You, nor as yet can we stop these, Thy people, from their idolatory, but even as You commanded us, we try. We did our very best, dear Lord, last Corpus Christi, but it was so small in comparison to what You should get—to what Budda was given. But bless us, O Lord, in our efforts, and those working for us at home, and those that have not yet helped us, bless them, too, so that they may also have the honour, the privilege of helping. Lastly, Lord, bless Thy people here—Thy flock and our flock—they have to try so hard to be good Christians, and as a result of these blessings may our Corpus Christi procession each year grow bigger and bigger, and more and more triumphant for You, O Lord, for You.







Wedding Bells

WHEN it comes to getting "all dressed up" for the wedding and having a big time, Chinese are no different than their Western brethren. In the pictures above, the camera has brought to us a view of three happy couples married by our Missionaries in Chuchow district. At the left is Catherine Ying, a shy young girl of sixteen years, who became the wife of Joseph Liu at Sui Ping, in the Parish of Sungyang. Father Beal (who, by the way, is now in Canada on a health furlough) was invited to the home of the groom following the ceremony. Try as he would, he could not get the shy Mrs. Liu to have her picture taken. Finally, he did, but his best persuasions were in vain to have her move closer to her better half for the picture. The centre picture shows last year's teacher in the Girls' School, Lishui, who married a Christian husband residing in Lishui, the marriage being solemnized by Father Morrison. At the right we see the "happy ending" to the story which received such publicity some months ago in "China" and many secular papers. The bride is none other than Yu Shan, the young maiden, for the preservation of whose rights as a Christian, Father John MacDonald fought so valiantly in Tsingtien parish. Readers may remember the incident and how several appearances in civil court finally won for Yu Shan freedom from a betrothal contract to a pagan, the contract having been made in her childhood by her parents. Her husband is Kue-Ling, an exemplary Catholic, and for some years the Sacristan of the Church at Lishui. In sending us the snapshot, Father Serra explained that the nuptial dress and crown seldom belong to the wearer, but are rented at one dollar a day; the bride is expected to wear this wedding outfit at least three days. It is traditional with Chinese brides to weep and be sad (whether they really are or not) on their wedding day, owing to the impending separation from their parents, but Yu Shan shed no tears. Her relatives begrudgingly allowed her to be married with the ceremonies of the Church, and were quite displeased when she refused to follow the pagan custom of adoring her ancestors. Fr. Venadam officiated at the marriage.

THE APPEAL OF YOUNG CHINA

Among all the beautiful things in China there is nothing so beautiful as a child. This is no mere truism that may be repeated indiscriminately about any country, it is the verdict of all those strangers who have come, one after another, to live in China, who have grown to love the land and its people, who have become ardent admirers of all its beauties, but have never outgrown the wonder and fascination with which they first looked on the young children of China. There is something in those little faces that makes them quite unlike any other children. It is not merely the ivory clearness of the complexion, nor the velvety darkness of the eyes, nor the unrufiled calm of the features, nor the expectant trustfulness of the expression—it is something of all these, with much else added, solemnity, patience, and a touch of wistfulness that is a child's share of the mystery of the East. Even those who have never learned to love China make an exception when they speak of its children; those who love China love its children most of all.

Yet the thought of the children of China is a saddening one, for so many of them suffer. Child mortality in China is alarmingly high. In all countries infant death rate is proportionate to the lowness of the parents' income, and in China the incomes of many of the families are so low as to be incredible to those of Western nations. Where there is poverty children always suffer, and there is terrible poverty in China. With poverty come illness and disease, and of the children that survive child-birth in China many are already doomed and many others will never know the full blessings of health. Among the millions of those tiny Chinese children with their wondering eyes and inborn patience who can tell how much there is of suffering, the bitter fruit of disease and want!



"Even those who have never learned to love China make an exception when they speak of its children; those who love China love its children most of all." It is a big trial for a missionary when he finds adults unresponsive to his pleadings and his teachings, but it is the missionary's great consolation to be able to gather around him the children yet unspoiled by paganism's blithing contact. The hope for the church's future lies with the children who come under the care of the good priests and sisters in China. If you love children why not aid our missionaries in their care for the children of China?

Happily, the nation that has the capacity to endure so much is not willing to endure any longer the suffering of its children. Throughout the whole country there is no movement more strong than that which seeks to make childhood a happier thing, to remove pain and disease as far as is possible, and to relieve suffering whenever it comes to the young. This is a movement naturally dear to the Catholic Church, ever the lover of children, which has always kept the care of sick and abandoned in the forefront of its work in China. In addition to more than a thousand general hospitals and dispensaries, where a large proportion of those who receive medical attention are children, there are actually 392 Catholic institutions for poor and suffering children in China, where over 97,000 children are tended every year. Following on the usual practice of the Catholic Church to place work for the children of each nation as far as possible in the hands of those who belong to the nation, we find a great many Chinese institutes of female religious with a total membership of 3,319, who devote themselves, as the main part of their work, to the care of poor and sick children. —*"The Rock."*

The Dragon at Close Range

178 Pages

55 Photographic Illustrations

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GAIN and LOSS

By

REV. JOSEPH VENINI

"EAST is East and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet." That much-hackneyed poetic exuberance, like most everything else in this vale of tears, is decidedly Einsteinian. If one should choose to doubt the fact, that disciple of Thomas is invited to come to this Celestial Republic and attempt to enumerate the telephone and telegraph poles that go marching up and down and across our fair fields and valleys: or let him try to evaluate the thousands of acres of land that have been confiscated to build highways for the time-and-space-eliminating "air-cars"; or reckon how many tons of rice the next crop will be short, thanks to the seizure of so many rice-paddies to lay out landing fields for future, possible, almond-eyed Lindbergs.

As the coupes and the sport models go clattering by, as the "Spirit of Pekin" whizzes overhead, Mencius, Confucius, et al, not only must be shifting in their tombs, they certainlly do be turning complete somersaults — cutting up terrible capers. There is no doubt whatsoever that the Orient and the Occident have appointed a rendezvous And the quicker to get there, motor roads are the order of the day.

The Yellow Dragon is not only having his tail trod on. He is being hanged, drawn and quartered. Entombed. The present straits (and crookedness) of the erstwhile cobble-paths, that up to now constituted the Lincoln highway of hereabouts, are rather symbolical of the writhings of the Dragon in the throes of his death agony. As a general rule, the new motor road follows the route of the feet-martyrizing paths it is to supersede. This is a compliment to the skill of the original road builders. Without the aid of transits or other surveying instruments, they were able to find the shortest line between two points, though this line did not always—hardly ever —follow the axiom laid down by Euclid. A great deal of competence was not, however, an absolute requisite, as in this mountainous region the majority of the roads simply followed a creek course as the easiest pass offered through the hills. So in many places the new motor road has completely covered its venerable forerunner. In others, the former right of way is left high and dry on the hillside as its supplanter cuts through on a lower level. In still other places the two rivals have parted company entirely. Sheer mountain sides, the creek waters bathing their feet, forced the wayfarers of old to take to the hills. This was quite all right where nothing greater than leg-power was required. But vehicles propelled by equine vim buck at such steep grades. So the modernists they use powder and blast a way along the creek. In vain, however, they try to keep the two antagonists apart. They are engaged in silent mortal struggle. Not even the death of one of the adversaries will separate them. Glorying in its hoary record of service, the ancient path bitterly resents being thus ruthlessly cast aside and trampled on. It seeks to free itself from its overpowering oppressor, and escapes, now to the right, now to the left. Seen from an elevated distance, this gargantuan contest gives the impression of a monstrous reptile, the Yellow Dragon, striving to elude being buried. Here's hoping it does not succeed. And the blisters adorning my pedal extremities, to a vesicle, they respond, "We second that hope".

"PROGRESS, that's the thing!" "We want Progress!" "Avanti!" Those are the present-day slogans of everyone. Everyone, that is, with the exception of three hundred and ninety-nine millions and more, out of the four hundred million constituents of the yellow peril. And these exceptionists, have they no slogans?

"Rice!" "We want Rice!" "And work!", they answer; "those are our slogans."

"All right; let's build motor roads, airdromes. Won't that provide plenty of work?"

"Yes. But they don't pay us for our work."

"And when the roads are open, won't rice and other things be plentiful and cheap?"

"Maybe. But we won't have any money to buy them with, even if they are cheap. And what about the land you have taken from us?

"Won't the land that is left you be enhanced in value by the improvements?"

"What improvements? You can't grow rice under a pile of earth five feet high. And how are we to get water into our paddies if you build a dyke through them?"

So they argue, these bronzed backbones of the nation, and the haberdashers' mannequins. But the road is built. A fait accompli. The busses will soon be chugging. Utopia is just around the next bend in the road. Courage, Citizens! Tighten up your belts another notch! Hope on! And once more Barnum is being vindicated.

But what about the unfortunate one who awakes one morning and finds the surveyor's little red flag fluttering on his doorstep?

"The Communists, they have arrived?" he queries.

"Non," replies the youthful transit man from Hangchow, habilitated a l'Americaine (but where, oh where, in America or anywhere else, do they wear their shirt outside their pants), "non, but we find there is just room enough for the bus to pass between your kitchen stove and the bedroom."

"So?"

In many cases Progress demands that the front of the house be knocked down. In others, the rear needs must be demolished. Again, the whole works must go. Woe to the inhabitants of a town who find their domiciles built on the river edge, the mountain in their back yard. It is just too bad for them, that's all. Progress is not to be said nay. The devotees of Mercury insist that it is much quicker and easier to destroy a row of shacks than to blast through solid rock. The staunch adherers of Buddha must perforce accede to their wishes. Several towns that found themselves in that position know well "what price Progress!" The

topography of the haunts of childhood has been considerably altered. Where once hide-and-seek was the game, tag is now played. Houses! Temples! Idols! Walls! Bridges! The magic little red flag waves at them once and says "Begone!" I wonder what the once-upon-a-time owners of those things have left to be enhanced? Can memories be enhanced?

MANY high dignitaries, 'tis rumoured, will be attendant on the opening of the new road. It is to be feared that a high mortality rate will also be attendant. One sad day Mrs. Wong will step back from her rice pots and find herself impaled on the radiator cap of a Chevrolet. And I just hate to think what is going to happen to these ponderous porkers. They who for the last six thousand years — or six million for that matter, it's all the same—have had undisputed right of way. Red lights, green lights, no lights at all. It was all one and the same to them. Did you ever have the joy of seeing what happens to Farmer Brown's grey mare when the circus calliope, all stops wide open, comes callioping down the street? That, mutatis mutandis, is what is going to happen when our placid Lungchuan water-buffaloes are introduced for the first time (and the second, third, etc., etc.) to the results of Ford's inventive imagination. As for the rising generation of Chiang-Kai-Sheks, there aint no life insurance company in the whole wide world that will permit their names to be enrolled on their registers, no matter how high the premium offered. And whatever are the advertisers going to do? Athletic foot? Miss China will have simply to take one dainty step from her boudoir right into the waiting Whippet. But I do hope the advent of the busses won't have the same effect on the local fowl as had the premier flight of an airplane over our backyard. The hens, they may not have been frightened out of their wits, but they were sure scared out of their eggs. Nary a one did they deposit for several days afterwards. I'll bet they are still cackling about that hawk.



MASS CONVERSION IN VILLAGE OF KINHWA DISTRICT

A LETTER received from Monsignor Fraser, Kinhwa, states:

"All who have devoted their lives to China, but especially the faculty, missionaries and students of China Mission Seminary, will be delighted with this group of converts recently baptized in the village of Siao Kao Tsu. A year ago they were all pagans; and not only in this village, but the whole county of Yungkang, remained intensely pagan. All of a sudden 80 persons of this village enrolled themselves as catechumens. A catechist was sent to instruct them, and towards the end of 1934 Father Ly (seated at the left of Bishop Faveau) spent six weeks, giving them final instruction before Baptism. In two groups he baptized 150 persons, and on March 10th Bishop Faveau made a special trip to the village to confer Confirmation. This picture was taken on that occasion. Father Kiang, another of Monsignor Fraser's assistants, is seated at the Bishop's right. As there is no house or room half big enough to contain the congregation, a church must be built without delay. A piece of property has been purchased for the purpose. The village is about 50 miles from Kinhwa city—40 miles by motor bus and 10 miles on foot. It is only a short distance from the confines of the Chuchow Prefecture Apostolic. Here is a fervent congregation; as yet they have neither church nor chapel, priest nor catechist; and many surrounding villages are manifesting a desire to enter the Church. May this picture be an incentive not only for our students to persevere in their vocation, but also induce many others to dedicate their lives to the conversion of China. Within a few years we have every reason to expect that there will be at least a thousand Christians in Siao Kao Tsu and neighborhood. Say a little prayer for this young Christian community.

"Note how haystacks are made in China; the straw is securely fastened to trees, so that it may not be carried away with the wind, and above the reach of cattle."

MISSIONARIES AND THE NEW LIFE MOVEMENT

During a recent visit to Chungking, General Chiang Kai-Shek called a meeting of all the Missionaries in the city, Catholic and Protestant, and asked them to help him in his program of putting new life into China. The Commander-in-Chief of China's land, sea and air forces, and virtual head of the Nanking Government, arrived in Szechwan several weeks ago to take personal command of the drive against the Communists and to begin the reorganization of the province. He told the Missionaries that only Christian faith and morals could effectively restore the country.

"To succeed in my work," he said, "I must be helped by Missions and Missionaries; in fact, only Christian teaching can be of effective help in realizing my plan of recovery because it alone contains and can communicate the moral force needed to bring about the desired reformation in the spirit of the people and to put new life into our poor countrymen."

A Protestant minister replied in English, and then Bishop Louis G. Jantzen, of the Paris Foreign Missions, Vicar Apostolic of Chungking, spoke to the Generalissimo in Chinese telling him that his Missionaries had the welfare of the Chinese people at heart and that they would give him their full moral support.

Chiang Kai-Shek's action is especially interesting for those who recall the troublesome days of 1927 when he led the Southern Army against the North. At that time he was advised by the Russian General Borodine and he followed a strictly anti-foreign and anti-Christian policy. His aim, as he said at the time, was to suppress foreign imperialism and to drive out the Missionaries, its agents, and to destroy religion as the opium of the people. Many chapels and Mission buildings were destroyed by the Southern Army, and two Jesuits were killed when Nanking was taken.

When he came into power, however, he saw that Communism was not for China. Borodine returned to Russia, and the fight against the Bolsheviks began. Today the Chief of the New Life Movement realizes the danger of having a people without religion and without morals and he wishes, so it seems, to make Christian doctrine the foundation of the new China. (Fides).

THE MYSTIC THREE

There are three words, the sweetest words,
In all human speech—
More sweet than all songs of birds
Or pages poets preach,

This life may be a vale of tears,
A sad and dreary thing—
Three words and trouble disappears,
And birds begin to sing.

Three words, and all the roses bloom,
The sun begins to shine;
Three words will dissipate the gloom
And water turn to wine.

Three words will cheer the saddest days—
"I love you?" Wrong, by heck!
It is another sweeter phrase,
"Enclosed-find-cheque."

These verses are cheerfully dedicated to those readers who have been "thinking" about paying up their overdue subscriptions to "CHINA," or of sending a donation to help the work of our Seminary. Please write the three mystic words, make your enclosure, mail it to Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., and we'll do the rest.

FOR AN EDITOR

Editors are usually said to be a melancholy sort, convinced that nobody loves them and that their work and worry are all wasted effort in the world. So we, editorially speaking, rejoiced to read the following glowing account in a recent issue of "Light".

Editors who may have shared the common feeling of their clan that no one loves the editor, can be assured now that that feeling is just so much nonsense. We have been informed how an editor was recently presented with a handsome bouquet of flowers by a group of his fellow-citizens. On that occasion a quartette sang a few songs, and a clergyman gave a little talk. After the talk six husky men carried the editor on their shoulders and placed him in a 1935 sedan, and the whole town formed a parade. The appreciative crowd returned to their homes, serene in the thought of having provided one bright day for their beloved news purveyor.

P.S. — We forgot to mention that the editor was dead. — "The Wanderer", Aug. 8.

New students, and old, are reminded that China Mission Seminary reopens on the evening of Monday, September 16th.





A summer resort at Mokanshan, Che., where Fr. McNabb has been for a short holiday. The beautiful church and residence were built mostly by gifts from wealthy Shanghai visitors.

NONSENSE



Smith: "I've just been hearing from old Boreleigh all about his ancestors. It seems that they go back to the Flood."

Jones: "Well, that's nothing to shout about. Everyone was in the swim then."

"Oh, doctor," moaned the young man, "I feel awful. I can't eat, can't sleep, can't concentrate on play of any kind, and work's a positive nightmare. What do you prescribe?"

"Propose to the girl and get it over," was the reply.

Pat was relating his war-time experiences to an admiring crowd in the "local".

"Shure," he said, pointing towards his heart, "it was here where I was struck by the enemy's bullets——"

"But, Pat," protested one of his audience, "if you had been shot through the heart ye'd have been killed entoirely."

Pat shook his head. "Begorra, an' ye're wrong, me lad," he replied. "At the toime I was shot me heart was in me mouth."

Visitor in Museum: "Say! don't start looking at things or we'll never get around!"

"What's the matter up at Tom's 'ouse?"

"They're taking 'im away in the ambulance for beatin' 'is missus."

Londoner: "I went bald, so I spent a small fortune on hair restorer."

Aberdonian: "When I went bald I sold my brush and comb."

"Tom's letter is very short, dear."

"So is Tom," said his father, "or he wouldn't have written at all."

Parent: "Do you find that Jack works hard?"

Teacher: "He likes doing nothing better."

"How long you in jail fo' Mose."

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge; everything am free."

Fair Client—"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"

Fortune Teller — "Lady, do you want to be an old maid?"

Mother to son sliding down banisters: "What are you doing there, Cyril?"

Cyril: "Making trousers for poor orphan boys, mummy."

"Tell me candidly, doc., do you think I'll pull through?" asked the patient.

"Oh, you're bound to get well," replied the doctor. "You can't help yourself. Statistics prove that out of 100 cases like yours 1 per cent. invariably recovers. I've treated ninety-nine cases and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try!"

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," he announced, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcu!"

At the conclusion of the afternoon Scripture lesson, teacher said, "Now, then, stand up all those children who wish to go to Heaven."

All the scholars rose—with the exception of Tommy Brown.

"But, surely, Tommy," teacher said, surprised, "you want to go to Heaven?"

"Oh, yes, miss," Tommy said, "but mother said I was to be sure and go straight home from school!"

Briggs was discussing the ups and downs of life with Brown.

"My brother never met with a disappointment in his life," he said.

"That seems almost incredible," said Brown, "seeing that he led a pretty full life."

Briggs smiled.

"It was easy in his case," he explained. "He never looked for anything but trouble."

Billy: "Why do the leaves turn red in the autumn?"

John: "I suppose they're blushing to think how green they've been all the summer."

"Don't you ever change your mind about anything?"

"Not often, now. I've found that I am just as liable to be wrong the second time as the first."

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live."

"What? Refused again?"

"No. Accepted."

"Say to Mr. Smith that Professor Pietrov Mikilaviskykoff wishes ta spik mit him."

"I'll try, mister."

Employer: "Rather strange, Fred, that your grandfather should be buried on the day that the ball game is in town."

Fred: "Yes, good old grandpa—a sportsman to the end."

Green—"You must be keen on the talkies, old boy, to go twice a week."

Howarth—"It's not that, exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my children are saying."

Four workmen were playing cards. "I knew you were going to play a spade, Bill," said one.

"'Ow?" asked Bill.

"Because," said the first man, "I saw yer spit on yer 'and."

Young Lawyer: "The Judge assigned me to defend a man who was so poor he could not afford to pay any fee. The Judge said that a young lawyer could afford to do this as it might lead to future business."

Friend: "Yes, that sounds reasonable. How did the case turn out?"

Lawyer: "I'll have to wait a long time for any future business from that man, as the Judge sent him up for twenty years."

A Scottish local train had made its last stop before branching off the Aberdeen line in another direction. At the junction a porter went along the platform asking: "Any here for Aberdeen?"

When the train had re-started an old lady, obviously unaccustomed to railway travel, leant across to her neighbor and confided: "I was for Aberdeen mysel', but I was'na going to tell yon spearin' body."

A Scotsman and an Irishman tied in a shooting competition. The first award was a silver cup, the second $25, and both wanted the money. They went to shoot off for the prize. Each fired ten shots and then the Scot rose with beaming face.

"That's done you," he said. "I've put all my shots into the bank."

"I thought ye would," chortled the Irishman, "so I put all mine on your target. The cup's yours and ye'll oblidge the company by filling it."

Schultz: "Your opening sale has closed. What now?"

Schwartz: "Our closing sale opens."

Mrs. A.: "Shall I ask the cook for references?"

Mr. A: "No, get her to submit samples."

Leaving for China!

OUR seventeen priests now in Chuchow, China, are to have reinforcements this Fall. The Departure Ceremony for our 1935 Mission Band is to take place in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Sunday evening, October 6th. Our Missionaries will sail from Vancouver aboard the "Empress of Asia" on Saturday, October 19th.

This annual Departure of Missionaries for China is a most encouraging evidence of the progress of our work, and we know our readers rejoice with us in this.

At the present moment we are not in a position to finance the journey of our priests to Chuchow, and we trust our kind friends will be the instruments of Providence to help us send our Mission Band on the way to the land of their choice. The coming year will be a heavy one for us, financially. We appeal to YOU now to help us bear the cost of our missionaries' journey to China in October.

WILL YOU HELP?

Please cut this out and mail with donation—to-day

Enclosed please find $....., my donation to help in the sending of your 1935 Mission Band to China.

Name ..... Address .....

.....

Kindly make cheques and money orders payable to:

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. OCTOBER 1935



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.

2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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PRAYING FOR THE MISSIONS

NINETEEN centuries ago the Salvation of the world was purchased by the sufferings and death of Christ. Today whole continents are still almost ignorant of the Saviour's Name. Some one thousand million souls lie outside the True Fold. The number of pagans in the world is a challenge to every baptized soul. Can we believe that the fewness of the actual labourers is the sole cause why so vast a multitude remains unregenerated? No, for God can raise up labourers from every race and rank as of old He called forth Saul of Tarsus. Something else is needed. Our Holy Father tells us what this is: "Even though the missionaries labour zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic religion; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught unless God touches the hearts of the pagans to soften them and to draw them to Him." (*Rerum Ecclesiae*).

* * *

WHY does not God do so? One principal reason, the reason which concerns every child of Holy Church, clerical and lay, is that He has willed to make the spread of the Faith dependent on the labours of the faithful. The Church which Christ founded was one. It is the Mystical Body of Christ. And as Christ gave Himself wholly to the work of our Redemption, so the whole Church must labour as one body in continuing His work.

* * *

THIS is the great principle which each and every Catholic must grasp today. "None of the faithful can claim exemption from this duty" (Pius XI). No soul has ever received the Faith except through human help. This is true from the time when the God-Man gave the Faith to His Apostles to this very day. The work of spreading the Fruits of the Redemption is not the duty only of priests and missioners. It is a work wholly impossible without the genuine co-operation of the faithful. Priests and missioners are indeed the "light of the world", but the grand current which gives them all their brilliance is that of Christ's merits and power flowing through His Church. But each member of the Church has a part in the passing along of this current.

* * *

FREQUENTLY enough the statement is made: "I'm so sorry I'm not in a position to help the missions". Yet, if one stops to analyze the situation, absolutely no one is in a position which renders it impossible to help. For all can pray. Young and old, rich and poor —all, all can beg the Divine favour for the work of the missions.

* * *

WE must think well on what our duty is in this. God asks all to pray; and it is from Christ we must learn to pray. It is not a thing of mere words; it is a matter for heart and will. God knows how poor in mere money is the multitude today, but He wants them to pray.

* * *

THE month of October is a month rich in opportunities of prayer for the missions. During this Month of the Holy Rosary as we weave our garland of *Hail Mary's* with our various intentions, we should remember that it is being offered to a Queen who, among her many titles, bears that of Queen of the Missions. With only a slight, sincere request from us she will shower abundant aid on all the missions in the world. If the Queen is so gracious in giving help to her missions when we ask it, we may expect the same of the King of Heaven, whose feast we will celebrate on the last Sunday of October. Each time we receive Him in Holy Communion we should ask Him to bestow His aid on His missions, just as our Queen does, so that the hundreds and thousands of souls still not converted by our missionaries, may also know and love the King and Queen of Heaven.

GOING TO CHUCHOW

Since the September "China" came off the press, plans have been changed with regard to the Departure Ceremony for our 1935 Mission Band. Word received from headquarters in Lishui made it advisable to postpone the sailing of our missionaries, originally scheduled for October 19th. Circumstances have arisen in China which necessitate the presence of quite a number of our missionaries at the central residence in Lishui, with consequent lack of accommodation for the new priests who were due to go over in October. At present it is uncertain when Fathers McFarlane and Moore will leave for China, but it is planned to have a group of our missionaries sail from Vancouver on November 30th. Included in this group will be Monsignor McGrath and Father Beal, both returning to active service after a health furlough at home, and Father Leo Curtin, former Pastor of Mayo, in the Archdiocese of Ottawa, who is now going to Chuchow Prefecture.

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

"NOBODY slept in Sungyang during the last two nights, as the Reds were very close to the city," Father Wong stated in a recent letter. Indirect information has since informed us that, while the bandits are still in the Sungyang district, they have not attacked the city, so Father Wong is still safe.

The bandits are not only in the Sungyang district; all over the Prefecture are wandering bands, seemingly well organized and under a central direction. Father Stringer, who was here in Lishui for a few days, was on the point of returning to Lungchuan when Father Venini sent word advising him not to come, as the bandits were on all sides of the city and had taken a town only twenty miles away. Father Venini had distributed the goods of the mission among the Christians to be hidden in their homes, while he himself was prepared for any emergency. He says that, although his bicycle is in good condition, it will not climb mountains.

During the past several weeks the bandits have not been reported closer than eight miles from Lishui, but a few days ago several spies were arrested here in the city; they knew where all the rich people lived.

* * *

Usually the most hardened robbers give the choice of: "Your money or your life," but many Chinese in this district have recently had the misfortune of having their money extorted and then being killed by the bandits. So for some it has been a case of: "Money **and** your life."

* * *

A few Protestant missionaries have recently come to Lishui from outside points, feeling that here it is at least more secure than in the smaller towns. The big worry of some of them is not for themselves, but for "the wife and the children".

* * *

"Would you like to be a rich man?" was the question I put to one of the sacristans recently.

"No," he replied. "If I had a lot of money the bandits would know it and they might capture me and not only extort my money, but also kill me. So it is better to have just enough money to live on." Quite a sensible bit of philosophy, you will agree.

* * *

WEARING a big smile, the gate-keeper carried a basket of eggs, dyed a brilliant scarlet, into the refectory during dinner a few days ago. Father Morrison explained that they had been sent by Mr. Mo, one of the teachers, to announce a "big joy", the birth of a baby boy.

"What would the birth of a baby girl be?" someone asked.

"Oh, that would be a 'little joy'," the pastor responded.

On the afternoon of the same day I was studying Chinese with a young man from the city, a pagan. A picture of the Dionne quintuplets was on my desk. I told him of the happy event of five baby girls. His interest was polite, but I felt certain that in his estimation five "small joys" did not make even one "big joy", but that the joy became smaller and smaller.

I hesitate to think what might happen if five baby girls were born into a poor Chinese pagan family at the same time.

* * *

The missionary Sisters like all babies, but sick babies in danger of death seem to have a special attraction for them. When they hear of a baby dying, they will use almost any subterfuge to visit it, and if there is no hope for it, they will quietly baptize it; pretending to give it medicine, they will pour the water on the head, and then they will return to the convent overflowing with smiles of joy.

Sometimes it happens, although rarely, that the baby does not die, and then a careful record of the baptism is kept and every effort is made to have the child instructed when the age of reason is reached. One little girl (whose picture is on this page), who was privately baptized when a baby, recovered and is now at the mission school. When she is a little older and better instructed, the ceremonies of baptism will be supplied for her. It is hoped that these privately baptized babies living in pagan families will be remembered in your prayers.

* * *

MENTIONING prayer reminds me that this will probably be read during the month of October, the month of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Queen of Apostles, so remember that those on the mission field expect a remembrance during this month.

On the third of this month is celebrated the feast of the Patroness of Missions and Missioners, the Little Flower. Only God knows how powerful has been the intercession of the Little Flower,



Little Mary attends the Mission School at Lishui. A few years ago she was privately baptized when it was feared she was dying.



Sisters Angela and Genevieve with a young helper on a visitation of the sick in Lishui. On this particular occasion these Sisters treated sixteen patients and baptized a dying infant.

what wonders she has worked in mission fields; yet she never went on the missions.

Recently I received a letter in which the writer mentioned having been interested by an article in a Catholic magazine: "It was a petition to imitate the Little Flower in her missionary work. It suggested choosing a missionary priest for whom you would set aside one day of each week, and if possible give him Mass and Holy Communion in the morning and a share in all your works during the day for the success of his work."

Here in China there are many missionary priests and Sisters who need your prayers. While continuing to pray for the missions in general, it would probably be an incentive to devotion to pray for one, or more, particular missionaries. If doubtful which to select, ask the Little Flower to make the choice for you, and leave the matter in her hands. Be assured that the missionary will pray for the spiritual benefactor, even though unknown, my method being that each morning at Mass I pray for "All those who pray for me."

* * *

It was a case of black smallpox in the last stages that the Sisters were called to attend. Of course, there was no hope for the body, but they did what they could to ease the pain. On the next visit, Father Aaron Gignac accompanied them and instructed the young man who was soon disposed to become a Catholic. Father Gignac baptized him, and soon after the young man died. The stepfather was present all the time, and made no objection to the ceremony. The stepfather is a Mohamedan priest.

* * *

THE vigorous footstep above that shook my room is but a memory, and during the last few days I have heard only the soft step of the nursing Sisters, and the periodical moaning as Father McGillivray strove to relieve his disordered stomach. With the fever ever high, pernicious malaria is merciless; large doses of quinine was the only hope, but the stomach suffered. At last the fever won, but God permitted a death that was a joy rather than a sorrow. His "life is changed, not taken away."

ORDINATIONS

THE Scholastic Year of the Seminary began on September 16th, with a Retreat preached by Rev. Father MacDonald, C.SS.R., of London, Ont.



FR. MATTE

Rev. William J. Matte, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Matte, Gogama, Ont., was ordained Deacon on September 8th, at Little Current, Ont., and received ordination to the Holy Priesthood at Sudbury, Ont., on Sunday, September 15th. His Excellency, Bishop R. H. Dignan, of Sault Ste. Marie, conferred the Holy Orders. Father Matte is the first to be ordained from this year's Class.

The following students were ordained to the Diaconate by Archbishop McGuigan on September 21st, and they will be elevated to the Holy Priesthood before Christmas: Rev. L. Hudswell (Tweed, Ont.); Rev. J. Leonard (Toronto); Rev. L. McAuliffe (Peterboro, Ont.); Rev. H. Murphy (Kingston, Ont.); Rev. J. Maurice (Ingersoll, Ont.); Rev. R. Reeves (London, Ont.).

The Minor Orders of Exorcist and Acolyte were conferred by Archbishop McGuigan on: Leo Burke, Edward Moriarity, Allan McRae, James McCann, Gerard McKernan, Alexander MacIntosh, Gordon Stringer, Harvey Steele, and Kenneth Turner.

Always on a high spiritual level, his kindness, charity, consideration and understanding were noteworthy characteristics. In our young society he was one of the priests who could be least spared, but the Divine Gardener looked down and saw a flower in full bloom, a perfect flower, and He gathered it to Himself.

Father McGillivray is gone, but yet he lives on. His life was a sermon, and his death will prove an even more powerful sermon. May his soul rest in peace.

Mass Intentions are badly needed by our priests in China. Send your intentions to the Seminary and they will be cabled to our missionaries in Chuchow.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL AFFAIR FOR THE MISSIONS

During the past few years, social affairs in aid of our Seminary have been very few. We suppose it must be attributed to the "Depression" that such has been the case. All the more welcome, then, was the generous action of Rev. Father McGrand, Pastor of St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, in suggesting the holding of a Bridge and Euchre Party in aid of our Seminary. The Parish Hall was placed at the disposal of his parishioners for the event, and a substantial sum was realized on the night of September 20th.

"China" heartily thanks all those who made this affair such a big success socially and financially, and takes this opportunity to express gratitude to Father McGrand and his priests at St. Anthony's for their splendid cooperation.

In passing, we may say that the Seminary would welcome any efforts to help our work by similar social affairs organized by parishes or by private individuals. We shall be only too pleased to give publicity to such functions organized on behalf of the Missions.

CONGRATULATIONS

"China" extends heartiest congratulations to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, N.Y., on the elevation to the Episcopate of Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, M.M., Vicar-Apostolic of Kaying, South China. One of the original group of students when Maryknoll was founded, the new Vicar-Apostolic is the third Maryknoller to become a Bishop. His consecration took place on September 21st. We join with Maryknoll's "The Field Afar" in praying that God may continue to grant Bishop Ford the answer to a prayer composed by him in the early days of his apostolate to the Chinese:

"Grant us, O Lord, to be the doorstep by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee. And if, in the saving of their souls, we are ground underfoot and spat upon and worn out, at least we shall have served Thee in some small way in helping pagan souls and we shall have become the King's Highway in pathless China."

AN APPRECIATION

From the Sisters in Lishui

Lishui, Che., Aug. 9th, 1935.

Very Rev. Dr. John E. McRae,
Rector,
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs,
Ont., Canada.

Rev. and Dear Dr. McRae:

While sorrowing over the sudden loss of our beloved Father McGillivray, we must not forget to extend to you in particular and to the Society in general, our deep and sincere sympathy in this your bereavement.

We who have had the privilege of being so personally acquainted with Father McGillivray, thank God for the example of holiness and greatness that ever characterized our dealings with him. You know, of course, that he was our Confessor—what a privilege was ours to have such a one as he. It was in this sacred office that we could see the beauty and strength of his great soul. His counsels and direction will never be effaced from our minds and hearts. We do not exaggerate when we admit that the death of one of our loved ones could not affect us more—he was everything to us. His happy, jovial disposition was an inspiration to us all, and how often it helped to carry us through those little trials that must necessarily come to all. His deep, hearty laugh — how we miss it. His interest in us was that of a tender father—daily he came over to see what more he could do to make things easier for us. Temporarily and spiritually he was a father to us, and as a tenderly loved father do we keenly feel his absence.

His life was an inspiration—no less was his saintly death. It was our special privilege to kneel at his dying bedside in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament with his ten sorrowing brother priests. We saw him receive our Divine Lord for the last time shortly before death claimed him. We saw him, conscious to the last moment, unable to speak, yet audibly acknowledging the ejaculations which one of his loved brother priests said over him. We witnessed the beautiful heavenly smile that played on his face and illuminated his eyes as he so softly raised them in a last look of expectation and sweet serenity. We witnessed his lips moving in the effort he made to say his last words on earth: "My God, I love Thee"—a beautiful closing of a beautiful life.

We need no souvenirs by which to remember him, his so oft repeated examples of self-sacrifice, of greatness of soul and heart, are the treasured mementoes which enshrine him in our hearts, now and for always. Nevertheless, a monument to him we have. In our Convent garden stands a beautiful statue of our Immaculate Mother enshrined by our beloved Father in the Grotto which he designed and financed. This was one of his last undertakings, and one worthy of him. He constantly encouraged trust and more trust in our Blessed Mother —he solidified this counsel in enthroning her in our midst. Daily do we kneel at her feet praying for our dear Father.

Dear Rev. Dr. McRae, the words we have written above do not do justice to Father McGillivray. We have made an attempt to express our feelings, but find that it is only in the intimacy of our hearts that the truth can be laid bare.

We feel at a loss to express to you, dear Rev. Father, our gratitude for the kindness which you and your worthy priests lavish on us. We owe an eternal debt of gratitude to your Society for the wonderful example of the exemplary priests with whom it is our privilege to work. Their lives are an inspiration to us of all that is Christ-like and worthy of imitation.

In our community prayers we do not forget your interests—the interests of Scarboro as well as those of Canada-in-China are most dear to us.

Assuring you, dear Rev. Dr. McRae, of our sincere sympathy, we remain,

Yours most respectfully,
The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception,
at Lishui.



The Grotto in the Convent Garden at Lishui

A THOUGHT FOR OCTOBER 20th

DUE soon is MISSION SUNDAY (on the 3rd Sunday of October, to be precise!). Its approach makes us think of one thing in particular: the *total* needs of *all* Catholic missions. Oh yes! We do hear much from many quarters of how much a few cents can do in the mission field (and too much of the tin foil and old stamp category!) or again, of the need of some missioner in Ceylon or Tanganyika, who needs a chapel, a new roof, or any one of a dozen needs. But seldom, if ever, do we hear of the *total* needs of *all* Catholic missioners the world over!

Said a certain well-known American in opening a campaign for a charitable cause: "Tell us what *all* your needs are. Then we'll see how much we can get." We do just the reverse. We never tell what *all* our real needs are. Therefore, what we collect never even approaches the *total* we really need.

Many became too enthusiastic recently when the Propagation of the Faith returns last year from all Christian countries amounted to $3,600,000. They wondered "how all that money could be spent!" Yes, they did wonder, but really, they shouldn't. Because that $3,600,000 was just $21,400,000 *short* of the *total* neeeded as a bare minimum for *all* Catholic missions! They did not realize that it costs about $3,600,000 to maintain *one* fair-sized diocese in the United States for *one* year.

This "misplaced" wonder is but one more proof that we have been most neglectful in not stressing this particular point: what the *total* needs of *all* Catholic missions are! We blame ourselves. Because, after all, to aid *all* missioners is our business!

NOW, what is the *total* need of *all* Catholic missions? Giving the lowest minimum—and one that can be readily understood, let us start off with the $1.00 a day standard for each missioner. That is not only for his living expenses (food, clothing, a place to live, a means of travel, medicine, etc.), but for his work as well (the maintenance of a chapel, a school, the support of one or more catechists, of the poor, of the orphans, aid to native priests and sisters)! Multiply this "many-sided" $1.00 a day by 65,000 missioners (and there are more than that now!). Every "3rd-grader" knows that spells $65,000 a day. Unfortunately, years have a habit of having 365 days of that kind in them, which runs the total in a year up to $23,725,000. Or, put it roughly at $25,000,000 a year as a bare minimum needed to cover the *total* needs of *all* Catholic missions. (A fair-sized battleship costs more, you know!)

Now besides the $25,000,000, put the $3,600,000 raised last year by the Propagation of the Faith. See the contrast! In other words, last year, of every $25 essential, the Propagation of the Faith gave only $3.60. Left, therefore, to be raised by the missioner (or begged by his society) is the necessary balance of $21,400,000! The missioner can't do both. If he spends his time begging, he simply has to neglect his real work as a missioner. Others can collect. He alone can evangelize.

WHAT is the solution? Remember the aim of the Propagation of the Faith: to relieve the missioner (or his mission-society) of the task of collecting so that he can do the work for which he has given his life. Why is it not doing it? Why can not the Propagation of the Faith give the missioner more than $3.60 for every $25 he must have? Because . . . Well, you know! We have not won enough members to the Propagation of the Faith. Ponder that between now and MISSION SUNDAY. To win a few members at least to the Propagation of the Faith! Make that your mission for MISSION SUNDAY.—"Catholic Missions."

FORTY-NINE STUDENTS

Back with us again, and now hard at their class work, are forty-four of last year's students. Five young men have come to begin their Seminary course, making our total registration for this year forty-nine. We have endeavoured to accept as many candidates for the missions as our accommodation circumstances allow. From as far west as Calgary, and as far east as Newfound, we have gathered subjects. Naturally, a large percentage of our students come from families who cannot afford to pay full tuition at the Seminary, which is two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Here is an opportunity for our benefactors and friends to lend these boys a helping hand. Any amount will be gratefully accepted and acknowledged by us. If you are interested in "adopting" a student at China Mission Seminary and defraying the expense of his tuition, either for a year, or for his whole course, we shall be glad to hear from you.

"The Little Flower's Rose Garden"

Our Junior Readers, and many adult readers as well, will be pleased to know that next month "Father Jim" will continue in "China" the publication of the "Rose Garden" which was such a popular feature of our magazine for several years.

SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

During the Summer months many of our seminarians were usefully employed in furthering the work to which they have given their lives by their efforts to collect subscriptions to "China". We sincerely thank the many friends who responded to their appeal to renew their subscriptions. The campaign by the seminarians was most successful. However, there were many sections of Canada and Newfoundland not visited by our willing campaigners, and to our subscribers in these sections we make the request that they renew their subscriptions to "China" via the mail. Nobody will ever seriously miss the fifty cents which will renew your subscription for one year. All you have to do is write a cheque or get a post office money order and mail it with your name and address to St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. There is a convenient form printed for you on page 143. If your subscription expiry date (shown on your address label) needs a little boost, won't you please ACT NOW.

IN the present dispensation it is peculiar to the missionaries of our Institution that they have very little ministerial duties for at least two years after their ordination. Indomitable zeal to be at the work to which they have dedicated their lives is at its best during these the first few years of the sacred ministry; all the ambitions of youth, all the fervour of Seminary days and the great grace of the Sacrament of Holy Orders all combine to make the outlook on life most optimistic, to make every issue appear ever so clear, to make every obstacle, however insurmountable it may seem, just a step onward in the road that leads to the biggest things in life. The young priest mentally has already conquered worlds for Christ, and counted not the cost.

But instead of immediately going forth and preaching the Gospel and all it means, we have, as it were, to "lie low" for a while. Of necessity it is so. You see we first have to complete our theological studies, which takes all of a year, and that year also turns out to be one of blessed quietude in which we can best learn to appreciate the holiness and dignity of our sacred office. And even after that year, class work is not over. We have our last summer holidays, and we have our departure ceremony, and within six months of our last class at the Seminary we find ourselves at last in China wanting very much to do what we came here to do. But comes first more class and more study; not much ministerial work can be done if we do not know the language of those we have come to serve, and to get a working knowledge of it we need at least twelve months. Three of us have just completed that year, and it is the features of it that I wish now reminiscently to describe.

* * *

I REMEMBER very clearly my first letters home. You see everything was strange, and we felt we were great discoverers of phenomena hitherto unknown in the West, and that everybody should know of our discoveries. Every detail of Oriental life as we saw it we felt was sure to "go over big", and we took notes and we told our friends all about them, and we even felt our description would make the same impression upon our readers as did the facts upon us. Oh, at first we wrote a lot of letters—and received a lot of answers, too. How much looked-for were these answers! And how welcome! But the writing and the receiving have dropped somewhat. Even in one year. But that seems to be the accepted order of things, and I do not presume to disturb it; everything like that has a reason, and I dare say some day I'll know the answer to this one.

But even as we related these happenings, suffixed with so many exclamation marks, we became used to them, so much so that now it takes an effort on our part to find something interesting to write about. We even became converted to many of the ways that at first seemed so strange. We used chop-sticks at first just for the novelty; we have since felt their necessity. We remarked about the style of clothes, and even while commenting what a sensation they would make on a Yonge Street or a Water Street we found ourselves donning these very clothes. And even some of our habits went through the same change; we would find ourselves saying "Ai Yia" for "Oh My"; "Wo Tien" for "Oh, heavens", and "Can catch" for "Okay", and believe it or not, our manners improved a degree or two, for "la

LETTER FROM THE VATICAN

SEGRETERIA DI STATO
DI SVA SANTITA

DAL VATICANO, July 2, 1935.

N° 146316
DA CITARSI NELLA RISPOSTA

Right Reverend dear Monsignor,

I am charged by the Holy Father to acknowledge receipt of an autographed copy of your recent book "The Dragon at Close Range" which you presented in homage to Him recently.

His Holiness was deeply pleased and appreciative of this act of filial homage. It is His hope that your work will have the good effect of making the Missions better known among English-speaking peoples because enthusiastic support can be expected only from those who have a sympathetic understanding of the problems faced by the missionary out in the field.

From His heart, the Holy Father sends to you and to your devoted missionary priests and sisters His paternal Apostolic Benediction.

With sentiments of deep esteem and of religious devotion, I am, my dear Monsignor McGrath,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

E. Card. Pacelli

The Right Rev. Monsignor William C. McGrath,
Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow,

LISHUI.

OUR F

By RE

T YEAR

STRANG

politesse oblige" is a standing and ever imperative law with our new friends. Which reminds me of Pa's "honourable" butler featured in the comic strip, "Polly and Her Pals"—but don't stretch the comparison too far, you know. And then in true Chinese fashion we find ourselves, when offering a cigarette to each other, taking one out of the package and handing it over. That is something we would never get away with before. But there were plenty of things in which we were inflexible—in which we did not give in an inch. For instance, we still open our books in the front, contrary to the prevailing custom here, and we still shake each other's hands when meeting instead of our own. We do not get our heads shaved, no matter how warm it is, and on the bus, if necessity demands, we still give our place to a lady.

And after having noticed the features that make the words EAST and WEST so strongly opposed to each other, we set about seeing how the religion that makes no distinction between these terms was finding a place amongst the Orientals even as it did centuries ago in the far West. And without seeing in the inner workings and missing many of the details, we could notice the same outward effects, and they can be summed up in the very trite utterance: "Men came to Church." There were Confessions and Communions, Mass and Benediction, Rosary and Stations of the Cross—all the same as we had been used to. It did not take us long to get over the strangeness of always having the prayers chanted and lead by the catechist, and the women bareheaded and the men wearing caps in Church. And then again it was really thrilling to see all the essentials and so many of the additional touches that makes the Catholic Church so beautiful and so glorious still unimpaired. The singing today, for instance (I am writing this on the feast of the Assumption), was really angelic. The "Virgo Dei Genitrix" and the "Magnificat" had all the pathos and all the beauty and all the sincere love as at home. That the singing is not up to so high a mark in the other churches of our district is not so discouraging—it is consoling to know we still have it, and it is grand to know that we are giving it to others.

WE had our turns on the missions, too. These were the only occasions in which we could consider ourselves useful. At the big feasts the Fathers are always glad to have someone there to help them, and we fitted in as best we could, which was principally preparing for and celebrat-

(Continued on page 139)



Dated August 30th, a letter came from Monsignor Fraser, Kinhwa, in which he says:

"I have just returned from the Railway Station to which I accompanied the four little boys in the picture. They are now speeding north on their journey (their first ride on a train) to the big city of Hangchow to enter the Preparatory Seminary and begin their long course of studies for the priesthood. If everything goes well they will be ordained fourteen years from now! Say a prayer for their perseverance. This makes thirteen in all sent to the Seminary from the Kinhwa district during the past three years.

"We have been very successful during the past twelve months. A hundred and fifty persons were baptized in one village, and a church, dedicated to The Little Flower, has been erected. The famine in Pukiang has been a blessing in disguise. A thousand persons have asked to be instructed in the Faith, and several hundred of them have been received into the Church. A spacious church, dedicated to the Queen of Apostles, has been built to accommodate them. Here at headquarters so many little pagan girls wanted to be educated by the Catholic Sisters I had to build a new school—three rooms downstairs and dormitory for the girls and Sisters upstairs."

MARY, THE HOPE OF CHINA



Courtesy, "The Field At Home"

ONCE there was a rich king who loved the poor and needy. He loved to help them in every way possible. Day after day the poor would come to his palace to obtain food and other necessities. But the king felt that his own greatness and dignity might keep some timid people from coming to ask his help. So what did the king do? He had his sweet and gentle mother come to his storerooms every day, and from her gentle hands the people received the gifts of the king.

This is just a feeble picture of what takes place in the Catholic Church. That Church is the palace of Christ the King. His greatness and His dignity are the greatness and dignity of God Himself, for Christ is God. Lest His sovereign majesty keep timid souls away, He has arranged to distribute His graces by the hands of His Mother Mary.

Mary is the sweetest, the gentlest, the kindest mother that God ever fashioned. Earthly mothers are wonderful creatures. Their golden hearts of love reflect something of the goodness of God. But all the goodness that ever was in all the hearts of all good mothers is found in its highest and best form crystallized in the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Her Heart is next in perfection to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She shares in the riches of her divine Son, and dispenses these riches to her children. We receive God's gifts "through the medium of a woman's tenderness". What a treasure we have in Mary, the Mediatrix of all graces!

Hence it is not surprising that the Catholic Church looks upon Mary as a great influence for good, and invites her children to approach her with the utmost confidence. "Never was it heard that anyone who fled to her protection was left unaided."

Mary is no mere accident in the Redemption of the world. She is rather an essential factor according to the plan of God. It was she who gave us the Saviour at Bethlehem, and in giving Him to us she crushed the serpent's head, as foretold in Genesis. Mary was ever with Jesus in His hidden life at Nazareth; she shared all His joys and sorrows; she was united with Him in His prayers. She was always with Him in His public life, at least in spirit. And when the climax came in the week of His passion, she was at His side, sharing His anguish. Thus Mary became the co-redemptrix of the human race.

Nineteen hundred years ago Christ died for us. He died and redeemed the world but once. To-day we are enjoying the fruits, the effects, of that Redemption, in which Mary played so noble a part. The whole work of the Church since the Saviour's death is to apply the fruits of the Redemption. Particularly in the Mass we see the effects of the death of Christ, for the Mass is the very renewal of His sacrifice on Calvary. As Mary shared in the Redemption itself, so she also shares in the application of its fruits.

Let us see what influence Mary can have in the work of the Church in the missions.

To establish and spread the Church in pagan lands, such as China, means to apply the fruits of the life and death of Christ. It means washing men's souls from the stain of sin by Baptism and Penance; it means nourishing them with the Bread of Life and the Bread of the Word of God. In short, it means the ministry of grace, given us by Jesus Christ, at the hands of His Mother.

In the Collect of the beautiful Mass of Portiuncula, we pray: "O God, who didst will that all good things be distributed to men by thy holy Mother." She gave us Christ, the author of all grace; Christ gives us His grace by the hands of Mary. Christ is our King, Mary is our Mother and Queen. What a happy privilege to be a Catholic!

Besides the graces that come to us through Mary, we have the added inspiration of her beautiful life. She was a perfect creature: model of Virgins, model of Mothers, model of every virtue. The ennobling influence of her example has been felt wherever the Christian religion has been preached.

Even non-Catholic writers have paid tribute to this influence. To quote the words of Lecky, who died some thirty years ago: "The world is governed by ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more salutary influence than the mediaeval conception of the Virgin . . . All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of civilization." (Lecky, "Rationalism in Europe".)

And Ruskin, English art critic and famous author, pays this glowing tribute to the Catholic

idea of the Virgin: "I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage throughout the length and breadth of Europe in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women." (Ruskin, "Fors Clavigera".)

What the loving ideal of the Madonna has done for the civilization of Europe, it can also do for the civilization of China. The attitude of a people toward womanhood can almost be considered an index to greatness or inferiority. In a pagan culture, woman is little more than a slave. The fact that our Holy Infancies are crowded is really no credit to the ideals of this people.

Only by inculcating Christian principles, only by teaching the charming life of Mary, the paragon of women, can we hope to change the low views that linger in a pagan culture. For this reason the missionary and those associated with him in his work regard Mary as a patroness to be invoked, an ideal to be followed. Her humility, her purity, her sincerity, her retirement—all preach an eloquent sermon to the people of this vast nation.

It is gratifying to see how kindly the Chinese children take to this devotion to our Blessed Mother. They really love to invoke her as their patroness, their model and guide. We may fondly hope that these children will, in later life, spread the ideals of Mary among the members of their own families.

I have always been impressed by the beautiful practice in vogue at San Dao Middle School. The girls sing a hymn to our Blessed Mother every day after the Mass. The hymns are sung in Chinese and are set to the sweet Blessed Virgin melodies so familiar to Catholics back home. (In the February issue of "China" Father Strang wrote feelingly of the beautiful custom of the Lishui schoolboys who, at the close of each day sing the beautiful "Salve Regina" in the Church after night prayers.)

OF YOUR CHARITY

please pray for the repose of the souls of

William McGoey
Raymond Larkin
Alfred Diemert
Maurice Walsh

The above named deceased, three of whom met sudden deaths through accidents in September, are brothers of Seminarians. To the bereaved families "China" extends sincere condolences.

R.I.P.

The devotion of the Chinese to our Mother Mary is a hopeful sign. Mary will be to them their life, their sweetness and their hope. Through Mary they will learn to know and love her divine Son who is the Saviour of the world. To Jesus through Mary! May this be their motto as well as ours, and may "Our Lady of China" draw the teeming millions to the feet of Christ the King.

—*"Franciscans in China."*

OUR FIRST YEAR

(Continued from page 137)

ing the ceremonies. It was at these times we got our first actual experience of how the greater part of the work here is carried on.

But most of our time we spent here at Lishui at our books, and when we started at that we were all for telling everybody the novel construction of the language and its manifold tongue-twisters. To give you some examples of it now is only a temptation which I can easily wave aside. I will content myself with saying that with "An Idiom a Day" we paved the way, at one time picking it up from a conversation, working on it as we would on a riddle, and at another time puzzling it out from its concealment in the characters.

And thus went the year in more or less routine fashion until this month—the second last of our year, we have met with an incident that will mean more to us than all the other happenings with their difficulties and strangeness. I refer to the sudden but most beautiful death of Father McGillivray. In him we found an ideal, and an ideal means very much at any time. Not only exemplary was he, but heroic, with a heroism so unassuming that we can all imitate. We are sure he is still helping us here as he enjoys his well merited reward in Heaven, and his beautiful life will always be before us as an inspiration. The life of a missionary is glorious—there is nothing more glorious on earth; the death of a missionary is most glorious—there is nothing more glorious in Heaven or earth. And as we breathe a benediction for our first priest in Heaven we pray that his wonderful spirit remain with us.

* * *

AND thus our first year is ended. We are not yet quite ready to take our turns at sermons, and we have quite a bit to learn before attempting to hear confessions. But we have passed that second year of what I might call inactivity. On October 21st last, when we docked at Shanghai, we said: "China, here we come." So far China has only come to us. I hope that in a few short months we will be really arrived. What a second year in China does to one I have yet to experience, but if this time next year I am in a reminiscent mood (and I fear I shall be), I'll do my best to let you know. Please pray for all our missionaries, but remember especially the three who now are closing their first year in Chuchow and entering upon that second year which will bring them the responsibilities of active mission labour with all its problems. And our thanks are given at the Altar to all those friends of ours who have done so much to fill our first year in China with many pleasant memories.

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF ..... DOLLARS".

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.
$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.
$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

The SPEED CRAZE

MERCURY versus BUDDHA

By

REV. JOSEPH VENINI

Last month, Father Venini wrote about the effect that modern Progress has had on the ordinary everyday life of the average Chinese peasant, and told us of the somewhat mystified alarm with which he views the fast-moving new era. On this page the missionary author muses on "Speed"—and says some delightfully humorous things.

I WONDER who it was that started this craze to get going? And then get going a little faster? The fellow that invented the wheel, I imagine, would be the responsible party. But that doesn't get us any further.

I wonder again who the fellow was? Adam and Eve, it seems, were quite content to "go WALKING at the evening air," so I guess they are to be exonerated. The Old Boy himself took disguise under the form of one of the slowest-moving of creatures. I guess that let's him out. Cain, however, didn't have a very good reputation; and besides, he was a farmer, and a pretty large landholder at that, and no doubt he would find a few wheels right handy round the old homestead. So I guess we can place the blame on his doorstep. Yes, I know that makes a lot of guesses, mais, que voulez-vous? We have no documents to consult. You couldn't very reasonably expect Noah to find room in the Ark for the files of the patent office. If it really was Cain who excogitated the wheel, he sure started things rolling, didn't he? It was a big idea, all right, and a big thing. Though I hardly think he cashed in on any royalties from his invention. Like most big things it appears to have been mighty hard to get it started. And now it's getting hard to get it stopped. But that's common to big things, too. He seems to have had difficulty in getting it under way because it 'pears most all the folks were quite happy to keep right on tramping. They tell us there were only three coaches in the whole of France in the year 1550, and that's a powerful long time after Lamech put an end to Cain's wheelwright business. Of course, there were a few sporadic attempts made to speed things up. Elias' chariot wasn't under the control of the patent office, so his records can hardly be considered. Then there was Simon the Magician. He turned out an aeroplane much less complicated than the DO X. But St. Peter proved to everyone's satisfaction that it was by no means crash-proof. You would think that Solomon would set the pace ahead a little. But I surmise that after the beginning of the 11th Chapter of the Third Book of Kings he didn't have much time at his disposal. So the folks, they just kept trudging; or hopped aboard an occasional barge when there was a good wind blowing; or straddled the odd horse. Right down to the 18th century they were happy doing this; then the speed bug got awfully excited.



Here's a typical "view" of what the passenger in a sedan-chair sees as he is carried over the miserable paths which constitute the highroads of inland China.

I figure Stephenson, he comes about first. He and his tea-pot. It was all fine till he started putting his kettle on wheels, and sending it on its iron way. Then the folks did their darndest to maintain their inviolable rights to be left strictly pedestrian. "Furthermore," they argued, "with those volcanoes tearing across the country, vomiting all that smoke, our crops will be ruined." And perhaps they were right at that, considering the number of cords of wood consumed to produce ten m.p.h. "And our cows," they continued, "will be so frightened they won't give any milk."

Then comes Fulton, the speed bug still buzzing in his bonnet. He thinks things over and figures he can overcome all the contra-Stephenson objections by taking to the water. So he launches the trusty "Clermont". And right proudly she paddles her seven knots for every round of the clock. It's a wonder, though, they didn't take out an injunction against Fulton on the grounds that he would frighten the fishes. But I guess the folks had finally become resigned to their fate and decided to give up walking.

But while all this speeding-up process was going on, the folks inside the Great Wall were satisfied with their springless, cushionless, comfortless wheelbarrows. And where even these were not available, St. Francis' ass never failed them. But Mercury is insatiable. He blows the "Empress of Japan" across the Pacific in some eight days instead of sixteen. Her hold he jams full of Chryslers, Buicks, and Fords, dumps them on the dock at Shanghai, and two of them have already bumped their way over the unfinished road to Lungchuan. In a few weeks the passenger busses will be running from Chuchow to Lungchuan. Three days on foot have been reduced to almost as few hours. Will the god of speed be surfeited? Hardly. Like Alexander, he is forever sighing for new records to beat. Shanghai—Lungchuan. Walking, two weeks. Bus, two and one-half days. Aeroplane, three hours.

OUR PRIESTS PAY TRIBUTE

Indicative of the sense of loss that all our priests have expressed in their letters following the death of Father James McGillivray in Lishui early in August, is the following paragraph in a letter which came from Monsignor Fraser, Kinhwa:

"It will be a consolation to his friends and an edification to our students to read the following sentiments expressed about Father McGillivray in Father Boudreau's letter to me.

"Father McGillivray was anointed Tuesday evening, and passed away shortly afterwards. His death was most edifying. He was vested and laid in the parlour downstairs. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated Wednesday. Presently he is buried beneath the sacrisity until a permanent burial place is decided on.

"The shock was tremendous to us all. He had many friends among the laity here. He was loved by all. The priests are all feeling very bad. I myself have lost a most cherished friend. Even now I can hardly believe it. He was only three days sick. He looked so beautiful in death that he seemed not dead, but sleeping. Yes, there were great things in store for him. But his work must have been finished here below, for God called him back Home. Maybe, after all, we were in need of one of our own in Heaven. It is my hope that I die the way he did. He left behind him example and model. He was a good man, and left nothing but good behind him. May his spirit remain always with us!"

CO-OPERATION

ON the Pacific Coast in the cities of Vanucouver and Victoria the Oriental problem is to the fore. "A little bit" of China and Japan is to be found in these two Western ports. That our apostolate should extend its great beneficial influences to those sons of the Orient living within our gates is but natural. The Church owes Herself to all nations.

The Sisters of Service are privileged to be of a little help to this problem. During the year we have placed at the disposal of Father Sharkey our "St. George's Van." Driven by a Chinese chauffeur, it is being used to gather the Chinese children and bring them to the "Catholic Mission School" in care of the Grey Nuns of Pembroke, in Vancouver. As our Sisters only make use of the Van during the summer months for catechetical work in the country, its usefulness during the balance of the year is very much appreciated by the Chinese Mission.

—"The Field at Home"



Very much reduced in size, the above is a copy of the "Death Notice" apprising the Christians in Chuchow of the passing of Father McGillivray in August.

A PUBLIC TRIBUTE

On the day of Father McGillivray's death in Lishui, the following news item appeared in "The Catholic Review", published in China. It is an account of a public tribute paid to the missionary who, a few days afterwards, was to be called so suddenly from the midst of those who best appreciated the worth of his character.

"On the Vigil of the feast of St. James the Apostle, which fell on July 25th, the Reverend Fathers, the Catechists, teachers and pupils of the Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, assembled in the parlor of the residence to wish the Rev. James D. McGillivrey, their Procurator, a very happy feast day.

"The place was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the table covered with all sorts of good things in true Chinese fashion. Mr. Wang, the senior catechist, opened the programme by pointing out the leading events in the life of St. James the Apostle. His remarks were supplemented by Rev. Ramon Serra, the Vicar Delegate, with additional events which occurred during the saint's sojourn in Spain. Remarks also were made by the other fathers present, after which the assembly broke up with everybody expressing good wishes to the Rev. Father on his feast day.

"The honoured missionary is a member of the band of Canadian missionaries who came to China in 1932, and during his stay here he has made remarkable progress in the Chinese language and literature, and is held in high esteem by Christians and Pagans alike."

SELL THIS BOOK AND WE SELL THE MISSIONS

The Dragon at Close Range. By Rt. Rev. William McGrath. St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Price $1.00 postpaid.

The title does not belie the contents nor the contents the title, for the Rt. Reverend Author gives the reader a closeup of life in the Land of the Dragon, which is interesting beyond the ordinary and both in its format and subject matter is chock-full of unique and precious bits of information, palatably prepared and dispensed in a style which, if adopted by missionaries at large, would easily overcome all sales resistance on the part of our non-mission-minded folk. A few samples of the titles treated will illustrate: The Lishui Ferry, Life Begins at 14, The "Overland Limited," From Factory to Convent, Sailor, Beware! "Coolie Chow," A Dog's Life, Music Hath Charms, Banquet Etiquette, The Ten Courts of Hell, The Good Thief of Chusan, A "Foreigner" Makes a Break, What! No Spinach?, They never read the "Ads," The Red Siege of Kanchow, Let's Go Fishin'!, Western Paganism in the East, A Chinese Puzzle, Explaining the Puzzle, The Matchbox Maker, "Way Lee! Way Lee!," The Glory of the Missions. **Sell this book and we sell the missions.**

—"Jesuit Missions," New York.

NONSENSE



First Caddie: "What's your man like, Charlie?"

Second Caddie: "Left-handed, and keeps his change in his right-hand pocket."

"Look here, Bogus," asked the Colonel. "Do you happen to know where Ink Johnson is just now?"

"Yassah. Sho' does sah!" replied Bogus. "He's asleep dis minute over dar in de shade of de lumberyard looking for a job, sah!"

Two ladies were attending a concert at the Civic Auditorium. Seated in the parquet, they looked about them.

"Nice building," said one lady. "What style of architecture is it?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the other lady, "but I think it's Reminiscence."

On a mid-July afternoon a man in Chicago was grumbling about the heat. Said another who had just returned from a trip through the South: "Hot? Boy, you don't know what hot is. One day this week down in Mississippi I saw a dog chasing a cat and both were walking."

Eight men were once wrecked on a desert island. A year later a ship picked them up. The skipper of the ship noted in his log that:

"The two Irishmen had fought each other twice a day during the whole year.

"The Scotchmen had founded a Caledonian Society.

"The two Englishmen had not spoken because they had never been introduced.

"The two Americans had opened a real estate agency in a palm-leaf hut, with a Kiwanis club, a boosters' league and a hootch-making plant in the cellar."

A man complained to the local postmaster because of the failure to deliver a letter improperly addressed. "Now, suppose," he continued, "I addressed a letter to the 'Biggest Dumbell in Christiandom,' what would you do toward delivering it?"

"I should simply mark it, 'Return to Sender,'" replied the postmaster.

Teacher—"Why were you away from school yesterday?"

Pupil—"My father is a Communist and he teaches me class hatred."

"And when Mrs. Gubbins sez you wasn't no lidy, wot did yar say?" "I sez, 'Two negatives means an infirmary,' and I knocks 'er down. She is now in the 'orspital."

Patient—"Doctor, I feel in a very rundown condition."

Doctor—"How far do you wish to run down?"

Patient—"Well, I was thinking of Florida."

Prisoner—"Judge, I don't know what to do?"

Judge—"Why, how's that?"

Prisoner—"I swore to tell the truth, but every time I try, some lawyer objects."

She—"You'll have to get some new socks, Henry. I'm not going to sit up until midnight darning your old ones."

Husband—"But, my dear, it's never too late to mend, as the old saying goes."

"I'm very careful. I always send my children out of the house before I quarrel with my husband."

"The little dears, they look so healthy from spending their time in the open."

The following notice was posted in a North of England factory:

"Applications for leave of absence on account of influenza, twins, measles, relatives' funerals, etc., must be handed to the foreman not later than 8 a.m. on the day of the match."

Ike—"Why do you call this an enthusiastic stew?"

Mike—"Because the cook put everything he had into it."

Betty—"You'd be a fine dancer but for two things."

Bob—"What are they? Do tell me."

Betty—"Your feet."

"I doot Donald's broken oot again."

"How dae ye think that, Rab?"

"Last nicht he was lecturing tae a crowd at the cross on the evils o' strong drink."

"Am pleased tae hear o' that; it's a guid sign."

"Aye, but ye see there was nae crowd!"

Struggling Artist (being dunned for rent and trying to put a bold front on things): "Let me tell you this—in a few years' time people will look up at this miserable studio and say, 'Cobalt, the artist, used to work there'!"

Landlord: "If you don't pay your rent by tonight, they'll be able to say it tomorrow!"

"What's the matter? Ill?"

"I've been disappointed in love."

"But I thought you married Sylvia."

"I did."

Mother: "Here is a nice book from which I shall read to you."

Little Girl: "What did you bring me that book to be read to out of from for?"

Mrs. Flynn: "This neighborhood seems pretty noisy, Mrs. O'Brien."

Mrs. O'Brien: "Yes, the only time there's any peace here is whin the cars drown the noise."

A very nervous young man called at the house of the Dean. When the butler appeared, he said:

"Excuse me, but is the Bean dizzy to-night?"

"Just why do you want a married man to work for you, rather than a bachelor?" asked the curious chap.

"Well," sighed the boss, "the married men don't get so upset when I yell at them."

"Have you ever been here before, sir?" asked the barber.

"Yes, once."

"I don't seem to remember your face, sir."

"Oh, it's healed up since then."

Hub: "There's no use my giving a cheque, my dear; my bank account is over-drawn."

Wife: "Well, give me one anyway. and make it for $500. I want to pull it out with my handkerchief at the club this afternoon."

Jones: "What do you call a work of art?"

Smith: "Something you don't quite understand, but that costs you a heap of money."

Teacher: "What excuse have you for being so late?"

Johnny (breathlessly): "I ran so fast, teacher, that I—I didn't have time to think of one."

Charwoman (to neighbor with whom she is having a spat)—"What I says is, there is ladies an' ladies—an' you ain't neither."

Admiring Visitor: "My dear Mrs. Strong, these brasses of yours shine beautifully. May I inquire what you use to clean them?"

Mrs. Strong (a determined looking lady): "You may. My husband."

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GET THE HABIT OF HELPING THE MISSIONS REGULARLY

AT the present moment we are not in a position to finance the journey of our priests to Chuchow, and we trust our kind friends will be the instruments of Providence to help us send our Mission Band on the way to the land of their choice. The coming year will be a heavy one for us, financially. We appeal to YOU now to help us bear the cost of our missionaries' journey to China this Fall.

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Enclosed please find $ ..... , my donation to help in the sending of your 1935 Mission Band to China.

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St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

VERY REV. J. E. McRAE, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. NOVEMBER 1935



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2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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STUDENTS AND THE MISSIONS

THE Youth of Eastern Canada will gather at Halifax for the Regional Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to be held from November 9th to the 11th. China Mission Seminary extends congratulations to the Executive of the Crusaders for their initiative in organizing this demonstration, and wishes the Crusade Units of the Maritime Provinces the fullest measure of success in their Convention activities, a programme of which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Even so recently as ten years ago it would have been difficult to foresee the time when missions would take such a grip of Catholic youth as to warrant a largely-organized Convention for deliberations on the subject. Now it has come to pass. The missions have become a topic of general conversation. No longer have the priests and nuns in pagan lands to struggle along without the sympathy and encouragement of Catholics "at home". This change of attitude is largely due to the influence of the Crusade Movement in Catholic Schools, and in the C.C.S.M.C. we have one of the most consoling manifestations of present-day Catholicism.

His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome, has written that he is "happy to learn first of all that, thanks to the Crusade, knowledge of the missions, with consequent sympathy for this noble cause, is continually on the increase and that, as one of the results the number of missionaries which Catholics are giving to the Church's apostolate is growing steadily. That is the Crusades' principal purpose."

When properly presented, the work of the Missions has an appeal to youth. The natural spirit of adventure and the admiration for the heroic, which are characteristic of all young people, touch a responsive chord in the hearts of Catholic boys and girls as they learn of the efforts for the salvation of souls by missionary priests and sisters in pagan lands. This awakened interest leads to action. And the action now centered in the Crusade Units in our Catholic Schools is but the prelude to a larger field of action later on as our boys and girls go out into the world as informed members of the Catholic laity. There can be no doubt that a mission-minded laity is the greatest asset on which the Church can count for the spreading of God's Kingdom on earth.

It is impossible to under-estimate the value of the training which the activities of Crusade Units provide for their members. Until quite recently the Catholic missionary movement has suffered owing to lack of knowledge and understanding among the educated and leading circles. Mission propaganda in the Schools is designed to remedy that defect. The leading and guiding personalities of our country rise chiefly from the academic ranks. They may, if animated by a true missionary spirit, render most important services to the mission cause, but, if not, do immeasurable harm by their lack of interest and understanding of the mission problem. Zeal for and understanding of the missions are by no means infused virtues, but must be acquired by study and practice. To instruct Youth in an understanding of missions is one of the highest purposes of the Student Crusade Movement. The results will not be long delayed. We can look forward with confidence to the day when Catholic Missions will have their rightful place in the thoughts and the lives of every adult Catholic from one end of the country to the other. The achievement of that purpose, and the hastening of that day, will be one of the fruits of the Maritime Crusade Convention.

OUR COVER

FATHER JAMES McGILLIVRAY, of Glace Bay, N.S., was the first member of our Institute to be lost to us through death. It is coincident, though sadly so, that the first pictures of his funeral at Lishui, China, should reach us in time for publication in this issue for November, the Month of the Dead. The cover picture shows the scene in the Church at Lishui as the Last Absolution was pronounced over the remains of our deceased missionary. The celebrant of the funeral Mass was Very Rev. R. Serra, Pro-Vicar of Chuchow Prefecture; Father Morrison (P.E.I.) acted as Deacon; Father John MacDonald (Windsor, N.S.) was Subdeacon. To his right, in surplice, stands Father Stringer (Ottawa). The Sisters (clad in white) are seen in the left foreground.

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

BREAKING a hole through the high stone wall that enclosed the mission compound here at Lishui, robbers recently paid a midnight visit to us with the best intentions of doing justice to their calling. They stole some clothing, belonging to a sacristan, and then concentrated on entering the house. Father Venadam's room was the objective, but they made too much noise in forcing the window with the result that Father Venadam awakened and flashed his light on the window. The robbers took fright and ran away. Father Venadam figured that it was useless to pursue them. The only loss was the clothing.

The next morning the hole by which they entered was easily discovered, and the picture on this page shows Father McGettingan examining it before the masons filled it in. Father McGettigan desires me to say that he did not jump out of bed and rush down at the first break of dawn, umbrella in hand, to see the hole; but that the picture was taken later in the morning and that he is attired in a Chinese gown, a costume adopted by some of the priests during the hot summer months.

* * *

Breaking a hole through the wall is a traditional Chinese manner of forcing an entrance to a property, and usually the robber puts his feet through the hole first in case the owner is awaiting him on the inside. The story is told of an apprentice robber who went in head first and to his dismay had his head seized by the owner. He let out a cry that he was caught. The master robber outside called out: "I hope he has not hold of your nose!"

At once the owner let go his hold on the head and grabbed the nose with the result that the master quickly pulled the apprentice to safety.

* * *

The night following the attempted robbery two of the priests wanted to give Father Venadam another thrill and pretended to be forcing his window, but they spoilt things by laughing at the wrong time.

* * *

At noon three days ago Father Bernard Boudreau pulled himself through the mission gate, went to bed and called for the nursing Sisters. By evening it was evident that he had pernicious malaria. He had been running a high fever in Pi Wu Ka for two days and realizing that he was seriously sick he came to Lishui in a small river boat, and fortunately arrived safely at the mission.

Then began the fight to save a life. For two days his temperature remained high, and when the stomach refused to retain the necessary heavy doses of quinine it was given by injection; the outcome was very uncertain, but today it is evident that prayer, good nursing, a good constitution and a strong heart won the battle. So now we are grateful that Father Boudreau is on the road to complete recovery.

* * *

If the doctor has advised you to stay away from tobacco you may be interested in the pipe of Mr. Cheng, our guest master, who sits at the mission gate smoking when he is not showing chance visitors through the church and explaining the doctrine to them. This pipe is forty-four inches long and holds just a pinch of tobacco. It is interesting to see him light it, as the pipe is much longer than his arm. He has many plans but the most usual one is to take a live coal in a pair of tongs and hold it over the bowl of his pipe. Other plans include sticking a match into the bowl and letting it burn down into the tobacco, putting a lighted match against his shoe, or having a friend hold the match. I have yet to see him hold the match himself and have a friend take the first few puffs, but perhaps he does that sometimes.

* * *

During the next several days all the priests of the Prefecture will come straggling into headquarters here at Lishui in order to be here for the fifteenth of September, the opening day of our annual retreat. The retreat master will be Father Denis Nugent, an Irish Vincentian from Ningpo, where he is rector of the grand seminary. Although Father Nugent has been many years in China he still holds unto his Irish brogue and his love for a good story. When he first came to China he grew a beard and he himself tells the story of how he was persuaded to shave. Several years ago he visited his brother in Boston, but was deaf to all entreaties to give up his whiskers until one day, when passing a school, a little lad stopped and looked up at him in amazement, and then exclaimed: "Uncle Sam!"

It was the last straw. Since that day Father Nugent and whiskers are strangers.

* * *

We are told that the poor we will have always with us and it seems that here in China "bandits"



Father Hugh McGettigan, of St. John's, Nfld., attired in Chinese gown, examines the damage done by robbers to the wall of the Lishui Mission Compound.



Mr. Cheng and his 44-inch pipe. How does he light it? Read Father Doyle's explanation.

should be added to that. For what would China be without her bandits? Although Father Kam states that those we have in our district prefer to be called Reds, and are insulted if referred to as bandits. At the present moment the situation is quiet, although recently the Reds and the provincial soldiers had an engagement and many on both sides were wounded. It is reported that more soldiers are to be sent into the district in an effort to drive the Reds out of the province.

So while the bandits are a constant menace it is most probable that with very few exceptions all the missionaries in China will eventually die of some disease peculiar to the climate, ordinary sickness, an accident or old age.





The appearance of the camera at the end of the weekly manual labor period brings smiles all round. Top right: "I'm telling you!" says Allan to Jim—but it can't be very serious this time.





Our five new students who began their Seminary course in September.

The fourth year Theologians welcome Father Matte (centre) after his ordination. The six others in the group will be ordained Priests this month.





Lots of water goes under this bridge, and lots of students pass over it on the way to classes at St. Augustine's — so it needs must be kept in repair.

•

Cliff - climbing is a popular activity with many of the students after 4 p.m. Good preparation for the hill-climbing in Chekiang later on.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

"TO be solicitous for all the Churches" remains the test and the manifestation of the true missionary spirit. This solicitude presupposes that broad, Catholic vision which carries the soul beyond the narrow confines of our parish. The Church indeed then is not only that handful of faithful, that church or that diocese with whom our every-day life is associated. Wherever there is a priest to celebrate the Mass, to preach the gospel, wherever exists a baptized soul, a soul in communion with God through the Faith of Christ, be it in the African jungle, or amid the snows and ice of the Arctic . . . there the Church of God is.

Solicitude is more a matter of the heart than of the mind. It implies a certain unrestfulness prompted by an **impending evil** or by a desire of **some good** we eagerly wish for, We are solicitous, because we love. Therefore, a genuine love of Mother Church means solicitude for Her welfare. Our heart goes out to Her in Her troubles and persecutions, in Her poverty and need. We suffer with Her in Russia, Mexico and Spain. The nearer Her trials are to our own home, the greater should be our solicitude for Her welfare.

Solicitude suggests readiness and promptness to help. Who, therefore, can see the dire poverty of our struggling missions and not be ready and willing to extend to them a helping hand? If we are really solicitous for all churches, we will gladly and generously levy on our income, no matter how small it may be, the "mission tax." Our prayers will accompany our missionaries who now blaze the trail which one day will become "The King's Highway" upon earth. By these efforts of ours we shall be, like St. Paul, showing ourselves "solicitous for all the Churches."

G. Daly, C.SS.R., in "The Field at Home"

A temple to Confucius, covering an area of 80,000 square feet, is being erected in Hongkong, the result of a campaign carried on for some years by wealthy Chinese scholars who believe that damage has been done to the morality of Chinese youth by the destruction of Confucian temples—Fides.



On August 8th, Father James McGillivray, our first missionary to die in China, was buried at Lishui. Here is the funeral procession going from the rectory to the church. Father Morrison, Pastor of Lishui, carries the crucifix. Behind him we see Fathers Boudreau, Gignac, Venadam, Stringer, and the celebrant of the funeral mass, Very Rev. R. Serra, Pro-Vicar of Chuchow Prefecture. The Grey Nuns follow the coffin.

A CLASSMATE'S TRIBUTE

(The "Xaverian", Antigonish)

IN the vestibule of the Somers chapel there rests a bronze plaque, mute testimony to those heroic sons of St. Francis Xavier College who well nigh twenty years ago bravely sacrificed their lives for the sake of their King and Country. In far off China, today, there rises a small mound of earth, silent homage to the sacrifice of one of the finest souls that ever entered the portals of this institution, a mound that marks the mortal remains of the first missionary of this college who died in China. It is somewhat significant that St. Francis Xavier's College should give St. Francis Xavier's China Mission that missionary who will head the list of its casualties in the propagation of the Faith.

The Reverend James MacGillivray who made the supreme sacrifice that heathens might live, lies today far from earthly friends and home, but near to God. Not for the honors of the present, nor for the fame of the future did Jim MacGillivray deny himself the plaudits of a world that promised to worship his manifest talents. A born leader of men he could have achieved worldly prestige, but he chose the mundane ignominy of a Chinese missionary, prefering to offer himself as a holocaust for the cause of Christ. "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friends," and surely his love was an exemplification of this divine adage.

In his death he has thrown the men of St. F. X. a challenge, the daring challenge of renunciation, the folly of the Cross of Christ. He has flung to us the torch of sacrifice that we might keep its embers glowing. The magnanimity with which he carried that torch makes our puerile efforts pale into sicklied insignificance, but may we have the grace to carry on the spirit of the first of our brothers to die in pagan China.

DEATH TAKE TWO GREAT FRIENDS OF MISSIONS

ON Monday, October 14th, Mrs. Theresa Small died at her home in Toronto after a lengthy illness. Her death removes one of Canada's outstanding Catholic women. For many years she had been active in promoting the welfare of multitudinous Catholic endeavours. God blessed her with an abundance of wordly possessions and she used these gifts for the honor and glory of God and the development of Catholic Action in many fields. The Foreign Missions claimed her interest, and China Mission Seminary on many occasions became indebted to her for large favours. She furnished several rooms at our Seminary, and often helped us financially through the years. In 1928 she donated a church to our Missions in China, and this church will stand for long years as a memorial to this exemplary Catholic lady.

At Saint John, N.B., on October 11th, Miss Mary E. O'Brien passed away after a few months' illness. The deceased had been a school teacher for more than forty years. Ever since our Seminary was established, Miss O'Brien has been one of our most regular contributors to every appeal we have made. She took a special delight in personal correspondence with some of our missionaries, and in supplying them with articles for the furnishing of their little chapels in China. In her capacity as teacher she made known to thousands of youthful souls the needs of the missions, and from the schools where she taught so diligently came regular aid for the missions.

In offering our sincere sympathy to the relatives of these deceased benefactresses, we, at the same time assure them that in the Masses and prayers of our priests and students our dear dead friends will long be remembered with gratitude.

OF YOUR CHARITY

please pray for the repose of the souls of

Sister M. Camilla Cass
Mrs. T. Small
Clement Arenth
Charles Mangold
Barbara Schoy
Mary E. O'Brien
Mr. Culligan

All our deceased benefactors share in the spiritual benefits enumerated on page 146.

R.I.P.

Regional Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade at Halifax in November

Open To All Catholic Institutions of Learning In The Maritime Provinces —The Programme—Missionary Exhibit Also.

THE Regional Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held at Halifax, November 9 to 11, open to all Catholic institutions of learning in the Maritime Provinces, with the endorsation of Their Excellencies the Archbishop of Halifax, N.S., and the Bishops of Antigonish, N.S., Charlottetown, P.E.I. and Chatham, N.B., and the Vicar Capitular of the Diocese of Saint John, N.B. The following is the proposed programme for the three days:

Saturday, November 9.

General Communion in all the churches for the success of the Convention. Registration of Delegates. Business Meeting—Presentation of Mission Activities Reports—Appointment of Committees. Refreshments. Registration and Business Meeting to be held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, beginning at 10 a.m. Saturday afternoon at 3—Mount St. Vincent Mission Play. Afternoon Tea. Saturday evening—Open evening—Private parties entertained by local Crusaders.

Sunday, November 10.

Morning—Solemn High Mass at St. Joseph's for Delegates, at 11.00. Afternoon—Crusade Rally at St. Patrick's Church at 3.00. Afternoon Tea at St. Patrick's Girls' High School. Evening —Special reunion for young men and High School and College boys at Holy Heart Seminary, at 7.30. Presentation of a series of Tableaux depicting the aims and objects of the Congregations of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of Charity, the Religious of Good Shepherd, the Sisters of Martha, Filles de Jesus, Hotel Dieu Nuns, the Congregation of Notre Dame and the Sisters of Service at the Convent of the Sacred Heart—Reunion to begin at 7.30 and for the benefit of the Girl Crusaders.

Monday, November 11.

9.30 — Pontifical High Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral — Mass reunion of all local Crusaders and Visiting Delegates. 11.15—Business Meeting at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. 1 p.m.—Luncheon at the Halifax Hotel. 3 p.m.—Automobile Drive. Afternoon Tea at St. Mary's College. 8 p.m.—Mass Meeting open to the general public in Nelson Hall. Distinguished speakers, clerical and lay, will present the aims and objects of the Missionary Movement.

Running conjointly with the Crusade Convention, a Missionary Exhibition will be held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

The Convention is open to all Catholic Institutions of learning in the Maritime Provinces.



The joy of the Grey Sisters are these little Chinese girls who took part in the Corpus Christi procession at Lishui this year. Don't you think they're cute?

HE GOT HIS BEAM!

Being a builder in some parts of China is not at all an easy task, as you will learn from the following extract from Father Bernard Boudreau's letter. It was Father Boudreau who supervised the erection of the school at Chuchow, and he here tells us of the trouble he had in securing a necessary twenty-eight-foot beam for the building. A tremendous lot of "bargaining" was first required before there could be found a dependable and honest contractor who could satisfy the conditions of delivery of the material at the Mission. But at last arrangements were made, and—but read Father Boudreau's description:

"Four months after came the first beam. What a sight. The tree was from a mountain village ten li from Shihtang. It had taken one month to arrange for buying it, three weeks in which to shape it, and actually two weeks to move it to where I wanted it here at the Mission. The moving of it was a ceremony in itself. The beam had been cut high up on the mountain side. It weighed more than two thousand pounds, being of a peculiarly hard type of wood of unusual wearing qualities. Because of its weight, it could not be lifted more than a few inches from the ground, and thirty-five men were employed to get it down the narrow, slippery, and winding mountain path.

"If a small rock was in the way, all had to stop till the boss came and removed the rock. A mountain path little more than two feet wide in places, with a gorge on one side, was not the most favourable route for the carrying of a heavy beam, itself 14 inches wide, with seventeen men supporting it on either side. Yet, one-third of a mile was covered the first day. On one day the groups of carriers were changed three times. The boss was in a cold sweat all the time. He saw his precious beam, his men, the narrow path, the gorge below, and some place ahead a bad hairpin curve. What to do? If they dropped his beam, the fall of such a heavy log meant ruin. With no complimentary remarks, he kept yelling various directions about keeping in step, etc., etc., and threatening to put in jail any who caused him loss by failure to get the beam delivered according to contract. His chief and only concern was for his beam. The men ought to know better than miss their step. And then came the curve. It took three hours to get around it. Trees were cut down and a bridge made. Everybody was screeching and yelling orders at the same time. They could not get across. The boss had by this time almost yelled himself speechless. Off they go, but on the bridge the men in front let down without any warning to those behind. Curses galore and more wild screeches. One poor fellow had a pound or so of meat scraped off his left leg; the calf was almost ripped right off. Well, too bad for him. They just got along without him; he was bawled out for being careless and sent home. And eventually I got my beam."

HAVE PITY ON ME

HAVE pity on me, at least you, my friends! Thus does the Church interpret the cry of the Souls in Purgatory. If you wish to have Holy Mass offered for your deceased relatives we shall be glad to receive the Intentions at our Seminary.

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By

Rev. Hugh F. X. Sharkey

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COMMUNIS

In view of the activities the United States, and present day, this outlin in China should pro

IN these days when each copy of the newspaper brings some new details of movements of military against bandits, or bandits against military, in the old Red centres of China, an account of the actual operations could succeed merely in repeating the press reports accessible to all in the daily papers. A slight attempt at co-ordinating a few remarks about the movement as a whole may not, however, be altogether without interest, especially in view of the current attitude of Europeans who take the restless state of China for granted, and pass over tales of ruthless massacres of thousands as though such things did not really matter.

It would be futile to attempt a description of the growth of banditry in China, for here, as in most countries in the world, there has always been a part of the population who found armed methods a more successful means of acquiring wealth than that practised by their more peace-loving brethren. Banditry, however, with a policy, the policy of Communism, is less frequently met with, and a word about its history in China may not be out of place.

When, after the treaty of Versailles, China found fulfilled to the letter the prophecy of Dr. Sun Yat Sen that the Great War would in no way better the position of China, and realized that the high-sounding protestations of the diplomats only cloaked self-centered greed, she turned in disgust to the only country that seemed ready to assist her. That country, too, was looking towards the East. The West seemed unready for the great experiment. So, China asked Russia for help, and Russia turned towards China hoping to find there a fertile seedplot for revolution. Of course, at first both sides compromised and united in opposing what they termed "Imperialism". Borodin arrived in Canton and Dr. Sun set about reorganizing the Kuomintang with Russian aid. They say it is dangerous to trust a bear. This time a dragon was trying to be friendly with one. The question posed from the start was which of the two would be swallowed up.

At first all went well. Back as early as 1919 Virtinsky had arrived to encourage the wild ideas of the hot-headed groups in Peking and Shanghai. and in June, 1922, at the second Congress of the Chinese Communist Party, the official delegate of the Comintern proposed alliance with the Kuomintang in order to present a "united democratic front". Dr. Sun at first was adverse to the proposal. Communism, he realized, was not for China with its close-knit social system and its lack of class stratification. "The Communist order or even the Soviet system cannot be actually introduced into China, because there do not exist here the conditions for the successful establishment of either Communism or Sovietism", he declared in his 1923 agreement with Joffe of the U.S.S.R. in Shanghai. And his



Some of the folks in Tsingtien. Left to right: The local catechist; the former health inspector for the city; the two sacristans, and the catechist's little daughter. Father McNabb tells us that some of the health inspector's duties include vigilance that pork sold came from pigs that were KILLED, and not merely pigs that just DIED; he also sees to it that the front doorsteps are swept off every day.

IN CHINA

ınunists in Canada and over the world at the ınmunistic endeavours ɛsting to our readers

agreement with a further Russian envoy, Karakhan, later the same year made it quite clear that while he accepted Red assistance he was determined to prevent Red domination.

Dr. Sun had not intended to rely solely on Russian assistance, but all his attempt to get assistance from other Western powers had failed. Canada and the United States had turned a deaf ear to the representations of his aide-de-camp, Morris A. Cohen; Eugene Chen had failed to interest the British authorities at Hongkong and London; and Dr. Sun himself had been equally unsuccessful in Germany. As Mgr. Guebriant said at Lyons in 1927:—"The Chinese nation sought to find some support in order to realize its aspirations. Nobody dreamed of offering it any. Only one hand was outstretched to find it in the darkness, and by dint of supple patience in the end clasped it. With undeniable cunning it gave up groping in the North and came to set fire to the South, where it felt the tinder lay."



Fathers McNabb and Strang have their pictures taken with the caretaker of a temple just outside Lishui. Father McNabb was not sure whether the caretaker was a monk or not. "Guess he prays a little and caretakes the rest of the time", is the way he puts it. And our two missionaries were treated to tea in regular style by their caretaker friend.

And so, to Canton came Borodin, and was immediately named High Counsellor of the Canton Government.

"I have come to put myself at the disposal of the Chinese National Revolution", said Borodin to Dr. Sun. "Your aim is to fight foreign Imperialism which is also our aim. As to Communism, China is not in a position to discuss it, as conditions are not suitable. In the West, in Europe and America, one is justified in propagating the idea of Communism and in preaching the necessity of the class war. In the Orient, notably in China, however, our policy is to promote the National Revolution, and we have instructed the Chinese Communist Party to concentrate on this rather than on Communism. We have also considered the question whether the success of the Chinese National Revolution would mean the success of Chinese Communism and have come to the conclusion that, since the Kuomintang in its Third Principle of Livelihood is opposed to Capitalism, the ultimate aims of the Kuomintang and the Third International are not in conflict. As to the methods to be adopted, we must be careful to think out only those which are suitable to the social conditions of China."

It was a clear statement of policy. The only reason for not advancing the Red cause was the inopportuneness of the moment. Obviously the implication was that the Communists would avail themselves of the first suitable opportunity to advance their cause. And so for a while the bear lay down with the dragon.

That neither side would limit its activities to the vague programme of opposing Imperialism was clear from the start. The better elements in the Kuomintang were out for a more positive policy than this. Opposition to foreign power was only to be a means of establishing the autonomy of a reborn China. The Revolution was to be for China's advantage, leading the

(Continued on next page)

"The DRAGON AT CLOSE RANGE"

By

Right Rev. W. C. McGrath

●

Hailed by the Catholic Press as a distinct contribution to Catholic Mission Literature.

"This book is a series of short, attractive articles featuring events and observations gleaned from years of missionary activity. It makes us see and feel what the missionaries themselves see and feel. There are many humorous as well as inspiring passages . . . everything is bright and cheerful."
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"The ANNALS"

"Perhaps the most attractive feature of this interesting book is its variety."
CANADIAN MESSENGER

There's an Order Blank for Your Convenience on Page 159.

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COMMUNISM IN CHINA

(Continued from page 153)

people of China to a better political and economic order. In the eyes of Russia, however, China was merely a pawn to be used in the game of World Revolution; the welfare of the country itself was a matter of quite secondary consideration. Strife and disorder were to be the two great weapons for the furtherance of the Red ideal. White Imperialism was to be superseded by Red domination. Dr. Sun was too far-seeing a politician not to realize from the start that Russian help was more or less of a gamble—hence his reluctance at first—but in desperation he decided to stake the fortunes of China on the throw and tried to weight the dice in its favor from the beginning. Had he lived he might have regretted his rashness.

So from January, 1924, to June, 1927, Communism was treated as a guest in China. The guest, however, decided to make himself at home and set about gaining control of his host's establishment. By fair means and foul the Communists tried to win over the Kuomintang to their way of thinking. The Kuomintang became restless. Communist power must be restrained. At the Second National Congress of the Party, held at Canton in January, 1926, it was decided to take definite steps to limit Communist influence. Moscow retaliated by urging a speeding up of the work of the Third International, and in Hunan and Hupeh Communist leaders pushed ahead their policy of confiscating farm lands. For this Borodin was taken to task by Mr. Wang Ching Wei. Borodin denied responsibility and shifted the blame on to M. N. Roy, an Indian Communist. Things went from bad to worse and the anti-Communist riots at Changsha, the capital of Hunan, in May, 1927, showed that the time had come to declare openly the incompatibility of Communist teachings and Kuomintang aspirations.

The action of M. N. Roy in showing to Mr. Wang Ching Wei a telegram from Stalin sealed the fate of the Communists. The telegram revealed that the protestations of Joffe in 1923 were no longer being respected. The Chinese Communist Party was instructed to push forward the policy of land seizure all over the Wuhan territories and on no condition to give way to the Kuomintang on the agrarian question. Furthermore, they were to strive to strengthen their position and build up a Communist army. To Roy's representations Mr. Wang replied invoking the earlier agreement that had never been abrogated. Borodin was naturally greatly annoyed at the diplomatic blunder of Roy, but the harm was done. On July the 15th, 1927, the Communist members were formally expelled from the Kuomintang. Borodin resigned and went back to Russia.

As has been seen, the Communist Party did not neglect the army and by this time large sections of it were contaminated with Red doctrines. The work of purging it of its Communist members was now pushed on with all speed, but in certain sections this much-needed work came too late. On the 30th of this eventful month of July, the Twentieth Army, under Ho Lung, and one of the divisions of the Eleventh Army, under Yeh Ting, withdrew to Nanchang, in Kiangsi, and declared their independence in the name of a Revolutionary Committee. Thus was born the Communist army which for so many years has been a great ugly sore in the side of the nation, a sore that has healed in some places only to break out afresh in others and that even to-day, after a treatment prolonged over many years, still remains draining away the strength of a long-enfeebled China.

The first Red venture in Nanchang was short-lived, being more or less suppressed about August the 5th, and the Communists fled southwards. An attempt to secure control of Swatow having failed, they set about establishing local Soviet Governments in different parts of the country. Perhaps the most notorious were at Hoi Fung and Luk Fung. In May of that year a slight attempt was made to establish Red domination, then in September the Communists secured power, and in that month and in November terror reigned throughout the district. It is said that 8,000 perished there in those and the following months.

Then came the savage outburst in Canton under the direction of Hassis, the U.S.S.R. Consul in that city, Heinz Neumann of the German Communist Party, and Huang Ping, a member of the Chinese Communist Party. On December the 11th it started an orgy of killing and robbing that lasted for three days. Government troops retook the city on December the 14th. The brief outburst had cost the lives of more than 15,000. What kind things men do when they try to replan the world, leaving out God!

From this on, the Government went definitely into the field against the Reds. In February, 1928, they were driven from Hoi Fung and Luk Fung. But in February, too, came orders and encouragement from the Comintern advising the Chinese Communists to adopt new tactics, and in September the 6th World Congress of the Communist International at Moscow stressed the need of pushing ahead the agrarian revolution and organizing a well-equipped Red National Army in China.

For more than two years the National Government was busy with internal difficulties and nothing effective was done to deal with the Red question. Then at the 4th Plenary Conference of the Kuomintang at Nanking, from November 12th to November 18th, 1930, it was decided to suppress both Communists and bandits completely, and to despatch Government forces against the Red Army in order to exterminate it and recover Sovietised areas. . . . But in the spirit of Communism there is no blood. The Government is fortunately beginning to realize that guns are not sufficient to oust Communism; until the condition of the awakening peasant class, ground down by centuries of extortion and mal-administration, is improved, the menace of Bolshevism will remain like a gloomy cloud over the length and breadth of China.—Rev. J. Garland, S.J., *in the Hong-Kong "Rock".*

(To be continued)

HOW TO PUT CHINA IN YOUR WILL

Form of Bequest

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY THE SUM OF ..... DOLLARS".

$250 will support a student in China Mission Seminary for a year.

$1,500 will pay for a student's entire course at China Mission Seminary.

$5,000 will found a PERPETUAL BURSE on which, not one, but a chain of students will be educated for China—the MONUMENT of MONUMENTS to leave to your own or your dear ones' memory.

YOU'RE NEXT, SIR!

And then the fun (?) begins



By REV. DESMOND STRINGER

THAT some phases of our Western civilization are going to the heads of the Chinese is evident from the gradual introduction of what we call the Barber Shop. Here it used to be just a room in the barber's home where you would come to have your head shaved, your eyebrows plucked, and your ears cleaned. There were (and, of course, there still are) many itinerant barbers who travelled about in search of heads. There were standard coiffures — whole shave, half shave, quarter shave—but somewhere from ear to ear a tuft was left to gratify the vanity that is innate in man. In summer the prevailing mode is a complete and entire shave, so that if as a beginner you distinguished a man by his hair-cut, you were left entirely at sea until you learned to read his bumps.

Now the Barber Shop is getting to be quite a salon! The old room has been whitewashed or covered with white paper, the walls adorned with pictures of China's modern feminine pulchritude telling you to smoke "Rats" or "My Dear" and the like. And, in not a few, large mirrors have been attached to the wall, which insures the customer absolute certainty that not a hair will be misplaced when the operation is over.

But today it is rather cold, so we'll call in the barber instead of visiting his shop. As he enters we exchange the usual greetings, sit down in a chair while he deposits his tool kit on a bench near at hand. Taking a towel, he wraps it around your neck and then takes out a large white sheet with red trimmings (the colour scheme at first makes one feel edgy—just a trifle!) and drapes this around you. Then taking a comb, he proceeds to arrange your part with meticulous care, and not a little pressure, so that at first you wonder whether he is going to pluck or cut. But no; he goes for his clippers and comb and commences the forty-five-minute operation. Some use clippers throughout; others, more modern, use scissors and comb when they go over the top. Here I just remembered something, to omit which would have been an egregious blunder. After he gets you sheeted he takes out a box of powder and a puff (my stars!) and just about smothers you as he dabs hither and yon over your forehead, behind your ears and down your neck. To continue. As he cuts, more than the usual amount of hair tries to worm its way down your neck—a most uncomfortable feeling. So every once in a while he blows it away. Until you get used to it, the sound he makes sucking in air and blowing it out in a veritable little twister makes you jump no end. This art is best demonstrated by the tailor. To dampen cloth he takes a mouthful of water and with one blast it comes out again in its constituent parts of hydrogen and oxygen, reuniting as they hit the air in so fine a form as to make a Scotch mist look like a cloud-burst! So for the barber this same knack of blowing out air makes a fan a useless expenditure.

The cutting finished, he prepares to shave temples and neck by damping them with a toothbrush. Then comes the fine-tooth comb, which he uses to comb out the tangles; when he's finished with it there isn't a living thing left on your head! Finally the operation is completed; you pay him and he goes. Getting the ears cleaned by the barber is something still outside my experience, but it's on the card for anyone who wishes it.

One Barber Shop I saw in Shanghai beats anything of the like at home. Going in, an attendant takes your hat, parcels, and anything else you care to give him, waves you to a seat and places the latest magazine in your hands. Your turn comes, and he escorts you to a chair, where two barbers are ready to work on you. One is an assistant and hands the required tools to the operator. As soon as he is finished electrocuting your hair, his work is over and the assistant finishes up. Hung from the ceiling is a large roll-shaped brush with stiff bristles. He pulls this contraption down, presses a button and proceeds to give your head such a brushing as it never had (and never will have again!). Before this revolving onslaught everything flees; the hair that remains, you may be certain, is in no need of any tonic! If you wish, you can have your nails done, your shoes shined and your head washed all at the same time. This modern age!!

So you see we are not at all backward over here. In the interior the bobbed hair is slowly becoming the style especially among the girls. But the vast majority of women still wear the hair tightly pulled back and copiously greased, which makes it "stay put" for weeks. Now that winter approaches, the barber knows that until the spring he will have plenty of spare time.

CHINA NOW HAS EIGHTY-NINE BISHOPS

PEKIN. — Statistics appended to the chapter on the present state of the Catholic Church in China, in the "China Christian Year-Book" shows that there are now 89 Catholic Bishops in China 14 of whom are Chinese. There are now 4,014 Catholic priests in China; 1,647 are Chinese. Of the 1,148 Brothers in the country, more than one half are Chinese. There are 3,319 Chinese and 1,831 foreign Sisters. The present Catholic population of China is 2,702,468.—Fides.



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

TO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ "CHINA"!

I HAVE good reason to think that from one end of Canada to the other, and away down in Newfoundland, too, there are thousands of boys and girls (and not a few grown-ups) who will be glad to see our "Rose Garden" pages appear in print again. It may not be a bad idea to make this new start by outlining the "history" of our Mission Club for Junior Readers of "CHINA".

It was first published in September, 1928. At that time the Director of the Club announced that "the publishers of 'CHINA' have found out that they cannot get along without a reading public among the younger set". The new Club was placed under the Patronage of St. Therese, the "Little Flower", Patroness of Catholic Missions. The workers in the Club were to be the Catholic boys and girls throughout Canada and Newfoundland, producing "roses" of good deeds to help the Missions. For a convenient form of address, the Rose-Garden members became known as "Buds"—for do not roses develop from buds?

The Club met with instant favour, and, with few exceptions, during six years every edition of "CHINA" devoted space to the mission activities of its younger readers. In November, 1929, definite conditions for membership were laid down, and Certificates and Badges were given to every new member. At the top of this page you will see mentioned the only two rules necessary to become a "Bud" in our Rose Garden. There are no fees. The principal object is to enlist the aid of the prayers and Holy Communion of boys and girls for the progress of the Missions.

The fact that our Club has not been featured in "CHINA" for a whole year past was a real test of its popularity. It is a surprising thing to say, but one of the reasons why our "Rose Garden" ceased publication was that it became too popular. The Director became overwhelmed with work, and to get a "breathing spell" to enable him to keep the "Garden" correspondence up to date he omitted publication for a few consecutive months. He waited to see if the enthusiasm of members would keep up in spite of all. It did. Hence he is forced to give attention once again to the interests of his thousands of "buds". One would hardly believe the universal interest in the "Rose Garden" exhibited by readers of "CHINA". Throughout the past year there have been hundreds of letters come to Father Jim asking the reason for "cutting out" the Rose Garden, and urging its reintroduction. Father Jim can hold out no longer against such a demand, and from now on he is prepared to keep matters up-to-date, and to do all in his power to let "CHINA" readers know what youthful missionaries are doing to help the cause of Catholic Missions.

Here, briefly, is what I want new members to remember. (1) They must resolve to keep the two rules of daily prayer and monthly Holy Communion. (2) They must write to Father Jim asking to be made members of the "Rose Garden". When you do write, make your letters as newsy as possible, telling me what you or your schoolmates are doing for the Missions. (3) To those who write individual letters of application a beautiful certificate of membership will be sent to their home address. If your name comes among a list of new members from your School Class, a Certificate will be sent ONLY to the Class as a whole. (4) I want as many as possible to end pictures of themselves, or of their School Class.

To those who have become members of our Club during the past seven years I want to say that I have enjoyed immensely my relations with them, and I hope to hear frequently from them in the future. "Once a Member, always a Member"—that's our idea of keeping in contact with old members as well as new ones. Finally, may I say that this Club is yours, boys and girls, and I want your help to make it as interesting as possible. To that end I will gladly receive suggestions, and I will be grateful for anything you may send me suitable for publication in our pages.

I invite the co-operation of parents and teachers in securing members for our "Rose Garden", and I feel sure that we can continue to aid the Missions spiritually and materially if we succeed in getting the young generation to take an active interest in our Mission Club.

Yours for the Missions,

FATHER JIM.

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

(To be said daily by the members of the "Rose Garden")

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

The October "CHINA" carried a notice about the "Rose Garden" being started again. No sooner had Anna M. Culligan, of Douglas, Ont., read it than she wrote Father Jim a nice letter. Anna became a member several years ago, and has always been a faithful correspondent. I was glad to hear from you, Anna, and from several others who, like yourself, hailed with joy the continuation of our Club. Will our Buds please remember in their prayers the soul of Anna's father who died on October 4th?

* * *

From the Children of Miscouche Parish, P.E.I., taught by the Sisters of

Notre Dame, made a generous offering to the Missions early in October. Many thanks to our young friends.

* * *

Lois McCabe, Secretary of the Junior Crusaders at St. Mary's School, Owen Sound, Ont., makes inquiry about the saving of used stamps for the Missions. For the benefit of our Club members I wish to say that we no longer conduct a Stamp Dept. at China Mission Seminary, but any cancelled stamps that do come to us are given to some other mission organization.

* * *

From a teacher in St. John, N.B., came a letter stating that ten pupils in her class were anxious to secure copies of "CHINA" each month. An arrangement made by many teachers provides for the reception of a definite number of "CHINA'S" every month, and these are then sold to the pupils at five cents a copy. Any who wish to thus make known our publication should communicate with us and we will gladly supply "CHINA" to them. It is a convenient way of doing something for the Missions.

* * *

I received several letters from teachers and from Club members extending sympathy on the death of our first missionary in China, Fr. James McGillivray. Some of them thought they had lost "Father Jim" of the Rose Garden. Although the deceased priest always showed an interest in the doings of the Rose Garden he was not the "mysterious" person who directed the Club as "Father Jim".

* * *

If you want a sample of what some boys and girls are doing for the Missions, just read this letter from Corpus Christi School, Toronto:

"We have had a little contest between the boys and girls of the different rooms in our school to raise a little donation for the missions in China, and also a subscription to 'CHINA' for each of the ten rooms.

"Some pupils suggested the ransom of Chinese babies, and others became interested in the proposition; so much so, that one room, No. 4, collected five dollars for the ransom of a little pagan boy to be baptized 'Christopher'. Their example was followed by others, so we are sending you now twenty-five dollars for the ransom of five babies to be christened Stanislaus, Philip, Mary, Teresa, and Christopher."

* * *

And if you would like to read of another School where big things are done for the Missions we present College Street School, Halifax. The Religious of the Sacred Heart have always been amongst the foremost in helping the Foreign Missions, and their pupils in Halifax have contributed large sums towards completion of a Burse for the education of missionary priests. In September came fifty dollars from College Street School, with the promise of another generous gift at Christmas. I hope to receive a group picture of the nine Grades at this School, and then the Rose Garden members will see some real enthusiastic young missionaries.

* * *

To make a great Trio of Schools active in helping us, and whose contributions have come within recent date, add to the two above the name of St. Aloysius School, Sudbury, Ontario. Our Rose Garden has very often featured their mission doings, and here's the latest account, a letter from Margaret McNevin, President of the Crusade Unit there. Margaret writes:

"Greetings from our friends of the 'Nickel City'! ! No doubt you will be pleased to know that the Senior IV Crusade Unit has reorganized and taken the field for action under the banner of Christ the King.

"Would you like to know what our objective was for the first part of the year? Since His Excellency Bishop Dignan favoured our parish in a very special way by administering the Sacrament of Holy Orders to a young man destined to labour in the China Mission Field we were naturally inspired to work for this great cause. To stimulate our zeal still further, Father Lacey, our new curate, entertained us with some thrilling tales of the China Missions, illustrated with skilful blackboard sketches both serious and comic, which were to serve as reminders to pray for the Missions every time we recalled them.

"You will find enclosed a treasury which is the result of our efforts to give spiritual assistance. We enclose also a contribution, returns of the cake and candy sale which went over with a bang on October 3rd, the Feast of the Little Flower. Just as the sale opened, who came in but Father Salini, our other curate. He gave us his smiling approval and a substantial donation. After that all went well, but to our dismay every morsel was sold out with three classes still unserved. The following day the boys picked up the good work the girls had begun, and the sale closed with the net result of fifteen dollars, which we herewith enclose."

BUDS FROM SACRED HEART SCHOOL, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.



This cut was made just a year ago, and the little members of the "Rose Garden" here shown are now that much older. We are happy to introduce them now in the first group of pictures since the "Rose Garden" was discontinued over a year ago. We can keep on showing pictures of our members if YOU send us yours. Don't forget, Buds, to send a good snap of yourself or your classmates to Father Jim. Looking from top left we see Constance Nault, Hanlan Hinsperger and his little brother Billy, Kaireen Kelly, Maxine McBurney, little Joseph Jewell, Rita Hoyt, and Betty Wilson. Betty is about 9 years old now.

PRAYER

O Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, who hast merited the title of *Patroness of the catholic missions throughout the entire world,* be mindful of the ardent desire thou didst manifest while on earth to *plant the Cross of Jesus Christ in every land and to proclaim the Gospel till the end of time*: we beseech thee, according to thy promise, *help Priests, Missionaries, the whole Church.*

300 *days Indulgence*

O Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus, *Patroness of the Missions,* pray for us.

(100 *days Indulgence*)

Pius PP. xi

(*Bref. Ap. July* 9, 1928)



Eloping Girl: "Papa is going to be completely unstrung."

Groom: "That's all right, dearest; we'll wire him at once."

"No, Henry, I don't think a manicurist should marry a dentist."

"And why not?"

"If we fought it would be tooth and nail."

"Will you still love me when my hair is grey?"

"Well, darling, I've stuck to you through brown, black, red, gold, and platinum, haven't I?"

"Some folks uses big words de same as a turkey spreads his tail feathers," said Uncle Eben. "Dey makes an elegant impression, but dey don't represent no real meat."

Judge—"What is your age, madame?"

Fair Witness—"Twenty-two years and some months."

Judge—"Just how many months? You know you are on oath."

Witness—"A hundred and twenty."

Two Scots were having a drink in a bar. Said one seriously: "What's yer great ambition, Jock? Is there any one thing in the world you'd like better than another." "No," said Jock, hopefully, "another would just suit me fine."

A hatter, in a thriving town, stuck the following notice on his window:

"Our felt hats fit so well that they are not felt."

Not to be outdone, the man across the way produced the following gem: "Our carpets are sold by the yard, but are not worn by the feet."

Employer — "Now, don't be inquisitive. I discharged my last boy for that."

New Boy — "Yes, sir; wot was his name and wot did you pay him and wot was he inquisitive about?"

Footpad—"And now I'll trouble you to take off that suit of clothes."

Jones—"Thanks awfully. Only for you my wife would have made me wear it for two years more."

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it but you show your skill in avoiding it."

Lady Pupil — "Is there any sure method of distinguishing mushrooms from toadstools?"

Domestic Science Teacher — "Yes; serve them to your husband first and then wait a few hours."

Alice—"Why did you marry Dick?"

Mae—"I got so tired having him around all the time."

Jim: "What is college bred, father?"

Father, with son in college: "They make college bred, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

She: "My little brother will tell if he sees you kissing me."

He: "But I'm not kissing you."

She: "Well, I thought I'd tell you anyway."

"Young Rose 'Awkins is goin' abaht sayin' you're in love with 'er, 'Arry. Is that right?"

"Garn! Don't take no notice of 'er. I might 'ave give 'er a clip or two over the ear, but that's all there is in it."

Cleaver the butcher was rather surprised when a slim young woman entered the shop and asked for twenty-five pounds of beef. All the same, he cut off the joint, and put it on the scales.

"Will you take it with you, or shall I send it to your home?" he asked.

"Oh," she murmured, blushing prettily, "I don't want to buy it. You see, the doctor said I had lost twenty-five pounds, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump."

A stern, hatchet-faced woman entered the office and inquired for the head of the firm. The junior clerk informed the great man that a lady wished to see him.

"Is she good-looking?" asked the boss.

"Yes, sir, very beautiful," was the reply.

"Show her up."

After the lady's departure, the head remarked to the junior. "A nice judge of beauty you are."

"Well," returned the youth. "I thought she might be your wife, sir!"

"So she is!" dryly replied his employer.

Mistress: "Sarah, I see a spider web in that corner! To what do you attribute that?"

Maid: "To a spider, ma'am."

Ross—"I've just had an argument with my wife. Women think they know everything."

Joss—"Well, there is one thing my wife admits she doesn't know."

Ross—"Really, and what can that be?"

Joss—"Why, she married me."

A school inspector began by putting a few questions to the small girls.

"Now," he said, "if all the good people were white, and all the bad people were black, what color would you be?"

Some of the children said white and others black, but little Gloria, who had remained silent until the others replied, said, "Please, sir, I'd be streaky."

A political leader in the Middle West completed a full course of study in veterinary surgery, but never practised. He branched out into politics.

During a campaign his political enemies referred to him with mingled sarcasm and scorn as the "Vet", and one day at a heated debate one of them asked, "Are you really a veterinary surgeon?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the politician. "Are you ill?"

"Wot I say is, the man should have all the say in the home; that's wot I say."

"I say the same—only I don't say it."

"Who was Shylock, Dad?" asked Willie.

"What!" said his parent. "You go to Sunday School, and you don't know that?"

Young Wife: "Pierre is perfectly wonderful to me, mother. He gives me everything I ask for."

Mother: "That merely shows, my dear, that you are not asking for enough."

Mrs. Figg: "Does your husband ever pay you compliments?"

Mrs. Fagg: "Well, sometimes he says, 'You're a nice one!' "

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching students in a chemistry class, he was told they were looking for a universal solvent.

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

Here's Your Chance to Clip "Coupons"!

GET THE HABIT OF HELPING THE MISSIONS REGULARLY

AT the present moment we are not in a position to finance the journey of our priests to Chuchow, and we trust our kind friends will be the instruments of Providence to help us send our Mission Band on the way to the land of their choice. The coming year will be a heavy one for us, financially. We appeal to YOU now to help us bear the cost of our missionaries' journey to China this Fall.

WILL YOU HELP?

Enclosed please find $..... , my donation to help in the sending of your 1935 Mission Band to China.

Name ..... Address .....

EVERY CATHOLIC FAMILY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO A MISSION MAGAZINE

Enclosed find $ .....as a subscription to "China" for ..... years.

Name ..... Name .....

Address ..... Address .....

Subscription is Fifty Cents for One Year

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

"SELL THIS BOOK AND WE SELL THE MISSIONS"

"The Dragon at Close Range"

178 Pages **55 Photographic Illustrations**

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR, POSTPAID

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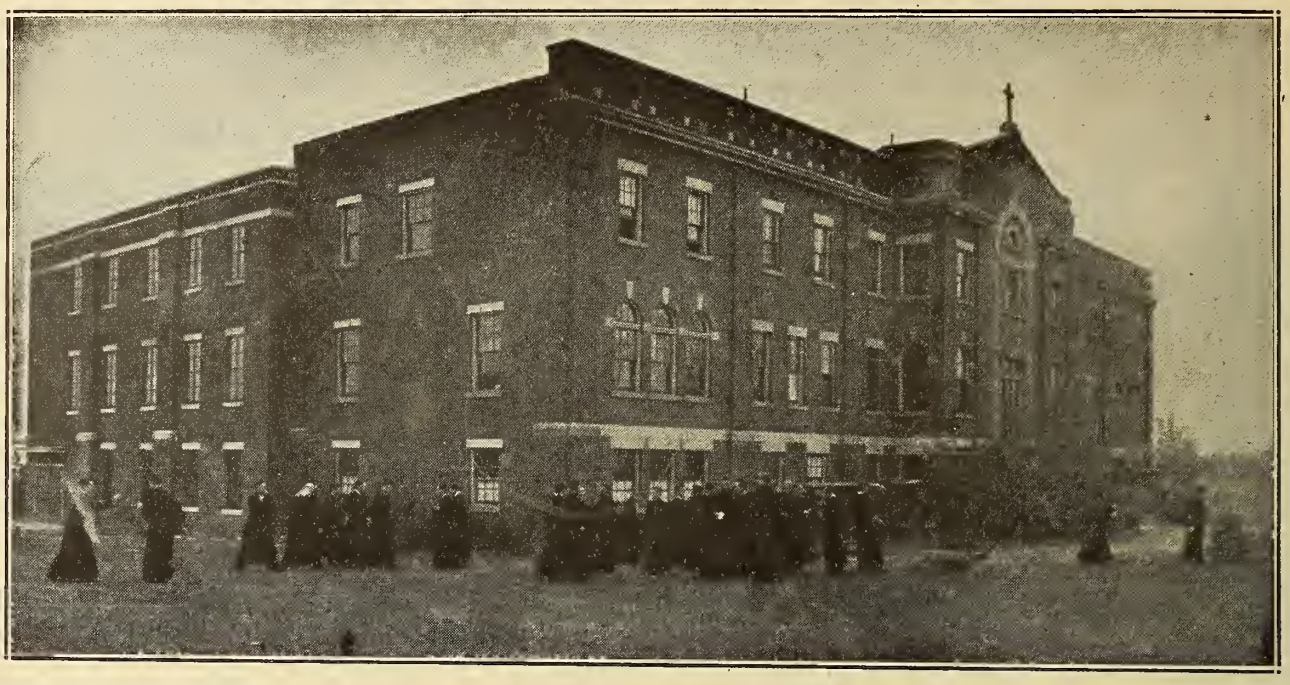
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Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President



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CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS. ONT. DECEMBER 1935



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3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutor Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John. 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

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3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

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5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AUGUST EXCEPTED, BY
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Vol. XVI. DECEMBER, 1935 No. 11

WHY THEY GO TO CHINA

WE HAD previously announced that the departure of our priests for China would take place on November 30th, but circumstances beyond our control made it necessary to defer the event. The "Empress of Canada" out of Vancouver on December 28th will have as passengers our 1935 Mission Band. Three of the four priests going to Chuchow have already passed some years in China: Monsignor McGrath, Father Beal and Father Sharkey. Father Curtin goes to the Missions for the first time.

* * * * * * *

IT IS typical of missionary self-sacrifice that at this season of the year we have to speak of "going away from home" rather than of "home-coming". When all over the world people are making preparations to spend the Christmas days among their families and friends, it is significant that our missionaries are doing the very opposite. They are leaving home and friends and going off to a far land where they will have practically nothing in common with the pagans save humanity and its weaknesses.

* * * * * * *

CONSIDERING the stark reality of the fact that young men willingly welcome the hardships of missionary life, we are forced to say that there must be some tremendous motive power actuating them which many Catholics do not know or at least do not appreciate.

Briefly, the reason why the missionary goes to a foreign land is that the Church founded by Christ, in Whose Name he goes, is Catholic. Neither would he have been called by Christ for foreign mission work, nor would he have been sent to do that work by Christ's Vicar on earth were not the church Catholic. The catholicity of the Church was proclaimed by the angels on the morning they sang out our Saviour's first message to the world: "Peace on earth to men of good-will", regardless of nationality. No qualification was placed for men who were willing to hear. The first message of Christ was an invitation for the whole world to come; His last message, according to St. Matthew, was a command to His apostles to go to the whole world to spread the news of the salvation offered to all men: "Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Because the Church is supernational, and in fulfilment of Christ's orders, missionaries go to China.

THE millions of Catholics who spend their lives within the boundaries of the Diocese where they were born have yet an interest that must reach out to and embrace their fellow-men no matter where on earth they plod their weary way. All who have their "home" within the bosom of the Church Catholic are bound by strong ties one to another without any distinction of race, nation, tribe, or family. Some there are who receive the Divine vocation to become couriers of Christ in distant lands; all others are bound to support by their prayers and their help those who go afar in order to bring the joyful tidings of Redemption to their less fortunate brethren.

* * * * * * *

THE CHINESE MISSION IN VANCOUVER

ORDAINED in May, 1929, Father Sharkey went to China in October of that year, but three years later he was recalled from Chuchow to establish a Mission among the Chinese in Vancouver at the request of His Excellency Archbishop Duke. For the past three years Father Sharkey has laboured incessantly and with extraordinary zeal to promote the interests of the Catholic Church among the thousands of Orientals in Vancouver. As in every kind of pioneer work, so in his, the difficulties were many and great, but the situation was met with energetic efforts which ultimately bore fruit in the foundation of a promising work. With the loyal and enthusiastic assistance of three Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, a Kindergarten was established and is now functioning well with an enrolment of about fifty pupils. Nearly fifty converts have been received into the Church, and the average attendance at Sunday School is eighty-five.

* * * * * * *

UPWARDS of fifty thousand Orientals reside in the Province of British Columbia, the majority of them under Archbishop Duke's jurisdiction. In bringing to the notice of these people the claims of the Catholic Church a good beginning has been made. Father Sharkey has done his work well. Now he returns to Chuchow, and the care of the Chinese Mission in Vancouver has been confided to Rev. Roland Roberts, another of our youthful missionaries. We offer to Father Sharkey our congratulations on the results he has achieved. To his successor, Father Roberts, we extend our best wishes for a most fruitful apostolate, and we beg the prayers of our readers that this work for souls among the Chinese in Vancouver may prosper and progress.

To All Our Readers — A Happy Christmas

JOTTINGS

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

THERE are several advantages to be found in the Mission waterworks system here in Lishui, although they are negative advantages. There is no danger of a pipe freezing in the winter, or springing a leak at an embarrassing moment, nor is there danger of the bath-tub overflowing; for the waterworks system here finds pipes and such things unnecessary and the main cog in the system is Lin Noh, a stolid Chinese who, all day long, carries heavy buckets of water from one of the city wells into the Mission. Usually his feet are bare and an apron made from a flour bag forms a major part of his costume.

Good water is a boon here in China, but as we have not our own well we must depend on a public well near the mission. The water intended for drinking must be boiled and then filtered. Away from the Mission only tea is drunk as the water would not be safe.

Saying that we have not our own well is not exactly true as in front of the house is a well dug in the time of the French Fathers, before we came to China, but it does not give water. After sinking the well more than forty feet the Fathers fearing that the walls would fall in would not let the workmen continue. So now our "well" is just a deep hole with a little seepage, but it is far from being useless as it serves as a refrigerator of sorts in the summer when bottles of drinking water are lowered to the bottom, so that if our water is not cold it is at least cool.

* * *

THE ferry was crowded as Father Gignac and myself settled into seats on the edge of the boat. Leaving shore we could see the women washing clothing in the national laundry tub—the river, while next to us was a farmer with an ugly looking infected hand around which was wrapped a rather futile bandage. Father Gignac asked why he did not go to the Mission dispensary and have the Sisters treat his hand. Immediately an old woman suggested the same procedure and said that the Sisters would take the poison out of the hand. Her confidence in the Sisters was unlimited.

The man was silent for awhile and then asked: "Will I have to pay anything?"

"No," replied the old woman, "you do not have to give any money. Of course, after your hand is better you can if you like, give a basket of eggs, but it is not necessary."

I believe the man went to the dispensary and had the hand treated, but whether he brought the eggs or not I do not know, but some do bring eggs while others wait until the eggs hatch and the chickens grow up and then bring them along. Naturally the poor pagans do not know if it is Sunday or not, on which day the dispensary is closed, so if during the Sunday Mass we hear chickens cackling at the back of the church we know that a little presentation awaits the Sisters at the end of the Mass.

* * *

VARIOUS stories of the activities of the bandits come to us, but it is difficult to know for certain where the bandits are or what they are doing. Today they are in one place and the next day miles away. So far no mission property has been touched and as the National government is sending soldiers into the district there is hope that the bandits will be driven out before they do any more harm. It is said that there are at least sixty-five thousand soldiers in the district, fifteeen thousand near Sungyang and fifty thousand near Lungchuan (where Father Venini is stationed).

Some observers doubt very much that these soldiers have been brought here only to rid the district of bandits, but think that General Chiang Kai-Shek is preparing for a possible war with the army of southern China. The only certainty is that there is no certainty here in China. In the meantime, things are going along as usual, Father Morrison is now (I am writing this on Oct. 12) making the missions, visiting Pi-Wu-Ka (as Father Boudreau is in the hospital in Shanghai recovering from his attack of malaria), Shih-t'ang and Yun-ho.

* * *

IN the minds of small children in Canada toys are very necessary at Christmas, but here in China it is a different story. Last year Father Venadam asked his choir boys what they would like at Christmas, to see what they would say.

"Would you like an aeroplane?" he asked.

"Could we fly in it?" they inquired.

"Oh, no, it would be just a toy."

"That would be no use," they replied, and like answers were given when he suggested other toys. The



"Leaving shore we could see the women washing clothing in the national laundry tub —the river."



The Lishui "waterworks" would be a flop without Lin Noh and his sturdy buckets.

struggle for existence was evident in their replies, the most important thing to them was to have something to eat and clothes to wear, with food being the more important.

In Shanghai after last Christmas I remember seeing many Christmas trees for sale at greatly reduced prices, and I suppose the Chinese merchants wondered why there was no sale for them once Christmas was over.

Some doubtless wonder how we in China spend Christmas. By no stretch of the imagination is it the same as back home, but just the same we do very well. Some will be here at headquarters to help carry out the ceremonies, while others will go out to the mission chapels in order that as many Christians as possible will be able to properly celebrate the great feast. Those who are thus afield live more or less Chinese fashion, but they are very happy in the knowledge that they are bringing the new-born Christ to the simple Chinese Christians.

* * *

DURING these days many are gathered at Hangchow to celebrate the silver jubilee of the episcopal consecration of Bishop Paul Faveau, Vicar-Apostolic of Hangchow. The celebration also includes the golden jubilee of His Excellency's ordination to the priesthood, the anniversary being anticipated by a year or so. Our prefecture borders on the Vicariate of Hangchow. We extend to His Excellency the most sincere congratulations and every best wish for the future.

(On behalf of the missionaries at China Mission Seminary in Canada "China" joins with our missionaries in Chuchow in offering to His Excellency Bishop Faveau warmest greetings and felicitations on his Episcopal and Sacerdotal Jubilees.)

BIG BUSINESS

By REV. J. VENINI

BIG BUSINESS? China must be the big business man's dream paradise. Just think of it. Four hundred million potential buyers. Eighty million families, say. With everything yet to buy. But with nothing to buy everything with. Certain it is, that if ever the standard of living of the Chinese people is raised to the point where they can afford to own motor cars, Ford will forget about his philanthropic eight-hour day, five-day week. The forgotten man will be forgotten more in the mad rush to replenish the depleted wallets.

I wonder if the living standard of the people of the East ever will even approximate European or American standards. The ukases of Nankin reply emphatically in the affirmative. The history of the Chinese, and the present condition of the people, would appear to return a decided negative. But if the change should come, the raising of the Chinese standards of living will call for the razing of practically every existing institution and custom.

Take their housing conditions, for example. Forty thousand Chinese will live, or at least exist, on an area that would hardly suffice for a population of ten thousand in America where separate dwellings for individual families is the custom. Enlarge the cities, you say. Good. But that would eat up thousands of acres of valuable rice fields. There are no great open spaces going to waste here. Or it would necessitate the undertaking of gigantic engineering feats. Reclaiming flood lands. Levelling mountains. Build sky-scraping tenement houses, you suggest. Very good, also. But landlords expect regular dividends on their investments, and the Chinese tenant could not afford to pay sufficient rent to supply these dividends. The problem of Progress in China seems well-nigh hopeless. In America or Europe the people had to be educated, more or less gradually, to accept, and then demand, the conveniences of modern life. But above all they had to be provided with the means to purchase these conveniences. The Chinese would like to have the same conveniences and luxuries. They want them. They are only human. But they can't afford to pay for them. Therefore, they can't have them. The big business men—and the little ones—are human, too.



The November "China" reaches the Seminary. The first readers each month are the Seminarians, and, of course, they do try to improve on the joke page.


ORDINATION
CLASS 1935
REV. JAMES LEONARD
REV. WILLIAM MATTE
REV. LEONARD HUDSWELL
REV. HAROLD MURPHY
REV. JOHN MAURICE
REV. RONALD REEVES
REV. LAWRENCE McAULIFFE

Letter of the Mother of a Newly Ordained Priest



I BEG you, my dear Friend, to help me to thank God. What a happiness is mine! I am the mother of a priest!

Well do you remember, I am sure, how twenty-five years ago, after his birth, I announced the good news to you. You were the first to share in my happiness. Oh, how happy I was then!

He was my firstborn and, as I placed my hand on his baby head, touched him in his cradle to make sure my treasure was there, I rejoiced that he for whom I had so long waited, had come. But now what a holier, deeper joy fills my heart: I am the mother of a priest!

Those tiny hands that I kissed so lovingly twenty-five years ago, are now consecrated. This very morning they held the body of our Lord. That young mind which I tried to guide, is today by grace and study, more enlightened than my own. It is wholly dedicated to God. That little body of which I took such tender care, watching tearfully day and night by his bedside when sickness prostrated him, today that same body is at the service of his priestly soul. It must bear fatigue, nay, perhaps exhaust its strength in instructing the ignorant and helping sinners to rise to a new life.

That heart which has sought no other love than his mother's, is now consecrated. Oh, my son, full well do I know the charity of that heart apparently indifferent. It is not so; and if by chance God permits some wayward, troubled or stray soul to appeal to him, I feel sure it will find the needed sympathy in his priestly heart to enter once more and walk unfalteringly in the right path. Yes, he will do good, my son. He will, I hope, prove a true priest according to the heart of God.

I am then the mother of a priest, a real priest! A heavenly joy is mine on beholding our Lord come down to earth at his word and to adore Him in my son's hands. What sweet joy! What a happiness!

This morning when for the first time he offered the holy Sacrifice, I was there, near the altar, motionless, my senses as it were suspended. Suddenly, I saw him kneel, then rise, and I beheld the sacred Host lifted up above his head. I did not pray but gazed in an ecstasy, murmuring: "My God, I thank Thee. How happy I am! This priest is my own son, or rather he is Thine, my God. I love him because he is my child, but I reverence him as Thy minister."

When the moment of Communion came, I rose and went toward the altar. Turning around he lifted his hand to bless me, and it seemed to me I heard his suppressed sobs. Then taking the ciborium, he came to me. He held the sacred Host and laid It on my tongue. Oh, what a Communion! Our Lord uniting Himself to me by the hands of my son.

Did I pray? I cannot tell. An indefinable peace filled my heart, and I burst into tears. They were tears of love and gratitude. I could utter only two words: "My God! my son!"

Great is my happiness, my dear Friend, and I wish you to taste the same. There have been happy, happy days in my life, but none to be compared with this. It is the happiest, because things of earth have little or no part in it. Like Simeon I can now sing my *Nunc dimittis*. He was ready to bid adieu to this world because his eyes had seen his Redeemer, and I experience the same consolation, or rather a greater, since I behold my Lord become incarnate in my son's hands.

I must now close as my tears are falling fast over this letter, but they are tears of joy. Adieu, dear Friend, adieu. —*La Revue Eucharistique.*

THIS year's Ordination Class (whose pictures appear on opposite page) is the largest in the history of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary. On the Feast of St. Andrew, Saturday, November 30th, at 9.30 a.m., His Excellency, Archbishop J. C. McGuigan, D.D., of Toronto, will raise six young men to the dignity of the Holy Priesthood at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto. On Sunday, December 1st, the new priests will celebrate their first solemn masses in their respective home parishes, as follows:

Father Leonard, Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto.

Father Hudswell, St. Cartagh's Church, Tweed, Ont.

STUDENT SUPPORT

YOU can give a priest to the work of the missions by founding or contributing to a burse, which is an invested sum of $5,000, the interest from which pays for the perpetual education of a seminarian for the Priesthood. You can help by paying for a year's scholarship for a student—$250. You can help by sending an offering, no matter how small, towards the work of supporting and educating boys for the missionary Priesthood. God is giving us vocations in good numbers. Will you help by giving us the means in ample sums? There are many ways you can help. If you are interested, write to us.

Father Reeves, St. Patrick's Church, London, Ont.

Father Maurice, Sacred Heart Church, Ingersoll, Ont.

Father Murphy, Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Kingston, Ont.

Father McAuliffe, St. Martin's Church, Ennismore, Ont.

Father Matte was ordained in September by Bishop Dignan, at Sudbury, Ont.

These young priests will continue their studies at China Mission Seminary until June next, and they will then be ready to join their fellow-missionaries in China. This ordination brings the number of our priests to 34. Forty-three students are preparing for ordination at the Seminary.



Rev. Dr. Charles Curran, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Halifax, the energetic Executive Director of the Maritime C.C.S.M.C. Units, whose initiative and ability were mainly responsible for the grand success of the recent Convention.



PRE
These pictures, taken on the steps of St. Patrick's Ch
W. C. McGrath, Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow. In t



CRUSADERS ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE ST. PATRICK'S CHUR

Student Delegates from the following colleges, academies and schools: St. Mary's College, Halifax; St. F. X. University, Antigonish; St. Du
Academy of the Sacred Heart, Halifax; St. Patrick's Boys' High School, Halifax; St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax; Holy Angels' Con
Heart School, Sydney; St. John's Academy, New Glasgow; St. Joseph's High School, Reserve, N.S.; Notre Dame School, Pictou; Morrison
New Waterford; Our Lady of Mt. Carmel



.CH DIGNITARIES ADD COLOR AND SOLEMNITY TO THE CONVENTION
ring the Sunday afternoon rally, show (at left): Monsignor Curran, of Halifax; Bishop Morrison, of Antigonish; Monsignor is shown His Excellency Archbishop O'Donnell, of Halifax, who was Host to the Convention, with priests who assisted him.



FTER RALLY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 10th, 1935
town; St. Anne's College, Church Point, N.S.; Mt. St. Bernard, Antigonish; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax; St. Thomas' College, Chatham, N.B.; Anne's High School, Glace Bay; Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan; Holy Redeemer School, Sydney; Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney; Sacred h; St. Peter's Convent, Port Hood; St. John's School, New Aberdeen; Mt. Carmel High School, New Waterford; St. Agnes High School, Our Lady's Assumption Convent, Arichat.

THE C.C.S.M.C. CONVENTION AT HALIFAX

NOVEMBER 9th, 10th and 11th, were days which witnessed a spectacle in Halifax, N.S., that was a source of encouragement and of inspiration to all those who have the interests of the Missions at heart. The First Regional Convention of the Maritime Units of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held under the patronage of His Excellency Archbishop O'Donnell, of Halifax, has established the fact that the Missions of the Church, when properly presented, have power to stir up within our Catholic people a sympathetic interest and an unbounded enthusiasm. Two of our priests, Monsignor McGrath and Father Sharkey, were privileged to take an active part in the Crusade Convention and they have reported to us that they were thrilled beyond words at the demonstration on behalf of the Missions, so well organized and so successfully carried out in the Maritimes. They are unstinted in their praises and commendations of the inspirational leadership of Rev. Dr. C. Curran, the Maritime Executive Director of Crusade Mission activities. To his untiring efforts, more than those of any other individual, was due the impressive success of the whole undertaking.

It is certain that the recent Convention will have a marked influence on Mission work at home and in foreign fields. If the enthusiasm displayed by one thousand young men and women, boys and girls, did naught but awaken a livelier interest within the city of Halifax alone, it would be abundantly fruitful. But those delegates from the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, along with the Clergy, Sisters, Brothers and prominent laymen who attended, as well as the distinguished Missionaries who graced the Convention by their presence, will return to their different fields with a renewed zeal that cannot but result in a harvest of souls.

We regret that space limitations preclude the possibility of referring in detail to the various gatherings, or of mentioning **nominatim** all those who played major parts in the triumphant success of the Convention. On the two centre pages we have pictured scenes from the Convention, and these speak more eloquently than words of the magnitude and solemnity of the events. To all who took part, to the Most Reverend Ordinaries of the Maritime Dioceses, to the Clergy, members of Religious Communities, and the Delegates from all the Units "CHINA" offers most sincere congratulations, and hopes that the interest manifested will long continue to make the Catholic people of the Maritime Provinces, and of all Canada, more devoted than ever to the great cause of Catholic Missions.



A feature of the Crusade Convention in Halifax was the Missionary Exposition at Sacred Heart Convent, where displays were shown by various mission communities and organizations. Above is a view of the mission booth furnished by our Seminary.

IT WAS AT CHRISTMAS

By
REV. CRAIG STRANG

IT is one of the consolations of every priest to have a very busy Christmas. Christmas night brings real joy to every missionary as he rests from a very busy day and a rather strenuous week; a week not given to last-minute shopping and checking lists for presents and greeting cards; a day not spent in examining presents and leisurely enjoying the gathering of loved ones. These things, of course, are not incompatible with a well-spent Christmas—but here they are just out of the question.

Readers of "China" are familiar with the missionary's way of passing Christmas. Such accounts usually reach the editor back home in time to make the February issue. But here is one in the December issue, and not at all like the writer would wish to be describing. Like his fellow-missionaries he would love to recount journeys to outlying missions—to tell of reconciliations to the Church on the part of fallen-away Christians—to describe the reception of new converts and the faith and devotion evidenced among the faithful, and humbly feel that he had been the instrument chosen by Divine Providence for such results among souls.



Taken more than a year ago, this picture shows our last year's Mission Band on board ship nearing Shanghai. Father McGettigan (left) had been ill recently, but a sea trip to Manila, P.I., has done him much good. Father Doyle (centre) is still at Lishui, and Father Strang has gone to his first mission at Tsingtien. "China" readers have enjoyed the regular literary contributions from these young missionaries.

But for the first few years such zealous activity at Christmas on the part of a new missionary is held in bounds by a multitude of circumstances, and so he must be content to look on and seek inspiration from the people and the young folks who come from he knows not where to be ministered to by the older and more experienced priests.

And so the missionary of one year has to be content to take a hand in fittingly decorating the church, and to watch with curious interest the servants putting up the exterior distinctly Chinese decorations. And then he watches the Christians, and many pagans, assemble in the church at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve night; he listens to them as they chant their prayers for half an hour; then he hears (without understanding the words very much) the apologetical sermon prepared especially for the benefit of the numerous pagans in the congregation. He harkens back in memory to his first Christmas in Lishui, and the first words he understood of a sermon preached in Chinese: "Tien Chu tse shui" —"Who is God?" He picked out the phrase several times as the preacher, Father Venadam, repeated the question with greater emphasis. Then followed more prayers, after which the choir boys sang their Christmas carols in Latin and in Chinese, and the writer dared join them.

Somewhere around ten o'clock there came an intermission, and the "newcomer" mixed with the Christians as they walked about the grounds and drank tea. Again, back to the church, more prayers, and then the Christmas sermon preached by Father Morrison, Pastor of Lishui. Not a word registers on the new missionary, but he knows the topic and can follow for himself the message of the sermon, the good tidings of Him Who came on earth to redeem souls.

And then comes the preparation for the Solemn High Mass. In this he can, and does, assist. The familiar scene in thousands of churches at that very hour is enacted right here; the same sweet hymns are being sung, and once again the newcomer "fits in" and his strangeness wears off as he views the Christians approach to receive Holy Communion.

Afterwards, outside, the people may not be saying "Happy Christmas"—but their sentiments are the same and the hub-bub of talking is drowned by the noise of exploding firecrackers.

In the later morning he says his Masses and sees the Christians return for feast-day prayers. Many of them assist at his own Mass, and all of them are present later for the second High Mass at 9.30 a.m. A repetition of last night, right up to the firecrackers, except, of course, that there are not so many for Holy Communion.

Well, he figures, these poor people certainly are spending a holy happy Christmas, and mentally he compares it to Christmases he has himself spent at home. But devotions are not yet ended—Solemn Benediction is given at two o'clock with the customary prayers to the Sacred



The door of the Lishui Mission Compound is gaily decorated for Christmas. At night, lighted candles are placed inside the columns and make a very pleasing effect.

Heart, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. And at the end of it the whole congregation joins in singing the Chinese "Alleluia," and that was really thrilling to hear. Then the people disperse, those who had come from a distance hastening to reach home before overtaken by night. Yes, there was inspiration and edification, plenty of it, to stand him in good stead later on when the time would come for himself to take a more active part in bringing God with His Peace to men of good will.

And what about the priests? Are there no celebrations for them? Of course there are. When all is over, the missionaries themselves partake of the nearest they can get in China to a real Christmas dinner—and not a bad substitute was it.

In the late afternoon the schoolboys come forward with a question the new missionary had early learned to understand: "Kick leather ball, go not go?" Of course! A game of football!

The football game did not last long—the boys had to return because the choir members were being given a banquet through the courtesy of Father Venadam, their zealous director, as a reward for their year's fine work. It was quite a jolly affair as the happy shouts of the boys showed when the caterer appeared with each new "course". It was also enlivened with happy jests and by the singing of solos and choruses, and Chinese songs. The writer remembers that Father Venadam asked him to sing a stanza from some hymn so that the boys could judge whether it was good or not. He obliged (with his usual shyness?), and it was only the innate politeness of the gathering and the good humor of the season that prevented him from being thrown out on his ear (not his ear for music, either!).

And before retiring to bed the new missionary could look back at the past twenty-four hours and feel satisfied that his first Christmas in China had been really very, very happy, and now, almost a year later, he looks forward to the Christmases to come with the hope that they may be equally as pleasant, and more so because shared in by some who will come to know the real meaning of Christmas through his missionary labours.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT

A Study in Conquerors

THIS article might well have been entitled "A study in distances," only that it is the conquering of vast regions, not covering them, that makes history. While hardy adventurers like Vasco da Gama have, in times gone by, hazarded enterprises that might seem to outdistance the subjects of our study, still such perilous journeying was more a flight, an escape, than a triumphal way. They might well go far, seeing that the further they went the nearer home they were approaching. But Xavier and Alexander are alike outstanding in their superhuman ability to stretch forward ever, like eagles that can build their eyrie no matter how inaccessible the place to ordinary beings. Xavier had a kingdom within him wherever he was: Alexander was the capital of his own empire.



St. Francis Xavier, a Spiritual Conqueror, Patron of Catholic Missions. Feastday, December 3rd.

Alexander was twenty in 336 B.C. when he succeeded to the throne of Macedon. After campaigns in Greece and Northwards against the Danube Celts, he invaded the Persian Empire in 334 B.C. That is, he crossed the Dardanelles with 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse, with perhaps no more specific intention than to recover the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, then satrapies to the "Great King." It is of use to try to see his real motives for the campaign of conquest he actually did engage on, because there is a remarkable likeness therein to St. Francis Xavier's campaigns in the Far East.

First, his invasion was the result of a frame of mind. It was part of his nature, his education, that he should attack the immense Persian Empire when possible. It was a heritage of purpose from his father Philip of Macedon. Similarly, Xavier's action was the result of an attitude of mind, a heritage of purpose from Ignatius, to conquer and go forward. Both probably never reasoned, or looked for reasons. They simply accepted their duty towards the hereditary enemy of all they loved.

Like men climbing a mountain, as their vision extended, so did the grasp of their desires. To both alike it was useless to say "enough." That divine discontent that was the most Godlike part of the deified Alexander is the great spur of Xavier, whose natural character was probably very much like Alexander's, though the objects of its exercise were through circumstances different. Put Xavier at the head of the army that broke the Persian lines at Arbela, and he will weep like Alexander when his army refuses to go further east of the Indus.

Both were unsparing of themselves. It is a bye-word that Alexander led his charges in person, was the first in pursuit, again and again was the first to scale a fortified place. One quotation will illustrate the ordinary authenticated manner of his leadership:

"The Indians (of East Punjaub) retired to the citadel; the Macedonians hung back and Alexander seized a storming-ladder and went up the wall himself, followed by his shield-bearers Peucestas and Leonnatus; Abreas a corporal mounted another ladder. Then both ladders broke,

(Continued on page 173)



Monsignor Fraser sent us this picture of a new church dedicated to the "Queen of Apostles" at Pukiang, Kinhwa District, China. The cornerstone was laid on June 2nd, and the building was finished in October. Its dimensions are 78 x 40 feet; a very substantial building with stone foundation, brick walls, and plastered interior. It cost only one thousand dollars, Canadian money, and the church has a seating capacity of about 500. In the City of Pukiang, which is distant from Kinhwa City three hours by train and 1½ hours by bus, many conversions have been made recently; the church is filled on Sundays. For 30 years a Chinese house has served as chapel and residence for catechists. The catechist, with his two little daughters, is seen in the picture. The workmen are building the surrounding wall. Monsignor Fraser's assistant, Father Tcheng, has now transferred his residence from Tungyang to Pukiang, and he has a new curate to assist him. The work in his part of the Kinhwa District has become very heavy, with 2,271 Catholics and 829 Catechumens, scattered over three counties. According to latest statistics in the whole of Kinhwa District (eight counties), there are 4,628 Catholics and 1,588 Catechumens. This is most satisfactory, but on the other hand an immense work remains to be done—there are still over two million pagans to be gathered into the One True Church. May the Queen of Apostles inspire generous souls to help the missions, and many young hearts to dedicate their lives to the work of the conversion of pagan souls in China.



REV. ROLAND ROBERTS

At his home parish, Victoria, B.C., Fr. Roberts was ordained in September, 1933. Illness prevented him from sailing for China a year later. For the past few months he has been at the Chinese Catholic Mission, 572 E. Georgia St., Vancouver, and he now is in charge of the work among the Chinese of that city, in succession to Rev. Hugh Sharkey, who returns to Chuchow.



REV. ANDREW McARDLE

One of the best friends of our Chuchow missionaries is Father McArdle, of Huchow, Che., who preached their Retreat in 1933. We had the pleasure of a visit from this veteran missionary in November, and will long remember his inspirational lecture to our students. He was the first priest from Scotland to go to China, 22 years ago. He is now en route to Glasgow.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND ALEXANDER THE GREAT

(Continued from page 172)

leaving the four on the wall. Alexander leaped down into the citadel and fought single-handed. . . . They kept the enemy off till the army broke in. . . . "

Of such a character we have a parallel in Xavier. His adventuring among the head hunters of Borneo is instance enough.

To compare the achievement of Xavier, we may quote the Encyclopedia Britannica, not a noted friend of Catholics:

"The work which Xavier accomplished was enormous; he inaugurated new missionary enterprises from Goa to Japan and the Malay Archipelago, leaving an organized Christian community wherever he preached . . . "

Both made singularly useful dispositions of their lieutenants; both had singularly attractive personalities: both were fighters and organizers of remarkable power. Comparisons such as the one we have made can be valuable to Catholicism. It is by completely stressing the power and vigour and merely natural bigness of our Saint's achievement that we can get men interested in them, make them realize that Catholicism can produce not merely supernatural men, but superhuman men, that we can compete with the world in its own stadium and show them heroes as great as their greatest. Then perhaps we might get men interested, even if a little, in our Cause.

To us the apparent fruitlessness in permanent continuity of Xavier's efforts has yet its message; if all he went through had but sufficed to convert one soul, and leave no further trace, it was little enough to do for an end so great.

The message that the lives of Xavier and Alexander chiefly seems to bear is perhaps thus summed up—it is better to burn out than never to be on fire. Death comes either way; but in the first case there is less for it to destroy.

Rev. K. Smyth, S.J., in
"St. Joseph's Sheaf," Dublin.

Mass Intentions are badly needed by our priests in China. Send your intentions to the Seminary and they will be cabled to our missionaries in Chuchow.

St. Thérèse's Christmas Tree

A TRUE STORY

(Written for the "Little Flower's Rose Garden" by Miss J. C., Toronto)

TO a casual observer it was only a small photograph in a simple wooden frame. The pictured face smiling shyly from it might have been any little school-girl with a wealth of bright waving hair, great, luminous grey eyes and a small wistful mouth. A second less casual look revealed that here was no ordinary face, but one remarkable for the innocence and purity mirrored in its every line.

It stood alone on a little table in a corner of the living room and many a visitor to the M—— home came with the hope of seeing it. To those who enquired half-unbelievingly concerning its identity, Mrs. M—— was wont to explain:

"Yes, it is an original photograph of the Little Flower, taken when she was only ten. My Aunt Margaret who lives in Lisieux, France, is a friend of the sisters of the Little Flower, and of Pauline, especially. Pauline has given her several precious relics of Saint Therese and she was kind enough to send us this picture. We are all very fond of it and feel that through it, she is present here in our home."

Christmas Eve five years ago found Hilda M——— and her chum Josephine R——— busily tacking up gay decorations throughout the living-room in preparation for the most joyful event of the year. Outside a soft blanket of snow covered the street, transforming it into a new world of dazzling purity. Hilda, fastening a holly wreath in the window, paused to gaze out for a moment. She turned to her companion and remarked:

"The Little Flower would love to be here now: she was so very fond of the snow," Josephine nodded.

"It is especially appropriate tonight," she added. "The Feast of the Infant Jesus is her feast, too." Hilda crossed to the little table and took the photograph in her hand.

"You can see, I know," she said to the pictured childish face "how Catholics all over the world are offering acts of gratitude to the Infant Jesus. I'm sure you must be particularly happy on His birthday, because you love Him so much."

As Josephine listened to her friend a happy thought suggested itself to her.

"Couldn't we include Saint Therese in some way in our celebrations?" she asked. Hilda's eyes lighted in anticipation.

"That's a splendid idea!" she exclaimed, "but what can we do?" She glanced anxiously around the room.



St. Thérèse with her mother.

The most conspicuous object was the Christmas tree standing in festive splendour beside the fire-place and aglow with numerous lights and twinkling ornaments.

"We could have a tree for her!" she cried. Elated with their idea the two little girls sped into the kitchen where Mrs. M——— was engaged in icing an immense Christmas cake. She immediately fell in with their plan and the three commenced a search for a suitable tree. Finally an old rose-bush which had died an untimely frost-bitten death the preceding spring was unearthed from the cellar.

They fitted it into a little stand and decorated it gaily. When they had finished they stood back and surveyed their handiwork.

"The Little Flower will surely be pleased," said Josephine, and indeed the face of the little saint seemed to smile happily.

Christmas day came and went and Christmas week with its round of merry gatherings flew by on wings.

At length the New Year climaxed and ended the holiday season. When they had dismantled the large tree, Hilda sighed.

"I suppose we had better take down St. Therese's tree," she said, and began to remove the ornaments. Her eyes opened wide in astonishment as she gazed at the bush; it had burst into full green leaf.

"You dear Little Flower," she exclaimed, "Why, you could even make it bloom if you wished!" She looked carefully, but could find no trace of a bud.

"We'll leave it here with her," Mrs. M——— decided. "Saint Therese must have been pleased with your little tree."

"Oh, do you think she really was?" gasped Hilda. "It doesn't seem possible that a great saint like she is would be bothered with a little thing like a Christmas tree."

Her mother replied gravely: "The Little Flower always loved the simple, little things of this world; perhaps she appreciated your thoughtfulness in including her in a special way in your Christmas; and remember, too, Hilda, roses are her favorite flower and a sign of special favour from her."

Hilda asked, wide-eyed "Shall we water it, mother?"

"No, the Little Flower is taking Heavenly care of it; we will just watch and be grateful for such a loving little miracle."

Hilda's first thought on returning from school the next day was for the rose-bush. Her cry of delighted surprise brought her mother quickly to the scene. The bush, only yesterday devoid of bloom was covered with tiny, pink buds.

"It seems too wonderful to be true," the little girl said. She picked up the picture and kissed it tenderly.

"It must have been the touch of your little hand that caused it to blossom, Saint Therese. I do thank you for letting such a beautiful miracle take place in our home. It is your gift from the Infant Jesus to us. We are grateful to Him and to you; help us to love Him as you do and pray for us so we may all say 'Thank you' in Heaven."

Five years have come and gone. The little rose-bush is still blooming; its deep pink blossoms throw a fragrance akin to the fragrance of the Little Flower herself. The beloved girl saint looks with no greater sweetness from her place on the altars of a thousand shrines and churches than from the little picture before a miraculous rose-bush.

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Wife (trying on Christmas present of fur coat): "Really, one cannot help feeling sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this."

Husband (feelingly): "Thanks!"

Smith: "Poor old Jones next door had a windfall on Christmas morning."

Brown: "A windfall? Why do you say 'Poor old Jones'?"

"Well, you see, he's an airman."

Bobby: "How are you going to keep Christmas Day?"

Tommy: "Dunno. Is there any way to keep it so that it will last till the next one comes?"

Modern Youth (aged six, talking in his sleep): "Now, if the effect of eighty volts of electricity is equal in applied force to——"

Santa Claus: "Good gracious! Is this the youngster that I brought a yellow monkey on a red stick for?"

"Why are you crying, Elsie?" "I have got a new tooth, but it is a white one, and I wanted a gold one like Uncle Jack."

Mistress: "Mary, I want you to polish the silver so that I can see my face in it."

Maid (fed up): "Why?"

"So you're married! Did you have a honeymoon, Malinda?"

"Ah suppose ye might call it dat, ma'am—Ephraim done helped me wid de washin' de first week."

Hee: "Sorry, old chap, but I'm looking for a little financial succour again."

Haw: "You'll have to hunt farther. I'm not the little financial sucker I used to be."

"Oh! Mrs. Jones, you—you know your Harold's neck."

"Yes—what?"

"We—well, he's fell in the river up to it."

"What's the matter with Brown? He looks glum?"

"He's been contesting his wife's will."

"I didn't know she was dead."

"That's just it. She isn't."

Small boy (to his friend): "Fancy Gran'pa actually wanted to play Red Indians with me last night!"

"Aw," said his little friend, "an' anybody can see he's been scalped already."

Irate Passenger (as train is moving off): "Why the—didn't you put my luggage in as I told you—you old—"

Porter: "E-h, man! yer baggage is na sic a fule as yerself. Ye're i' the wrang train!"

A colored boy was strolling through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read, "Not dead, but sleeping."

Scratching his head, the negro remarked:

"He sho' ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

Rastus—"Say, Sambo, what time in yo' life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worst?"

Sambo—"Once when Ah wuz cailin' on a henhouse an' de farmer come in an' ketch me. Boy, wuz Ah scared!"

Rastus—"How am yo' suah dat was de worstest yo' evah bin scared?"

Sambo—"Cause de farmer grabs me by de shoulder an' he say: 'White boy, whut yo' doin' here?' "

Tommy—"The dentist has given my daddy two new rows of teeth."

Johnnie—"Has he really. What will he do with the old ones?"

Tommy (thoughtfully) "They'll be cut down for me, I suppose."

Friend—"Why do you have such misspelled words and such bad grammar on the signs in your windows?"

Storekeeper—"People think I'm a fool and they come in expecting to get the best of me. Business is the best I've had in years."

Mr. Hobbs had acted for many years as secretary of one of the welfare clubs. It was suggested on his retirement that he be given an honorarium from the club.

"Ridiculous," said one of Mr. Hobbs' pals. "I know old Bill and all his family. Not one of them would know how to play the thing if they got it."

An old gentleman saw a group of small boys in an English park and asked one of the number what game they were going to play.

"Cricket," said the youngster. "We're going to play a game of England versus the West Indies."

"Are some of you going to black your faces, then?" asked the old gentleman.

"Oh, no!" said the youngster, very seriously. "Some of us are going to wash them."

"How did they teach McPherson to swim?"

"They pinned a five-dollar bill on his bathing suit and threw him into the water."

Husband: "What possessed you to choose lemon color for your new gown?"

Wife: "It was because I had such a job squeezing it out of you."

"It's a long journey, Mac," said the Englishman, wearily, as he gazed out of the window of the train.

"And so it ought to be," replied the Scot, "considering the railway fare."

He (chattily): "When I was a small boy I remember I always wanted to be a clown when I grew up."

She: "It must be nice to realize your ambition."

"Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

"I know something they all thirst after."

"What's that?"

"Salted almonds."

A Scotsman was stripping wallpaper from the walls of his house, when a friend called to see him.

"Well, Sandy," said the visitor, "are ye' goin' to have a new paper?"

"Na, na," replied Sandy. "Ah'm just movin' into another house."

A clergyman, travelling in a railway compartment, had for company a group of navvies whose language was hardly of the kind that a reverend gentleman is supposed to hear.

One of them seemed to realize this, for turning to the clergyman, he said: "You must excuse us, guv'nor, but, yer knows, we're just plain-speakin' blokes as allus calls a spade a spade."

"Is that so?" said the clergyman. "I should have thought that would have been about the last thing you would call it."

"Is your wife economical, old boy?"

"Oh, very. We do without practically everything I need."

Boy—"What's dignity, daddy?"

Father—"Dignity, my son, is what you think you have until the boss says: 'What's the meaning of this?' "

"What's the idea of that cross-eyed man for a store detective?"

"Well, look at him. Can you tell whom he is watching?"

When Christmas Comes



and you think of
GIFT-GIVING
won't you please
remember to send
a little gift to
aid the missions

There is so much to be done —if we only had the means. A Christmas Gift from YOU we humbly beg.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

VERY REV. J. E. McRAE, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. JANUARY 1936



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3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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JUST LOOKING THINGS OVER

IN this first issue of our magazine for the New Year of 1936, it is only right that our first words be those of thanks and gratitude to Almighty God for the blessings and favours bestowed on our Mission enterprise during the year just passed. True, it has been a difficult year, but we have learned to thrive against difficulties and they have the effect of making us all the more earnest in following out our ideals.

* * *

Under God, the fact that we have been able to keep our Seminary and our missions in China going at full speed during the past year is due to the support we have received from our friends, and we now want those friends to know how very much we appreciate what they have done for us.

* * *

Speaking for ourselves (and we suppose all mission institutions can say the same thing) we can say that the keynote of our progress during 1935 may be expressed in the one word, Sacrifice. Our daily mail is the only barometer by which we can judge the attitude of our Catholic people towards our work, and not a day has passed but we have had reason to know that people have made sacrifices for us. From the homes of the poor especially we have been the recipients of offerings in aid of our work, and we understand quite well that the "mites" sent us have a value far exceeding the mere monetary.

* * *

1935 was the first year which witnessed the return of any of our missionaries from China broken in health. Early in January, Monsignor McGrath came back to the Seminary, and a few months later Father Beal was obliged to return. In August we suffered a great loss in the death of Father McGillivray at Lishui. More than ever before, the events of the past year have made us realize what a tremendous physical strain is exacted from our priests labouring on the missions.

* * *

Seven new priests, the largest of our ordination classes to date, were added to our numbers in November, and one new missioner set out for China in company with others returning to active service. The Seminary has kept its capacity enrolment of students during the year.

* * *

Month after month we have been presenting to our reading public appeals to meet our needs here at China Mission Seminary. Naturally, a large institution with a personnel of some eighty people, has many and varied needs, so we offer here a brief outline of the most important ones. Please keep them in mind during the year when you may be in a position to help us.

* * *

Burse Funds. To support our students we have a fund known as a Burse Fund. This is in the nature of an Endowment, the interest from which is available to pay the tuition of students whose families are not able to meet that expense. Some 26 Burses are established and in course of completion under the patronage of some Saint, etc. Details are given on page 8.

* * *

General Donations. Perhaps better designated as "Stringless Gifts". It is by this method we have to secure the means necessary to conduct the Seminary and to pay current expenses as they are incurred. And it requires many thousands of dollars each year to keep from going in debt too badly. In fact our annual revenue through donations is altogether inadequate to meet our general needs, but once in a while we are helped considerably by

Legacies from friends who, in making their last Will, were thoughtful of the Missions. If you have worldly possessions to dispose of testamentarily, we commend our work to your attention.

* * *

Mass Intentions. Practically the only means of support for our missionaries in the field is their Mass stipends. Could we give each of our missionaries a daily Mass stipend it would make things so much easier for them. To do this in the coming year will require an increase of about 60% in the number of Intentions received at the Seminary in the past few years.

* * *

Subscriptions. Were it not for the people who know of our work through reading "CHINA", it would be impossible to carry on at all. We mail more than 24,000 copies of our magazine each month, and we are anxious to increase this number. The more subscribers we have the more friends we make for the Missions. There is scarcely a Catholic family in Canada and Newfoundland but could afford the half dollar necessary to secure "CHINA" for one year. Please renew your own subscription for 1936 and try to influence your friends to become subscribers.

* * *

Those who help our work in any way share in the large spiritual benefits of the Holy Masses and prayers of our students and priests. To each and every one of our benefactors we extend our sincere wishes for their success and happiness throughout 1936.

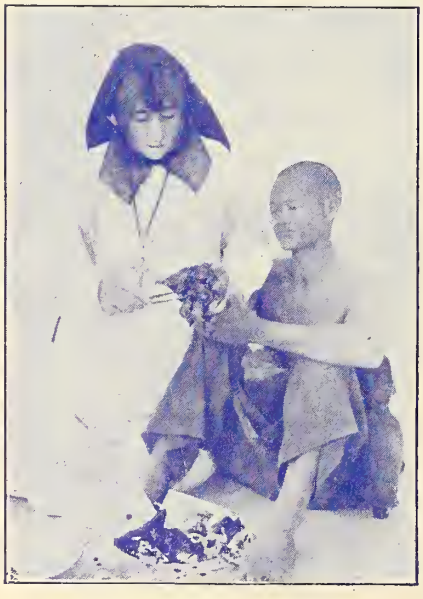
JOTTINGS

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

ALL DAY LONG Mr. Farmer toiled in his field beneath a hot sun, and during the night wild pigs and other animals came and rooted up his plants. Something had to be done about it. The "something" was to prepare a home-made bomb to be planted in his field which would explode when the animals started to eat the plants. But home-made bombs sometimes behave badly, as Mr. Farmer found out, and it exploded in his hand. After recovering from the shock he made the trip to Lishui, forty li away, and when the Sisters at the Mission dispensary saw the injury it was no longer a hand but just a shapeless mass of congealed blood and bits of flesh. The Sisters dressed his hand, as shown in the picture below, to prevent further loss of blood, and the Mission sent the man to the hospital in Wenchow where the doctor amputated the hand. The man is now recovering but how he will work in the fields without a right hand is a problem.

* * *

Another patient from afar (the man walked 150 li—50 miles—with his wife and two children) was a man suffering from dropsy. The Chinese doctors could do nothing for him, but the Sisters gave him relief several times, although they knew that he would not live long. Being very poor he found the stay in Lishui difficult, so to help matters on one of the children, a baby girl, was sold. The man frequently visited the church and in his last sickness he received a little instruction and was baptized. As he lingered for a few days Father Morrison confirmed him. He died in the dispensary and the next morning a funeral Mass was celebrated for him in the church, and then the coffin was carried away and buried in the side of a mountain.



SISTER MARY CATHERINE, one of the Grey Sisters at Lishui, dressing a "bombed" hand. (See story above).

* * *

BUT ALL is not sadness; on the contrary there is much joy here for the Missionary. Just recently one of the sacristans, Fon Sz, had a big joy presented to him, his first baby boy. I baptized the child and just before asking for the name I noticed Father Kam trying to smother a smile. Evidently he was in on some plot. My puzzlement was cleared up when I was told, with an insinuating smile, that the child was to be baptized "Gerald". In a certain way I was a victim, as the Christian name is seldom used among the Chinese and it does not make much difference to them what name they receive, and in this case the baptismal name will probably be recalled only on opportune occasions, anniversaries, etc., as the Chinese, while remembering spiritual things do not lose sight of things material. But, to be honest, I was also pleased at the choice of the name, and did my best not to disappoint the proud father. On this page you will see the picture of the younger Gerald with his proud father and equally proud grandmother. It was probably the first time the grandmother had her picture taken.

* * *

The Lishui Mandarin had his own way of celebrating the twenty-fourth birthday of the Chinese Republic. He organized and led a procession through the city, each person carrying a broom, striving to impress upon the citizens the necessity of keeping the city clean. The results are yet to be seen, at least lasting results, although during the procession the streets were cleared of pigs and refuse. But the idea meets with the hearty approval of the Missionaries.

* * *

THE BANDITS are still active but the consoling feature is that the authorities are making a real effort to drive them out, or back to their farms, as some of them are just farmers who want to get rich quickly. Almost daily some bandits are executed and a recent report stated that their treasurer had been captured. The bandits have been driven into the mountains and soon they will have eaten all the food available so they will have to choose between disbanding or starving. Fathers Amyot and King are now back at Huang T'an. The bandits passed through the village but did not visit the mission, although they took some mail that was in the post office. Of course, in China there seems to be little certainty but the bandit situation at present in this district appears to be better than it has been in several months. They hinder mission work in as much as their activity from time to time makes the visit to some mission station imprudent, but, in spite of all, the work of the missions is going forward.

* * *

TSINGTIEN, which means Green Fields, now numbers me on its staff of three priests. I arrived here in October. At present, November 10th, I am here alone, while Fathers Stringer and Strang are visiting several mission stations. Being the sole priest in a mission in China, even though it be only for a few weeks, is an experience which furnishes certain sensations. All around are Chinese, many of whom look on the missionary merely as a foreigner, an unknown quantity, a person to be avoided if possible. Some claim that it is only natural that the

(Continued on page 13)



Three generations in the Convent Garden, Lishui.



LITTLE FLOWER'S FEAST IN LANCHI

Monsignor Fraser, in sending the above picture, says in his letter: "Lanchi is a city of 100,000 inhabitants in the district of Kinhwa, three-quarters of an hour by train from Kinhwa city. There is a chapel and residence, but unfortunately no priest yet. The Christian community, which numbers over 500 in and around the city, is badly in need of a resident pastor. Recently, Father Ly, my assistant, gave a mission there. It ended on the Feast of the Little Flower, October 3rd. This picture shows part of the congregation, **ninety-four** of whom were baptized that very morning. The two native Sisters in the centre of the group and the three little girls seated below them went specially from our convent to play the organ and sing High Mass. Father Ly is seen at their right hand, and to his right is seated Father Kiang, who after saying Mass here in Kinhwa city took train to Lanchi. Beside him is the Catechist of Lanchi. It was certainly a busy week for Father Ly. He was so hoarse from preaching day and night, hearing confessions and baptizing that he could hardly speak for a fortnight. All in the picture are wearing roses blessed on the occasion. One of the converts was a Protestant Catechist, who has come over to us with his whole family. They were all baptized that morning; and his son, now a daily communicant, is at my school in Kinhwa. Lanchi is certainly a promising mission, and I envy the missionary who, in the designs of Providence, will at some future time be placed over it. This pious congregation is moving Heaven and earth to obtain a resident priest. A few days ago, being all alone in Kinhwa, I had to go there by train on a sick call, taking the Blessed Sacrament with me, and returned the same day. On that occasion I also gave Confirmation to the Catechist's four-year-old son, who was in danger of death. During Father Ly's mission, a branch of the Catholic Action, the first in Kinhwa district, was established. Over forty members were enrolled. I ask the readers of 'China' to say a little prayer to the Little Flower for the complete conversion of Lanchi. Father Ly is very devout to her, and ascribes his success there to her intercession."

FOR THE COMMUNIST CAUSE!

The rifles of a military firing squad or the swing of the executioner's axe, was the penalty decreed for fifteen girls in China. They were Communist spies. For the cause of Communism, they worked unselfishly and tirelessly, living the life of a spy. Hourly they apprehended the death of a spy! All over the world, thousands like them are enthusiastically working for this same cause. Risking everything they hold dear, for this same purpose — the spread of Communism!

We may be horrified at the idea of fifteen young girls being shot. We may consider the sacrifice of their lives futile waste. But, their fervour of spirit we cannot ignore. However misplaced we think this zeal, it should make us ponder our efforts for what we *know* is the Truth.—*"Catholic Missions."*

NEWS OF NEWS

A new press service throughout China for Catholic publications has been recently established by an American missioner, Father Frederick C. Dietz, M.M. To have a mission correspondent in each of the 120 eccelesiastical jurisdictions of China is the plan now in progress of this AGENTIA LUMEN. Two services are issued—one in Chinese and the other in both English and French. Some releases contain all three languages! Written in reality for the Catholic press, still these releases reach the Chinese secular papers and the English, Spanish, French, Latin and Italian papers published in China. The results therefore are incalculable! Working as director, editor, and business manager, Father Dietz provides news that is comprehensive and interesting. LUMEN is a boon to the Catholic press in China, as well as to his attentive audiences in Europe and America.

—*"Catholic Missions."*

CHINA'S CURRENCY

The new law, which came as a surprise to many, nationalizes the silver currency of China. Henceforth, banknotes of the approved banks become legal tender. The circumstances of the inaugurating of the new law hitch China's currency to the star of England's sterling. As a result of the nationalization of silver, the farmers are beginning to save coppers, and a considerable rise in the price of copper was registered in November.

—*"China Light."*

MONSIGNOR McGRATH TELLS OF MISSION WORK IN CHINA

Fifty-three Priests and Sisters Killed by Bandits There in Past Twenty Years — A Great Work Carried on Amid Many Difficulties and Dangers



THE missionary work of the Catholic Church in China was the subject of an address given before the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, at Halifax, Nov. 10th, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China. Taking as his text "The Kingdom of the World for Its King and Lord", Monsignor McGrath said:

"I deem it a very special privilege on the eve of my departure once more for China to be present at Halifax for this inspiring demonstration of love and loyalty for Christ, on the part of our Maritime Crusaders. In the name of our Missionary Priests and Sisters in China it is my purpose to tell you something of the work we are trying to do in that vast land where there are still five hundred million people sunk in the darkness of paganism.

"When we think of China, the first fact that comes to our minds is of those teeming millions that still wait in darkness, in the shadow of death. A thought that occurred to me today as the procession was coming into the Church, was of a certain possible procession that may give you some idea of the number in China who have never heard of God. Supposing that the pagan population of China should pass, one every second—one every tick of the clock, if they were passing the Church it would take sixteen years from the time the first passed the door until the last passed. That is not merely an imaginary picture, there is a procession like this going on since forty thousand die daily unbaptized in China. Forty thousand souls who were made to know, love and serve God, pass on in one day, strangers to the God who created them. They did not know Him. They could not love Him Whom they did not know. They knew Him for the first time when they were face to face with Him in judgment. We could not take the time today to try to peer behind the mystical veil that hides the designs of Providence. Ask where they are going—that vast procession of unbaptized Chinese. All down through the ages, these have been passing into Eternity. It is a fascinating theme. It is not my purpose to delve into that awful mystery today. One or two little stories of actual mission experiences in China will suffice.

"One instance of all the Mission experiences of four years' time in China stands out in my mind—a tiny village in Chekiang, Wousan, known as the Sorrowful Road Mountain or the Chinese Dolorosa. Nobody passes there except on very important business. We found ourselves on what we thought to be very important business, ten thousand miles away from Canada, trying to bring the knowledge of God into Wousan at eight o'clock in the evening. There was an old lady of about ninety years of age, who was the proprietress of the Wousan Inn. Two Priests and six servants as prospective customers pleased her and she went to a statue of Buddha and took out an old tin lying there, and lighting a joss stick, gave a thank offering that these eight people came to spend a night in her inn. Buddha had been neglected for years but this unexpected windfall of favor was welcome. Two beds of straw in a vermin-infected room were ours for the night. Then the foreigners were announced. The pagans found us out and the Chinese Catechist got this mass of pagans around him. They had never heard of God. I watched the Chinese speaker telling of God and of His love for men in the flickering light. One old Chinese of seventy-five was nodding a vigorous approval of the Catechist's teaching. He came after it was

A PARTING WORD

ON the eve of our return to China our first thought is one of profound gratitude to a kindly Providence for the truly miraculous growth of our mission work during the past few years. Twelve years ago we had no seminary, no priests in China, and but seven students in a small house in Scarboro. Today in China we number twenty-one, and in our efforts over there we are ably assisted by a devoted little Community of seven Grey Sisters from Pembroke. In our splendid seminary at Scarboro Bluffs there are fifty young men preparing to devote their lives to the work of the conversion of China, and we know that these are but the vanguard of a missionary army that will cross the seas in ever-increasing numbers as the years go by.

The future is in God's hands. But it will surely witness a glorious and triumphant effort on the part of youthful missionaries from Canada and Newfoundland to help wrest from the tyranny of Satan countless souls for whom Christ died. "Diligentibus Deum omnia cooperantur in bonum."—Wm. C. McGrath.

over and said that it was the most beautiful doctrine he had ever heard, but he could not believe it. 'You say there is a place where there is peace, where the devil has no power. I have lived for seventy-five years and have had no peace and never found a place where the devil had no power. I would join your people tomorrow if there were such a place.' In due course it was explained to him and God's grace began to work in his soul, perhaps because you Crusaders have said a few prayers or made a sacrifice. The old man came with tears in his eyes. 'I do believe that there is such a place, such a God over Whom the devil has no power.' He became a Christian and died soon after. It did not seem too much to assume that there was a place where there is eternal life. The poor old man who had spent so much time in darkness has reached the place of his reward.

"I could tell of many other instances. In one place there are one hundred and fifty towns and villages and there is not a single Christian in any one of them. There is plenty of work for the twenty-one young Priests and seven young Sisters in our Chuchow Mission.

"One more little story that concerns the work of the Sisters: I take my hat off to the young Grey Sisters of China. We are fairly free to indulge in active work, but the Sisters have but four gray walls. They have a dispensary and every day is spent among the most hideous of diseases, surrounded by Chinese. Just now it is a quarter past three tomorrow in China. They have not as yet begun their work, but a little later the Chinese will come with their children asking for the Mo-Mo medicine. Oftentimes they are called to attend to a little Chinese baby and they get into a rickshaw and go into terrible places. Bandits come for the Mo-Mo medicine after their struggles. These little Sisters have won their way into the hearts of the people and can go everywhere without protection. They always carry a little container with water and sponge. They can tell almost infallibly when the child is about to die and they suggest to the mother that they should wash the little head, thus baptizing the baby. Hundreds are baptized in this way by the Sisters. Is it any wonder that those Grey Sisters in spite of the prospect of an early grave on the mountainside are the happiest people I have ever known. Their reputation has gone abroad even to the bandits.

"One day three of these Sisters were coming up in a sampan. The boatman was a bandit in disguise. A Chinese lady was in charge of the Sisters. She heard the bandit saying that he was going to the 'Big Chief' because he could collect $50,000 ransom for the Sisters. The Chief refused him. He heard that they were the Mo-Mo Sisters, Christians. Only last week twenty-five of his men were looked after by those Sisters. He said 'If any of my men harm those Priests or Sisters, I will cut off their heads.' Even the Chinese bandits are not as black as they are painted.

"I could tell many stories about China, tragic, humorous, pathetic, if time permitted, to you generous Crusaders whose hearts are on fire for the Missions. There are many men and women who say, 'I can't see this Mission business anyway. I can't see why those people go to China when there is China enough at home.' When travelling from China on the Empress of Russia, I was introduced as a Missionary from China to a lady passenger. Her remark was: 'You are one of those men who go to China to make bad Christians out of good pagans'. There are many who can't see our motive.

"Let me ask you 'Why do we go to China?' Do we go to China because there are five hundred million there or do I believe that my life or death in China will make any impression in China? Do I imagine that any little cog in the wheel will change the destiny? It may be God's will to grant us numerous conversions in China. Some people discuss this as if it had not been decided nineteen hundred years ago, when Christ said: 'Go ye forth and teach all nations.' That command settled the question forever as far as we are concerned. The love of human hearts is the only thing that He does not command. Wherever they are they are human hearts and we know that the Omnipotent God will not force the love of those hearts. There is the answer, because we know that we can at least try to give Him back some of those who are sunk in the awful darkness of paganism. We know that the love of Christ is the driving force of Christianity.

"Fifty three Priests and Sisters have been killed by bandits within the last twenty years. Today, ten thousand miles from here on a lonely bank in China lies the body of Father James McGillivray of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, one of the noblest, most zealous missioners of Canada, who died for this cause. He has thrown down a challenge to follow his example and die even as he died, for love of Christ and souls."



The missionaries who left for Chuchow on December 28th will probably reach Lishui by bus from Shanghai. Last year, Fathers Doyle, McGettigan and Strang came up the river. Father Venadam is easily discerned in the above picture showing the crowd gathered at the river bank to greet the new missionaries of last year.

A WORD OF FAREWELL

from FATHER BEAL



SIX months ago when I landed in Vancouver I felt like a stranger in my own country. I had become used to the customs of the Orient, to the slow placid stroll of the Chinese, and it all seemed to change instantly as I was conscious of being whisked rapidly away from the pier in a powerful motor car. My first feeling was one of loss as I missed my faithful Chinese "boy". Seven years in China makes one a good deal dependent on one's "boy." During the months I spent here in Canada I often had occasion to wish he was with me. He was my general factotum for all external and internal affairs. How many times I thought of him when I was preparing to make a trip somewhere, and when I got to the end of my journey I sadly reflected that I had nobody to blame but myself when I lacked an article of clothing, etc.

I have thoroughly enjoyed the months back home, and as the hour approaches for departure to China I want to say a word of appreciation to all the good friends who so greatly aided me and my Mission. During my visits to many parishes in London Diocese and elsewhere I learned how to better appreciate the intense interest shown by our Catholic people in the work of the Foreign Missions. I realized that, although burdened with obligations to their own parishes, they were ready and willing to make sacrifices for the extension of God's Kingdom in the East. I was deeply touched by their lively faith and their keen sympathy for their missionary priests and sisters working in Fields Afar. It was a source of consolation to have so many interested inquiries about our mission efforts in China.

There is an old saying to the effect that "One seeing is worth a hundred hearings". This came often to my mind as I realized how utterly inadequate on many occasions must have been my descriptions of actual living and social conditions among the Chinese. While I was in China I frequently thought over the possible effect on Canadian readers of the presentation of our problems on the missions. I often pondered whether or not our people ever could get to see things as they really are in China; whether or not they ever considered the necessity which prompted many of our appeals for assistance in one way or another. "If they only knew"—even as we knew from experience—then I felt sure their sympathy and aid would come to us. Humbly have I tried to present the case for the foreign missions to Catholic people in the past few months, and I am grateful for the attention they have given me.

Two contacts that gave me much encouragement, and which I feel sure will prove of great benefit to my work in China, were my meetings with Diocesan Directors of the Propagation of the Faith Society, and with Executive Members of the Catholic Women's League. The former merit praise for their ceaseless efforts to keep before our people the cause so dear to the heart of Our Holy Father. It was my privilege to address the Catholic Women's League in Convention at Windsor during October, and I sincerely appreciate their willingness to aid our Canadian missions. A gift of a Medical Mission Kit from Father Garesche, S.J., is going to prove of inestimable value to my Mission, and I thank sincerely my good friend Father Garesche. I had the opportunity to visit his office in New York during the past Summer and I could see that this missionary priest in his own quiet way is doing wonders for the Missions through his Medical Mission Bureau. His work is worthy of the support of every Catholic who even faintly realizes how much the winning of souls in China depends on the care and curing of diseased bodies.

In saying "good-bye" to my friends once again through the medium of "China", I must state that I return to Chuchow with a heart full of gratitude to Almighty God for my speedy return to good health, and with the determination to give the best that is in me to the great work which I was forced to abandon for a while owing to my poor physical condition. I carry back with me to my Mission the inspiration I have gained by my contacts with people "at home" who have assured me of their continued interest in our doings in far-off China.—J. L. Beal.

BURSES TO EDUCATE PRIESTS FOR CHINA

A BURSE is a sum of $5,000 (FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS) which, being securely invested, produces sufficient revenue to educate a student for the missionary priesthood. The capital is not touched, but remains intact. The Seminary would have the use of the ANNUAL INTEREST from each FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FUND to educate young men for the priesthood in PERPETUITY.

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SEVERAL of our Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of our Incomplete Burses. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

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THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

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YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

FORMER MAYO PASTOR GOES TO CHINA

"Into Thy vineyard I come in haste,
Eleven sounds from its ancient tower,
So many years have gone to waste,
What can I do in a single hour?"

GLADLY do I accede to Father Editor's request to write a few words to the readers of "China" before I leave for Chuchow, and I begin by quoting the above lines from the title page of John L. Stoddard's well-known book, "Rebuilding a Lost Faith", because they seem to epitomize my own feelings at the moment. I hasten to add that the "years gone to waste" refer only to the time that has gone by when circumstances made it impossible for me to be sharing the work with our Canadian missionaries in China as I have so ardently longed to do. I have spent twelve years as a priest in the Archdiocese of Ottawa. Twelve happy, busy, and, I trust, fruitful years. So far my contribution to the conversion of China has consisted of the daily "memento" in Holy Mass, and the poor prayers of one who has been all these years an admirer of the missionary and his work.

During the fifteen months that have elapsed since I joined China Mission Institute, months which have now such pleasant memories for me, I was in a position to learn much concerning the attitude of our Canadian people in general towards the foreign Missions, and from what I have learned I am convinced that ours is a work in which we have the whole-souled co-operation and sympathy of those people. There can be no doubt but priests and laity alike are with us in our efforts to bring the Light of the Gospel to the poor pagan Chinese.

The conversion of a nation is the work of God. Missionary priests and sisters are but the human instruments used by Him to accomplish that end. St. Paul, the greatest missionary the Church has ever known, expressed that truth when he wrote: "I planted; Apollo watered; but God giveth the increase". Poor human effort, unaided by the Grace of God, will amount to nothing; but when our reliance is in Him then indeed can we labour confidently. And we have reason for our confidence, because the success that has attended the efforts of China Mission Seminary from the very outset leaves no room for doubt but that the hand of God is here. It gives us hope for the future, and we are strengthened by



FATHER CURTIN

the knowledge that our efforts are supported by the prayers of our friends throughout the country.

I am looking forward in happy anticipation to the days that lie ahead of me in China. I have come to value and esteem the companionship of the priests and students at China Mission Seminary in Scarboro Bluffs. The natural regret one feels at leaving them is somewhat compensated for by the thought that we will be together again in the near future in Chuchow. Even when I arrive in China I will not be as a stranger, for it is my good fortune to know personally a number of the missionaries already gone over from Canada.

I happen to be the only "new" man among this year's Mission Band, but the experience of those with whom I travel is going to make it easy for me to "break in" and find my way around after we reach Shanghai. One last request I have to make of all those who read this, and it is a request for your prayers. Ask God's blessing on my missionary labours that, through His aid, I may be an instrument in bringing souls to Him. And, finally, I wish to make use of this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to all those who have encouraged and aided me in my preparation for this eagerly-awaited event — departure for China.—M. L. Curtin.

MISSIONER—KNIGHT ERRANT

All kinds of roles is a missioner ready to assume. And what is more telling, he often assumes them. Witness, for example, the "bravery under fire" of this veritable soldier of the Church. A Chinese baby girl had been sold by her parents in infancy, as a prospective wife. Her brother, who was a Catholic, saw that she was baptized, and sent her to the Mission School. But when she came of marriageable age, as is only customary, her purchaser came to claim her as his wife. Her father, who had sold her, was now himself a Catholic, so he brought the case into court. After a lengthy suit, he won the freedom of his daughter. So angered was the would-be bridegroom, that he sent a gang of twenty bandits, equipped with knives and sticks to capture the girl. The missioner went to her rescue, but he was himself captured. Breaking loose, he fought the bandits with his fists and staved them off until help arrived. The girl was then sent to Tsingtien where she could be protected by the police. And our missioner-knight-errant was left with a few bruises and a sense of well-being.

—*"Catholic Missions."*

DIFFERENT METHODS

Opium smokers in China risk instant death from now on, the Chinese Government declares. By 1940, there will be no more opium smoking, it says. Now, certain districts only may be used for growing the poppy. Distribution will be in the hands of authorized government agents, the supply gradually decreasing. Eventually there will be no more opium in China! And for the opium addict, clinics for his cure are being founded throughout the country. Many have taken the cure already (about 50% voluntarily!). Those who have completed the cure are tattooed. To return to opium will be to sign their death warrant! Obviously, China is determined to abolish the evil of opium smoking. To do away with the crime, if necessary, she will abolish the evil doer.

This is a most noteworthy attempt at reform on the part of the Chinese Government. (Please don't mistake our attitude!) But we are struck by one thing. The entirely different angles from which paganism and Catholicity approach the same problem! One punishes the offender—the other seeks to change his essential point of view.

—*"Catholic Missions."*



"On the Feast of Christ the King took place here in Kinhwa, the blessing of the new girls' school. A procession of our pupils, boys and girls, about 200 in number, with banners, cross and acolytes, and sanctuary boys in red soutanes and surplices, was formed at the church, and amidst the ringing of the church bell and singing hymns as they walked, wended its way through the narrow alleys to the convent, followed by yours truly, the celebrant.

"The new building, which was made necessary by the increase in the number of the pupils, measures 60 x 28 ft.; it has two classrooms and reception room downstairs, and two dormitories, one for the Sisters and one for the girls, upstairs. The back and side walls are of brick; the front of stucco; the roof of tile; it took three months to build, and cost $500 Canadian money.

"Three native nuns teach the girls, most of whom are day scholars belonging to pagan families; but they are all being instructed in Christian doctrine, learn prayers and assist at religious service. Say a prayer for the conversion of their families, without which it will be difficult to confer on them the sacrament of Baptism which they so much desire. A number of the girls in the picture board at the convent assist at Mass and receive Communion daily. There are a few little boys in the picture, being too small to be taught at our boys' school attached to the priests' residence."

—(Rt. Rev.) J. M. FRASER.

MAN DISCOVERS MEANING OF PRECIOUS HEIRLOOM AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Fushun, Manchuria.—How a non-Christian workman wore a small crucifix for 30 years without knowing what it signified is told in a story from Chiaotou, a mission in this Prefecture. The Fathers at Chiaotou have a bulletin board on the wall of their compound. Finding on this board among the pictures of Catholic life displayed there an object resembling the one he wore suspended from his neck for many years, a passer-by asked one of the priests what it meant. From the story this man then told it became evident that his father had been a Christian and had been killed by the Boxers in 1900. Before his death he gave the crucifix to his son, a mere child at the time, and bade him wear it always. Upon learning the meaning of the cross, the workman expressed a desire to know more about the religion of his father. He has since studied Christian doctrine and was recently baptized.—(*Lumen-Fides.*)

A despatch in *"China Light"*, issue of November 17th, reports that His Excellency Archbishop Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, concluded his visitation of Chekiang Province in November. Leaving Ningpo, en route to Haimen, he was accompanied by Bishop Joseph Hou, C.M., Vicar-Apostolic of Taichow. The voyage was not without its thrill. A cargo boat a short distance ahead of the ship on which His Excellency was travelling was attacked by pirates and sought safety in approaching the latter vessel. As a consequence, the shots from the pirates menaced both ships. After a short engagement the pirates withdrew.

PRIEST, ONCE TORTURED BY CHINA REDS, AT CLEVELAND CONGRESS

Cleveland.—Almost unnoticed among the hundreds of clergy who attended the Seventh National Eucharistic Congress was a missioner who experienced the tortures of captivity at the hands of Communists as he sought to demonstrate his faith in Christ and to teach it to others in the Vicariate of Wuchang, Province of Hupeh, China.

With eyes that had witnessed a convert die "a thousand deaths" and that were dimmed at the sight of whole villages being pillaged, the missioner, the Rev. Ulrich Kreutzen, O.F.M., marveled at the joyous scenes of the Congress.

In the midst of a flow of superlatives with which he described his reactions to the events here, Father Kreutzen paused and reflected. His thoughts, he admitted, went back to restless, tense days in China when Communists ran rampant through the country. He remembered the band of 400 which swarmed down on his village, November 8th, 1929, and carried him away prisoner to a pagan temple in the mountains. He chose to pass lightly over mention of the sufferings he endured for 23 days before he was released. But he did have a word to say about the Communists in China and in the United States.

They are not to be laughed at nor are their actions to be easily dismissed, he said. What he and many others have suffered in China will, preposterous though it may seem, he said, be the fate of other priests and people "even in the United States" unless the "lessons and the solidarity so evident at the Eucharistic Congress are constantly kept in mind. But after witnessing the demonstration of faith here, the missioner said, he is only too eager to be back to China, "even though it will take the combined efforts of the world powers" to rid that nation of the Reds.

A native of Calumet, Mich., he has been a missioner for 28 years. In his days in China he saw one of his flock cut piece by piece by Communists to "die a thousand deaths". That scene, too, came back to him here as he witnessed the "easy price that is paid for the faith in America." He also recalled the slaying by government troops of 33 Reds at his church door while his congregation prayed for their souls.

Motoring Through Chekiang

READERS of "China" have become familiar with the name "Chekiang" as it is the province in which lies our mission district of Chuchow. Writing in a recent issue of the "North-China Herald", Ruth Hill Barr describes in detail a motor trip from Shanghai through picturesque Chekiang Province, which she calls the "garden spot of China".

The following passages from her article will be of interest since they deal with our own mission territory:

"Then came the most beautiful part of our trip, the drive from Wenchow to Lishui (Beautiful Water), 75 miles on a road built out of the mountain sides, high above the river. The water was crystal clear and green with the reflection of the high hills on the other side. The tiny boats dotting the surface looked like a camp of small tents with white sails flying.

Curves at 10 m.p.h.

We marvelled at the feat accomplished in the building of that road, curve after curve round one hill after another. In many places solid rock has been cut away; in others bridges span the gaps over ravines. The road bed is good, but it is narrow, and careful driving is essential. The curves we had to take at ten miles an hour, slowly enough to come to a dead stop on a moment's notice. We met several trucks and buses but no private cars.

The beauty along that river road made us exclaim. We recalled similar drives in other parts of the world: the Columbia River Highway, the Amalfi Drive, the Hudson River Road. We stopped for lunch at one high point, not realizing that Shihmengtung (Stone Gate Cave) was only a few miles further on. It is reputed to be one of the interesting spots of Chekiang.

At Lishui we turned north and for another 25 miles wound along a river. The road there was wider and the curves less treacherous, so we could make better time than in the morning when it took four hours to traverse 50 miles and cross two ferries. Accounts of trips made by others invariably have said: "Allow time for ferries." We wondered how much time. Now we know that ferry crossings take anything from 10 minutes, which is exceptional, to 24 hours, if you have to wait for tide or repairs.

Picturesque Names

There is poetry in the picturesque place names on a mountain in China. In passing we saw the Purple Cloud Monastery, the Merciful Light Temple, the Beginning to Believe Peak. We climbed the Be Careful Slope, descended the Hundred Step Ladder, went through the Devil's Pass, crossed the Fairy Bridge and stepped over the Gate to Heaven Doorstep.

We three travelled exactly 1,300 miles and the ferry crossings numbered thirteen. On every strip of road we covered buses are in use. Living expenses for each person amounted to $31.11. This included lodging, food, rickshaws where needed, carriers for luggage and incidentals. The total car expense was $140.64, including gas, oil, minor repairs, two greasings, garage where available, and ferry fees ($20).

Essentials for the Trip

Experience has taught us that cards with name and address in Chinese as well as passports properly vised, and car and driver's licences are essential. It is wise to carry your own brand of oil and to take a five-gallon tin of gasoline for emergency. Gas can be bought at all the important bus stations, the price being about 40 cents a gallon higher than in Shanghai. Two spare tires are advisable for a long trip, especially if the car does not have puncture-proof tubes. The Chekiang Tourist Bureau recently published a set of attractive folders in English which give pictures and facts about places of interest in Chekiang. We bought for 20 cents from their agency in Hangchow a reliable road map which we found indispensable. It would be difficult for a person who cannot read signs and ask questions in Chinese to make an extended trip. If he were fortified with a map having Chinese characters, that would help. Usually there is at least one person who can read in the crowd that gathers.

If you are hungering for beauty in the out-of-doors, our advice is, "Go find the Mountains of China". Along with the hills you will discover the bamboo groves, the waterfalls, the temples, the terraced valleys, and the blue distance."

CONGRATULATIONS!



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St. Francis Xavier's Seminary extends heartiest congratulations to Right Reverend Francis P. Carroll, whose appointment as Bishop of Calgary was announced by the Holy See shortly before Christmas. Having brought lustre and fame to the Toronto seminary by his ability as a Professor and his executive talent as President, he now adds honor to St. Augustine's by being its first alumnus to attain the dignity of the Episcopacy. The new Bishop is a remarkably talented man, and his going to Calgary removes from Toronto Archdiocese one of its best-known and best-beloved priests. The prayers of his legions of friends will go with him to his new field of endeavour. "China" wishes Bishop Carroll length of happy days and every blessing. Monsignor John M. Fraser, founder of China Mission Seminary, is an uncle of the new Bishop.

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LIKING CHINA

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

IT is well, they say, to keep first impressions of China to one's self; it is better, they allege, to keep watching and noting, saying little at all times and ever being ready for anything, for things are so different and customs so very strange that if we begin forming judgments and saying China is like this, and the Chinese are like that, we will be forever changing our ideas and contradicting former statements.

And so I prudently follow the advice of my elders and predicate nothing general of the Chinese. But I do not think we are barred from saying just what China is to us and what it does to us even if we are here only one year. True, we may not have much to say, but the business of getting down to like China —or perhaps, to be more exact, to like living in China, whatever it is and come what may, is a big step in helping us in our mission work.

The thought has come to me frequently since my recent coming to Tsingtien, my first appointment. And in a peculiar way did it come. You see, I often caught myself referring to Lishui, our headquarters, as "the Seminary". It is quite a petty slip of the tongue, but in figuring out just why the slip came, I find that Lishui has meant something to me as the Seminary did—and I did like the Seminary. Just as when at the Seminary I confused it often with college, and my college days meant a lot to me; just as when at college I thought of it often in reference to my high school, and my high school days were indeed very happy days. Each in its turn I came to like and to fondly cherish. And now, linked with all these rather sacred associations comes China.

What could be in Lishui that makes the likeness? Is it just because there we newcomers met the same band of wonderful priests whom we were so quick to like as students some seven years ago? Yes, probably that accounts for a lot of it. Yet, not all. Such companionship, both at the Seminary and at Lishui, must be associated with the work to answer my self-imposed question. I find I must bring in China and the Chinese.

A missionary is not here long before he becomes acquainted, and intimately so, with the personnel of the mission. And such acquaintance is quite pleasant and a very easy step into things Chinese. The Christians we met were most agreeable and we became friends with them and counted on them during the day and missed them when they were absent.

To come down to details we find the difference in conventions and mode of living is, in this way, overcome as easily as can be expected, and when our new friends understand, and understanding, help us, well, we come to like them. They will tell us what is to be expected on such an occasion and what is good for us to do in certain exigencies and what we should or should not eat; and they are nice about it if our attempts are awkward or imperfect and they are quick to overlook them and afterwards kindly correct us.

But as we were striking up these friendships we heard stories of others whose acquaintance would not be so agreeable. We heard of those who were nice for what they themselves could get out of it or for as long as it was convenient for them—of those who would at times deceive us either to "save face" on account of some error or neglect of their work or for some convenience to themselves; we heard of those who would do their task only as long as they were watched and checked up; of those who, out of personal grievance, would "desert" and, as sometimes happened, persuade others to follow them. But more often we heard stories of the luke-warm—of those to whom the grace of conversion did not seem so much—either the seed of faith had fallen on stony ground or amongst the brambles, and after a while they fell away.

These stories coming to us during our first months did away with any delusions we may have had of always finding people eager to hear us and willing to help. And it is people whom these stories portray we will be meeting this year—working and pleading with—but as we get into the work and as we mix with those like to the good soil which brings forth fruit a hundredfold, then maybe Tsingtien will be to us what Lishui was—and our other places of training.

Communism in China

(Concluded from a previous issue)

The first military expedition against the Reds was a failure, and the next attempt, in February, 1931, achieved but little. Then Chiang Kai Shek was given control, and against the Reds in Kiangsi his efforts met with considerable success until the invasion of Manchuria in September, 1931, distracted the Government's attention. The Reds promptly recaptured most of the positions they had lost.

Followed two years when nothing serious was done against the Communists. In the autumn of 1933 the campaign was restarted and, with only a slight break owing to the Fukien incident, that campaign has continued up to the present time. Road building and air-scouting have done much to lay open the hidden fastnesses of the Reds. Block-houses have been built to hold captured positions and defend lines of communication. The country-folk have been trained to defend themselves and assist the regular armies in territory recovered from Communist control. Attempts have been made to remedy local abuses which have been largely responsible for the spread of Communism. As Dr. Sherwood Eddy said recently in Canton, the spread of Communism is not by propaganda, but by poverty, injustice, despair and the privations of the people, and the best cure is by removing the causes.

The question remains how much of the Government's policy is sincere and being sincerely carried out, and how much of it is the usual bluff indulged in by almost all countries nowadays to blind foreign countries to the real state of things at home. It does seem that a real effort has been made to suppress the Communists, but then, if the Government successes have really been so great as they are stated to be, how is it that the Red Army is still so large? And if the attempt at suppression has really been so sincere, how is it that the Red Army has not been destroyed but has merely shifted from one province to another? Is it once more a question of graft—who can tell?

Then, too, with regard to the Government's agrarian policy, whither does it lead? Is there only a difference of speed between the Red policy and the policy outlined by Chiang Kai Shek in his pronouncement of December, 1933, the ultimate goal being the same?

Superficially, at least, the only difference between the two policies is that the former would "confiscate" land, while the latter would merely corner it by judicious buying and out-bidding.

Whatever about these misgivings, the fact remains that much has been done by the present Government to remedy the state of home affairs in China. If only a concerted drive could be made against the remaining Reds in Kweichow and Szechuen and the Red menace ended once and for all, China could look forward with more hopefulness to positive achievements in its gigantic task of national reconstruction.

J. GARLAND, S.J.
in the Hong-Kong "Rock".

JOTTINGS

(Continued from page 4)

Chinese look upon us in somewhat the same way Chinese are looked upon in Canada. A greeting to a child in the street is often met by an embarrassed look and silence, although sometimes a smile and perseverance brushes aside the fear and the child breaks into smiles and is ready to return future greetings. One great advantage of being alone, although some may differ, is the necessity of speaking Chinese all the time thus making better progress in the language, which is absolutely necessary if real missionary work is to be done. But even so I shall be ready with a real welcome when Fathers Stringer and Strang return.

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NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

"I hear you're friendly with Mary Jones."

"Nonsense! We're married!"

Visitor: "Who is that gentleman?"

Host: "Ah, that's a great man! He's one of the 10,000 foremost writers of our day."

Prospective Buyer: "The rooms seem to be very small."

House Agent: "But you can always use thinner wallpaper, sir."

Distracted Hubby: "Bills, bills, bills! I can't face them."

Extravagant Wife: "I don't want you to, my dear. I merely want you to foot them."

"Weel, Janet, ah hear ye've started slimming."

"Aye, Maggie. Ma aunt's died, and she's left me a dress, but she was a very wee body."

Neighbour: "Is this your ball, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Are there any windows broken?"

Neighbour: 'No."

Tommy: "Yes, that's my ball."

Landlady: "I see your cup of tea on a chair, Mr. Boarder. A peculiar place to put it!"

Mr. Boarder: "Not at all. It's so weak I put it there to rest."

"If it hadn't been for his wife, Sourbrash would have squandered his entire fortune."

"What did she do?"

"She beat him to it."

Smith. "Have you noticed that old Jollyboy has the habit of talking to himself?"

Jones. "Yes, and so has young Boreleigh, but he doesn't realize it. He thinks we are listening."

"Why is it that you fat men are always good-natured?" somebody once asked President Taft.

Mr. Taft replied: "We have to be good-natured, seeing that we can neither fight nor run."

It was at the seaside, and Sandy had just stretched himself on the beach when Mac came up.

"Will you come for a sail, Sandy?" he asked.

"No, I've just had a guid dinner for two-and-saxpence and I'm no takin' the risk."

Boss (to Pat)—"So you want to leave the works. Are your wages insufficient?"

Pat—"The wages are all right, sur, but I'm afraid I'm doin' a horse out of a job."

Head Warder—"Ten prisoners have broken out, sir."

Governor—"Have you given the alarm?"

Head Warder—"I sent for the doctor. He thinks it's measles."

Sharp Youngster—"Can you tell me where all the pins go to?"

Another Sharp Youngster—"Well. it's hard to say. You see they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."

"Mose, you lazy rascal, do you think it right to leave your wife at the washtub while you spend your time fishing?"

"Oh, yassuh, mah wife doan need no watchin'. She'll wuk jest as hard as if'n I wuz dere."

"I 'ear you've 'ad a slight argument with yer missus, Mrs. 'Iggins."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Wiggins. The missus says ter me, 'Mrs. 'Iggins'," she says. 'You've forgot to clean the top step again. You really must try to remember wot I tells yer.' So then I ups and says, 'Begin' your parding, mum, but there's so many things wot I must remember not ter forget anyow, that sometimes I 'ave ter remember not to forget, so as ter remember likewise,' I says, after which we hunderstands each other more clearly."

"A party platform is a mighty important consideration," said one statesman.

"Yes," replied the other, "a party platform in politics is a good deal like a bunker in golf. The rules require it, but you show your skill in avoiding it."

Instructor: "Lay the ball on the tee and hit hard."

She: "Is that the tee? It looks like ground."

Instructor: "Of course, it's ground, but they call it a tee in golf."

She: "Well, why don't they call it coffee? It's ground."

"We never realize the full value of anything until we lose it," said the vicar, consolingly.

"No, sir," replied the widow, "'e weren't insured."

Woman Shopper (to assistant)—"I say, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings."

Exasperated Assistant — "Well, what do you expect for 60 cents—a marble staircase?"

Note from Teacher: "Johnny has been very mischievous in school. I think I will drop in and see his father."

Mother promptly sent a reply: "Dear Teacher: If you can't handle Johnny, you'd better not tackle his father!"

Mrs. Murphy—"I've just asked Mrs. Smith 'ow 'er ole man's gettin' on, and all 'er said woz, ''E's out of order.' Does 'er mean 'e's bad?"

Mrs. Jones—"No 'e ain't bad. She's got that sayin' off them broken slot misheens. It's swank, an' means 'e won't work."

The Wholesaler—"You promised to tell the truth in your credit statement and we find that you've lied shamelessly."

The Retailer—"My dear sir, I supose you know that 'truth' is merely one of our trade terms, and we have it graded as 'truth,' 'strict truth,' 'absolute truth', and 'guaranteed truth.' "

Negro Woman (applying for a position as cook)—"I seen yo advuhtisement in de newspaper, lady."

Lady (interrupting)—"But, I advertised for a Scandinavian."

Negro Woman—"I knows dat, lady. But jess so a pusson can cook, what difference does religion make?"

Isaac—"Abraham, Abraham, vy did you go and tell my wife that I stole the shilling you lost?"

Abraham—"Isaac, you make a terrible mistake. I only said that if you had not helped me to look for it, surely I would have found it."

Isaac—"Then, Abraham, we still are old pals. Shake hands."

Clerk—"These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer—"I know that kind; I had some which came back with their sides split."

Visitor—"And who is that red-faced man over there?"

Yokel—"That be the squire. A powerful excitable man, 'e be, too. They say as 'ow 'e once burst a blood-vessel watching a chess match."

CHINA

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Passionist Missionaries Try "Campaigning for Christ" In China

Yuanling, Hunan.—15,000 non-Christians, it is estimated, have formed a passing acquaintance with the Catholic Church as a result of a two-months' tour conducted this fall by two American Passionist priests in the mission of Supu, in this vicariate. At the same time approximately 3,000 received medical aid. In many places the missionaries were invited and even urged to return at a later date.

The two Fathers who have been conducting this systematic campaign to bring their district into touch with Christ are the Rev. Raphael Vance and the Rev. Dominic Langenbacher. They visited 24 important localities, in each of which they spent two or more days. Every help was given them by the authorities, who, in some instances, even dispatched town-criers to inform the people of the time and place of the meetings.

The missionaries were accompanied by catechists specially trained for the work. As the missionaries and catechists in turn addressed the crowds assembled in market-place or public square, others of the catechists mingled with the auditors to offer objections and propound questions. In this manner the interest of the populace was stimulated to a high degree and many sincere inquiries resulted.—*Lumen.*

There seems to be a peculiar significance in the fact that St. Francis Xavier and St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, are associated as the patron and patroness respectively of the Missions. The Little Flower is the most outstanding example in our own day of one who has attained the heights of sanctity through perfection in little things. St. Francis Xavier is perhaps the greatest example of one who has accomplished mighty works for God in far-flung regions. Do we not see a connection between these two things? Is it not the little prayers, the little aids, given by those at home that make possible the mighty deeds of the foreign missionaries?

—E. B.

DEATH will not be so hard if you do now what you will then wish you had done.

One of the regrets most of us will have in that critical time will be that we did not serve God more faithfully. While all are not called to serve God as priests, brothers, or nuns, all can help and should help, those who have consecrated their lives to God—you can share in their labors and sacrifices.

Be a missioner by proxy. If you cannot go yourself, help those who can go.

MULTIPLE ROLES PLAYED BY MISSIONER

"The missioner is at all times the spiritual father who ministers to the needs of souls, bringing to his spiritual children the Bread of Life and the wisdom of the Gospels. He baptizes their children, marries their sons and daughters, and buries their dead. He is always ready to comfort in times of spiritual and temporal trial. But more than this: today he is a 'doctor' to alleviate some pain of body; tomorrow he is a 'veterinarian' to help save, with some simple remedy he knows, a cow or a calf, a dog or cat, that threatens to die. In the morning he may serve as an 'architect' to help determine the best place for the new house, or the place for a door in the new wall. In the afternoon he is a 'matchmaker', seeking a wife for a son or a husband for a daughter of one of his Christians. Later on in the day he may be a 'lawyer' advising on a situation that threatens to go to the Mandarin. From morning until night, he is many and all sorts of things to his people, simply because it is to 'Father' the people turn in any matter, be it ever so private. And if baby gets a new tooth, Father has to bring out the camera and turn photographer. So it is that a missioner is always busy in these ever pleasant relations with his people.—*"Catholic Missions."*



The C.P.R. "Empress of Canada", on which our 1935 Mission Band sailed from Vancouver on December 28th. We thank those friends who answered our appeals for funds to defray expenses of the journey to Chuchow. Letters to any of our missionaries in China may be addressed to Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang. (Postage on a letter to China is five cents).

All Together, Now!

LET'S HELP THE MISSIONS!

WE wish to remind all our readers that the financial burden of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary is becoming heavier as the number of our priests in China and students at home increases, and if we are to be able to support our growing institutions here and in China we shall need much more financial assistance than has come to us through the day-to-day donations during 1935. We know that "times are hard" with many. We certainly are amongst the number ourselves, and so we appeal to Catholic wage-earners, young and old, to sometimes make a little sacrifice and send a gift to aid our mission work. Those who do give to the missions find joy in the giving, and are none the poorer for their sacrifices. Begin the New Year well by joining with those faithful friends of the Missions who give us a helping hand regularly. If you have never given to the Missions, why not begin now? Giving to the Missions ought to be a habit with every Catholic family.

HOLY SCRIPTURE SAYS:

"If thou have much, give abundantly: If thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little. For thus thou storest up to thyself a good reward for the day of necessity."

(Tobias IV: 9, 10.)

Give your gift for the love of God, and you will give a gift that is worth while, no matter how small it is.

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St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

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In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

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THE MISSION PARTNERSHIP

A CONTRIBUTED EDITORIAL

By Rev. Desmond Stringer, Tsingtien, China

THERE is sweeping over the Christian world of today an arid devastating blast which is commonly termed Neo-paganism, and rightly so since it has all the vices and few of the virtues of the old. From the inception of the Christian era there has been, almost continuously, a controversy over what to think of God, in what manner to worship Him, and by what means this might be effected. For that long space of time the Church has consistently shown His will on the matter, and today thunders forth the same Message with livelier vigor than ever—much to the chagrin of the false prophets, but not to their conversion.

BUT we are witnessing something much worse now—the relentless fight between those who still believe in supernatural religion and those who don't; between God and Godlessness; between Catholicity and Chaos. Some four hundred years ago a large portion of the then Christian world, protesting against the way God was worshipped, left His pre-ordained manner to seek its own; and now we see it arrived at the state where it is protesting against worshipping Him at all. And because of this the times we are living in may be described as the worst since the coming of Christ. The disintegration of Protestantism has left thousands wandering in a daze of uncertainty, suitable pupils for the teachers of Neo-paganism and their atheistic propaganda which they spread about with a fixedness of purpose, vitality, zeal and enthusiasm that amazes one.



FATHER STRINGER

THOUGH the end is but one, the means to achieve it are multiple and even diametrically opposed. For some it is the doing away with God to undermine the moral law which stands in the way of complete and individual self-indulgence. For others it is the doing away with God and His moral law which stands in the way of a supreme state where individualism is lost. To the first class belong those who seek the abandon of decadent Rome; to the second, those who seek the vigor of Bolshevism. These might at first appear separate ends, but they are not. The end is but one—the destruction of souls.

PERHAPS the most difficult thing to understand in man's long history is his inability to learn from experiences or to benefit from examples of past errors. I mean this with regard to doctrines and moral practices. The heathenism of China's millions contains for the Neo-pagan a lesson of greatest importance. The ethical system of Confucius is so far superior to the hodge-podge of Neo-paganism as to make comparison odious. Yet Confucianism failed to preserve those who professed it from the degradation of superstition, and it failed for one reason, because it taught, "no one is more mistaken than he who seeks in this life to assure his happiness in the next". Every system but the one established by Christ wrecks itself on the same rock—the failure to understand the nature of man. For sane, wholesome living he needs a combination, a fusing of spiritual and physical happiness delicately balanced. Tamper with its poise and the result is disorder. Take away the supernatural and you have chaos. Deprive man of spiritual beauty and he seeks that which is material; divest him of spiritual joys and he turns to those of the senses; dispossess him of Divine love and he feeds on that which is human. And the sad fact is that when human love ceases to mirror the Divine it droops and withers when physical attraction dies as it must, and that very shortly.

BECAUSE in the maelstrom of Neo-paganism there is no charity human love fails in being the beautiful help God intended it should be. Life is a classroom and we are here to learn how to love—for our eternal destiny is simply one endless act of love. This is the great lesson mankind is ever learning, ever forgetting. This is the reason why we are in China as missionaries. And in the light of it how very

thoughtless seems the sentiment, "There's China enough at home!" That after two thousand years approximately two-thirds of the world is still outside the fold of the Catholic Church is a fact that the thinking Catholic may well ponder. Let him sit down and quietly try to picture himself stripped of every doctrine, devotion, and practice he holds sacred; try to feel in his soul something of the desolating misery of such a state and he will rise from his meditation filled with a deeper affection for all his Faith means to him and a corresponding desire to share it with all others without distinction of race or colour.

IN giving this sketch of conditions in the West outside the Catholic Church my motive has been twofold: first to direct your attention to what living without God really embraces; and then, secondly, to point out that these atheistic forces also are at work in China. The tenets of Bolshevism are essentially atheistic. Its self-appointed task is to create a State where there will be no class distinctions; where every member will have opportunity to develop himself in such a way as the whole may benefit; where each may have a roof over his head and a larder sufficient for his needs. These are quite laudable aspirings and millions of starved and half-starved Chinese (or any others for that matter) in their quest for decent livelihood are not going to bother their heads much about the spiritual side of their nature which, for the real Bolshevist, doesn't exist.

THE fact that for the inhabitants of this heathen country spirituality spells bondage of a most degrading and craven nature—a constant fear of evil spirits—is but an added help towards the Utopia heralded by Bolshevism. And thus the work of the missionary is rendered more difficult than ever. And if there should be any lingering doubt as to the necessity of urgent and concentrated action on the part of Catholics to battle this new antagonist; if there should be remaining in you a tendency to belittle the seriousness of the situation, surely to dispel any such hesitancy it should be sufficient to reflect for a moment on the many and insistent counsels and commands urged on us by His Holiness Pope Pius XI. His message is to each and every individual Catholic. To rest passively or but feebly active in the knowledge that the Church is divine and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her" is to avoid the issue.

SOMETIMES it seems the very strength of this dogma is a sort of stumbling block for many, hindering their efforts, or the continuity of them, in Catholic Action. It is a dogma from which, while fighting, we can sustain our efforts, our courage, because we know the end is victory; and not a sort of fortress behind which we may lounge in safety watching the futile attempts of Her enemies to batter down the Church. On earth the Church is described as **militant.** You and I and all Her children are soldiers. From the dawn of reason until the night of death our task is twofold—the knowing what we are fighting for and the bringing of that knowledge to others; the using of the means to win and the teaching of them to others. Thus and only thus are we fulfiling our duty of being each of us a missionary; and missionary each of us must be if we are truly Catholic. The best defensive is an offensive; and the surest way to keep one's Faith alive and vigorous is by striving to share it with others.

BUT how are you to share it with China's millions? You cannot come personally and tell them of the wonderful happiness that is yours in possessing and being possessed by your Faith. But you **can** give the **service** you will to give and still remain at home. You can help prepare an ambassador who will bring your message to them for you. You can aid in supplying the means necessary to this end. When you give what is called "financial assistance" you are giving the equivalent of so much active **service.** Look at it that way, for it maintains a more buoyant interest and a greater sense of personal duty performed. It destroys that false mentality which would describe our appeals as begging. This work of preaching the Gospel is as vitally your concern as it is that of any missionary on the field, the difference existing only in the manner of its being discharged. Whether you give five dollars or five cents, you are actively participating in the task of spreading the Gospel. When you forego some pleasure, little or great, in order to send a more substantial sum of money to those who are acting for you, realize that it is your own personal service you are giving by means of another. It costs twenty dollars a month to keep a Catechist going in a Mission. When you send that amount or a part of it, see **yourself** as doing the work in his person. Isn't it a much more active state of mind; doesn't it produce a greater sense of a duty well performed, than merely to think of your donation in an impersonal way? Isn't the reaction healthier for us both when I say "Lend me a hand" than if I said "Lend me a dollar"?

DON'T let this work of yours and mine suffer. Don't let it lag, or worse, retrograde. And another thing, do never let yourself think or imagine the Church at home may fail or proceed more slowly because of the hours you spend labouring here. Your interest in parochial activities and the welfare of your parish will be all the more sustained and promoted because your Faith, in constant touch with the spiritual misery of so many millions, will fire you with a greater appreciation and love for all the beauties of our Catholic religion. From over here we call to you, "Do lend us a hand!"

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JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

IT was a raw afternoon in Lishui several weeks ago that I went to the home of a poor old sick woman and baptized her. The Sisters had been visiting her daily for two months, giving her some relief, but they knew that it was just a matter of time before the woman died, so naturally they were more concerned about her soul than her body. They told her about God Who was born for her and Who died for her, and explained that if she gave up the worship of the devil and was baptized she could go to Heaven when she died. The woman knew she was soon to die, but she was loath to give up her pagan worship, but after a time the prayers and perseverance of the Sisters bore fruit and the woman asked for Baptism. She received some instruction and soon afterwards I baptized her. I well remember that walk along a cobbled street, through a narrow lane, and into a yard strewn with refuse. I was about to pass what I thought was a pig pen when the sacristan turned towards it and entered by a low door.

I followed him into the house, which was no more than a small room cluttered with a couple of pigs, a table, a bench, a chair, a smoking stove without a chimney and, at the end, hardly discernible through the smoke, was a bed and the sick woman.

Two Sisters, who had followed at a distance, stood at the door, as there was no room inside. The catechist gave the woman a final exhortation and there in the smoky gloom I poured the cleansing water over the wrinkled bald head; the former devil-worshipper was now a child of God and an heir to the Kingdom of Heaven. Her body was far from being beautiful, but her soul was radiant in the sight of God.



A recent picture of Father Doyle, the author of these clever, interesting and newsy "jottings" which appear every month. Fr. Doyle is now stationed at Tsingtien.



This little girl attends the Sisters' School at Lishui. We are indebted to Father Doyle for the beautiful picture on our cover this month, showing another of the Lishui schoolgirls.

Leaving the poor home I paused for a few words with the Sisters. Sister Mary Catherine, who had charge of the case, told how happy she was that the woman was baptized. She then added that this was one of the worst houses she had seen in China, while Sister St. Martin said that she could hardly see me during the baptism on account of the smoke.

During the days that followed I hoped her death would not be delayed as the poor woman was in a pagan environment and would have many temptations to fight against. My hopes were not in vain, as a letter just received tells of her death and Christian burial.

Her name was Mary.

* * *

Another woman I baptized, this time in the church, held her infant in her arms to be baptized also at the same time. Their picture is on this page. The child was named Paul.

* * *

Reference above to the "worst" home brings to mind that Mrs. Roosevelt is endeavoring to demolish slum districts in the United States. If she tried to do the same thing here, the majority of the towns and villages, at least in this district of China, would have to be rebuilt. Some of the "worst" dwellings in the slums of American cities would be considered respectable homes if placed over here.

* * *

WITH cold weather setting in and central heating merely a system read about, small iron stoves are placed in the rooms of the priests and a supply of wood is bought, so during the winter on the colder days the fire is lit for a few hours and the chill taken off the room, but in the chapel there is no heat, so it is necessary to wear plenty of clothes. Of course, during Mass the fingers of the upraised hands of the priests become numb with the cold, but that is to be expected. And with the cold weather come thoughts of Christmas approaching (I am writing in December), when the missions will be remembered by a few friends, and to them we are grateful, as the work of the missions in this district is entirely dependent upon those at home. The poor Chinese here cannot contribute to the upkeep of the chapels,

(Continued on page 29)



Little Paul and his mother were baptized together.

The Yellow Man Looks On

ON his last Sunday in Toronto, before leaving for China, Monsignor McGrath took the place of Rev. Charles Lanphier, Director of the Radio League of St. Michael, and broadcasted the following address on Canada's Catholic Radio Hour from St. Michael's Cathedral. In the absence of Father Lanphier through illness, Very Rev. A. T. Lellis, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, assisted in the broadcast as interlocutor.

Father Lellis — Ladies and gentlemen, it is a pleasure indeed to help hold the fort for Father Lanphier during his regretted illness—especially so, since the speaker to-day is one known and admired throughout our country. Our people love the foreign missions but they have a special place in their hearts for the missions of China—and naturally so, since the only foreign mission seminary in English-speaking Catholic Canada is St. Francis Xavier Mission Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. From that institution have gone forth the young men who are laboring in the prefecture of Chuchow, and there, too, many others are preparing to follow them. From that seminary Mgr. McGrath went forth four years ago to lead the Church's forces on that distant battle-line. Last spring he returned, his health impaired. Now, his health improved, he is eager and ready to take up his missionary duties once again. You will recall that when he arrived in Toronto last spring he was interviewed over this station by Father Lanphier. The result so pleased the air-audience that we have decided to use the same "question and answer" method to-day in treating the subject—"The Yellow Man Looks On".

Question: "Monsignor, is the average Canadian prejudiced against the Chinese?"

Monsignor: Somewhat prejudiced, yes, Father, through lack of knowledge of a kindly, hospitable, lovable people. What do we know about the Chinese? Three things, chiefly. (1) They work in laundries; (2) they provide fairly edible fish and chips in cafes; (3) they all look alike—at least to us, which reminds me of the story of a somewhat bewildered British Tommy on sentry duty in Shanghai. His commanding officer asked him if anybody had passed his pillbox during the evening.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "there were thirty Chinamen, or maybe, sir, it was the same Chinaman thirty times."

Those of us who read the papers cannot fail to have noticed that the Orient is news these days. Men don't have to bite dogs any more. China can crash the front pages almost any old time. A missionary kidnapped; a Communist defeat; a squadron of Japanese destroyers in the China Sea and the world knows it next day.

"Well, Monsignor, to what do you attribute this growing interest in things Oriental?"

It seems to be based on a feeling of apprehension. We're not quite as sure of ourselves as we used to be. We're wondering and talking about the stability of our own civilization. We're discovering new things, disquieting possibilities about China and Japan. Drop into the club, or the hotel these December evenings. What are men talking about? Italy, Ethiopia, world war. "Nobody knows what's going to happen," they say, or "It's the end of our civilization," "or Japan mistress of the world," "Christianity has failed us," or "If those 500 million Chinese ever get armed and organized." Well, they are getting armed, 2½ millions of them are under arms already.

Yes, my friends, the Orient is beginning to intrigue and fascinate us. We hear that Japan is selling bottled beer in Germany for less than the Germans pay for empty bottles. And selling cotton goods in England for less than the raw material costs in Lancashire; and rayon silk for 10 cents a yard at special sales on Water Street, St. John's. "You know we **can't compete** with these people," say the merchants. A sort of economic yellow peril to the western world.

And in China — the great Dragon is stirring after his sleep of the centuries; not yet fully awake but beginning to stretch himself; becoming pleasantly aware of a sense of power. Five hundred million people! Two and one-half millions under arms! Universal conscription in force! Five hundred fighting planes! They could lose 20,000 men a day and keep up a fight forever.

"The Orient, then, seems to be growing stronger, more aggressive. What shall we say of the West? The White Man, for centuries, has been rather smug, I fancy, haughty—even contemptuous. Is he as sure of himself to-day as formerly?"

No, he is becoming afraid of himself. Piling up armaments that may one day blast himself and his civilization sky-high! Talking of world war, which will be civilization's suicide. Feverishly watching the dawn that is breaking over Africa, a dawn coming up like thunder, but this time not out of China 'cross the bay.

AND THE YELLOW MAN LOOKS ON; smiles over his teacups; watches with satisfaction as white prestige is on the wane; envisions the day—the glorious day—when white dominations may end—forever.

For decades now the Yellow Man has been looking on. Let us sum up briefly to what extent he has witnessed the decline of the white man's power.

1. About 35 years ago the Kaiser of Germany addressed his soldiers. There had been trouble in China, Boxer uprisings, murder of whites. These Germans were going to join the allied force that occupied Pekin. "So treat the Chinese," said His Imperial German Majesty, "that no Chinaman will dare look a German in the face for 1,000 years to come."

Well, they did dare. Less than 20 years later they looked into the faces of German soldiers who had been defeated by the Japs at Tsingtao and the Chinese were the soldiers this time, and the Germans the prisoners of war.

2. The Yellow Man looked on while their own soldiers boarded German ships at Shanghai. They brusquely ordered German captains off their ships, to be interned. They even forgot their Chinese politeness, for it was a big moment. They had never dared do this to a white man before.

3. THE YELLOW MAN LOOKED ON. 170,000 Coolies looked on in the World War. They saw how white men prayed and swore and slaughtered one another. With their slant Oriental eyes they saw Christians become barbarians and the sights they saw weren't pretty. And some of them went back to China and told how those Christians loved one another.

4. THEY LOOKED ON WHEN RUSSIA WENT MAD. They saw pitiful white Russians who had crossed Siberia, fleeing before death and the ghastly Red Terror. Half starved, half mad, men, women and children straggled into Harbin and Tientsin. Disowned by the Soviets, they knew no foreign protection. And they were handled none too gently by the Chinese police. They pushed on—to Shanghai—some of those white outcasts. Penniless, starving, almost in rags they stood on the sidewalks of the foreign concession and begged coppers of Chinese passers-by. White men they were and almost in the gutter.

But there were worse refugees from Russia's attempt to uproot humanity. White Russian girls, pathetic victims of a social cataclysm, more sinned against than sinning, went from bad to worse. Till to-day, in Shanghai, the words "Russian girl" and "Woman of the streets" are almost synonymous terms.

5. In Shanghai and other large cities the Chinese looked on at moving pictures of the white man. Looked on till Nanking's censors—inaugurating a legion of decency all their own—banned a large percentage of pictures from Hollywood. They were too demoralizing, they said, for the Chinese people. And the Chinese who saw them told themselves that that was how the white man lived.

"I would imagine that this spectacle of Occidental decline must react upon mission work. If you have correctly stated the condition of the so-called Christian world, surely the Chinaman will hesitate to accept Christianity. What does he make of it all?"

The Yellow Man watched, mildly interested, while missionaries came in almost every ship that docked. "We come," they said, "to preach a gospel of peace, peace on earth to men of goodwill". There were cultured and refined men and women of many Christian denominations. They went to the remotest parts of war-torn China and opened schools and cared for the sick and braved death from typhus and cholera and Communist bandits. And not all escaped; many succumbed to disease—among them one of the best friends I had in the world—who now lies buried on a hillside in distant Chekiang; 53 priests that I know of have been murdered by bandits during the past 20 years in China. And the whole world has heard the tragic but edifying and heroic story of Mr. and Mrs. Stamm, missionaries of the United Church, who died as the bravest of God's heroes die.

AND THE YELLOW MAN LOOKED ON. "These," they said, "are good people. These men and women came thousands of miles across the ocean to help the people of China. They follow a leader called Christ. Perhaps there would be peace and happiness in foreign lands if they all followed Him."

"Do you mean, Monsignor, that Christian people, in Christian lands, have not followed the teachings of the gentle Christ?"

My friends, the pathetic tragedy of it all! For in foreign lands they had not hearkened to the gentle Prince of Peace. In lands called Christian strong men were despairing. In lands called Christian mothers starved and little children grew wan and pale.

Food there was aplenty, but not for them! Food to be destroyed. God's precious gifts of bounteous harvest thrown back into the face of a kindly Providence! Burning coffee, burning wheat, slaughtered cattle! While millions cried for bread and there was none to break it unto them. And the men who grew wealthy were the men who made the guns and the shells and the poison gas and the liquid fire. Vulture-like munition makers saw their dividends skyrocketed; higher and

(Continued on page 29)



FATHER SHARKEY REMAINS IN VANCOUVER

Taken on the pier at Vancouver, with the portholes of the "Empress of Canada" showing in the background, this picture shows missionaries who are engaged in three different spheres of our work: at the Seminary, in Chuchow, and at the Vancouver Mission. From left to right, they are: Rev. Roland Roberts, assistant at the Vancouver Chinese Mission; Rev. Leo Curtin, who sailed for China on December 28th; Rev. Hugh Sharkey, in charge of the Mission in Vancouver. He was scheduled to go to China in December, but at the last minute it was decided to let him carry on with his great work in Canada; Monsignor McGrath, Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, who has returned to China; Very Rev. John E. McRae, President of the Seminary, who accompanied the departing missionaries to the Pacific Coast and visited the Mission among the Chinese in Vancouver; Rev. Lawrence Beal, returned to China.

ON THE MISSI

By REV

Here is an interesting account set out from their central sta Divine Master, they "go about d discomforts and hardships. W Strang and Father Stringer c missions". Read this and see wh

IN THE stillness of night the sounds of this typewriter re-echo through a dark and dingy room of a very old and dilapidated house in one of the small villages which stud the banks of the big river which gives to this Chinese Province its name—Chekiang (Crooked River). The river provides a livelihood for numberless millers and boatmen; it starts many miles away, high up in the mountains, but it does not trickle very far before it is augmented by many tributaries, and it plunges on with increasing force between the mountains on its way to the sea and the loving tide which checks its passage with an impetuous embrace many miles further down stream.

The story that my noisy typewriter records this night in this dark and dingy room is the story of how these Chinese millers and boatmen on the river, and the farmers who till the soil along its banks, are told about their God and how they listen to the telling. The Fall Missions are being conducted in this Parish of Tsingtien (Green-Fields) by Father Stringer and myself—and I am endeavouring to give you an account of what that means.

It is November 4th. A late date to be starting on the rounds of our Missions. But it is the first opportunity we have had since Father Stringer came to Tsingtien as pastor in September, and I as his assistant in what is, for me, my first assignment to an outside mission. Father Gerald Doyle came down here a week ago, and he has been left in charge at Tsingtien during our absence on visitation of all the villages and hamlets in our parish where Christians reside. When we set out from Tsingtien Father Joe King was with Father Doyle, waiting hourly for word from Father Amyot at Huang T'An as to the condition of that village which was infested with bandits when Father King left there.

I had cherished the hope of proceeding to Lei-Zhih, the first mission, by bicycle, as it is along the bus road. But unfortunately the day we left Tsingtien it was raining hard.

IMMEDIATELY after dinner on Monday, November 4th, we set out, taking with us four pieces of baggage; our Mass kit which contained practically everything but the altar; the bedding, nets, blankets and sheets, rolled up in canvas; a valise containing travelling necessities and catechisms, prayer-books, etc., for the use of the Christians; and lastly, the portable typewriter which would come in handy in recording the activities of our mission trip for the benefit of readers of "China".

Lei-Zhih is not a bus stop, so we had to go two miles beyond this place, wait in a shed until the rain abated somewhat, and then we hired a man to take our baggage back the two miles to Lei-Zhih. The carrier was a Christian, small of stature, but nevertheless he managed famously as he balanced the baggage on a pole across his shoulder and trotted along (carriers always seem to be trotting) quite contentedly. On arrival, we were greeted by Mr. Chiu the catechist, and conducted to the mission quarters. We were shown into the catechists's own room. It was to be our "office and residence" for a week. The small capacity of this room was taxed by two tables and two beds. A small opening crossed with iron bars let in a little light in the far corner. The mud walls were bare of paper and ornaments and pictures, save for some small scraps of paper containing Chinese written characters of no special significance as far as I know.

As I pound away at my typewriter this first night here, Father Stringer and I are seated at a table with the lamp between us. We succeeded in banishing the smoke from the lamp which was very unpleasant at first, and now we are providing our own smoke—of a more pleasant and soothing nature. I with my trusty pipe and Father Stringer with some gift cigars. It may be of interest, in passing, to say that the cigars were presented to Father Stinger by M. Coiffard of the French Consulate in appreciation for courtesies shown him and Dr. Palmgren, Curator of the Prince of Sweden's Collections, during their tour of the Province last Easter.

AS SOON as the formalities of greeting were over we set about fixing up the room, making our beds and arranging the tables to best advantage and read Office by the light of the small lamp and then we were called to supper which was served in a room at the back of the chapel. The repast was a sumptuous one as Chinese repasts go, and, to tell the honest truth, we did justice to it. One or two dubious dishes we refrained from, as well as those which experience taught us

Requiescat in Pace

CATHOLIC Canada mourns the loss of one of her outstanding figures in the death of Most Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, Archbishop of Halifax, who died Monday, January 13th. Death came to the 61-year-old Prelate after a brief, sudden illness. Toronto was the scene of his priestly labours as Pastor of St. Ann's Parish, Editor of the "Catholic Register", and President of the Catholic Church Extension Society. He was appointed Bishop of Victoria in 1924, and five years later became Coadjutor to Archbishop McCarthy of Halifax, succeeding to the Archbishopric of Halifax in 1931.

The Mission spirit has flourished in the Archdiocese of the deceased Prelate. One of the last official functions attended by Archbishop O'Donnell was the Convention of the Crusaders in November, and during that gathering he himself spoke on several occasions, urging both priests and people to a greater appreciation of missionary problems.

For Archbishop O'Donnell's soul we breathe a fervent prayer and beg the prayers of our readers for his eternal repose.

S IN TSINGTIEN

STRANG

es place when our missionaries outlying missions. Like their heerfully enduring the incidental ve further reports from Father eir experiences in "making the naries are doing—on your behalf.

always to refuse. But, it being an opening meal, there was plenty to choose from—bananas, boiled eggs, boiled meat and tasteless beans, and in a corner, as innocent looking as if it was a delicious fruit salad, was the sickening Der-vu, or bean-curd. As we ate, all the Christians in the house (twenty or more, for each house has several families within its precincts) gathered around to see how we could handle the chopsticks and to watch all our strange foreign ways. Conversation therefore was not easy for we always had to be explaining something to them. A chief feature was the presentation of babies, at whom we were supposed to Koo-a-doole-loo, ask how old, and how many others there were, and we always asked about their baptism. The babies don't seem to mind this sort of thing and everybody else seemed to like it; we just fall in stride and work up, I suppose, a big reputation as baby lovers, even as the politicians before election time.

After the peanuts were served, and we were lighting our cigarettes, we unofficially outlined the program for the following week, and receiving no objection to it we retired to our room and prepared for the opening lecture. Before the opening, however, Father Stringer visited Yu Shan who was sick in bed upstairs. Readers may remember her as the girl for whose safety Father MacDonald had to fight, both in law and with fists, this time last year, and who in consequence has crashed the columns of Canadian and even American papers. She has since been married to Fu K'uei Ling, a sacristan at Lishui. The room she lies sick in is anything but conducive to health; the smoke from the Chinese stove in the room below vitiates the little fresh air that is allowed through an aperture which answers for a window.

At seven-thirty the bell rang and the Christians gathered in the small room which serves as a chapel. An altar, a confessional, and ten benches for pews comprise all the furniture. Innocent of dirt at least, the room is quite bare. Some forty Christians were present for the opening conference and the mission was formally opened with the recitation of the "Asperges" and the sprinkling of holy water. After the prayer to the Holy Ghost, Father Stringer impressed upon the gathering the necessity of the visitation, using very simple words and homely illustrations. He also outlined the order of the mission, urging them not to let ordinary duties interfere with their attending all the exercises.

And so we came to the end of our first day on the Missions. We retired to bed, prepared to let the rats scurry about to their hearts' content so long as they keep outside our bed netting.

* * *

Tuesday, November 5th

A LITTLE after six we arose; it is still raining and Father Stringer wonders why rain is inseparately connected with most of his visitations. But we feel refreshed in spite of the hard board and the multitude of rats that gamboled about in the room and even on the net frame over our beds. A little after seven all the Christians had assembled and Mass was begun at which two received Holy Communion. Immediately after Mass the catechist preached the morning conference, basing his exhortations on the person of God and on creation. He spoke for thirty minutes, after which the second Mass began and all the Christians stayed for it.

Breakfast was served at half-past nine, but Chinese food, whatever appeal it may have at noon or night, has very little to recommend it in the morning. So we necessarily ate sparingly, enough to last us through the morning. Hard-boiled eggs saved the day—rather the morning—for us.

After breakfast we tidied our room and called all the children to examine them in their catechism. And they recited the answers quite well enough, but, not unlike all other children, the meaning of many of the characters is still unknown to them. How many of us understood what "The sovereign Lord of Heaven and Earth" meant when first we rattled it off for the school master? So, too, these kiddies, and they have the further disadvantage that the catechism and all prayers are recited in the mandarin dialect of the district and not in the local ones. It is only in after years that they come to understand it—after they have had repeated explanations of it and have come to read characters well.

PERHAPS, before the New Year is too far spent, you may be won. To this—to make the resolution to give YOURSELF in some way to help the missions. Don't base your decision on a feeling of "Well, I suppose I must!" But let it be founded on gratitude. On a deep thanksgiving for the gift of Faith that was freely given to you . . . .

Few Catholics act upon that idea. We accept the fact that we are Catholics without remembering HOW. It slips our mind that all of us, through the generosity of others, received our own Faith. We go merrily ahead. Not doing any harm, necessarily—but not doing any good, either! Often our one objective is to amuse ourselves, to please ourselves. Rather futile, isn't it? Like "playing with blocks"! For real accomplishment, we must make some personal contribution ourselves. As others did for us! Or we should not be Catholics today. Let us have a different New Year this year. One characterized by our desire to forsake futility, to do something worth while for the missions!

—"Catholic Missions"

It was the same with the women in the afternoon—they do not read but memorize the characters, and in this case even the memorizing was a bit slack. With the men in the evening it was a bit better. They came one by one into our room and we had them recite their prayers for us and answer catechism questions. And really, like grown-up school boys they were—reciting incomprehensibly fast when they knew, slurring over doubtful answers, and twiddling with their hats when they did not know. And all the while we could hear the others outside studying their doctrine and helping each other. The conference and night prayers took place after the examination, and in it they were instructed about confession. All was over at eight-forty-five, and after checking up for the day we had a last cigarette and hopped into bed before nine-thirty.

* * *

Wednesday, November 6th

A LONG recording to-day—to wit, from one a.m. until now, nine p.m. You see, in the darkness of the very early morning a messenger came running into the village, waking up the whole community and waking us last of all. When we became conscious of the hullabaloo, two thoughts immediately presented themselves to us—trouble from bandits or an urgent sick call, neither of which was a pleasant thought at that hour. But the catechist was telling us the story through the thin wall, and we had to hear it twice before we got it right. The runner had come from a village, Shao Yueh, some ten miles up a little stream, with the intelligence of an accident that happened in the chapel there. A very old Christian after night prayers the night before had mistaken a hole in the floor for the floor itself and had fallen and killed himself. There was nothing we could do about it, especially at that hour of the night, and when things quietened down we went off to sleep again, after giving directions about the funeral.

In the morning we had our first round-up—the boys were rounding-up the cows instead of attending the catechism, and we sent their dads after them and called them in. I conducted the class. The afternoon class of the women was a small improvement on yesterday's—I daresay some of the infants they had with them got as much out of it as their mothers, for they had more of their mothers' attention than we had.

They Are Depending On Us

"PRACTICALLY all of us have suffered some material losses. Naturally we try to economize; but it is hoped that in our economy we will not neglect the Missions. That might easily prove disastrous. We all know what happens when an advancing army is cut off from its supplies, when food and ammunition are left far in the rear. It affects the morale; it interrupts the advance of forces; it readily causes a rout and defeat. The missionary movement is but Christ's Army advancing for the salvation of souls. They are depending on us. We are their source of supplies. We must not fail them, for, if we do, we are halting the furtherance of Christ's cause. We can economize on luxuries, we can curtail our pleasures, but we must not fail the missionaries in the field and slacken the progress of the missionary movement by paring down contributions."

(Cardinal Mundelein)

The weather continued dull with scattered showers; however, we managed an evening walk to get some fresh air in our lungs and to clear our heads from the smoke in the house. On the return we met a former Christian who had left the Church and taken to himself another man's wife. He had been hanging around for the two days working up courage to approach us; the meeting served the purpose and we made an appointment to see him right after supper. And right after supper he was in sitting before the priest for the first time in many years. He had brought a large grapefruit as a token of goodwill. Suffice to say that in the interview he expressed his willingness to return and to atone. Before night prayers many of the Christians came to buy medals, books and beads. We charge the cheapest possible price—one copper for a medal with holy picture (a copper is about a ninth of a Canadian cent). There are many advantages in selling them rather than in giving them away, not the least of which is the Christians' own appreciation of them.

Thursday, November 7th

The order much the same as on the previous day, with confessions added. Nearly every one of the Christians came, and thus the big thing of the mission was accomplished. It was a bit finer to-day, too.

* * *

Friday, November 8th

OUR last full day here. All were to Communion at the Mass and the thanksgiving after it took the place of the usual sermon. In the morning I baptised one infant and supplied ceremonies for three others. In the afternoon we visited the house of a catechumen about two miles up the road—in answer to an invitation and to a request that we bless his home. It turned out to be a nice social call, and besides seeing the family we met also many of the neighbors, some of whom are catechumens and some who want to be. Our host was very considerate; he had heard from the catechist that we liked boiled eggs and so these he served us and gave to the catechists their own delectable dish. It was a consideration we appreciated very much, too.

The closing lecture was given by Father Stringer just before night prayers; he summed up the main points of the Mission and reviewed the Doctrine and importance of Confession and Communion. They were also given a rule for the year, stress being laid on the children's coming to Doctrine class every morning. The morning devotion will see the formal conclusion of the Mission, and then we will leave the border of the big river and cut through the mountains and start all over again in the village of Do Lu, which has many more Christians than the other places.

"The traders go for treasure that the worm will take by stealth
And death will come to cheat them of the whole,
But these win prize eternal, seeking out another wealth,
They have guessed the blinding value of a soul.

They are pioneering miners, and they quest the purest gold,
They are merchants seeking naught but pearls unpriced.
In the midst of every region, they're a laughing lonely legion,
Oh! they'd blaze a trail to anywhere for maddening love of Christ."

China Holds First National Catholic Action Congress

Plans Are Set Forth for the Extension of Christ's Kingdom

SHANGHAI — China's first National Catholic Action Congress, held here, closed in a burst of love and veneration for the Eucharistic King after an eight-day series of notable sessions in which the progress of the great Catholic Action Apostolate in China was measured and clerical and lay leaders set forth principles and plans for the extension of Christ's Kingdom in this mission land.

Led by His Excellency the Most Rev. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, who presided at the sessions, Bishops and outstanding members of the laity discussed questions of paramount importance to the Church in China, while reports were heard indicating the course and vitality of Catholic Action throughout the country.

Three thousand persons marched in the Eucharistic procession, which closed the Congress, filing through the streets of the city to St. Ignatius Church, where Solemn Benediction was given.

Messages from His Holiness Pope Pius XI and from Wang Ching-wei, head of the Executive Yuan of the National Government, were received by the Congress. The Holy Father, replying to a message of homage and filial affection, sent his special blessing, while Mr. Wang Ching-wei acknowledged the gathering's pledge of cooperation in the promotion of national reconstruction. His Eminence Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, sent his blessing and best wishes.

Clergy Hold Conferences

The sessions covered a wide field. Some of the meetings were devoted to special topics, such as youth, the laity, education, sociology and the Catholic Press.

Important among the various meetings were the conferences of clergy. At these gatherings addresses were delivered by Bishops on subjects including "The Rights and Duties of Ecclesiastical Assistants as Regards Catholic Action", "Is Catholic Action Practicable Everywhere at the Present Time?" "The Inner Life of Ecclesiastical Assistants", and "The Theological Bases of Catholic Action". The last subject was discussed by the Apostolic Delegate in Latin.

Education and sociology in the light of Catholic Action were considered at two sessions. Prominent educators, clerical and lay, spoke on "Requirements for a Truly Catholic School" and "School Legislation and Catholic Educational Institutions", while reports were made on the work of several Catholic Educational institutions in China and one on the present state of Catholic educational effort in this country.

Archbishop Zanin, opening the session on sociology, struck the keynote of the Catholic social effort, emphasizing the supernatural motive behind Catholic social activities. Various other addresses at this session dealt with economic and sociological work of the Church in China such as "The Social Formation of Catholic Action Associates", "Peasant Federation in China," and "Medical Work and Catholic Action."

Resolutions Passed

Editors and journalists were heard at the session on the Catholic Press on subjects varying from "A Brief Account of Recent Catholic Publications in China" to "Catholic Action Publications".

One session was devoted to the discussion of cultural and intellectual matters. Distinguished savants considered such topics as "The Mission of Catholic Intellectuals", "The Introduction of Neo - Scholastic Philosophy in China", and "Chinese Christian Art".

Youth came in for extensive treatment, one whole day being given over to that question. In addition to addresses on youth, there was a review of Catholic student bodies of Shanghai, in which approximately 5,000 participated.

Sessions for Catholic young men and women were held, these meetings presenting addresses on "The Place of Women in Catholic Action" and "Catholic Action Associations for Young Women", and one by the Apostolic Delegate in which His Excellency stressed the responsibilities of men, as fathers, in safeguarding the faith of the younger generation from the dangers in the cinema and the press.

Two important resolutions were passed. One recommended the establishment of a Catholic University for Women in this city, while the other urged the sponsoring of a National Catholic Shrine in the capital, in the form of a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The latter resolution also called for the erection of a statue of Christ the King.



A few of the fifty Chinese children attending the Kindergarten of St. Francis Xavier Chinese Mission in Vancouver, with their Chinese teacher and a Grey Sister.

MISSION CIRCLES

A FEW months ago we wrote to a large number of lady friends of our Seminary to enlist their aid in securing some financial assistance for the upkeep of the Seminary and the training of our fifty students for the Priesthood. The names of those to whom we sent letters were suggested to us by our students themselves as ones likely to have a particular interest in our work through their acquaintance with our seminarians. We asked those people to accept the responsibility of becoming Promoters of Mission Circles. As Promoters they would agree to approach five other friends of theirs and solicit a monthly offering of twenty-five cents. The Circle would be composed of the Promoter and five others who agreed to make the monthly contribution to the missions, through their Promoter.

We are happy to report now that the plan has met with great success. Mere words are a weak medium with which to express our thanks and appreciation for the prompt and willing co-operation given us by Promoters and Members of these Mission Circles. Our gratitude can best be tendered by a daily remembrance in the Masses and prayers of our priests and students. May God's blessing be with our good friends of our Mission Circles. Let their work continue, and it gives promise of doing much to relieve the Seminary authorities of a great deal of financial worries.

In later issues we hope to make mention of Mission Circle activities, and if possible do something to encourage the spread of the work throughout the country as an easy method for Catholics to do their share for the Missions.

The Yellow Man Looks On

(Continued from page 23)

higher like the piles of shells they made to break the bodies of babies in their mother's arms—lands called Christian!

The Yellow Man has looked upon the West. He has seen things that astound and bewilder him. He has seen things that sicken and disgust him; he has seen heroic things in the lives of missionaries, and he is impressed by their spirit of Christianity in action.

Will we not, then, give him a chance to accept the Christianity which the West rejects as a cure for the ills of the world?

"You seem to imply, Monsignor, that the Chinese should be given a chance to accept a Christianity rejected by the Western World. Is that the theme of your discourse to-day?"

Is that our argument—that alone? Is it upon that consideration that we rest our case for the Foreign Missions? No! It is true, beautifully true, but is it enough?

In other words, my dear friends, must you and I, in this year of grace, 1935, sit and weigh and ponder the evidence, as it were, before giving our approval to the work of the Foreign Missions?

Many Christian people are doing so. Some Canadian people are doing so. And they have turned thumbs down. They tell me that we are wasting our time in China, that there is China enough right here at home.

What do they forget? That this business of the Foreign Missions is not an open question. The issue was settled 1,900 years ago. It was decided by One whose words settled the question forever; who He was you know; His words you know.

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations"; "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

He who spake died for the soul of the red and the black, and the yellow man, as well as for your soul and mine. He wants the love of their poor human hearts as He wants the love of your heart and mine. And there, if you ask, is and ever has been, the driving force of the Foreign Missions, the burning desire of soldiers of Christ to win for Him the love of souls for whom He died. For the Church has long had its Foreign Legion. And China and India and Africa have their Flanders fields where crosses stretch row upon row; and those who died there have not died but entered upon life eternal.

"Well, Monsignor, our time is almost up. I am sure I speak for each listener-in when I say we are deeply grateful for your kindness in addressing us to-day. We bid you God-speed on your journey to China, and assure you of our prayers for yourself and the heroic young priests who labour with you across the seas in Chuchow, China. Would you like to say a final word?"

My friends, it would be most ungracious on my part did I not avail of this opportunity to bid each of you a fond farewell, and to assure you that as in China our thoughts turn across the Pacific to our native land, so we naturally think of you our friends, and the friends of the Seminary which sends us to China. So, too, may I indulge the hope that you will occasionally remember us in your prayers that God may bless our work for the conversion of souls in pagan China.

Good-bye, my friends, and God bless you!

BURSES TO EDUCATE PRIESTS FOR CHINA

A BURSE is a sum of $5,000 (FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS) which, being securely invested, produces sufficient revenue to educate a student for the missionary priesthood. The capital is not touched, but remains intact. The Seminary would have the use of the ANNUAL INTEREST from each FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR FUND to educate young men for the priesthood in PERPETUITY.

\+ +

SEVERAL of our Burses already completed have been outright gifts from individuals, but the others have been built up over a period of years by the large and small offerings of our faithful friends. We invite contributions to any of our Incomplete Burses. Even the smallest offering will move some Burse nearer to completion, and we certainly have need of such help now. We could never finance the education of all our students on the interest of our Burses as they now stand.

\+ +

THOSE blessed with an abundance of this world's goods could spend to no better advantage than by becoming the Founder of a Burse for China Mission Seminary. It would be absolutely the most worthwhile monument to leave behind to your memory.

\+ +

YOUR DONATION for our BURSE FUND may be sent either to the Seminary or in care of the "Catholic Record", London, Ont.

JOTTINGS

(Continued from page 21)

to paying the salaries of the catechists and all the other necessary expenses of the mission; in fact, many receive alms from the mission. The poverty here must be seen to be appreciated. But all have souls. Christ was born for them, too. He wants them to be saved, and our work here is handicapped by lack of means. To those who help we are grateful and they are specially remembered in the prayers and works of the missionaries. The Christians, especially the school children, also pray for those who made their conversion possible. On page 21 is a picture of one of the schoolgirls at the convent school in an attitude of prayer.

* * *

A BANDIT scare caused Father Amyot to consume the Blessed Sacrament one afternoon recently and fly to the mountains, but fortunately the bandits did not enter the village of Huang T'An, so Father Amyot and the villagers returned home. Last month I mentioned that the bandits were being starved out of the mountains, but now it seems more probable that the soldiers will be starved out, as they are poorly paid and are short on supplies, while the bandits, when money is low, capture a rich merchant and hold him for a few hundred dollars ransom. Although in China nothing is certain, it seems that the cold weather has brought about a more settled condition, but nevertheless a letter from Father King in Huang T'An adds: "Father Amyot has a ladder leaning against the back wall—to be used in case of necessity. Prudence is a virtue."

* * *

"Baby Expert" is a title that was thrust upon Father Stringer on his recent mission trip to Yeh Du San. The baby was crying lustily and showed no signs of stopping. Finally Father Stringer went over and had the one holding the child hold it face down on outstretched arms. Wonderful to relate the baby immediately stopped crying. Father Stringer has "big face" in Yeh Du San.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA

THE great majority of the teeming millions who inhabit China are pagans. The Church is making progress there, perhaps more than in any section of the vast Orient.

It is interesting to note that of the hundred Bishops in China, twenty are Chinese; of four thousand priests, about seventeen hundred are Chinese; of five thousand nuns, three thousand are Chinese. In some ways that is a very remarkable record. If you are the least bit concerned about the missions; if you ever think about them at all, we believe you must have been surprised at finding there were so many natives engaged in the Apostolate in China.

We like to present these figures, for they show forth the dividends your contributions to the missionary activities of the Church are producing. We think they are extraordinary for the amount invested.

We do not send to the missions in China as much as our good ladies spend on perfume, nor as much as our good gentlemen spend on cigarettes. If the little we have expended on the missions has brought such good returns, what might we not expect if we sent some of our perfume and tobacco money to win souls for Christ?

The filling of the Chinese Hierarchy, priesthood, and sisterhoods manifests very clearly the universality of the Church. Christ did not die for a few nor found His Church for a few, but for all mankind. The winning of the Chinese to Christianity emphasizes the Catholicity of our Church.

No better resolution could be formed for the year 1936 than to make it a mission year as far as each one is concerned personally. In drawing up a budget do not forget the missions.

—Editorial in the
"Montreal Beacon".

ANOTHER MYSTERY SOLVED

According to the latest and authentic information the fate of Fr. Estaban, for four years a captive in Communist hands, is finally cleared up. It is now learned that he succumed to ill treatment and other hardships around Christmas of 1933. His remains have been identified without a doubt and have been brought here for burial, nearly four years after his capture.

Though it has long been presumed that Father Esteban was dead, definite information was lacking and his fate remained shrouded in mystery. He was last heard from in the spring of 1933, when he wrote: "I am content to be captive and to suffer for Jesus Christ, to bear imprisonment which will end when God wills, either in liberty that I may work again in His service, or in death for Jesus Christ. I am well. Thank you for the cans of milk. I have sent them to the hospital of the Reds, that I may return charity for their hatred."

On October 22nd, Fathers Fernandez and Eguizábal, of the Wuhu Mission, set out for Koyuan, which with the aid of Bishop Misner, of Yükiang, and two Vincentian Fathers they succeeded in reaching. Their investigations were crowned with success. Following the indications of the very man who had buried Father Esteban, they discovered and identified his remains without difficulty, November 8th. They escorted them to Wuhu where, upon their arrival, a Te Deum was chanted. The following day, after solemn Requiem Mass, the precious relics were transported to the community cemetery for final interment.

A fitting epitaph for this great-hearted Spanish missionary would be the concluding sentence of his last letter, penned after two years of rigorous captivity: "If they (the Communists) but knew how much I love them and all the Chinese."

—*Lumen.*



Hockey is a popular recreation pastime with the students. Our rivals at St. Augustine's are a game up on us just now (January 20th)—and (so the records say) our Juniors are not quite in form this year against the Seniors.

Toronto Ladies to Aid China Mission Seminary

EARLY in January there gathered in Columbus Hall, Sherbourne St., Toronto, an enthusiastic group of Catholic ladies whose interest in China Mission Seminary prompted them to come together to discuss some method of raising funds to aid our work, at the suggestion of Father James Leonard.

Priests from the Seminary were invited to the meeting to present to the ladies an outline of the most pressing needs. Father Chafe spoke briefly, giving information about the foundation and progress of the Seminary to the present day, and then the President of the Seminary, Very Rev. J. E. McRae, expressed his pleasure at being given the opportunity to present to the gathering the "inside story" of the financial problems of our Institution. He said he was especially gratified to know that something was about to be done to awaken interest amongst the people of Toronto in the work that was being carried on under difficulties at Scarboro Bluffs, and it was his hope that through the efforts of the genuinely-interested people present at the meeting a greater number in Toronto would learn of the Seminary and come to its assistance. Father Leonard thanked the ladies and offered some helpful suggestions.

Following discussions by the ladies it was decided that a mammoth Bridge and Euchre Party be held at Columbus Hall in aid of the Seminary on Thursday night, April 16th. Mr. Cecil Barry kindly consented to act with the Ladies' Committee to promote the Card Party, and the following capable Committee was appointed to make plans for what undoubtedly will be one of the major social affairs in Toronto in the coming months:

Mrs. E. Doherty, Mrs. S. Fairley, Miss E. Doyle, Mrs. J. Quinn, Mrs. H. Moore, Miss S. Doyle, Miss H. McGrath, Miss M. McMahon, Baroness De Hueck, Mrs. R. Archambault, Miss M. Hurley. Co-operating with this energetic Committee will be the following, who were amongst those at the meeting: Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. Ryan, Miss J. Vahey, Miss M. Dolan, Mrs. G. Carroll, Mrs. E. Cowley, Mrs. J. McGoey, Mrs. W. Delaney, Mrs. Fahey, Mrs. R. Hulseman, Miss C. Cronin, Mrs. J. Doherty, Mrs. B. Cronin, Mrs. A. Coffey, Mrs. R. Stephenson, Mrs. G. Spielmacher, Misses K. and M. Harrigan, Misses K. and C. Bird, Mrs. R. Kinsella, Mrs. S. Sauvé, Mrs. Gauthier, Miss E. McGarry, Mrs. J. Brennan, Mrs. S. Murphy, Miss Kilcawley, Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

We anticipate widespread support for the affair which has been begun so auspiciously. We urge our Toronto friends, men and women, to keep the date open, Thursday night, April 16th, in Columbus Hall. Tickets are now on sale at only fifty cents each; twenty-five valuable prizes are being offered. Let every Toronto subscriber to "China" help the ladies to make April 16th a big night for the Missions!

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)
With Ecclesiastical Approbation

HARD TIMES

make it difficult for many to do much for the missions. But, think! the mission thrives on little gifts. Great gifts are few; it's the many little gifts that do the work in the missions. Can you help?

Problems Can be Solved by

CATHOLIC WILLS

For Mission Needs

The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF ....."

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

Lady: "What! After me giving you a whole cake, you refuse to saw up the wood as you promised?"

Beggar: "Oh, no, lady. Not refuse. I just can't do it. I spoiled the saw cutting up your cake."

Sheridan was once very much annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear, hear." During the debate Sheridan took occasion to describe a political contemporary who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to act the fool.

"Where," exclaimed Sheridan, with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?"

"Hear, hear," was shouted by the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

"Who was the straightest man on earth?"
The teacher asked with glances grim.
"Oh, Joseph was," the girl replied;
"They made a ruler out of him."

"This soup isn't fit for a pig," said the indignant customer.

"I will take it away," said the waiter, "and bring you some that is."

Willie: "Please, teacher, what did I learn today?"

Teacher: "What a peculiar question!"

"Well, they'll ask me when I get home."

"Daddy, why don't you buy Grandma an air rifle for her birthday next week?"

"Air rifle? Grandma doesn't want an air rifle!"

"I know, but you know how good she is about lending her things."

The judge was trying to secure a jury for the trial of a criminal. A man was being questioned as to his fitness for jury service.

"Do you believe in capital punishmen?" asked the judge.

"Yes," replied the man, "if it isn't too severe."

"How do you like that new filing clerk you hired?"

"She does splendidly with her nails, but she has no apparent interest in my letters."

Two fishermen were angling in a river when one suddenly dropped his rod.

"Heavens!" he ejaculated. "Did you see that feller fall off that cliff over there into the river?"

"Don't get excited, Bill," said the other. "Perhaps it was a movie actor makin' pictures."

"But, my stars! How can we tell?"

"Well," replied the other, "if he drowns, he ain't."

"Where did you go last night?"

"I went to a sleight-of-hand performance. I offered my hand to Doris and she slighted it."

Very Old Inhabitant: "Yes, and my secret for long life and good health is in eatin' plenty of garlic every day."

Visitor: "Don't think for one moment that it's a secret."

Wife (heatedly): "You're lazy, you're worthless, you're bad-tempered, you're shiftless, you're a thorough liar."

Husband (reasonably): "Well, my dear, no man is perfect."

Wife (reading): "It says here that they have found a sheep in the Himalaya Mountains that can run forty miles an hour."

Her Hubby: "Well, it would take a lamb like that to follow Mary nowadays."

Traveller—"Can't I get anything to eat in this dump?"

Waiter: "Yas, sah, you kin."

Traveller: "Such as what?"

Waiter: "Such as it is, sah."

"Weren't ye fear't in the airy-plane, Sandy?"

"Aye, I was fear't! I cried oot to the pilot, 'Five poun's if ye'll put me doon safe an' sound! . . . Fortunately he didna' hear me."

"Who was the King of France at the time of the French Revolution, James" asked the teacher.

"Louis the Thirteenth—er, Fourteenth—er, Fifteenth—oh, I don't know, but he was in his teens, anyway!"

The magistrate said, "Can't this case be settled out of court?"

"Jes' what we's trying to do, you' honor, when the policeman interfered."

Diner: "Look here, miss, I only had a portion of trout and here I'm charged with the whole fish."

Waitress: "Sorry, sir, but it's the custom of the establishment."

Diner: "Then it's a good job I didn't order steak."

"Why do they call it a dental parlor?"

"Parlor is another name for a drawing-room."

She (playing piano): "That was 'Siegfried's Death'."

He: "I'm not surprised."

She: "Did you learn right from wrong at your mother's knee?"

He: "No, across my father's."

"So your daughter can play the violin now."

"No, she can't—but she does."

"Who writes the advertisements for the bank?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure it isn't the same man that makes the loans."

Teacher: "Some fish travel long distances. Can any one give me an instance?"

Scholar: "Yes, sir, a goldfish. It travels round the globe every day."

Insurance Doctor: "How old was your father when he died?"

Applicant (determined to pass): "104."

Insurance Doctor: "What did he die of?"

Applicant: "Strained his heart playing football."

Little Rosalie, a first-grader, walking with her mother, spoke to a small boy. "His name is Jimmy and he is in my grade," she explained.

"What is the little boy's last name?" her mother asked.

"His whole name," said Rosalie, "is Jimmy Sitdown—that's what the teacher calls him."

Mrs. Yapp: "After all is said and done—"

Hubby: "I wonder if that glorious moment will ever come!"

Niece: "Aunt Sarah, this is the famous 'Angelus' by Millet."

Aunt Sarah: "Well, I never! That man has the nerve to copy the calendar that has hung in our kitchen for a dozen years or more."

All Together, Now!

LET'S HELP THE MISSIONS!

WE wish to remind all our readers that the financial burden of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary is becoming heavier as the number of our priests in China and students at home increases, and if we are to be able to support our growing institutions here and in China we shall need much more financial assistance than has come to us through the day-to-day donations during 1935. We know that "times are hard" with many. We certainly are amongst the number ourselves, and so we appeal to Catholic wage-earners, young and old, to sometimes make a little sacrifice and send a gift to aid our mission work. Those who do give to the missions find joy in the giving, and are none the poorer for their sacrifices. During 1936 enlist with those faithful friends of the Missions who give us a helping hand regularly. If you have never given to the Missions, why not begin now? Giving to the Missions ought to be a habit with every Catholic family.

HOLY SCRIPTURE SAYS:

"If thou have much, give abundantly: If thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little. For thus thou storest up to thyself a good reward for the day of necessity."

(Tobias IV: 9, 10.)

Give your gift for the love of God, and you will give a gift that is worth while, no matter how small it is.

LET'S HELP THE MISSIONS!

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. MARCH 1936



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.

2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

4. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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A THOUGHT FOR LENT

WE are now entered upon the Penetential Season of Lent. During the forty-day period the Church presents to her children in an emphatic way the necessity of "seeking the things that are above" in order that the salvation of their souls may be a matter of careful attention. Everywhere that the Catholic Church is solidly established there will be given to her people during these days of Lent special opportunities of hearing sermons and instructions and of receiving the life-giving Sacraments. Most Catholics will avail of these opportunities, and perhaps accept these graces from God merely as a matter of course. For ourselves, we like at such times to remind people of their benefits and to ask them to draw a contrast between their own fortunate condition and the miserable lot of those hundreds of millions who will not have the privilege of being so solicitously ministered to in spiritual matters. And we have in mind especially the poor pagans of far-off countries. We cannot forget that these neglected people also have a rightful claim to the benefits of the teachings of Christ and the ministrations of His Church.

THE saving will of God embraces all mankind in every age; He wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of truth. Every member of the human race must be made a member of the empire of grace and truth founded by Christ, our Lord. This catholicity, which is so marked a characteristic of the Christian religion, necessarily implies that at all times and in all places efforts should be made to spread the faith.

NOW it is evident that we, who share in the blessings that have come to the world by reason of the carrying out of the Divine Commission on the part of the rulers of the church, should ourselves give some consideration to our individual responsibility of sharing in the work. No Catholic worthy of the name, and no Catholic who sets a proper value on his Faith, can escape the truth that he ought to be personally concerned with the missionary activity of his church. Christ has not stinted Himself in the means of grace He has placed at our disposal; we ought not to stint ourselves in the enjoyment of these graces, we ought not to regard our spiritual riches as something to be locked securely in our own treasure-vault. We ought, and indeed we must, increase and develop our riches by giving them away, by sharing them. There is much truth in the words of Cardinal Manning: "The Apostolic spirit is the condition of our progress; it is the proof and the measure of our Catholicity."

ALL that has gone before leads up to this, that we are going to ask you to do something during this Season of Lent to further the efforts of missionaries who are giving their all to bring the blessings of the Catholic Faith to the poor pagans of China. We are asking you now to give them the support of your prayers and your sacrifices. They have a right to expect that assistance from you. Day after day, with unrelenting enthusiasm, your missionaries in China are striving to win immortal souls for Christ. Their efforts mean sacrifices that we scarcely realize. Away from home and friends, living in uncongenial surroundings, enduring hardships of a new kind of life, and doing it all for love of souls, they excite our admiration and they merit our support.

AS our Lenten message to you, dear readers of "CHINA", we are going to give you the words of our Mission Superior in Chuchow, Monsignor McGrath, who, in his book, "The Dragon At Close Range", speaking of the facts that have been presented to you through the letters of our Canadian missionaries, writes as follows: "They have not shrunk from using the words 'fallen-away Christians', and have intimated that as a result of the years when this district was without adequate number of priests it is going to take time to win back those strayed sheep as well as to bring new converts into the fold. 'Be careful!' some will say, 'don't dishearten the people!' We think we know the people of Canada and Newfoundland. We think they would want to be the first ones to know it if their boys were up against it good and hard. And we are. And we tell you so because we need your prayers, and because we should like you never to leave the church without a plea for us to Christ in the tabernacle.

"BUT waste no pity on us, dear friends. Whether God sees fit to reward our poor efforts with objective results that can be humanly satisfying, or to leave the harvest for those who will follow after, our success is assured if we but keep on trying to the end. Pity the suffering Saviour on the Cross, to whom immortal souls will be lost forever. This very night, ere another day has dawned, Satan will quietly, exultantly, take unto himself a grim harvest of hapless souls for whom Christ's Blood was shed. Pity the blood-stained Sufferer in Gethsemane! The vision of those wretched creatures cost Him something of that awful agony in the garden. Victory is not yet while souls stream daily into hell and there are those on earth for whom Calvary will have been in vain. Pray without ceasing—for there are souls whom only your prayers will save."

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

MOUNTAINS are to the right and to the left, and also to the front and to the rear of our mission compound here in Tsingtien, but fortunately there is no charge for them.

I had just written the above lines when a boy arrived and asked for a priest to go and baptize his baby sister who was dying. Accompanied by the catechist we started out. After a half hour walk down the road we crossed the river on the public ferry, which was operated by chance passengers. A passenger opposite me wore "big toe" shoes, with a separate section for the big toe, like the thumb on a mitt. And then began the climb over the mountains. Up and down we went so that in addition to the first paragraph I now add: mountains above and below us. From time to time I would glance up to estimate how many more thousand steps to the present mountain, but most of the time my eyes were on the narrow path, selecting the place for each step.

Even on the mountainside were to be found small fields, painstakingly terraced by untold labor, so that the precarious path was sometimes between a water submerged field and a deep valley. At first the going down was easier than the going up, but when it was prolonged it became more difficult as a new set of muscles was called into play and the slanting stone steps came up to hit the soles of the feet. There were numerous beauty spots of valleys, carefully cultivated fields, and mountain peaks, while once we caught a glimpse of Tsingtien, far below and across the river.

Finally we left the makeshift path, forded a couple of streams, scrambled around the side of a mountain and came to rest at the home of the Christian. The family was simple, friendly, and very likeable. The sick baby was brought forward and even to my inexperienced eye it was evident that the infant had not long to live; so, as is permitted in such circumstances, I conferred not only the Sacrament of Baptism but also the Sacrament of Confirmation, giving the names of Mary and Teresa.

Before we left the home the women prepared a lunch consisting mainly of sweet potatoes, which are plentiful in this district.

On the return trip in the afternoon the catechist pointed out a former stronghold of the bandits.

Reaching the ferry once more, I quickly made use of the opportunity to remove my shoes and shake out the little stones that had slipped inside. That is one disadvantage of a low shoe for walking in the country. In another half hour I was back at the Mission and found Father Stringer and Father Strang busy in their rooms.

* * *

BUT to come back to the beauties of the country surrounding Tsingtien. For the present I will forget the narrow streets and houses in the city, which are anything but beautiful. We are boxed in by mountains so that the horizon is very close. The best view is from our front door and the centre snapshot on this page fortunately cuts out our tumbledown school and shows the hedge at its best. My trip this morning took me over two mountains behind the one in the picture, but veering to the left. Besides the mountains there are a few nice walks outside the city, a favorite one being through the bamboo grove which would probably be called a "lovers' lane" in Canada. At places the trees meet above, while at one spot an arch is formed, casting a deep shadow. It is pleasant there in the morning.

* * *

FROM Father King comes word that the bandits are active in his section of the district, Huang T'An. Several times he and Father Amyot have hurried to the hills as the result of word that the bandits were about to enter the village. He writes: "Everything with the exception of books and a few odds and ends is packed here ready to be hustled off to some place of hiding. At present



"At one spot an arch is formed by the trees".



The view as one looks out through the front door of the Tsingtien mission house.



The beautiful walk of the bamboo grove at Tsingtien.

the Red demons are supposed to be lodged in a temple 12 miles away. We have not had the Blessed Sacrament reserved since yesterday morning." (Early in January.)



CHINESE BANDITS EXECUTED

"IT happened about a month ago, on December the 14th," writes Father Doyle in his "Jottings". "On that day for the first time I noticed ice in the holy water font in the unheated chapel, while the ground was covered with ice and snow. Usually the sun melts the snow after a few hours, but there was no sun. Through the streets of Tsingtien two bandits were led, their feet chained, hands tied behind and supporting the official placard bearing notice of their crime, as they were led to the outskirts of the city to be executed. One of the bandits had bare feet. Both seemed indifferent and even carefree. They had been doped. Pausing for the official photograph, one yawned while the other gave a little speech and called to an acquaintance in the crowd. Then they were led aside, forced to their knees. Behind each stood a soldier with a loaded rifle. In a few moments both were dead."

OUR Christmas here was very happy. Father Strang said his Masses at two Mission stations, while Father Stringer said the Midnight Masses here. The chapel was crowded and a good number received Holy Communion and following the Masses visited the Crib. In the morning I celebrated my three Masses, the one at ten-thirty o'clock being a High Mass.

Father Strang returned in the afternoon and we had our Christmas dinner at night; and the goose was fine, too.

During the week preceding Christmas Father Stringer gave a mission to the Christians and catechumens of Tsingtien, as he had previously done in all the mission stations.

The Christmas decorations still provide a festive atmosphere in the mission compound. Father Strang had charge of the Crib and for a few days before the Feast of the Epiphany he had the Magi coming closer and closer to the Crib, arriving just at the right time.

MASS INTENTIONS

Practically the only means of support for our priests on the Missions is their Mass stipends. Could we give each of our missionaries a daily Mass stipend it would mean a great help to them. If you wish to have a Mass offered for any intention we would be pleased to have you send us the stipend, and our missionaries will benefit from your remembrance. To Priests who have surplus intentions to dispose of we make the request that they keep in mind our Canadian priests in China.

BURSE FUNDS

To pay for the education of our students for the Priesthood we have a fund known as a Burse Fund. This is in the nature of an endowment, the interest from which is available to pay the tuition of students whose families are not in a position to meet that expense. In sending us a donation to our Burse Fund recently, a priest-friend commented on the lack of response to appeals for contributions to our Burse in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. May we now suggest to our readers that if they wish to contribute to the education of priests here at China Mission Seminary they designate their gifts during this month as an offering to help along our Blessed Sacrament Burse.

The Last Chapter in the Story of YU SHAN

by

Rev. Craig Strang



"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," 'tis said, and surely the story of a little Chinese girl named Yu Shan furnishes trials, triumphs and adventures that rival the best of story books for interest.

In the March issue of "China" last year Yu Shan was introduced for the first time to the readers of our magazine. Then they read of her heroic life—of her baptism—of her struggle to preserve her gift of Catholic Faith —and of her wonderful apostolic work in bringing almost her entire village into the Church, after she herself had learned to appreciate her Catholic religion through her years spent at the Lishui Convent with the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Yu Shan became a much-publicised young lady when the newspapers of Canada and the United States told of an incident in which she figured, and how, through the timely assistance of Father John MacDonald of our Canadian Mission, she successfully saved herself from a life of virtual slavery under a pagan husband who claimed her by virtue of an illegal document of betrothal. She won a legal battle herself, and on her behalf a Catholic priest fought and won a real he-man fistic battle with the disappointed and foiled "villains". Story-books don't come any better.

And then, a more recent issue of "China" showed a picture of Yu Shan, taken on the occasion of her marriage to Fu K'uei Ling, a sacristan of Lishui. Now that is the natural place for the story to end and according to the best traditions they were supposed to "live happy ever after," but now comes another chapter in quick succession, and after it there will be no more chapters, for all her personal friends have said their last good-bye to her and this chapter is written to give her story-acquaintances the same opportunity.

Immediately after her marriage, consumption, the symptoms of which had been dormant for some time, began to weaken her and to mar her happiness of married life. When she reported to the Sisters her condition she was already too far gone for them to help her; she tried a visit to the hospital at Wenchow, but a month's stay there resulted in no improvement, and so she returned to her mother's house at Lei Zhih and kept to her room, which was really only part of a loft and an outlet to the smoke from the stove in a room below. In such circumstances, of course, she was not expected to get better. Consequently when the sick call came to Lishui just after retreat it was not surprising. Father Venadam attended the call and performed all the last Rites. As Yu Shan seemed to pick up a bit, he returned to the mission.

Our next contact with her was when Father Stringer and I were making the fall mission there early in November. She made her confession on the first night and received Holy Communion in bed every morning of the week we were there, and she very bravely offered her suffering for the success of the mission. When the week was up we moved on to Do Lu, a village some five miles in the mountains, and opened the mission there and reserved the Blessed Sacrament as we did at Lei Zhih in case of need of Viaticum.

After three days a turn for the worse came to Yu Shan and the catechist sent a messenger to us for one of us to come. Father Stringer appointed me to go and with the Blessed Sacrament and the sick call case I set out on the five-mile walk. It was near nine o'clock at night when I started; half the way was over a cobble stone path, winding in the valley through the rice fields and along the mountainside past the white graves. The hidden moon gave sufficient light to see the way without use of the flashlight and made the walking rather pleasant. In less than two hours I arrived at the sick room to find Yu Shan in a state of semi-consciousness with her husband and mother and father at the bedside tendering every help that their love for her suggested. At first she did not recognize me, but after a while her mind cleared and she asked to go to confession. After confession she received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum with great devotion; in fact her conduct was

most edifying and showed how deeply the Faith was rooted in her. After the conferring of the Sacraments the family and many of the Christians recited the rosary, and, that over, I made preparations to return, for I still had the Blessed Sacrament with me (having given her only a portion of a Host), and after some parting words of encouragement and consolation I set out for the walk back and reached the mission somewhere around twelve-thirty. For two more days she lingered, and on Friday evening she gasped her last feeble breath and with the name of God on her lips and the prayers for the dying in her ears she brought to an end the beautiful chapter that was the last of the stirring and adventurous story that she lived.

And as with story books, we like to go back and make acquaintance with characters whom we learned to admire and cherish, so too we like to discuss amongst ourselves the incidents that made Yu Shan very dear to all of us. And so also do the Christians; since her death, obituary notices have been sent to all the Churches and chapels in the Prefecture, and especially fervent are the prayers of those who lived the story with her. And we all like to think that she still is influencing us by intercessory prayers as she gazes down upon her home village so recently converted to the faith.



LITTLE FLOWER CHURCH BLESSED.

THE above group was taken on the occasion of the dedication of the new church in the village of Siao Kao Tsu in the Kinhwa district. Monsignor Fraser who performed the ceremony is seated in the centre. Father Ly, his assistant, who evangelized this village and built the church, is at his right; Father Ouang, Vicar Forane of Chuchow, at his left. Here is a church and congregation that sprang up like magic. A year ago neither were in existence. All the people in the group are recent converts from paganism; and the church had to be built to accommodate them. On December 8th, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Monsignor Fraser and Father Ouang left Kinhwa by special car, made 40 miles in an hour, then 10 miles in sedan chairs carried by men in 2½ hours, arriving at 10.30 a.m. Outside the village they were met by the pious congregation, men, women and children, who conducted them in procession with banners and firecrackers to the new church. Father Ly, who had been making preparation for several weeks, received them at the church door. The decorations were very pretty. Father Ouang preached the sermon. Some three hundred Christians and catechumens attended. After the Blessing ceremony and Mass, celebrated by Msgr. Fraser, Little Flower roses were blessed and distributed, this new church being dedicated to Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus. The return journey was made the same day by chair, motor car and rickshaw. Monsignor asks the prayers of the readers of "China" for the perseverance of these neophytes, and that God may soon send them a priest to reside continually in their midst to instruct them and administer the Sacraments to them.

THE MISSION AT TSINGTIEN

By

REV. CRAIG STRANG

FOR the past six weeks we have been touring the whole countryside, along winding rivers, over climbing mountains, and through sweeping valleys. Wherever it has pleased the Holy Ghost to make a Christian settlement within a range of thirty miles of the city of Tsingtien there we have travelled, and we have fared as travellers fare in remote villages of China, far removed from the conveniences, not to speak of the luxuries, of "home".

Father Stringer and I have just "come in" from the Missions. Three more places remain to be visited, but we have decided to give a mission right here in Tsingtien city for the week prior to the Christmas celebrations. The Mission itself will be along similar lines to those given elsewhere during our tour, but the accidental circumstances will make a big difference. Here we are not puzzled so much by the ever-changing dialects; here the walls of the house are substantial enough to keep out the cold; here we have an improvement on the board and plank beds of the past six weeks. Here, too, the food is cooked more in "foreign" fashion, and we are free from the nauseating smoke in badly ventilated cramped rooms; on the whole, we find this week comparatively "easy going".

On the night of December 16th the mission was formally opened. Efforts had been made to round up everybody, and though we did not succeed in getting all, still we had the satisfaction of seeing new faces as well as all the more familiar ones. From six o'clock on they came strolling in, and the hum of conversation was heard about the premises—at least they all knew the way. With scarves about their necks, and with little "ho-lu" charcoal stoves in their hands, they came and smoked their long pipes and bowed most profusely to us. Our chapel runs the length of our residence, upstairs, and the men were arranged on one side while the women and children sat opposite them.

Father Stringer gave the "Asperges," followed by a prayer to the Holy Ghost, after which the opening discourse was given in which he pointed out to his interested hearers "the one thing necessary," and how they were to attend to it. Night prayers concluded the first exercise of the Mission. Many lingered around for a little while afterwards, but



REV. CRAIG STRANG

of Saint John's, Newfoundland, assistant priest at Tsingtien Mission, Chekiang. Since his arrival in China sixteen months ago, Father Strang has been a very faithful contributor to "CHINA", and he has presented to our readers in an admirably facile style many accounts of mission life. Last month, "CHINA" carried the first instalment of his account of the Fall Missions in Tsingtien. We have interrupted the continuity of that account this month to give place to the write-up on a Mission given at the home-station at Tsingtien City.

the chill of the weather hastened their departure, and soon we were left to ourselves, the gates were closed, and we retired to our rooms to check up on the attendance.

The following morning (Dec. 18th) the first of the three Masses was celebrated at seven o'clock; at eight came the Mission Mass, at which the catechist delivered a discourse on the needs of the soul. The attendance was not as good as last night, and even then it took a good bit of "rounding up"; some had not yet arisen, and others had gone off to their day's work.

As on the other mission, Father Stringer gave me charge of the children, and so after breakfast, armed with a list of the students and a penny Catechism, I walked into the school, received the usual salutations, and knelt for prayers. Of 24 present, but 4 were Christians; three of these latter were over seven years of age, and only one had yet made his first Confession and Holy Communion. The others were the children of pagans. Most of them knew the ordinary prayers. An hour and a half was occupied in giving them instructions. After dinner, the class was resumed till the bell for the rosary sounded. The rosary, to be followed by a conference given by the catechist, was for everybody, but not more than 15, besides the children, turned up. The exercise at seven p.m. brought together only two-thirds of the number present the opening night.

And thus the week passed by, each day in the same order. Father Stringer obtained a complete record of all parishoners and found himself very busy fixing up marriages of those who had previously contracted marriage with pagans without obtaining a dispensation. There was no exercise as well attended as on the first night—until Sunday, December 22nd. Friday and Saturday confessions were heard, but none of the catechumens were ready for Baptism. The attendance at Mass on Sunday morning was very good, and Father Stringer gave a beautiful sermon on the relations between parents and children. The usual afternoon Benediction was deferred till night, and then it took the form of a "Holy Half-Hour". The altar was tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted; the teacher and catechist had been summoning in as many people as possible. Only the lights in the sanctuary were left on as Father Stringer, from the rear of the church, spoke some thoughts on the Blessed Sacrament. May we not state that the light from the candles on the altar, reflected in the faces of the congregation, was a symbol of the grace that Christ from His altar-throne was shedding upon those who knelt before Him?

All in all, as we review the week, we had expected much more. A few Christians did not come at all; some came for several exercises, and only the more devout Christians attended every exercise. Also, we were disappointed in their knowledge of Christian Doctrine. However, it has enlightened us as to the true state of affairs, and as soon as the New Year begins we hope to take steps both to increase their opportunities for studying Doctrine, and to excite in them a deeper appreciation of religious exercises.

It is in work of this nature that we depend so much upon the spiritual assistance of our friends at home—you readers of "China". Please do not deny us that help which is so easy to give, and which, when given, can effect such wonders where souls are at stake.



These highly ornamental memorial arches span a narrow street in Tsingtien

MISSION CIRCLES

Encouraging returns still continue to come in from the Promoters of our Mission Circles, and their efforts in aid of our Seminary have meant much to us in recent months. A very enthusiastic group in Toronto is known as "The Happy Family Circle". A letter from the promoter recently has this: "We are planning our first Euchre as a means of getting our members together in order to create a consciousness of what their little donations can do when made regularly. In this manner we hope to encourage daily prayers for the conversion of China and by other means to foster the necessary missionary spirit among our members. This circle is larger than required by the rules. However, circumstances in this case were such that it reached its present proportions by requests for membership rather than by our efforts. We now number 15, and our enrolment still grows."

Another promoter writes that the circle idea seems to be ideally suited to the average Catholic as a means to contribute a little to the missions. None of the friends whom she approached found any difficulty in parting with a quarter; it would, perhaps, be quite different if they were asked to contribute three dollars a year to the missions. The regular monthly "painless extraction" of twenty-five cents does nobody any harm, but it does the work of the missions a lot of good.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

THE work of the Foreign Missions is not a whim or fad of a few individuals. It is a sacred trust given to all Catholics, young and old, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Vast masses of people in China and elsewhere still await the word of salvation that can be brought to them only through foreign missionaries.

Nearly three hundred years ago the Catholic Faith was brought to Canada by the saintly Jesuit Martyrs from France.

Canadian Catholics owe a deep debt of gratitude to those pioneer Missionaries for the gift of their Catholic Faith.

Today Canada is making an effort to pay this debt by sending out her own missionaries to pagan lands.

An Institution for the development of Mission Vocations among English-speaking Canadian boys was founded in 1918 by Father John M. Fraser. That Institution is known as St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, now located at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

To date the Seminary has sent 20 priests to China. These priests are evangelizing a district (Chuchow) comprising a population of 1,500,000. Fewer than 3,000 are yet Catholics.

The present personnel of China Mission Seminary is: 34 priests and 43 students. This personnel has been recruited from 20 different dioceses, as follows: Toronto, 13; London, 8; St. John's, Nfld., 8; Alexandria, 6; Antigonish, 6; Ottawa, 5; Hr. Grace Nfld., 5; Kingston, 4; Montreal, 4; Halifax, 3; Hamilton, 2; Pembroke, 2; China, 2; Spain, 1; Victoria, 1, Peterboro, 1; Charlottetown, 1; St. John, N.B., 1; Vicariate of Northern Ontario, 1; Fall River, Mass., 1.

The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, from Pembroke, Ontario, are assisting the priests of China Mission Seminary in Chuchow Prefecture, China. Seven Sisters are at the Lishui Convent.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary has the endorsement of the entire Canadian Hierarchy. The President of the Seminary is Very Rev. J. E. McRae, D.C.L. The Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow is Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary for its upkeep, and the development of its Missions in China, depends entirely on free-will offerings given by interested friends.

As a Catholic, you should contribute to this national endeavor for Foreign Missions. "Charity for the Missions surpasses every other work of charity." (Pius XI).

"Without doubt, it is by prayer and sacrifice that we can best help our missionaries."—ST. THERESE, Patroness of Missions.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHINESE NATION

"THREE million Chinese Catholics are willing to offer their services for the reconstruction of China."

This was the stirring declaration made by Mgr. Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate to China. He had at that time just returned to Peiping after an extensive tour of the central provinces. During the first six months that he had spent in China, he had visited many places, he had spoken with the chiefs of the State, with civil and military leaders, with statesmen and scholars, and he had personal proof not merely of the reality of the Chinese Renaissance, but also of its great moment for the future of the country, and of the serious importance attached to it by those who had most at heart the interests of China. He saw how much China needs the cooperation of every one of its sons, and, as the representative head of the Catholic Church in China he expressed the desire and determination that are in the heart of every Chinese Catholic—to do his part to help his country.

While the Apostolic Delegate was speaking in Peiping in the name of the Chinese members of the Catholic Church, his predecessor, Mgr. Costantini spoke in somewhat similar terms in Rome on behalf of the missionaries in China. Dealing with the changing scene in China and the missionaries' part, he said: "The troubles will pass, but China will remain. A nation of 450 millions cannot disappear. This people comprises a quarter of the human race, it is more than a nation, it is a race, and it is spread over an area vaster than Europe. Moreover, the Chinese people have a unity of race and culture such as is possessed by no other people in the world. It has in itself immense resources, too great to be restrained, and with these it will force its way forward to a prominent place in the future history of the world. . . .

"In the painful re-birth of the nation, between a world that is crumbling and a new one that is arising, a special part is being played by the Catholic missionaries, a silent but a great part.

"We, missionaries, want to bring to China nothing else but the salutary knowledge of God and the peace that is promised to men of good will. We do not want to denationalize the people of the East. We respect all that is good in Eastern civilization, and desire to cooperate in the rebirth of that culture and to make it Christian. It is our constant endeavour, too, to bring about a better understanding and closer relations between the East and the West."

These utterances are important, for they are a reaffirmation of assurances already given, which have been put into practice, but which need to be repeated again and again. In 1928, Our Holy Father the Pope sent his historic message to China, wishing it "an era of peace and reconstruction, and the fulfilment of the legitimate aspirations of the noble people of China." Since that date, he has more than once reminded missionaries in all parts of the world of the opportunities at their command for helping the countries in which they are working, and he has never tired of instructing all Catholics in their obligation of loyal devotion to their country and of showing an example to all of true patriotism.

In practice, one may ask, what do these declarations mean? In what way can Catholics help in the reconstruction of China? For answer, one need only point to the constant appeals that have been made to the people by the leading men of the country within the last year, urging them "to build up a new nation richer and more complete in its moral and cultural attainments"—as a widely displayed poster expressed it. To achieve this worthy end the people were asked to practise the virtues of propriety, honesty, and justice. On other occasions they have been urged to help the State in suppressing banditry and Communism, in stamping out the opium evil, in putting an end to the inhuman practice of selling children, in cutting down extravagance at marriage and funeral ceremonies, in promoting public health and hygiene, and in doing their utmost to advance education. In every phase of this comprehensive programme, Catholics not only can participate, but have long given a lead.

It is unnecessary to point out how consistent has been the Catholic opposition to all teaching of Communism, how uncompromising has been its attitude towards opium-smoking, and how earnest has been its effort to promote honesty in public life. The unchanging teaching of the Catholic Church on these matters is well known to all, Christians and non-Christians. It is equally well known that Catholic parents do not sell their children, and that the Catholic missions rescue tens of thousands of infants from exposure and suffering every year. It is recognized, too, that public propriety is insisted on among Catholics, and that it is more than an outward form, for it is the outcome of that strict Catholic moral teaching which the Church will never agree to relax, and which experience has proved not to be, as some unfriendly critics of China wished to maintain, beyond the capacity of people newly converted from paganism.

In the matter of family thrift, too, the Catholic Church in China has marked admirable progress, to such an extent that among Catholics one no longer expects those extravagant celebrations which led in the past, and still lead, to so much unhappiness.

Of the Church's work for public health and education it is least necessary to speak. Every Catholic Mission in the country is a centre of improvement in the health of the people, and of much-needed teaching in simple hygiene, while the value of its education work is beyond calculation.

If one, therefore, were to consider the mere temporal interests of the nation, it would be realized that the Catholic Church is a valuable asset, and that the three million of Chinese Catholics are doing their part to hasten the day of restoration of China's ancient greatness. But this is the least part of the Church's mission. It works in China that men may come to know the Saviour of the world, and, following Him, may enjoy the highest blessings that man can have on earth—His peace and His protection.—*The Rock.*

THE WORLD'S "BEST SELLER"

By K. C. Chow

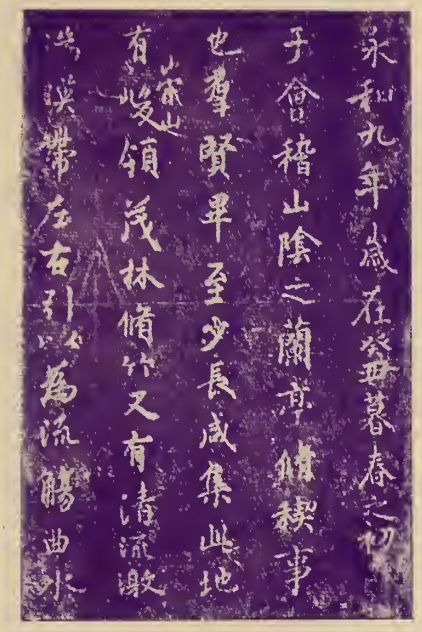
EVERY now and again someone who has literary tastes and a flair for statistics works up some very interesting figures showing how many copies of certain boks, poems or songs have been published. Recently Mark Sulliven in his interesting series of volumes on American contemporary history, "Our Times", went into a great deal of detail to show how many copies of the song, "My Rosary", had been printed, how many school children had been brought up on the old series of McGuffey's Readers, etc. The figures, running in every instance into millions, were quite impressive—but pale into statistical insignificance when compared with the number of copies of the Bible or of Pilgrim's Progress which have been printed.

However that may be, there can be no doubt that the most widely read literary work in the world is an essay composed by the celebrated Shaohing calligrapher, Wong Shi-tse. He lived and acquired his undying fame in the fourth century, and even at the time he was still alive he was known as the master whose writing of Chinese characters was to be taken as the example to be followed by all Chinese students and scholars.

Wong was a scholar as well as an artist with the brush, not a mere copyist of the words of others. He produced a great many epitaphs, poems and essays. One of his productions, which is ranked in Chinese literary works as a great essay, had a rather casual inspiration. A friend in Shaohing had invited him, together with many other scholars, to look at a collection of classical manuscripts, and Wong wrote a preface or dedication to the collection.

The essay was, of course, written in Wong's perfect hand and was engraved on stone. It is said that the original authentic copy became the property of the imperial court and was preserved through many dynasties. Copies were made and gained a wider distribution even than Shaohing wine or Shaohing spirit money. For more than 1,500 years this essay has been read, copied, reread, recopied and memorized by every Chinese student.

When one figures the centuries



Above is a reproduction of the faultlessly written Chinese characters in Wong's own penmanship from the "best seller" here mentioned.

during which this essay has provided the copy book for all Chinese students, the millions of Chinese students who have annually been given the essay to copy, the dozens or perhaps hundreds of times every student has had to make his copy before becoming letter perfect, the calculation reaches the third geometric equation and rather staggers the imagination of those who are accustomed to think of large figures in terms of lahks.

A LETTER FROM MONSIGNOR FRASER.

Dec. 30, 1935.

Catholic Mission,
Kinhwa, Che, China.

Dear Father Editor:

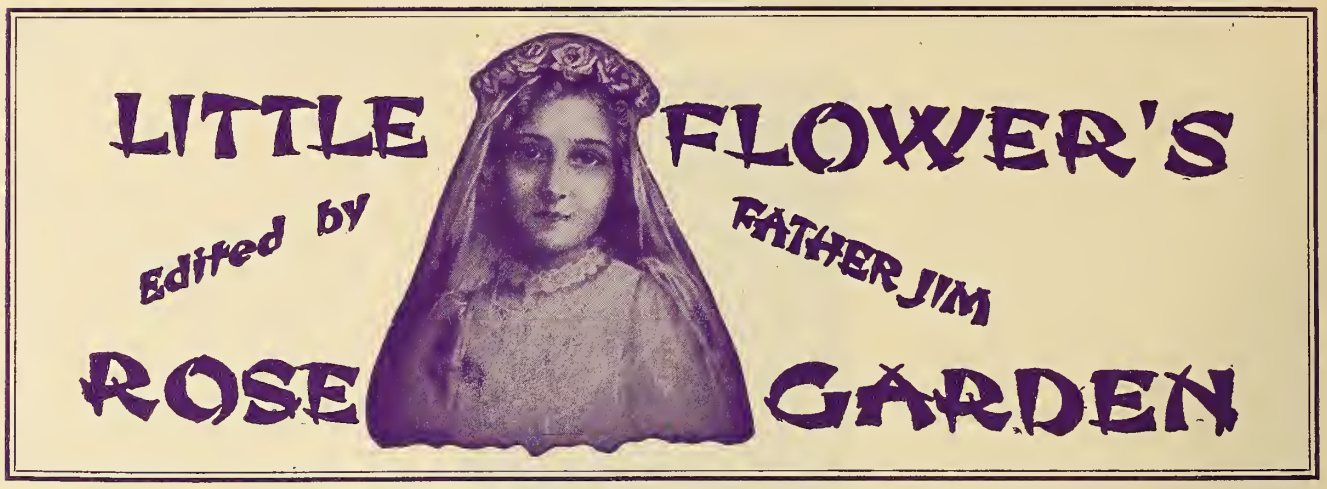
Mass was celebrated in five different places of this district on Christmas Day. Here at headquarters the Church was packed for Midnight Mass. The service began at 7.30 on Christmas Eve and ended at two in the morning. As I was alone the Bishop kindly sent a young Vincentian to help me. The Church was brilliantly illuminated inside and out by eight mantle lamps. The Christians alternated their prayers, rosaries, hymns and recreations until midnight, when I celebrated High Mass, chanted by the convent Sisters and pupils. There were five railfuls of Communions. Then followed my two other Masses, during the first of which the congregation recited the acts of thanksgiving after Communion, Refreshments—steaming bowls of rice gruel—were served to all who wished, and then to bed on the straw mats and rented quilts; for, like the Holy Family, being all poor, there was no room for them in the big inns and hotels of the city. During the service the Crib attracted the eyes of all. The chubby Infant with outstretched hands lay on the straw of the manger diffused with light from a flashlight concealed in the upper recesses of the cave on the side of a very natural-looking mountain, artistically fashioned by my new sacristan.

While at breakfast between two and three a.m., the old helper in the kitchen passed me with a heavy basket of rice which he said he intended to put on the fire right away for the morning meal; but as he descended the stone steps, it being dark, he missed his footing and fell, striking his face on the pavement. The rice was a mess all over the ground. He received an ugly gash over the eye, and wounded his nose and mouth. I had to act the doctor, dressing his wounds with peroxide. I finally got to bed, but we were all up again at six. Father Chow said his Masses; I preached.

Father Ly celebrated the Christmas services in Lanchi for the usual big congregation, augmented this year by 94 baptized last October. Father Kiang held the fort in Siaokaotsu for the newly-formed congregation, baptized one and all this year. It was their first Christmas, their first Crib. Father Sing, my new assistant, said his three Masses in Pukiang in the new Church, which will be blessed by the Bishop on February 9, 1936. There were about 300 Christians and catechumens present. This is also a newly-formed congregation. Father Tcheng said Mass in Tungyang, 75 being present, and 45 Communions. Thus in the whole district of Kinhwa opportunity was given to over a thousand persons to assist at Midnight Mass and approach the Sacraments. Evidently God is blessing this Mission.

Asking the prayers of the readers of "China" and wishing them a Happy New Year.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. FRASER.



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Dear "Buds":

I really do not know how to excuse myself for not having printed our column in the past few issues of "China". This time I cannot blame the editor (I always do when I have a reason) but only myself. It has been really sad for me to read the many letters I received asking why I did not continue our club records after the new start made last November. That new appeal for members brought such a response that I began to think I could get as many members even if I stopped printing their letters. I have not been idle since, but I know you want to hear how things are going.

There has been no let-up in the activities of our members, and I am delighted to hear such glowing reports of all the prayers that are being offered for the missions, and how earnestly our boys and girls are putting into practise the resolutions they made as "Buds" of our Rose Garden.

During Lent I know you will pray hard and work hard for the missions. I am glad to print this month a letter from Father Curtin, one of the priests who went to China just a few months ago. From that letter you will learn how much the missionaries value your prayers, and after all, that is the biggest help that any boy or girl can give to the missions.

Please keep in mind that if you wish a Certificate of Membership for yourself you must write a personal letter; when your name comes with a large number of other names from your school, only a single certificate is sent to the class. And once more I want to ask you to send me your picture.

Yours for Mission Service,
FATHER JIM.

Thanks to Evelyn Campion, Secretary of the Crusaders at St. Monica's School, Toronto, for the gift sent for the missions . . . and to Edwin Ryan for the contribution sent on behalf of the pupils of Room 5 at St. Rita's School, Toronto. I hope those in Room 5 have become good friends with Johnny Mitebox since they got the large number sent them. And to the pupils of St. Angela's School, Calgary, Alta., I am very grateful for the excellent Spiritual Bouquet they made for the missions.

LITTLE MISSIONARIES

By Rose Graffe Will

"I'm going to be a priest, I am,"
Said Tommy, New Year's day,
"I'm going to be a missioner,
And travel far away,

"And baptize lots o' little ones
And preach and teach, but you
Must stay at home and say your pray'rs—
That's all that girls can do."

Small sister hid her misted eyes
And bowed her golden head;
But mother smiled a slow, sweet smile,
And this is what she said:

"A missioner is one who helps
God's plan with work and pray'r.
My little maid"—she laid her hand
On Margie's shining hair—

"Has sacrificed some precious treats
That she might fill her hands
With aid, might work with God for souls
In far-off heathen lands.

"Which is the missionary, son,
You, dreaming of your goal,
Or she who from her little gives
To save a darkened soul?"

Red bloomed the blush on Tommy's cheek,
Low came the answer clear:
"Hereafter, you and I will work
Together, Margie, dear."

—*"The Little Missionary."*

St. Thomas School,
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

"We are the pupils of Room Three. We are sending our subscription to 'China'. Will you send us some mitboxes, as ours is a tin can? We are enclosing also a spiritual treasury. Dorothy Lanigan."

Thanks, Dorothy, and I hope the pupils of Room Three will be as good to the miteboxes as they were to the tin can.

Generous donations have been sent to help the missions by the pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Ottawa, per Eileen Watson, Crusade Secretary; by the pupils of St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax; Grades 10 and 11, St. John's Academy, New Glasgow, N.S., per Lillian Chisholm; the pupils of Immaculate Conception School, The Mines, Bell Island, Newfoundland; the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent, Farrellton, Quebec; Holy Family School, Toronto; the boys and girls of Room Nine, Corpus Christi School, Toronto; and many others whose names I would like to mention, but have no space this time. I should like to be able to quote something from the lovely letters which came with the above-mentioned gifts, but the whole issue of "China" would hardly be big enough to permit even a few lines from all the letters that have come.

From grade eight, St. Mary's Girls' School, Halifax, came the names of 25 new members for our club. We quote the following from the letter of Betty Abraham, the president: "Our class is very interested in your club and would like to join it. We have a group already in our class called the 'Little Flower Club', something like your Rosebud Club, holding meetings every Thursday . . . every morning we say a special prayer for the missions . . . the crusade convention in our city some time ago has resulted in greater interest in mission work for us all . . . we hope to have every girl attending daily mass for the missions."

Dear Boys and Girls of the "Rose Garden":

When I was about to leave for Chuchow the editor asked me if I would write a few words for the readers of "China". I protested that I would prefer to write something for the young people of the "Rose Garden" and let "Father Jim" use it. The editor didn't like that; he complained that Father Jim got all the "breaks" from missionaries leaving for China, and that he would probably be on the lookout for a "scoop", too. Well, anyhow, the editor got his contribution —and Father Jim nearly had a fit when I tried to get away without a message to his young readers. But Father Jim is not that easy to get away from. And so here are just a few words to you young boys and girls who are the pride and joy of Father Jim's life.

As you know, missionaries going to China are setting out on a difficult task, the conversion of pagans to the True Faith. To some people it seems almost an impossibility to make Christians out of the half-billion people in far-away pagan China. But then, we are not trying to convert the whole half-billion. We are going to do our best to make the Truths of our Holy Religiou known to the one and a half million people in a certain section of China, called Chuchow. In trying to do that we are not acting alone. We are depending on God's help and God's grace. To God all things are possible.

Now here is where you young people come in. You can help us by your prayers to do the work God expects of us. I was a priest for 12 years in the Archdiocese of Ottawa, and during that time I became acquainted with thousands of children. I met them in the classroom and elsewhere. I often requested their prayers to obtain favours from God through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady and the Little Flower, your Patroness. I cannot recall an instance when they failed me. I am confident it will be the same with you. Our Blessed Lord while on earth showed Himself the special friend of children, and He is always ready to grant them whatever they pray for. I ask all of you now to pray much for the missionaries in China, for the Canadian nuns and priests who are trying to bring to the young children of Chuchow the same blessings that you enjoy as happy members of God's church.

For my part, I will always have an interest in the boys and girls of the "Rose Garden", and very often will I remember them in my Masses in China. I pray that you may always continue to be interested in the work of the missions, and I can assure you that God will bless you in every way if you are faithful to your membership pledges in Father Jim's "Rose Garden".

Your missionary friend,
(Father) M. L. CURTIN.

* * *

Very pleased I was to hear from Joan Ryan, of North Sydney, N.S., telling me of the formation of a Crusade unit at her school. "China" is a welcome monthly visitor to the Crusaders there.

From Paincourt, Ont. comes a letter from a very regular correspondent Alphonse Marentette, and he has introduced to our club his little brother, Romeo, aged eight, and a cousin Yvonne Bezaire, aged 14. Yvonne's home is in Saskatoon, but while visiting at Paincourt she was enrolled in the Rose Garden.

* * *

From Doreen Nolan, the Secretary of the Rosebuds at Sacred Heart School, Sault Ste. Marie, came a very friendly letter in which she told me of the interest created in the missions among her class through the presence of Father Moore, who is going to China later on.



IT'S NOT TOO LATE YET! JOHNNY MITEBOX OUGHT TO BE A LENTEN VISITOR TO EVERY SCHOOLROOM IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. IF YOU HAVE NOT A MISSION MITEBOX IN YOUR CLASSROOM, ASK YOUR TEACHER TO SEND FOR ONE (OR AS MANY AS SHE WANTS). AND WHEN YOUR MITEBOX DOES ARRIVE YOU DO YOUR SHARE TO KEEP HIM WELL SUPPLIED WITH YOUR SACRIFICE PENNIES. PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A MITEBOX FOR YOUR HOME, TOO. WE SHALL BE GLAD TO SEND ANY NUMBER ANYWHERE IF YOU ASK US.

I was very pleased indeed that failure to publish our column in "China" did not diminish the number of letters from some of the "Buds" of longstanding. I thank especially Dot Grady of Peterboro and Alma Chayer for their newsy letters.

* * *

Six members of our club in one family—now that is something of a record, I believe — and the missons certainly benefit by the interest of such a group. And what nice letters come from them all, from 97 Gower St., St. John's Nfld. The names are Jim, Ted, Betty, Michael, Gerald, and Mary Fewer. And their last letter brought the contents of their mitebox, a very handsome gift, for which I thank them most sincerely.

And once again College St. School, Halifax, "gets in the news". Here is part of the letter from there: "Every cent of the enclosed thirty-five dollars was saved in miteboxes in our nine classes during a period of four months. We also ransomed two Chinese babies. Our pictures are coming in a day or so, and soon we shall be preparing our pre-Lenten candy sale to help along with our next donation." The schools in Halifax are "right in there" when it comes to doing things in a big way to aid the missions.

* * *

Thanks to the children of St. John's School, St. Catharines, Ont., for the magnificent Spiritual offering made in aid of our Chuchow missions.

* * *

The pupils at St. Vincent's School, St. John, N.B., have been very generous to our work, and they are proud of the fact that a missionary from St. John (Father Sharkey) is doing such great things for the Chinese in Western Canada.

* * *

I wonder have I ever told you "Buds" about "The Willing Nine", a little group of mission workers in a Halifax School? Well, if I haven't, you will know now that they are amongst the most enthusiastic members of our club, and their president, Gwen Hatchette, writes the most newsy and interesting letters about their doings. And they know how to spend their sacrifice pennies to the best advantage, too. But here's just a little section from one of the letters from Gwen: "I have ruined about four sheets of paper trying to write this letter. My new fountain pen is acting crazy. Every line I write I make a blot . . . It was awful nice of you, Father Jim, to answer me so soon and such a nice letter. We are sending a dollar for the Mission Band. Would have sent it sooner but we were low on funds. . . In our school library we have a copy of Msgr. McGrath's book, 'The Dragon at Close Range', also a copy of Father Sharkey's 'The Anvil of the Cross'. At a programme in school by the Eucharistic Committee five of us recited poems from Father Sharkey's book." Father Jim was highly amused at Gwen's efforts to identify him among the priests' pictures from China Mission Seminary exhibited at the Halifax Crusade Convention. And I'm not telling whether I was among the group or not.

* * *

From St. Thomas School, Sudbury, came the following letter, and it needs no comment. "Our Crusaders are very enthusiastic. At the start of the school year the following students were placed in office: President, Fay Dixon; Vice-President, Alex. Kasturik; Secretary, Veronica Modeste; Treasurer, Tena Ricciatti. We put on a cake and candy sale and netted $15.00 which we gave to Father Lacey to send to China for the ransom of three Chinese babies. We are collecting stamps for the missions, too. Enclosed is our subscription to 'China'. Trusting you are satisfied with our missionary endeavours, and promising you our daily prayer for the missions, I am, Veronica Modeste, Secretary."

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

"Dis is one of de times!" said Uncle Eben, "when I ain't really got nuffin to say. Like de rest of de folks, I's jest' tryin' to keep on talkin'."

"How did you get on in your action for compensation against the man whose dog bit you?"

"He had a clever lawyer who proved that I bit the dog."

Customer: "Say, waiter, I can't find any chicken in this chicken-and-ham pie."

Waiter: "No, sir, but what about it? You don't expect to find a dog in a dog biscuit."

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a cannibal?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Well, if you ate your father and mother what would you be?"

Johnny: "I'd be an orphan."

"Last Sabbath," said an elder with glee, "as kirk was coming out, a drover chiel from Dumfries came along the road whistling as happy as if it was the middle o' the week. Weel, oors is a God-fearing set o' lads, and they nearly killed him."

Hester, colored, had been in a railroad accident. The lawyer had just called.

"What you all want?" she asked.

"I've come," said the lawyer, "to assist you in getting damages."

"Damages, my eye!" retorted Hester. "I done got all the damages I want—what I craves is repairs."

A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The manager said:

"I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss."

"That's always the way with you men," said she. "You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

Hubby: "Well, dear, how are you getting on with your golf lessons?"

Wifey: "Pretty well. But when the instructor told me to address the ball I just couldn't think of a word to say!"

Tough Guy: "For two cents I'd knock your block off."

Wise Guy: "Get away from me, you dirty professional."

Horace Greeley, who always insisted that the word "news" was plural, once wired to a reporter: "Are there any news?" The reply came by wire: "Not a new."

The "Distant Husband" and the Bear.

The following missive was received by the forest ranger of the Pasadena district and read recently at the annual dinner of the Sierra Club in Los Angeles:

"Kind and Respected Cir:

"I see in the paper that a man named J——— S——— was atacted and et up by a bare whose cubs he was trying to git when the she bare came up and stopt him by eatin him up in the mountains near your town. What i want to know is did it kill him or was he only partly et up and was he from this place and all about the bare. I dont know but what he is a distant husband of mine. My first husband was of that name and I supposed he was killed in the war but the name of the man the bare et being the same i thought to know if he wasn't killed either in the war or by the bare for i have been married twice since and their ought to be divorce papers got out by him or me if the bare did not eat him all up. If it is him you will know it by him having six toes on the left foot. He also sings base and has a spread eagle tattoed on his front chest and a ankor on his right arm which you will know him if the bare did not eat up these parts of him. If alive don't tell him I am married to J——— W——— for he never liked J———. Mebbe you had better let on as if i am ded but find out all you can about him without him knowing anything what it is for. That is if the bare did not eat him all up. If it did i don't see you can do anything and you needn't take any trouble. My respeks to your family and please ancer back.

"P.S.—Was the bare killed. Also was he married again and did he leave any property worth me laying claim to?"

—Playwood Panels.

"Would your experience confirm the popular notion that there is a sense of honor among thieves?" said the visitor to the prison chaplain.

"Well—no. There may be exceptions," returned the chaplain, "but generally speaking, I find thieves to be just about as bad as other people."

Government Examiner: "How did you come to mark this man's paper 101 per cent.? Don't you know that nothin can be more perfect than 100 per cent.?"

New Assistant: "Yes, but this man answered one question we didn't ask."

"Here comes the parade and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs, waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

Husband (during quarrel): "Didn't you promise to obey me at the altar?"

Wife: "Yes; but we're not there now!"

A western store ran the following advertisement:

"Apples, oranges, imported nuts. Come early and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm."

Kind Gent: "Do you know what happens to little boys who smoke?"

Small Boy: "Yes, I do. Why every time they go anywhere to have a quiet smoke they get bothered by rude old men."

"Tommy," said his mother, reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if you remained out late?"

Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head and said:

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it, too. I can't remember, either."

A patient in a hospital who was seriously ill requested a nurse to write to his wife for him, but did not seem to know exactly what he wanted to say.

"Shall I start with 'My dear wife'?" asked the nurse.

"Yes," replied the man, "you can put that down—it'll make her laugh, anyway."

Car Dealer (indicating a car): "There is a real bargain for you, sir. She'll still do her thirty-five, and twenty to the gallon, although she's pre-war."

Prospective Customer (dubiously): "Which one?"

Car Dealer: "I mean this car, sir—the one with the hood up."

Prospective Customer—"Yes—I see. I meant which war."

LENT IS A SEASON OF SACRIFICE

"Remember, it is by prayer and sacrifice that we can best help our missionaries."
(St. Therese, Patroness of the Missions)



Are you doing anything to help save the souls of the poor pagans for whom Christ died?

The Missionaries of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, need your help in the work they are doing in China. Give them a share in your Lenten alms and sacrifices.

BE A BOOSTER FOR THE MISSIONS

— in your town
— in your parish
— in your Sodality
— in your own home
— everywhere you go

Give the Missions Your Personal Service by

— praying every day for the Propagation of the Faith

— putting your sacrifice pennies in a Mission Mite-box

— subscribing to a Mission publication

AND (if you can do so) — Remember the Missions in your last will

---

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO
Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT. APRIL 1936



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By sending Mass Intentions to our missionaries.
4. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.
5. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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CHINESE CATHOLIC MISSION IN CANADA

IT is only commonplace to say that the Catholic Church is always on the defensive and always on the offensive. "They have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you" is one Scriptural text that explains the first-mentioned characteristic. Conditions in the world today bring home to us with much force that our Church is a persecuted Church; in the long centuries of its history there have been but few very brief periods when it was not engaged in bitter struggle against enemies from within and without its fold, enemies who marshalled against her all the forces of heresy and falsehood and bigotry. But the relentless march of time has seen the highways of the centuries strewn with the discarded "isms" and the defunct governments who feverishly but vainly sought to destroy God's Church. Being always on the defensive she yet miraculously ceased not to wage a strong offensive. "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature". This Divine injunction explains the unceasing activity of the Church. No circumstances of time or place or of any kind whatsoever have been strong enough to cause the Church to desist from following out her God-given mandate, and it is her glory that she has always found a means to meet every situation as it arose and to direct her energies to grapple successfully with every new problem.

THE experience of the Catholic Church in Canada is on a parallel with that of the Church as a whole. True, she has not been obliged in this country to fight for her life against a general national policy of opposition to her teachings and practices, but she yet has borne the brunt of organized attacks in certain sections, particularly in the matter of her educational policy. Her enemies will in due time be numbered in the ranks of the vanquished. Like the Church as a whole, the Church in Canada has been active in carrying out Christ's command; she has faced many problems and she has found ways to solve them.

IMMIGRATION has been a potent factor in the development of great stretches of Canada's territory, particularly in the Far West. Beyond the Great Lakes lies the greater half of our Dominion. It is only within the last few decades that those vast stretches of land have been opened to colonization. And with colonization came a new problem for the Church, for the invasion of our Great West by Catholic people of other lands set the Church the task of providing them with means to preserve the religious traditions they brought with them. Resolutely did she face that task, and today she is labouring perseveringly to attend to the needs of her people in the West. A glorious page in the history of the Canadian Church has been written by the missionary Bishops, priests, and sisters of the Canadian West.

BUT this issue of our magazine speaks to you in word and picture of the latest problem that has been tackled in Canada's West, and we pridefully refer to the part that our Seminary is playing in the solution of this problem.

It was inevitable that the Province of British Columbia should in time absorb a large Oriental population. Chinese especially came in large numbers and settled down in the Pacific Coast port of Vancouver. For years they have made their home there and have become a notable part of a great city's population. These people, racially different from us, with a background of advanced, but pagan culture, have been extended the advantages of dwellers in our midst, and they have lived orderly and useful lives. The Church could not forget that these people have an eternal destiny the same as we have, that they have souls to be saved; and the Church has taken steps to bring to the notice of these Chinese people the claims of the Religion of Christ.

TO His Excellency, Wm. M. Duke, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver, goes the credit of inaugurating the first movement whereby attention is henceforth guaranteed to the spiritual needs of the large Chinese population of Vancouver. It was at His Excellency's request that St. Francis Xavier Seminary recalled one of its missionaries from China and placed him at the disposal of the Archbishop for work among the Chinese in that city. For over three years our Father Sharkey has been labouring zealously to lay the foundations for the conquest of pagan souls residing in Vancouver. Last December, following negotiations between Archbishop Duke and Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of China Mission Seminary, arrangements were completed whereby the Mission among the Chinese in Vancouver becomes the responsibility of our Seminary in the matter of financing and supplying priests for the work. What has been accomplished so far, and what are the prospects for the future, are told you by Father Sharkey in this issue of "CHINA".

Canadian Mission Ransacked by Bandits

Combined Chapel and Residence Not Destroyed.
Missionaries Seek Safety in Flight.

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

QUICKLY consuming the Blessed Sacrament, Father Amyot rushed out of his Huang T'an chapel and hurried to the hills with the bandits less than four hundred yards away.

He had been quietly occupied in the mission when the sacristan came running in, out of breath and face pale, gasping that the bandits were already in the village. Father Amyot had had more than his share of false reports, so he made sure that there was no mistake before making a hurried get-away. It was fortunate that the bandits entered the village by the other end, or he would have been trapped.

From the hill above Father Amyot saw the bandits intent upon their work, but he did not linger as he was intent upon increasing the distance.

When the bandits entered the mission compound the cook answered their question and stated that the priest was away. They forced the door and made a systematic search for money but did not find any as Father Amyot had hid it too well. With studied carelessness he had wrapped it in an old paper and tossed it into a pile of papers in the corner. A few dollars under a blotter on the table also went unnoticed.

But nothing else escaped their search. Book cases were upset on the floor to see if anything was behind them. The trunks of Father Amyot and Father King, who was in Lishui at the time, were turned upside down and the contents heaped on the floor. Drawers were also emptied. They took all the ink, pens, tooth-brushes, tooth paste and socks they could find, but did not take a pair of Father Amyot's shoes; "probably too big for any of them," he states. They took all the rice and several bottles of Mass wine but did not touch an opened bottle, fearing that it might be poisoned . A newly arrived case of milk was also confiscated, but not for the milk, which was poured onto the ground, but for the small cans.

And all the while Father Amyot was in the hills praying that the chapel would not be destroyed, and his prayers were heard. The leader alone went upstairs to the chapel. He inspected everything, opening a cupboard but found nothing of value, the Mass kit having been sent out into hiding. He then struck a few notes on the organ and left the chapel without disturbing a thing.

In the village a man was captured but after a ransom was paid he ran to the hills, while another wealthy man had such short notice that he escaped through the back door as the bandits entered the front and found $450 which the man did not have time to bring with him. An incident, not devoid of humour, was the capture of a man by a bandit, and while the bandit was holding him the two brothers of the captive came from behind and with a rock cracked the head of the bandit. They then took his revolver and the three brothers fled to the hills.

* * *

AFTER about four hours in the village the bandits left and in the afternoon Father Amyot returned to the mission, which looked as though a hurricane had passed through it. It was the first day of the Chinese New Year, and the twenty-fourth day of January; usually a very peaceful day when all remain at home.

For two days, Father Amyot, at the insistence of the Christians, remained in hiding in the house of a Christian. On Sunday he said Mass in the chapel, but for the next two nights he slept away from the mission, his whereabouts being known only to a few. As the bandits were still in the district and liable to return any time he left early on the morning of January the 28th, and arrived here at Tsingtien the next afternoon, making very good time. We were very glad to see him as we had heard that the bandits were in Huang T'an but had received no definite news. After a day with us he went on to Lishui, where he is at present. (This was written on February 4th).

* * *

WE had our own bandit scare here in Tsingtien one cold wet night when the tailor rushed into the Mission and stated that the bandits were a few miles away on the other side of the river. Father Stringer and I put the important papers and the money on hand into a small package, put on good shoes and warm clothing, and then sat down and waited for more news. Father Strang was away at the time. Father Stringer placed the key in the door of the tabernacle and kept the key of the chapel in his pocket. We were prepared for a quick get-away, but when at midnight we had received no further news we went to bed, wondering how long we would be able to remain there.

No, the bandits did not come here, and while we took everything very calmly I assure you that a bandit scare provides a real "thrill."



PRIESTS WHOSE MISSION WAS INVADED BY BANDITS
The above picture appeared in "China" more than three years ago, and shows Father Joseph King, of Newburg, Ont. (left), and Father Wm. Amyot, of Ottawa, as they left Lishui to establish a Mission at Huang T'an, which recently has been raided by bandits. The two missionaries were forced to vacate and seek safety at Lishui, the headquarters of the Canadian Mission in Chuchow Prefecture, Chekiang.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CONVERSIONS

PEIPING—With the appearance of the 1936 edition of the *"Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine"*, published by the Jesuit Fathers in Shanghai, complete general statistics on Catholic Mission work in China during the year beginning July, 1934, and ending with June, 1935, have just become available.

Always a mine of precise information, this indispensable and handy booklet offers in its present edition much data of unusual interest.

Even after only a cursory examination of its contents, it is quite evident that, despite Communist domination in several regions where mission efforts were consequently seriously disrupted, the year in review has, on the whole, been an exceptionally good one, productive of notable results in every sphere of mission activity.

The figures reveal that the total Catholic population of China, including Manchuria, now stands at 2,188,839. This number represents a net increase of 96,450 over the census of the preceding year, and, as is customary, excludes from consideration the catechumens, of whom 495,060 are registered. Conversions during the year are reckoned, as is also usual, as equivalent to the number of adult baptisms and come to 96,680.

Thus in one year the number of Catholics has increased by a little over 3½ per cent. Only once before, in 1913, has the net augmentation reached such a high figure.

From this fact, considered in relation with the corresponding data of the previous four years, it would seem legitimate to infer that the Catholic Missions in China have definitely passed the relative "depression" which set in around 1925 and reached its lowest point in a net augmentation of only 12,000 or so in 1930. From 1931 onward the upward trend is unmistakable: 46, 30, 61, 82 and finally 90 thousand.

The density of the Catholic population shows wide variations. It is as high as 4.0 per cent in Suiyuan Province, 3.2 per cent in Chagar, and 2.4 per cent in Hopeh; and as low as 0.1 per cent in Kwangsi, 0.04 per cent in Chinghai, and only 0.03 per cent in Sikang, which borders on Tibet.

The number of conversions surpasses that of the preceding year by 13,705. Here again the results of the last three years disclose a striking advance:

Conversions in 1935 exceeded those of 1934 by 16 per cent; 1934 exceeded 1933 by 18 per cent; 1933 exceeded 1932 by 22 per cent.

Of the 125 ecclesiastical areas into which the country is now divided, 22 are entrusted to the Chinese clergy. This marks an increase of one over the year before.

Chinese priests constitute approximately 41 per cent of the clergy, which totals 4,309 members. They increased during the twelve months by 5.3 per cent; the foreign clergy, by 4.3 per cent. The net augmentation of 88 in the number of the native priests is the largest hitherto recorded, while the number of ordinations during the year was 101, a figure also without precedent.

The number of Chinese priests has doubled since 1917 and trebled since 1906.

As regards the clergy of the future, the prospect is also bright. Though the number of major seminarists continued for all practical purposes stationary—935 as against 938 the year before—a remarkable increase of 11 per cent is to be noted among the minor seminarists, who aggregate at present 4,021. The still younger aspirants to the priesthood, the probationers, have also advanced, from 1,824 to 1,906, at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Chinese Brothers increased by 6 per cent to a total of 635. Foreign Brothers, on the other hand, show a loss of 24.

Sixty-three per cent of the imposing number of 5,413 Catholic nuns in China are Chinese. They show a gain of 129 for the year, while their foreign sisters record an increase of 128. The latter now total just 5 less than 2,000; the former number being 3,418.

A rather surprising discovery is the fact that, in the face of the financial stringency of the times, it has been found possible—doubtless by close figuring and at the cost of much sacrifice—to increase the number of catechists by as much as 17 per cent. That two-thirds of the increase of 1,984 should represent women catechists is also significant, since religious family life depends to so large an extent on the adequate instruction of the womenfolk.

A formidable figure is the grand total of baptisms, 565,792, which surpasses by nearly 64,000 that of the year before. Yet even this figure is dwarfed by comparison with the number of confessions during the year, 10,820,486, and Holy Communions, 27,327,233—totals which represent increases of nearly one and two millions respectively over the corresponding figures of the preceding year, and—what is of prime importance—reveal substantial increases in the fulfilment of the annual obligations of confession and Communion—increases of 55,937 and 69,628 respectively.—*Lumen.*

HOME FROM CHINA



REV. WM. H. McNABB

Father McNabb, due to ill health, has been obliged to return to Canada to recuperate. He left Shanghai on February 15th, and the above picture was taken on March 9th, the day he arrived at the Seminary. He went to China in 1932, in company with the late Father James McGillivray.

+ GOD +
COMES TO
CHINATOWN

The Heroic Romance of the Mission Among the Chinese in Vancouver, B.C.

ON THE evening of October 15th, 1932, the "Empress of Canada" docked at Vancouver, B.C., and among the passengers who disembarked was a young priest just returned from the mission field of Southeastern China. He had left one China for another—for here on Canada's Pacific Coast was the second largest colony of Chinese in North America; and this latter was to be the scene of his future apostolate.

Within a few minutes of his arrival the scene before him had shifted from the illimitable ocean to a human sea of faces—he was addressing the National Convention of the Catholic Women's League, at their closing banquet in the ballroom of the Hotel Georgia. Just one day out of a sick bed, after two weeks of fever, and with visions of junks and rickshaws still floating before his eyes, he nevertheless welcomed the opportunity of addressing the most potent body for Catholic Action, the most powerful of all the lay organizations of the Church in Canada — the Catholic Women's League. Looking back upon that historic occasion, he feels sure that it was no mere coincidence that made his arrival back from the mission field of China concur with the closing exercises of that memorable Convention. God in His sweet Providence had brought about that felicitous meeting, and had given Father Sharkey the opportunity of speaking to the assembled delegates and, through them, to the people of all Canada—of broadcasting the message of a great missionary endeavor, about to he launched in British Columbia; the foundation of the first Chinese Catholic Mission. In the years to follow, a Unit of that same C.W.L. was to give its unstinted efforts in the work among the Chinese of Vancouver, and passionately associate itself with the work of the Catholic Mission in Chinatown.

After a few months of rest at his home in Eastern Canada, and recovery from the bad attack of malaria that he had contracted just before quitting China, Father Sharkey, early in 1933, started his work among the Chinese of Vancouver. Despite the discouraging aspects of the world depression, then at its height, he determined that nothing would stand in the way of the salvation of these pagan souls; and he felt confident, supremely confident, that the foundation of this long neglected and most necessary work would call down upon our country and especially upon the Archdiocese of Vancouver, the sweetest blessings of Almighty God.

BEGINNINGS are extremely hard, but the beginning of the work among the Chinese of Vancouver was especially so. The world-wide depression was at its height; the young missioner had neither finances nor property of any sort to begin with; and there was not a single Catholic among the Chinese community, outside those in the incurable wards of St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital. The task that faced Father Sharkey was so different from his mission work in China; the dialects spoken in Vancouver were so entirely unknown to him; he lacked so completely any social contact with the Chinese community—that he was at a loss just how or where to begin, and the obstacles ahead seemed well-nigh insurmountable.

And then occurred an incident that was but another indication



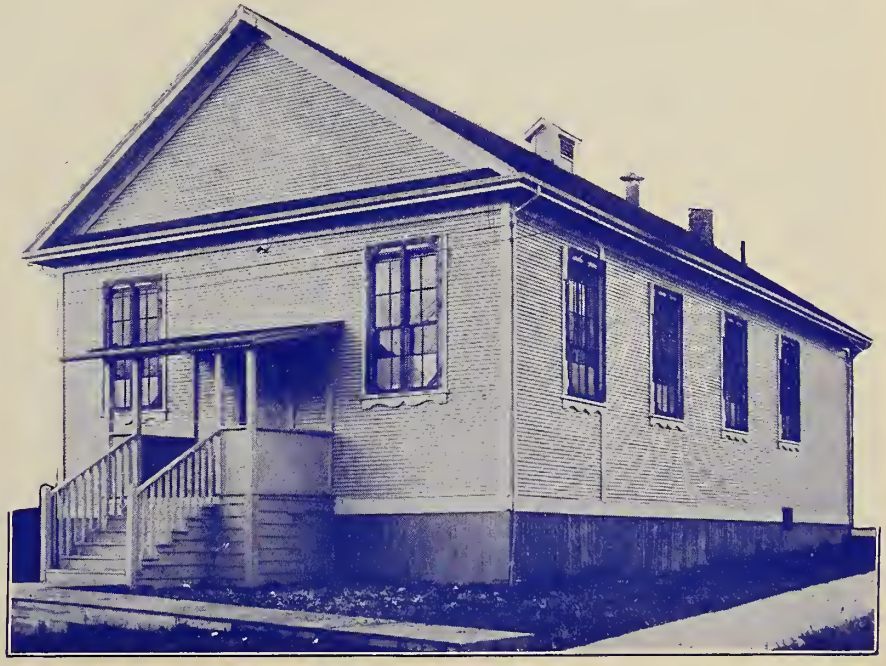


REV. HUGH SHARKEY,
of St. John, N.B., priest of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., who returned from Chuchow, China, in 1932, and who organized the first Catholic Mission for Chinese in Canada at the request of His Excellency, Wm. M. Duke, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver.

to the young priest that God's blessing was upon the work. In visiting St. Paul's Hospital, he met a young Chinese boy in the tubercular ward—Henry Lim. It took but a very short acquaintanceship to convince the missionary that here was a very beautiful soul and a most sweet character. Henry Lim had been baptized but a short time before by the chaplain of St. Paul's Hospital, and during the months that followed Father Sharkey tried to complete the instructions necessary. He visited the boy almost daily, both at the hospital and later at the boy's own home —and again at the General Public Hospital, where the lad died. He will indeed carry to the grave with him the memory of that heavenly light that illumined the young man's face the day he received Holy Viaticum. During those visits Father Sharkey had come in contact with different members of the boy's family, and had won their gratitude and friendship. Later, four other members of this family were baptized. Henry Lim, a sweet, beautiful, holy character, was looking down from heaven and praying for his people. Thus a beginning was made.

Through the kindness of a benefactress, mission property was acquired at the corner of Georgia Street East and Princess Avenue—on the outskirts of Vancouver's Chinatown. It consisted of a piece of land, seventy-five feet wide by one hundred and twenty-two feet long, on which stood two houses. The larger of the two was converted into a Mission house (shown above), while the other was rented.

Without a cent in his pockets, Father Sharkey had gone to visit this Catholic lady, to ask her help in the acquiring of a house and property, as a Mission site. The



THE KINDERGARTEN OF VANCOUVER'S CATHOLIC CHINESE MISSION



PIONEERS WHO HAVE LAID SOLID FOUNDATIONS FOR THE FUTURE PROGRESS OF A MODERN MISSION VENTURE
At the right is Rev. Roland Roberts, of Victoria, B.C., a priest of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., who is Assistant to Father Sharkey. Standing behind their bright-looking pupils of the Mission School are Sister Anne Marie and Sister St. Oswald; in the foreground is Sister Mary Gertrude. These are Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario, the same Community which staffs the Convent at the Canadian Mission in Chuchow, China. At the left is Miss Violet Wong, assistant teacher in the kindergarten.

fact that he was a total stranger to the person, and that it was the worst year of the depression, did not for a moment dampen his ardor. He intended to ask her for a certain amount of money, with which to begin his great work—and leave the rest to the good God. She received his visit most graciously, and while he was trying to work up enough courage to make his request she invited him to see the beautiful gardens that lay round about her estate. As they walked up a very pretty path, they came to a very odd spot. Inside the large hollow stump of a tree, two saplings that seemed identically the same had grown up and somebody had built a seat between them. The lady turned to Father Sharkey and said—"Father, this is called the Fairy Tree and the Wishing Seat. If you sit down there and make a wish, they say it is sure to come true." Father Sharkey sat down and closed his eyes tight and wished (or shall we say prayed) harder than he had ever wished before, that he might get the request that he had come to make. Before he left the lady's house that day, he had in his pocket a cheque for the identical sum of money that he had come to beg. To him it was nothing less than a miracle. Thus the first Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver was made possible.

FROM the very first, the necessity of associating with him in his work some Order of Sisters, was apparent to the missionary. He immediately thought of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, who were doing such splendid work with his brother missioners in China. He spoke to Archbishop Duke in this regard, and the latter wrote to the Mother General of the Grey Sisters, asking if two could be spared for the work in Vancouver. It was proposed that they open a kindergarten school for the Chinese children—this being the most practical of all social contacts with the Chinese people. The Mother General wrote back, saying that it was impossible to spare any Sisters at that time, although she realized full well the merit of the work proposed. Bitterly disappointed, Father Sharkey sent an urgent telegram, asking her if she would not reconsider her decision and was overjoyed to receive the promise that two Sisters would be sent as soon as possible. The seemingly impossible had happened once more—by God's grace.

Father Sharkey had up to this time been boarding in St. Vincent's Shelter on Pender Street East—a Home for the Aged, under the direction of the Grey Sisters. There the two Sisters stayed, after their arrval in Vancouver, pending the opening of the Chinese Mission.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S Chinese Catholic Mission opened its doors on the Feast of its great missionary patron, December 3rd, 1933. His Excellency the Archbishop of Vancouver said the first mass there and blessed the house, and in the course of his sermon that morning he drew attention to the singular fact that **there was not a single Chinese Catholic present. There were none to be present.** What a marvellous change has been wrought in the two years that have just gone by will be told in the course of this article. But on that memorable day in question, that day which appeared to be like any other day to the thousands of Orientals in this city, a great and wonderful thing had happened—over the door of a little house appeared this legend, "Chinese Catholic Mission", a little silver bell broke the morning stillness, a few whispered words were spoken—**God had come to Chinatown, and He had come to stay.**

A few days later the Sisters moved into the Mission, and opened up their kindergarten, using the dining room of their house as the school. For a time they had only one child, then came a second and a third. And when at last the number had grown too big for the little room, God's sweet Providence made itself felt once more. A hall directly across the street from the Mission, up until that time used by the Anglican Church, became vacant. To obtain it had always seemed a hopeless proposition, but now it was rented by the Mission, and placed under the patronage of St. Therese of the Child Jesus—who has lovingly guarded and blessed it ever since.

We had found the Mission fields of China hard, but we were to find these fields at home harder still. In China we had been confronted by pure paganism and ignorance, but not by prejudice. Here in Vancouver's Chinatown various Protestant sects had made the most of their opportunities, and while Catholics had remained sadly inactive for twenty-five years, progress was being made by the Protestant workers. Naturally, they viewed with disfavor the opening of a Catholic Mission in their midst, and tried to dissuade the Chinese from attending our Mission and kindergarten school. We can only hope that the Catholic inaction of the past will be atoned for henceforth by a vitalizing interest in the great work of converting the Orientals in Vancouver.

Furthermore, we found that years of social labor amongst the Chinese of this city by the Protestant churches, had engendered strong feelings of attachment and gratitude in the hearts of these people, towards these non-Catholic sects. And though we realized that the adherence of the Chinese to any one of these denominations was a matter of gratitude rather than of belief, we also knew full well just how persevering Oriental gratitude could be—and were therefore fully cognizant of the obstacles that lay in our path.

But it is not for us to chronicle the sacrifices, worries and heartbreaks of the two years gone by—suffice it to say that they were many. Nothing is born without pain and so it was with the



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHINESE MISSION KINDERGARTEN AT VANCOUVER



MARGARET KONG

A brilliant career as an acrobatic performer might have been Margaret's, but an accident has interfered, perhaps permanently, with her activities; she is just now a brave little patient in St. Paul's Hospital. Read in the accompanying article about her providential meeting with Father Sharkey and the results it brought about.

Chinese Catholic Mission at 572 East Georgia Street, in Vancouver. The devil was very active, seeking to discourage, working up opposition, striving to strike the shepherd that the sheep might be dispersed. That part of the story will be read only in eternity.

AT THE present time the kindergarten has an enrolment of over fifty children, and whenever a school concert is put on by the kiddies, our little hall is crowded to the doors. We are more than proud of these sweet little Chinese boys and girls and, if you ever get a chance to see them, they will steal your heart away, too.

The number of Sisters now engaged in the work here has increased to three. Shortly after the opening of the Mission in 1933, Sister St. Oswald was sent out from Pembroke as Superior. She brought with her years of missionary experience with the Chinese in their own country—an understanding and love of these people, that has made her presence here indeed indispensable. Associated with her are Sister Mary Gertrude and Sister Anne Marie—both deeply beloved by the Chinese community, especially the little ones. All three have worked extremely hard for the good of the Mission and they have accomplished wonders in a short time. Nothing seems more evident than that all three Sisters have a special vocation to this work and that God certainly directed their Mother-General in her choice. We do, indeed, owe to the Grey Sisters community at Pembroke a debt of gratitude that we can never adequately repay.

In two years' time we can number about twenty families. Our last baptisms, three on Christmas Eve, now bring the total up to ninety. One family of eleven is completely Catholic. We have over eighty-nine in our Sunday School, and a large number of adult Chinese are under instruction. Several of our baptized Chinese boys and girls have been



ENTIRE CHINESE FAMILY CATHOLIC

Mr. and Mrs. Kong, with their family of nine children, are Vancouver's first entire family of Chinese to become Catholics. May their example be an inspiration to others.

placed in Catholic schools. Besides all this, much social service work has been done among the Chinese community—help given to the poor, sick taken care of, etc. The Mission has thus become well known in Chinatown, and we have earned the lasting gratitude of these people.

ASSOCIATED with Father Sharkey in his work in Vancouver is Father Roland Roberts, another alumnus of St. Francis Xavier Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, and a native of Victoria, B.C. He brings to the work that quality most necessary for success—a deep affection and admiration for the Chinese people. Besides his work among the Chinese here, he is the National Director of the Holy Childhood Association for Ontario and Western Canada. Father Sharkey could wish for no more enthusiastic and able a co-worker.

Just about a year ago, the members of Business Women's Unit of the Catholic Women's League were asked to convene the Chinese Catholic Mission. This article would not be complete without an allusion to the wholeheartedness with which they entered into the work and the personal sacrifices made by a few whom we cannot name here, but to whom we are most sincerely and deeply grateful.

And from that little bit of Chinatown that we have by God's grace transplanted into heaven, one looks down, whose name will be eternally associated with that of the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver. Father Sharkey feels that it was more than mere chance that brought him back from China and led him one day to the door of a little store at 506 Main Street. For there he met the sweetest soul that he had ever known — a Chinese girl, Anne Mae Wong. He remembers now so vividly, how in reply to the question from the girl, what his work was, he had replied laughingly—"I am the conductor on the Paradise Limited; perhaps I will have you as a passenger some day". He knows now that his words were nothing less than a prophecy. A year had not gone by when Anne Mae Wong was dead, but not before she had first been baptized. She did at



TWO SISTERS

Miss Myrtle Wong and Miss Violet Wong.

last make the journey and Father Sharkey was the one that prepared her going and sent her off to Heaven.

Nobody who knew Anne could help but love her, and when sickness came—as the body faded away, the sweetness of her soul became all the more evident. It would be hard to find a more perfect example of resignation to God's holy will; a greater patience under intense suffering; a more cheerful disposition in the face of oncoming death—than was hers. To hear her pray brought the tears to one's eyes, and the way in which she made sure that the vigil light was always burning before her statue of the Sacred Heart, touched us all. She died on a Saturday afternoon, in a little room, whose blue and white seemed for all the world like the enfolding mantle of Our Blessed Lady. Anne Mae Wong went to God with a smile on her lips and the words, "Do not cry, I am happy". Now she looks sweetly down upon her Chinatown, and if since her death many wonderful graces and blessings have come to our Mission—we know that it is because she has constituted herself in Heaven our angel guardian, our little intercessor, and that now there will always ever be—

"The shadow of a wing on all our years,
And in our heart a still small pool of tears."



MISS DOROTHY WONG,
who has given her untiring services to assist Catholic work in Vancouver. She is an invaluable helper to the priests and sisters of St. Francis Xavier's Mission.

THIS is in part the history of the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver. And now we stand at the open gateway of a new year—with great hopes for the future. The mustard seed has taken firm root and we envision a wide spreading tree—an ever-increasing number of converts to the Church in Vancouver's Chinatown. If we had not the faith that we have in the people of Canada, we would not go forward with such high hopes as those we entertain. It is, then, with an overwhelming sense of gratitude to God that we grasp this occasion to broadcast through the medium of "China", a knowledge of our work, its necessity and its needs. We come to the people of Canada in the raiment of the Beggar-King, rich in everything save that which He holds most dear—the souls of men. We ask for Him and in His name, confident that you will not refuse Him, even though you be tempted to deny us. We ask your interest, we ask your help, and above all we ask your prayers.



HENRY LIM
A beautiful soul whom God has called to his reward. (See text).

CHINA — age-old, mysterious, pagan China; the secret kingdom of the last century; the hermit Empire of days gone by; China that was old when the rest of the world was young, and will be young when the rest of the world is old—has at last awakened. Centuries ago up in her quiet hills, like Rip Van Winkle, she fell asleep—she stopped short, while the rest of the world marched on. Today, she is awake, and the past few years of unrest are but her momentary bewilderment and confusion, as she finds herself the eccentric one—in an age of new ideas, new institutions, and new inventions. She has sent her people to the universities of the world, and they have returned to China, to disseminate social, economic and religious views picked up in our schools. They are the emissaries of a new order, and they will be the guiding stars of the New China. Thus one can readily understand and appreciate that the Catholic education of our little Far East, here on the Pacific Coast, will have a far-reaching effect on that more distant Orient of four hundred million souls. The possible ramifications of our work here in British Columbia are evident and wonderful. Our conclusions in this regard are not merely imagination, but are based on the experience garnered during some years in the mission fields of interior China. Remember, a Chinese boy educated in the schools of Honolulu became modern China's George Washington.



MISS ANNE MAE WONG,
who looks down from Heaven on her country people in Vancouver's Chinatown. (See text).

The Chinese are a lovable, intelligent, honest and hard-working race. Their uprightness, their deep sense of gratitude, and their high standard of morality are bywords on the Pacific Coast. Twenty-five hundred years before the Christian era their forefathers were highly civilized—and while continental Europe was still in its infancy and the Americas as yet unknown, China had given to the world such inventions as paper, glass, the printing press; works of art, and books of poetry and prose that are the indisputable credentials of a cultured people. But above all else (and this should never be forgotten), China had produced a philosophy and code of morals unsurpassed by any contemporaneous pagan nation; a code of morals that was and is the nearest possible approach to the doctrine preached by Jesus Christ.



"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"
Charming little Chinese children who attend the Catholic Mission Kindergarten. The view at lower left shows them in a Procession on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, 1934.

WHEN Father Sharkey returned from China to take up work among the Chinese in Canada, he was often greeted with the remark—"You must be glad, Father, to be back to civilization." He took exception to that remark, because it is founded on a confusion of words. We may call China unmodernized, but we certainly cannot call her uncivilized. If a high standard of morality, a deep sense of gratitude, a reverence for the marriage tie, a love of study and intellectual advancement, a unity of family life, parental discipline, honesty in commerce and simplicity of life, are the fundamentals of real civilization (and assuredly they are)—then the Chinese are highly civilized. But if divorce and family disruption, sweat-shops, licensed immorality, racketeering and gangsterism are the signs of the culture we speak of—the Chinese may indeed be barbarians. It is for us to sit down and revaluate our ideas of true progress, and after we have made that revaluation, we will have a more intense interest and a deeper appreciation of this little Orient of ours. Politically they have been refused franchise, but with Jesus Christ and His Church there is no distinction of color, race, or social standing. Let us not through any sense of superiority or prejudice refuse them the franchise of the Catholic Church.

Pius the Eleventh, Pope of the Missions, has said—"With the ever-recurring thought that the pagan world is ten thousand times one hundred thousand souls wide, we know no rest to our spirit." This perpetual and disturbing vision of the vast pagan world has stirred our Supreme Pontiff to the very depths of his soul, and from the very moment of his accession to the Papal Throne it has become, as he himself says, "the chief object of our Pontificate". He has sounded the call to Catholic Action; he has brought a new missionary mind to the laity of the Church; he has recruited the greatest army of missionary forces in the history of modern Christianity; he has inaugurated a New Crusade for the restoration of the souls for whom Christ died.

Certainly the Catholic Church in Canada has the responsibility of looking after the spiritual welfare of this China at its very doors. And if we presume to propose it as your first charity, it is because where the need is the greatest, the charity is the greatest. And we do need your help; we do beg your assistance.



PENDER STREET, IN THE HEART OF VANCOUVER'S CHINATOWN

WE write you this, dear friends, early in a New Year. We began the year with high hopes in our hearts, not the least fondest of which is that, before 1936 is on the wane, we shall have a little church for our people. The lack of one is seriously hindering and hampering our work here in Vancouver, for we cannot decently accommodate our Chinese Catholic people for Sunday Mass. At the present time, we are using as a chapel a small double-parlor in the Sisters' convent. But just consider how terribly overcrowded it is with over a hundred people in it for Holy Mass on Sundays.

Our dream is a little church—with its tiled roof, whose corners curve gracefully upwards, like the roof of some old Chinese temple; with its round moon-gate that speaks of far Cathay; with its delicately latticed windows, that bring back memories of a Shantung garden; and over all, the Cross. It is our vision of a little home for God, which we would raise here in Vancouver's Chinatown, during this year of Vancouver's golden jubilee. It is something that will make Catholic history on this North American continent—the first and only Oriental-style church in America.

If everybody that reads this article would help a little, our dream would soon come true. May the charity of Christ touch your hearts—it is for Him we beg; for Him and for souls.

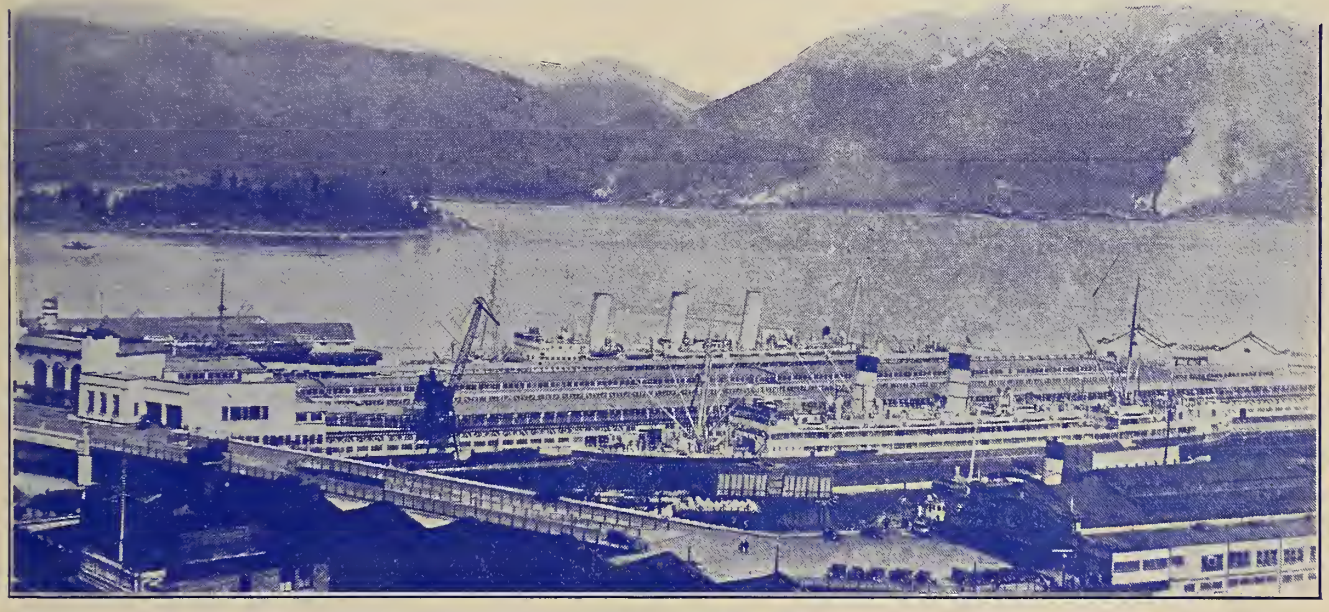


TWO LITTLE SINGERS
Evelyn Lee and Irene Woo.

Please help us. Please help Him. His Sacred Heart will not forget.

WE are deeply grateful to the dear Catholic people of Vancouver, and others whose unstinted patronage and generous co-operation combined to make our efforts thus far a real success. Truly can we say that you have awakened to your responsibility in regard to this Mission. You have come to realize that the salvation of the Chinese of this city is not something individual, something in charge of the Mission; but that it is as universal as the Church; that the obligation of saving souls rests with equal force on the conscience of every individual member of the Church. This responsibility cannot be shirked. It is not a mandate of man, but a command of God Himself. It must be met according to the circumstances and state of each individual. On the already overburdened shoulders of our gallant clergy, Christ places the additional responsibility of making the Missions popular by their preaching and loved by their exhortations and examples. Our Catholic laity have the obligation of supporting the Missions by their prayers and alms giving, of realizing that when they are asked to contribute to the Missions, they are not giving to an individual priest but to that cause for which the Church was founded, namely to bring the Gospel of Christ to "those who sit in the darkness of idolatry and ignorance." That cause, which His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has termed "the life of the Church", the only reason for Her existence" is surely one which calls for "Catholic Action", national, not merely local, and this humble beginning in Vancouver, it seems to us, is but the forerunner of a national apostleship to bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ to many Chinese scattered throughout the Dominion.

And so, dear readers and friends, **God has come to Chinatown indeed—but only through your kindness and sacrifice can Chinatown come to GOD.**



THE FAR WEST
View of Vancouver Harbour. In the foreground are the three funnels of one of the Empress liners on which our missionaries travel to the Far East. With its large Oriental population, Vancouver has its Foreign mission problem right at home.

NEWS FROM KINHWA MISSION

By MONSIGNOR FRASER

ON February 9th Bishop Faveau paid a visit to Kinhwa to perform the Blessing Ceremony of the new church dedicated to "The Queen of Apostles" in the city of Pukiang. The church has a seating capacity of about 500, but fully a thousand were packed into it that day—Christians, catechumens and pagan well-wishers; they pressed right up to the Communion rail. Following the blessing of the church, the Bishop administered Confirmation to over eighty recent converts. To think that a little over a year ago there were only a handful of believers in this locality! Besides myself, Fathers Tcheng and Sing, who care for that region, were present.

A number of notables came to grace the occasion; the mayor, magistrate, chief of police, several principals of high schools, and others. After the ceremony we invited them to a dinner; they seemed well pleased with the progress being made by the Catholic Church. The magistrate's secretary, who has travelled a great deal and is very versatile, was loud in his praise of the work being done by our Canadian Sisters in Lishui.



"He looked so forlorn and cold as he tottered down the stairs after the morning Mass on Christmas that I wondered if he had long to live. He was bundled in old clothing with cloth over his head and covering his neck and the lower part of his face. I took his picture.
"Three weeks later I answered a sick call. It was the old man. I administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and gave him the last blessing. A few days later he died."

—Father Doyle's "JOTTINGS"

On the same day, but in the opposite corner of the district, 150 miles away, another ceremony was taking place—a procession in honour of the Little Flower. Her relic was carried by Father Ly; twelve girls with veils, silk sashes, ribbons and badges, held artistic illuminated flower baskets in their hands; sanctuary boys dressed in red soutanes; boy scouts; beautiful, illuminated crosses were carried by men, and in all a hundred persons took part. There were a thousand onlookers. The procession was held at this time to offset the pagan processions of Chinese New Year's, and had the desired effect, for the latter was almost abandoned. The crowds followed the procession into the Little Flower Church for sermon and benediction; but the church was too small, and the sermon had to be delivered in the open. This taxed Father Ly's strength so greatly that he fell sick, and for several days had high fever.

New Christian communities are springing up all around the Little Flower Church in the different towns. Father Kiang and four catechists are working day and night instructing the new converts, of whom there are at least 500, and Father Ly, who has quite recovered, is going there tomorrow.

Coming nearer Kinhwa (city), my headquarters, in the village of Mao Tso San (Bamboo Mountain), there is an old patriarch, whose conversion dates back to the very beginning of the Faith in this region, some thirty or forty years ago. He is over eighty, but nevertheless every Sunday walks the five miles to church, fasting, and receives Communion. He has a big family, some forty odd children and grandchildren, all living in the same hamlet. On a recent visit I found most of them were in great need of instruction. I took ten of the children into our school, and am boarding them gratis, in order that they may learn enough to receive the Sacraments, and for the others I have placed a catechist in their midst, who is to instruct them for a month. Every day he recites the prayers and Rosary with them, and in the evening gives an instruction.

While I was eating dinner today the old man introduced a pagan monk who wishes to become a Christian. I instructed the Bonze on the tenets of our Holy Religion, and was pleased, an hour later, to see him with the Christians making the Way of the Cross and assisting at Benediction, wearing his long black robe, distinctive of his Buddhist Community.

A little over two months ago I was fortunate in being able to place a Christian woman in the pagan orphanage here in order to baptize the dying infants. I pay her a small salary, and at the end of each month she must report the number baptized. Today she reported 23 for February. This makes 78 dying infants baptized during the short time she has had the position. God be praised for opening Heaven to so many little ones, who otherwise would be lost!

P.S.—By a coincidence I notice that the Church of the Queen of (the 12) Apostles is the twelfth church I built in China. But it won't be the last, as I have begun another in Ya Mao Tien, to be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.



"Last Easter I received a chocolate Easter egg from Canada. I showed it to some of the school children at Lishui. Their mystification was amusing. One little girl wanted to know if a foreign hen laid this egg. The picture of the egg and the girl is shown above."

—Father Doyle's "JOTTINGS"

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

They were on their honeymoon, and had just had their first disagreement.

Said he: "Perhaps I was a little cruel."

"Yes, you were!" she replied.

"I wasn't!" he said, in hurt tone. Then: "Well, look here, I'll say I was cruel if you'll say I wasn't."

"Very well, peach-blossom, you weren't."

"Then I'm sorry if I was."

Sambo, carrying a crate of eggs, tripped and fell headlong, with dire consequences.

His friend 'Rastus, happening along just then, threw back his head and shouted with laughter, "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!" he gargled; "dem yolks, dem whites, dem shells! Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

Sambo watched him a moment. Then he commanded: "Boy! shut yo mouf so's I kin see who yo is."

Speed Fiend—"Gosh! Don't you feel glad you're alive?"

Passenger—"Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed."

"How's your wife getting along with her driving, Abe?"

"She took a turn for the worse last week, Moe."

He—"I suppose I'm only a little pebble on the beach of your life?"

She—"Yes, you might stand a chance if you were a little boulder."

Hazel: "Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play?"

Henry: "I think we had better play cards."

Son—"Say, paw, the teacher asked me to find the greatest common divisor."

Father—"Good night! is that thing still lost? The teacher had me hunting for it when I was a kid."

Richard had learned the story of Columbus at school, and was telling it to his mother. "An' his ships were the Nina, the Pinta—and—and——"

"The Santa Maria," prompted his mother.

"Aw," said Dickey, "you've heard the story before."

Mrs. Biffe: "I would never let my daughter marry a man who smokes cigarettes."

Arthur: "But I only smoke cigars."

Mrs. Biffe: "Well, I wouldn't let her marry a man that'll waste money on cigars when cigarettes are so much cheaper."

"How was the scenery on your trip?"

"It ran largely to tooth paste and smoking tobacco."

"How can you stand these small apartments?"

"Oh, everything is in proportion. We even use condensed milk."

Florist—"Want to say it with flowers? About three dozen roses, say?"

"How about six? I don't want to say too much."

Her Father: "I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you are getting a very big-hearted and generous girl."

Young Man: "I do, sir. And I hope that she has acquired those fine qualities from her father."

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had been discussing an arrangement which implied the exercise of the "give and take" theory.

"You know," declared Mr. Barnes, "that it always takes two to make a bargain."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Barnes, "but only one of them gets it."

When the rooster crows at sunshine
In that strident tone of his,
Then the weather either changes
Or remains just as it is.
—Boston Transcript.

The Shortest Verse.

We
De
Spise
Flies.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You know," said the lady whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."

"You're home early from the court, Mrs. Murphy."

"Yes, Mrs. Kelly, I am that. They threw me out for clappin' when Mr. Murphy got three months."

Father (admiring his recently-born heir): "That fellow will be a great statesman one of these days."

Mother: "Oh, Charles, dear, do you really think he will?"

"Sure of it. Look how easily he wriggles out of everything."

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your troubles."

"But, darling," he murmured, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."

He: "But don't you cook much more for dinner than we use, darling?"

She: "Of course, silly! If I didn't, how could I economize by making leftover dishes?"

The life insurance agent called upon a big insurance man at the close of a busy day. When the agent had been admitted, the big fellow said:

"You ought to feel honored, highly honored, young man. Do you know that today I have refused to see seven insurance agents?"

"I know," said the agent. "I'm them!"

A political meeting was in progress and the audience was growing heartily tired of a very prosy speaker. At last he worked himself up to his climax.

"And I say to you, in conclusion, that if you do not accept nationalization now, of your own free will, the time is coming when, willy nilly, you will have to accept it!"

He sat down, and the chairman rose.

"Are there any questions, please?" he asked.

There was a long silence. Then a weary voice came from the back of the hall: "Who is this Willy Nilly, anyway?"

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I'm allus skeered dat nigger's gwine ter git caught at it."

It May Be

that you long have had the desire to contribute a gift to China Mission Seminary. Easter is a good time to put your desires into effect.

It May Be

that you have considered the donation you could afford as too small to go to the trouble of sending. The Seminary and the Missions depend on small donations from many friends, so send along yours now. However small it may be, it will be big to us.

It May Be

that you are in a position to give us a helping hand by a large donation, but are deciding to wait and leave it to us in your Will. That is good, but may we remind you that our need at the present time is very urgent, and that by remembering our work now you will make sure that your good intentions will not be interfered with after your death through legal technicalities, and that we will benefit to the extent you desire without surrendering a large portion of your intended gift in Succession Duties.

+

"CHARITY TO THE MISSIONS EXCEEDS ALL OTHER CHARITY." (Pope Pius XI)

+

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT. MAY 1936



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By sending Mass Intentions to our missionaries.
4. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.
5. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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IN DANGER

AS we write these words we know that millions of people are listening attentively at their radios, or rushing to buy the latest editions of the daily papers, to learn the latest news of the thrilling rescue work being performed at Moose River, Nova Scotia, where two human lives depend on the rescue efforts of heroic miners. From one end of Canada to the other, in countless homes and among all classes and conditions of people, the attempts of the rescuers have been followed with heartfelt and prayerful interest. The tragic entombment of the men in the Nova Scotia mine once more demonstrates the depth of human sympathy which dwells in men's hearts, and which is so readily and so quickly evoked by the sufferings and the privations of mankind.

* * *

IT has been ever thus. The venturesome activities of members of the human race have time and again created situations which called forth the best in man's nature. Marking their way through the years, carving out new paths and avenues for the progress of Science, daring individuals have not hesitated to risk their lives in Polar expeditions, in transatlantic flights, in the climbing of mountains and the penetration of disease-infected jungles. When their efforts are stalked by tragedy, and their plans are interrupted by accidents, then the element of suspense and uncertainty arouses a keen interest in widespread parts of the world. While there is possibility of saving a human life there is spared no effort or no expenditure of time and resources.

* * *

FOR us all, there is a lesson to be learned from our contact with events of recent days connected with the mine rescue in Nova Scotia. It is a splendid thing that all hearts have been touched by that tragedy. It will be a more splendid thing if our hearts are likewise moved in sympathy and interest towards a greater, every-day tragedy, which calls to us as Catholics. It is the tragedy of souls in danger, and souls that will forever be endangered unless we co-operate in their rescue. Not one of us but would gladly make generous sacrifice these days if we could know that our sacrifice would rescue safely the lives of two fellowmen from beneath caved-in earth. If any would stop at giving their personal service to the rescue, none would be found unwilling to aid the actual rescuers in their work. Like helpless, entombed men, powerless to effect their own rescue, there are millions of pagan souls waiting for others to save them. There are others engaged in the rescue. Every Catholic missionary is toiling against tremendous odds to save the precious spiritual life which cost God His very Blood on the Cross. And the missionary is full well aware that the number of his rescues from the dark pit of paganism depends almost entirely, next to the Grace of God, on the efforts of Catholics who enjoy the untrammelled freedom of their Faith amidst the comforts of Christian life. We could wish that the tragedy of paganism's hold over the souls of men would waken the imagination of all Catholics, enliven their interest, and touch their hearts unto the making of sacrifice for the sake of the imperilled souls and the comfort of the missionaries engaged in their rescue.

* * *

THE MISSION WORLD MOURNS

THE Catholic Foreign Missions suffered a severe loss on April 14th in the death of Most Reverend James Anthony Walsh, Founder and Superior-General of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. It is with genuine sorrow that "China" chronicles his passing, and our sympathy goes out to the more than one thousand "Maryknollers" who revered the late Bishop Walsh as an inspirational leader and kindly father.

In the designs of Divine Providence it was ordained that James Anthony Walsh was to be the priest to sound the clarion call to the Catholics of the United States to rally to the Mission work of the Church. For more than thirty years the Foreign Missions were his soul-consuming care.

* * *

HIS highest ambition was the establishment of a seminary for Foreign Missions for the training of American youths. With the endorsement of the Hierarchy of the United States, Father Walsh, with the late Father Price, founded the now world-famous "Maryknoll" Mission Society, in 1911. In a few months will be celebrated the Silver Jubilee of the foundation, and it must be a matter of poignant regret to all Maryknollers that the First Father-General of the Society did not live to take part in the celebrations.

For a quarter of a century Bishop Walsh has been a notable figure among missionaries. He has directed with energy and zeal the development of a great institution, and he has cast much lustre on the cause of Missions by his indefatigable activities in the Orient, in Europe, and his native United States. His writings have been a most powerful influence in the formation of a mission consciousness in English-speaking countries. He will be remembered as one of the great leaders in the twentieth century mission world.

JOTTINGS

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

HERE at Tsingtien I never wonder what we will have for supper, or for dinner either; it is always the same. First, there is what the cook supposes is soup, and then comes the three reliables: pork (meat here in the interior means one section or another of the pig), potatoes and beans. The beans being considered a vegetable and not merely an accompaniment for the pork. When bananas are available we have dessert, but at present there are none in town so that is one course for which we do not have to worry about choosing the right fork. We are very fortunate in having good bread and each week we get in a supply from Wenchow, a city several hours down the river. Of course, towards the end of the week, especially in the summer time, the bread may get a bit mouldy, but that part can be cut off. And then, we always have tea.

I shall not tell you about my experience in making cookies; that calls for private telling, but recently the cook decided to mash the potatoes. The idea was all right but he also had an idea not found in the cook book. There was a queer taste to these mashed potatoes. The cook was questioned but he insisted that he had done nothing unusual. We continued to eat them until suddenly a light appeared in Father Stringer's eyes. He went out to the kitchen and searched till he found an old bottle of lemon extract. When thus confronted the cook admitted that he had used "just a little".

* * *

IT is said that the Chicago packing houses have a use for every part of the pig except the squeal. Well, the Chinese go them one better and here the squeal serves instead of an alarm clock, the pigs being killed very early in the morning. This morning I was awakened an hour too early when a neighbor had his pig killed.

* * *

As to rice and chop sticks, both are very much in prominence when we make the missions and visit the outlying chapels, but here at our little headquarters we use knives and forks and very little rice. Oh yes, on days of abstinence the pork is replaced by eggs, or perhaps a can of salmon is opened, if we are fortunate enough to have it.

* * *

AND now a few words on a more important subject, although I suppose food at times is even more important than money; but if there is no money there is usually no food.

A few days ago I returned from a visit to Lishui where I had a talk with Monsignor McGrath. He spoke of the present financial situation of the entire mission. Not since our priests have been in China have things been so serious. Our need is urgent. Will you "lend a hand"? Letters addressed to: *Catholic Mission, Lishui, Che., China,* will reach Monsignor McGrath, me, or any of our priests in China. Money may be sent by personal cheque or money order, or even a bill in a letter would very probably reach us safely. An offering of one dollar will receive a real welcome here and you will receive an acknowledgement from China.

* * *

BANDITS are still in existence and are continually bobbing up some place. Last night they were in a village ten miles away, but it was not likely that they would come closer. While the bandits are not actually in Huang T'An, the mission of Fathers Amyot and King, who are at present in other Missions, they are in that district. Yesterday the catechist from Ba Nga took delight in describing how the bandits had killed a man by cutting his throat. They do not waste bullets as they look upon their supply of ammunition as very precious.

The value of some lives is placed rather low at times, according to a practice in many places in this district. With a report that armed men are approaching the villagers become anxious and in order to determine if those coming are bandits or soldiers they hire the very poor to go out and meet them. They reason that if soldiers are coming the men will not be harmed, while if they are bandits they will not bother capturing the men as they are too poor to bother about, no chance for a ransom. But it sometimes happens that the bandits capture these poor men and kill them as spies, so these men take a real risk. How much do they get for their trouble? A little over a dollar in Canadian money, figured at the present exchange. Truly, a hard way to earn a dollar.

* * *

It is now early in March here in China, and for three days snow has been on the ground, a very unusual happening for this month and the

(Continued on page 73)



"Father Stringer bought this hundred-year-old pipe on one of his mission trips. It is fifty inches long. Just before it was sent to Canada (Father McNabb kindly taking it), Father Strang decided he wanted to have his picture taken using it. I obliged him by a time exposure late in the afternoon at our front gate. If you visit the Seminary museum some time at Scarboro Bluffs, you may see for yourself how easy(?) it is to light the long pipe."—Father Doyle's "Jottings".



One of the teachers at the convent school with her two children. The little girl, Mary, is now attending the Lishui high school seeking higher education. Only the lower grades are taught at the convent school. The two children were among the first group Father Doyle baptized in China.

The Little Red Plasters

By THE SISTERS OF CHARITY
Chusan, Chekiang

IN the autumn of 1935 there was a terrible epidemic of malignant malaria throughout our Island. The country people called it the "straw sickness", because after the second rice harvest the heavy rains came before the straw was dry and it rotted, giving out a bad odor which caused the fever. One cannot say how far this was true but certainly for two months or more after the second harvest a very bad fever raged through the country villages, but there was very little in the town.

When the people of the villages and surrounding islands are attacked by sickness, they are in a sad condition for no one cares for them; there are no remedies to be bought in the country and few of them have the means to come in and see the doctors, or buy medicines in the town, though a certain number flock to the Sisters' free dispensary, if they have the time to come in. The grown-up people may gradually get over the illness but the children and babies die by hundreds.

When we, the Sisters, hear of these epidemics, we try to get out to the country villages to care for the sick children. It is not easy, for at home we have over 500 poor to care for, orphan children, old men and women, sick people in two hospitals, our own daily free dispensary and the dispensary in the town prison with the care of the sick prisoners.

But something must be done at all costs to help the poor people in the country and also gain a harvest of little souls for Heaven by Baptism of the dying children. So long excursions are arranged, the Sisters at home generously taking on extra work to replace those who go out. In the autumn, the days are short so an early start must be made in order to be home before dark. This time, the sickness was the worst on the far side of the Island; several times, the Sisters went over three mountains to the far-off villages. It meant three hours walk there and back again in the afternoon. As soon as they arrived with their big medicine baskets, the poor people poured out of their houses and followed them in crowds, begging for remedies. It was a pitiful sight so see their white drawn faces, blue lips and shaking hands. Big men, working in the rice fields, came to us, saying: "Momo, I am good for nothing, I have no strength." It looked like pernicious anaemia, following the fever; all force was drained out of them, their blood had no color. The children were even worse, their little faces yellowish white and their lips blue white. The people brought out stools, the Sisters placed their baskets on them and tried to satisfy the eager crowd around them. Mothers hardly able to walk themselves, carried dying babies in their arms, led tiny wasted children of two and three years of age and had older children clinging to them, all in the same condition.

It was sad that one could do so little for them. Quinine and aspirin were dealt out to those still with fever; to the others one could only give packets of cinchona powder as tonics and invite them to come in to the hospital to be cured, or send their men-folk to fetch bottles of tonics, etc. Alas, few would come that distance, they rarely leave their village, but it was touching to see their gratitude to us for thinking of them and coming so far to help them. Little gifts brightened the sad situation.

When the medicines had been given, then came the joyful moment for the Sisters when they brought out their little holy water bottles and began to baptize these poor little wasted mites whom God had chosen for the Glory of Heaven. The Sisters call it the "Healing Water" which will bring happiness to the baby, and when it has been poured on the forehead, a tiny round red plaster is stuck on the side of the head. In the rare case of a baptized baby not dying quickly, one can always ask if the child has received the red plaster. The parents never forget. These days in the villages brought big harvests of Baptisms, sometimes the Sisters came back with ninety or one hundred, a week later these little souls were in Heaven surely. Since July 1st, 1935, we have had over 1,400 Baptisms in our work of visiting the sick poor outside.



On February 1st, Monsignor McGrath, Father Beal and Father Curtin, arrived at our Mission headquarters in Lishui, and were tendered a joyful reception by the missionaries and Chinese Christians. Monsignor McGrath and Father Curtin are shown above in the midst of the Lishui school boys.

The Methods of the "Reds"

By

REV. JOSEPH KING

IT is not a matter of surprise that many people at home quite naturally associate this country of China with stories of outlawry and banditry. Those readers of "China" who have been following the accounts of our missionary experiences during the past several years may have been mildly surprised that so little mention has been made of attacks by outlaws and bandits in the district where our Canadian priests and nuns are working. Fortunately, it has been the case that there were very few such incidents to record. The Province of Chekiang in which lies the Prefecture of Chuchow has been one of the favored Provinces of this great country; it has enjoyed a record of being a comparatively peaceful region, free from the encroaches of the wild bands whose deeds have given such unfavorable publicity to China as a whole. But things have changed for the worst recently, and for the past twelve months or so our Canadian missionaries have known what it means to live in dread of an attack from forces most hostile to Christianity, while bandits and rumours of bandits have disturbed the calm and routine of mission life.

I have had the rather unpleasant experience of being "chased out" of my mission home due to the danger of attack from maurading bandits. With Father Beal I have spent the past few weeks here in Sungyang, and I have learned from Father Wong of the many uncomfortable days he spent alone here in Sungyang during the period that Father Beal was on sick leave in Canada.

It appears that on the 14th of May of last year, this district was invaded by bandits who arrived unexpectedly from Kiangsi, our neighbouring Province to the West. They made a circuit over the mountains from Lungchuang and first put in an appearance at a place called Chu-Z-Ca, which is but six miles away from this thriving town of Sungyang, one of our most important mission centres. It took but a short time for them to assume full control of Chu-Z-Ca, which is a marketing centre of the district.

In Chu-Z-Ca there is a chapel with a resident Catechist. Of course, the bandits paid the catechist a visit and demanded to know the whereabouts of the priest. Not receiving any satisfaction they nevertheless refrained from taking the catechist himself a prisoner, as they did some years ago to a Catechist in Lungchuang district, whose whereabouts have since remained a mystery except for a rumour which once reached Sungyang that the victim was being held captive in Fukien Province.

IN OUR April issue we printed a report of bandit activities in the missions of Huang T'An. As a result of the invasion of Huang T'An, Fathers Wm. Amyot and Joseph King were forced to seek refuge in safer quarters. Latest news from our missionaries says that Father Amyot is now at our headquarters in Lishui, while Father King is with Father Beal and Father Wong at Sungyang. It is from a letter of Father King's, written at Sungyang on March 16th, that we glean the news of bandit raids in that territory during the past year.



TWO OTTAWA PRIESTS
Father Desmond Stringer (left), greets Father Wm. Amyot, as the latter reaches Tsingtien, having been forced by bandit attacks to leave his own mission of Huang T'An.

The few soldiers who were in Sungyang started bravely off towards Chu-Z-Ca, but the distance was but half covered when their bravery deserted them and they returned to the city. Then there was consternation among the citizens. But one of the soldiers thought of a plan—evidently most impracticable. At any rate he made it known by furiously beating a large gong till he had summoned quite a big crowd, and then suggested that the citizens of Sungyang march out in order as if to surrender, the while they carried a supply of lime with which they could blind the enemy as they mingled with them. The citizens were just not in favor of lime-throwing on that particular day and the erstwhile strategist got no support for his plan.

Although but slightly protected, Sungyang was not attacked on that occasion. Instead, the bandits retired to the hills some ten miles away. Two days later troops arrived from Lungchuang, Lishui, and other places. Several encounters took place between the soldiers and the bandits, but the final result was that the soldiers played safe by remaining inside the fortified town rather than take the offensive. Not long afterwards a massed attack was made; the soldiers routed the attackers, and after much machine-gunning had disturbed the residents of the city the soldiers were hailed as victors.

Forty thousand National soldiers were stationed in various cities throughout Chekiang Province to guard against further outbreaks. Twenty miles from Sungyang the Reds set up their headquarters at Ba-Nga, but with the capture of this place peace once more reigned. One hundred Red prisoners were brought into Sungyang from Ba-Nga. The authorities, knowing them to be but ignorant farmers who had been won over by the enthusiastic and fiery Red proaganda, endeavoured to bring them to a right way of thinking. Those who refused to amend were shot without more ado. The Mayor of Sungyang, a personal friend of Father Wong's, allowed Father

(Continued on page 71)



The month of May is not the most suitable to present a Winter scene such as the above, but the picture was taken only a few weeks ago, and shows our seminarians returning "across the field" from class at St. Augustine's Seminary. On this particular occasion the deep snow obliged the 50 students to walk single file, and the thin black line against the white background was too much for the cameraman to withstand. Our rink appears at the right, but the scene of recreational games has long since shifted to the handball alleys, a corner of which shows at the left of this view.

NEWS FROM OUR PRIESTS

FOLLOWING a health furlough in Canada, Father Lawrence Beal, of Otterville, Ontario, returned to his mission of Sungyang a few months ago. In a letter recently received from him, he says:

"It is good to be back again amid familiar scenes and old friends. If it were not for the mountains and the tiled roofs all around me I would scarcely realize I am back again among my faithful Chinese.

"Yesterday, one of the catechists from an out-station came along to see me and gave me news of his post. He said it was rather trying on the nerves last Spring when the bandits made their visitation. It was difficult to know at times which were worse, the soldiers who came along and parked at his doorstep and demanded service and sleeping quarters, appropriating what they needed without any remuneration, or the bandits who professedly respect no law, but yet who did not come in and steal. Continuing his story, he related some of the hardships visited on the people of Yan Chin Nueh, our most distant mission. There, a Christian named Mr. Ngo, was robbed of his life's savings, his throat was cut, and then his body flung to the dogs. Two others met the same fate when they could not produce enough money to satisfy the robbers. In addition, their homes were burned down and all their belongings carried off. The little village is now in a desperate state of poverty, and the catechist acted for the poor people in asking me to visit them to alleviate their sufferings. I promised I would go there as soon as the rains ceased, for just now the bridges would be impassable, and other circumstances make it undesirable to leave here just yet on this seventy-mile jaunt.

"I know there will be considerable work to do in repairing many little chapels on my missions after the destruction done by the bandits, and I am frankly worried about it because I have not the means to undertake even small outlays for necessary purposes."

* * *

Friends of Father Leo Curtin, who went to China three months ago in company with Monsignor McGrath and Father Beal, will be pleased to learn that he writes enthusiastically of his first experiences in Chuchow. He is now busily engaged in studying the Chinese language under the tutelage of Father Aaron Gignac at Lishui. Our readers can look forward to some interesting sidelights on mission life when Father Leo "gets going" with his portable typewriter.

* * *

Writing at the end of February from the Philippine Islands, where he has been for the past few months recuperating from sinus trouble, Father Hugh McGettigan, of St. John's, Nfld., reports that he is "coming along fairly well, and is awaiting word from his doctor that his condition will soon permit a return to work on the missions." Father Hughie is at the Maryknoll Convent, Baguio, Mt. Province, P.I.

METHODS OF THE "REDS"

(Continued from page 70)

Wong to speak to the prisoners and appeal to them to follow a saner way of making a living. Many listened to his exhortations and were pardoned and released.

There can be no doubt about these bandits being of the class that are familiarly known as "Reds". And they do not by any means work in a haphazard fashion. They have very definite plans of campaign. The scenes of their operations are thoroughly mapped out in advance, and in every important town and village they can count on the assistance of their own spies or resident sympathizers who make it their business to know everything that can be of use to the bandits when finally an attack is made. No time is lost in locating the places where loot and victims are most worthwhile; the spies do their work well, and the Mandarin's residence, the Post Office, Police headquarters, and the stores of the wealthy are quickly visited. The poor victims found in these places are either summarily executed or else held for ransom. Occasionally, they are warned in time and enabled to gather together their more valuable possessions and flee to some more protected locality.

Sometimes, the bandits are prepared for such an eventuality. They very deliberately make it known that such and such a place is to be raided on a given date. Of course, it is the signal for the well-to-do residents to clear out. When the attack fails to materialize the citizens gradually return. And then the bandits come without warning. Some time ago this ruse worked in Sungyang, and cost the lives of three wealthy citizens. Their only crime was the fact that they were reputed to be men of means. The "Reds" will not tolerate the possession of even honestly-acquired wealth by others. Themselves preaching the doctrine of equality are nevertheless seeing to it that their own pockets are well lined with the fruits of their murderous robberies. They curry the support and sympathy of the poor and ignorant Chinese peasants by distributing some of their ill-gotten gains. It is easy for them to be generous! And the sad thing is that the ordinary hard-working peasant is led to believe that this system of wreck and ruin, murder and crime, is better by far than their present tax-burdened existence.



SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL AFFAIR GREATLY AIDS CHINA MISSION SEMINARY

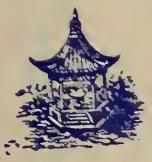
The picture above shows a section of the large crowd assembled in the Auditorium of Columbus Hall, Toronto, on the night of April 16th, taking part in the Bridge and Euchre Party in aid of the Missions. At lower left is a view of the artistically arranged Mission Booth which attracted much attention in the lobby of the Hall. The group at the right shows members of the Executive Committee responsible for the successful party: Mrs. H. E. Moore, Mrs. S. Fairley, Mrs. G. Carrol, Mrs. E. Doherty. (Standing): Miss Josephine Vahey, Mr. Cecil Barry, Father Leonard, Miss Eva Doyle.

NEARLY 800 men and women participated in an enjoyable and most successful bridge and euchre party held at the K. of C. Hall, Toronto, on April 16th, in aid of China Mission Seminary.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary owes a big debt of gratitude to all those who contributed in any way towards making the Party the huge success it proved to be. Our thanks are due especially to the energetic Mr. Cecil Barry who acted as general Chairman; to the Ladies of the various Committees, particularly to the Executive Members; to the many friends who so kindly sold tickets; to the donors of the 52 valuable and useful prizes; to the Knights of Columbus for placing their commodious Hall at our disposal; and finally, to each and every person who attended the Party or bought tickets.

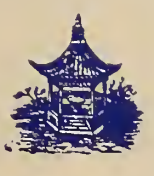
We are quite happy indeed to offer these words of appreciation for the magnificent response which favoured the zealous and enthusiastic appeal of our Toronto lady friends. We know it meant a great deal of work and entailed the expenditure of much time and energy in organizing things so efficiently, and we are glad that the results have been so encouraging. It was the first occasion in many years that the work of the Catholic Foreign Missions was made the object of such a wide appeal to the Catholics of Toronto in this manner, and we are justified in hoping that the interest thus created will have a permanent effect. Those concerned can rightly feel that they have done the Missions an inestimable favour in promoting so well the goodwill and active assistance of such a large number of people. Would that such examples of Catholic Action were more numerous and more widespread on behalf of Catholic Missions!

—J. E. McRAE.



China Corner

By FATHER ROBERTS, of the Catholic Mission in Vancouver's Chinatown, 572 East Georgia Street.



HOME TOPICS

THERE are certain standards by which we may judge the interests a family has at heart, and not the least important among them is the conversation which takes place at the dinner table—Home Topics let us call them.

Mother takes a sudden interest in a new brand of pastry flour. She always did make delicious cakes; but she is ambitious. The flour is purchased and, as luck would have it, the first trial produces a cake surpassing in lightness any of the past creations of mother's kitchen experience. The family are generous in their praise, and mother, proud of her latest success, leads one and all into a discussion of the merits and demerits of the various brands of pastry flour.

All may not be so enthusiastically interested in pastry flour as mother is, but certainly father, sons, and daughters are equally interested in the results achieved from the use of this particular brand of pastry flour, and therefore enter whole-heartedly into the discussion if only from the ulterior motive of encouraging further efforts on mother's part. Thus it is with all the events little or great, that arouse the interest of one or all members of the family.

Using "Home Topics" then as our barometer for gauging family interests, supposing we put the matter of British Columbia's Oriental Population to the test. Does this subject ever form a topic of conversation in the family circle? If it does, what is the nature of that discussion.

We know that during the campaign before the recent Dominion elections the Orientals came in for a considerable amount of comment in many homes. The candidates of the various contending parties were directly responsible for this. The radio and the newspaper carried their words into every home. Unfortunately, these speakers had an "axe to grind"—votes at any cost—so with all the skill at their command, but with little regard for facts, they placed before us vivid pictures of the moral degradation the poor defenceless white is suffering from his associations with the Oriental. The worst of crimes, and the most insidious insinuations were placed at the door of the Chinese, especially. The political speakers were listened to, their remarks certainly were discussed around the dinner table of many families—they became "Home Topics".

We who enjoy the Faith of Jesus Christ, and who have been privileged to hear His command: "Teach the Gosple to every creature", should, if we be faithful to our religion, be interested in the Orientals, not from the lower motive of worldly politics, but from the superior incentive of spiritual politics. Their eternal salvation should be of deep interest to us. Is it? Apply to that question the form of "Home Topics" and each family can answer for itself. If the immortal souls of this vast population on our very threshold has any interest to us, it would naturally be discussed now and again at the dinner table. Is it? Do the missionary efforts of our "China at home" form a "Home Topic" among our Catholic families? It should if the proper interest has been aroused.

"THE ANVIL OF THE CROSS"
By Rev. Hugh Sharkey
PRICE, $1.00
The Proceeds from the sale of this volume of Poems go to aid the St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic Mission,
572 George St. E. - Vancouver, B.C.

MASS INTENTIONS

Mass Intentions are badly needed by our priests in China. Send your intentions to the Seminary and they will be cabled to our missionaries in Chuchow.

HUGE CONGRESS IN VANCOUVER

First Diocesan Eutharistic Congress to be Held in June

THE first in British Columbia, a Diocesan Eucharistic Congress will be held in Vancouver, June 11th to 14th, 1936, as a feature of the religious observances in connection with the Golden Jubilee year celebrations, it is announced by the committee in charge.

More than 50,000 visitors are expected to be attracted to this important event. Bishops of the Catholic clergy throughout Canada and the Pacific coast states are being invited to participate in the Congress.

The occasion will also mark the golden jubilee of the first holy Mass celebrated in Vancouver on the feast of the Holy Rosary, in 1885. It has been postponed to be included in the programme commemorating the city's fiftieth anniversary.

The four-day congress will include the Feast of Corpus Christi in special Masses in city churches on the first day; conferences of priests and midnight Masses in several churches on the second day; a children's Mass at the Memorial Shell in Stanley Park on Saturday, June 13th; Pontifical Mass in Stanley Park on Sunday, June 14th, when His Excellency Archbishop W. M. Duke, or a visiting prelate will celebrate.

With Very Rev. J. B. McDonald acting as chairman of the committees of arrangements, this group has been augmented by lay delegates from city parishes, the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Women's League, and other organizations.

JOTTINGS

(Continued from page 68)

Chinese fear it will injure their crops. But it will be May when you read this and then the sun will be shining, perhaps too much, and the month of Mary will find China in all her glory. There will be plenty of flowers then to decorate the grotto of the Blessed Virgin in the convent garden at Lishui. While many gather at the grotto to say a prayer it is also a favorite background for snapshots. (See picture on page 60.)

BEHIND PRISON WALLS

By the
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
Chusan, Che.

FROM April to the end of July last year we were busily occupied in fighting a bad epidemic in our town prison. In all, there were 289 cases of typhoid and typus in that period. The surroundings in the prison made our work most difficult, for the old type cells of 18 by 12 feet, badly ventilated, had sometimes 12 or 14 prisoners packed like sardines on a low platform. Dirt, and a total lack of fresh air and sanitation made the prisoners an easy prey to sickness. It developed into the second serious epidemic within four years.

The Sisters here at Chusan keep a dispensary cupboard in an outer room in the prison, and they go regularly to attend to the small ailments of the prisoners, occasionally obtaining permission from the Mandarin to remove the more serious cases to their hospital.

But a big epidemic calls for special daily attention, and the Sisters devoted two or three hours every afternoon to caring for the inmates of the prison during these four months. The sick were carried out of their cells on the backs of friends and placed on benches in a covered courtyard. On an average 50 or 60 cases were treated daily; some of them were new cases and others convalescents who needed tonics and strengthening food. It was pitiful to see these white-faced trembling men with blue lips.

For the most part they were brigands and pirates, who, when they first came, were big burly fellows, but three or more weeks of fever with temperatures of 104, 105, or even 106, had reduced them to a sad state of weakness, and it was difficult for us to detect when the crisis stage had been reached in their fever. Heart tonics and injections were given daily with the usual typhoid remedies, and above all, good strengthening food. The prison fare is only a little dry rice, often burnt and badly cooked, given twice a day with a little salt vegetable. The sick men could not touch this and would have starved to death but for the Sisters who brought big saucepans of hot rice gruel, rice water, meat soup, and stewed prunes (the last named are always given to sick people in China). Every morning we sent them a hot breakfast of rice gruel with chopped egg omelette in it, and hot rice water for the very ill. Breakfast tickets were distributed every afternoon to those who needed them. Some refused all food, but after their yellow leathery tongues had been gently swabbed with glycerine and boric, and their mouths and throats washed out, they could be persuaded to accept from the Sisters a cup of rice water or prune juice.

The patience and obedience of these rough uncouth fellows is remarkable; they wait their turn patiently, though they feel the fatigue terribly, held up on a bench by some kind friend. Often this assisting friend is himself a convalescent patient still white and weak. The Sister often slipped an egg or a biscuit into their grateful hands.

In the Sisters' Hospital there is a special prison ward, barred and locked, with a warden always on guard. Into this ward we took seven of the worst cases at a time. Some cases developed into blood-poison, and despite all possible treatment and care it was difficult to save them. Out of 289 sick men, 16 died; most of them were elderly men whose weak hearts could not endure the fever. All were instructed before death and baptized at their own request, and passed into eternity expressing gratitude for that charity which cares for soul as well as body. We were beseiged for medals and catechisms. It was indeed a ripe moment for saving souls. One man said to his companions: "Let us adore the God of the Sisters; they say it is He who calls them to care for us for we are also His children."

Since this epidemic, Christian men of the Sacred Heart Confraternity at Sinkomen, following their programme of Catholic Action, come once a month to preach in the prison. They are very well received, and many prisoners are studying the Christian catechism. This work at the prison is a costly one, but it brings much consolation and many blessings, for we remember the words of our Divine Lord: "I was sick and in prison and you visited me." We thank Him for the privilege of serving Him, and we have confidence in His Divine Providence.



IN A CHINESE PRISON
In the city of Paotingfu, North China, the Sisters of Charity visit the prison to administer to the inmates. One of the sisters is Chinese, the other French. The chain may be noted on the legs of the prisoner. The Sisters of Charity favor us on this page with an account of their work in similar circumstances at Chusan Island, in the same province where our Canadian Grey Nuns assist our Chuchow missionaries.

POPE HONOURS FAMOUS CHINESE CATHOLIC

Vatican City.—Pope Pius XI has named Lo Pa Hong, eminent industrialist, philanthropist, and President General of Catholic Action in Shanghai, a Secret Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword, in recognition of works of charity which have led him to be called the "St. Joseph Cottolengo of China". Lo Pa Hong, Director of electric, shipping, and transportation companies, has created in Shanghai alone 16 charitable institutions which he supports with donations of $200,000 annually.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA, 1935

(From July 1, 1934, to June 30, 1935)

	NUMBER		Increase over Preceding Year
Catholic Population		2,818,839	96,450
Conversions		96,680	13,705
Catechumens (not counted as Catholics)		495,060	11,855
Ecclesiastical Divisions		125	4
Entrusted to Foreign Clergy	103		3
Entrusted to Chinese Clergy	22		1
Clergy		4,309	195
Bishops	94		5
Foreign Priests	2,481		102
Chinese Priests	1,734		88
Ordinations		101	20
Brothers		1,167	12
Foreign Brothers	532		24
Chinese Brothers	635		36
Nuns		5,413	257
Foreign Nuns	1,995		128
Chinese Nuns	3,418		129
Seminarists		6,862	480
Major	935		—3
Minor	4,021		401
Probationers	1,906		82
Catechists		13,817	1,984
Men Catechists	8,048		667
Women Catechists	5,769		1,317
Baptisms		565,792	63,975
Adults	96,680		13,705
Children of Christians	92,470		5,910
Adults in danger of death	38,181		6,133
Infants in danger of death	338,461		38,227
Confessions		10,820,486	913,542
Annual, Of Obligation	1,370,151		55,937
Of Devotion	9,450,335		857,605
Holy Communions		27,327,233	1,976,822
Annual, Of Obligation	1,279,191		69,628
Of Devotion	26,048,042		1,907,194



Father Arthur Venadam, of Pomquet, N.S., has acquired an enviable reputation as a Director of Gregorian Chant. His work among the young people at Lishui, China, has met with remarkable success. Above, he is shown with the little girls of his Choir, as they were at Christmas Masses last year. Our cover picture shows his Choir boys in procession at Lishui.

LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by FATHER JIM



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Here we are again—and still going strong in our Mission Club, despite the non-appearance of some record of our members in recent months. When our young missionaries in the schools "stay with us" even when their doings are not publicized it is surest proof that their efforts are genuinely sincere, and only God will know how much good has been accomplished for the Missions through the work of the members of our "Rose Garden". Their enthusiasm does not abate, and their numbers increase steadily. It has been a real joy to have the job of "gardener" in such a beautiful "Garden" whence come those precious fruits which aid in the eternal salvation of souls. It is at this season of the year that gardens occupy particular attention, and ours ought not to be an exception. From now to the end of the school year I should like to see mission activity among our boys and girls flourish most noticeably.

To the members of the Rose Garden this month should be a very profitable one, spiritually, for I feel sure you have a very tender devotion to Our Lady, Queen of May. How much we should love the Blessed Virgin! She it was who gave us our dear Saviour, and she cared for him as an Infant and on through the years until the time came for Him to begin His Public Life, and then she, more than anybody else, shared all His joys and sorrows. In Heaven now she is pleased with us, her children, when we show an interest in the work which her Divine Son began on earth, the work of saving souls. If we would please our dear Mother, Mary, we have only to be good and be faithful to our prayers. Whenever you want God to give you something, it is well to ask the favours through God's mother; she can get favours from her Divine Son much easier than we might get them ourselves, and if you try during May to do something every day as a tribute to Mary, you can be sure that she will obtain many blessings for you. Ask her especially to bless the priests and nuns who are working in the Home and Foreign Missions, for one of Mary's sweetest titles is "Queen of the Missions".

On the 17th of this month it will be eleven years since the "Little Flower" was canonized. During the Holy Year of 1925, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, solemnly declared that Teresa Martin, the holy Carmelite Nun of Lisieux, France, was worthy of the honours given to Saints. In her short lifetime Teresa Martin worked no miracles or wrought no wonders; she was a "little" saint all unknown to the world, but she has been made known by God and given to the world to teach us all the "little way" of her life. She did ordinary things, but she always did them exceptionally well, and that is the secret of her holy life. She wants all of us to be like her in her love of God and to save our souls by paying attention to small things in our lives in order to please Him. If we ask her, she will obtain many favours—"roses" she called them—for us, and on the anniversary of her canonization it would be nice if all the Buds of her "Rose Garden" would go to Holy Communion and offer It for the intention of obtaining a "rose" for the Missions. She delights in her title of "Patroness of the Missions". On May 8th, the anniversary of her First Holy Communion, I shall give all the members of our Club a very special remembrance at Holy Mass.

Yours for a very pleasant and holy Month of Mary,

FATHER JIM.

A Prayer for the Conversion of China

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who didst come on earth to save the souls of men, open now Thy most Sacred Heart in mercy to the people of China, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and shower Thy graces on them, that they may come to the knowledge of Thy Gospel. Bless also and protect Thy missionaries, and make their work fruitful for Thee of countless souls. —Amen.

(300 *days' Indulgence*)

With Ecclesiastical Approbation

In the hope that many of our members may be among the executives of Mission Units in their respective schools, I publish this month a letter received some time ago from a member of the Jesuit Order at Loyola College, Montreal. It contains a suggestion worth bringing to the attention of your Mission Executives and of your Teachers. The letter is as follows:

"Rev. and Dear Father:—

"Let us hope you will excuse my prolonged delay in writing to thank you for your splendid response to my appeal for data on your missions in China. The copies of 'China' were of immense help in presenting the work of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and of your missionary priests. Next year we hope to send a little spiritual assistance to others among your missionaries.

"A number of us, scholastics of the Society of Jesus, have introduced into the schools in which we teach Catechism, what we call 'Mission-Boards'. A Mission Board is simply a notice board suitably adorned with spiritual pictures and inscriptions, on which we place the name of some missionary and whatever data we have on his mission. There is also a place for marking the spiritual offerings the children may wish to give. They never mark anything unless it has already been done.

"The idea originated, so far as I know, in one of our novitiates in the United States where it was used to enliven the zeal of our own men. When we adopted this idea it was only for our own houses, but after a rather successful experiment among High School boys for several years, we are convinced it can very well be used among all classes of youth. Here we have been trying it with the prepara-

tory school and the results have been quite satisfactory.

"In using the Mission Board in High School classes, the primary intention was not so much the arousing of a missionary spirit as the fulfilment of the obligation incumbent on any religious teacher—the spiritual formation of the class. We soon became aware that if we were to prevail on our boys to frequent the church more frequently, whether for mass, communion, visits, etc., some concrete objective must be given. All the fervid eloquence one could muster did not produce anything like a commensurate result. It was not that they were spiritually indifferent but simply they had never been in the habit of doing anything more than the essentials. If their enthusiasm and interest could be excited and something worthwhile presented for the exercise of their zeal, then we might succeed in forming habits of prayer that would be permanent because they had become habits. At this point came the very happy thought to use the Mission Board. If their admiration was aroused by the heroic lives of the missionaries, it would not be difficult to appeal to that marvelous and very real generosity present in all youth, to aid the noble missionaries by their prayers, acts of self-denial, etc.

"The experiment was astonishingly successful. Boys who had never done more than the minimum were within a few months, as a matter of course, doing what would have been formerly an unattainable maximum. After the idea that piety was something reserved for girls and 'sissies' had been broken down, they increased the number of their communions, masses, etc., acquired the habit of frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament and of ejaculatory prayer and even of making acts of self-denial. The beauty of all this was that it was free from any trace of artificiality or self-consciousness. Being convinced that, though school boys, yet they had their own duty of aiding according to their opportunities, in the salvation of souls, they readily adopted the means offered which was within their power and which while easy was yet the most potent, i.e., the spiritual assistance of their prayers and good works. It is very important to note that while the aim was the more fundamental one of building up their spiritual life, the only aim presented to them was that of assisting in so far as they were able, men whom they had been taught to admire—the Missionaries.

"Although the results obtained more than repaid the labour involved, there is no use in hiding the fact that there is great need of patient perseverance and a bit of ingenuity in presenting the idea and keeping up their interest. Then the preparation of material takes time and care, especially when the data is limited or there is lacking that variety which is so helpful in keeping them keen. A missionary is "up" for about two weeks and there should be a change of pictures, etc., at least three times a week. We have tried to have about four pictures and accompanying articles for each change, which entails a fair amount of work. The pictures and the abundance of data contained in 'China' helped greatly."

A member has inquired whether I have medals, books, etc., of St. Therese, for sale. No, the only things Father Jim has to supply are membership certificates and prayer leaflets, both of which carry pictures of St. Therese, and these are sent free of charge to all who become members of our Rose Garden.

* * *

I think the pupils at St. Albert's School, Sudbury, should take a bow. Remember how they were mentioned in our last Rose Garden page for their generosity in ransoming pagan babies? Well, they have continued their great work, and have now paid for the ransom of a total of seven Chinese babies. If that's not doing something for the mission, well, then, I don't know what is. "Albert Joseph" and "Mary Therese" are the names chosen for the babies ransomed most recently.



Three young missionaries recently added to our ranks.

Philomena Coady, 97 Monkstown Road, St. John's Nfld., comes to us with the penname of "Rose". She is 15 years old, assures us of her daily prayers for China, and asks for a mite-box.

* * *

New Victoria, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

My friend Lorraine Ratchford and I would like to join your club. Please send us a mitebox. Lorraine is in Grade 6, and I am in Grade 7. Lorraine's penname is "Lin"; mine is "Snowdrop". Yours truly, Ursula Carroll. Ursula's sister, Marie, ten years old, is also a new "bud", with the penname "Inky".

"I have a very good love for the Little Flower, and will pray for the China Missions every day." With a recommendation like that, nobody will have to wait long before getting their certificate of membership in our Club, and so we welcome the writer, Una C. Gorman, 41 Sullivan St. Halifax. Una is 13 years old and in Grade 7 at St. Joseph's School.

Here are some snatches of a letter from thirteen-year-old Jack Sheridan of 39 Fairholt Road S., Hamilton, Ont., as he wrote to join our Club: "I read the 'China' regularly and enjoy it very much. . . . I would like to have a mite-box, as I have already saved 22 cents for the missions. . . Aren't there some prayers the members of your club say? . . . I have a cousin studying for the Priesthood at the Grand Seminary. . . Our teacher sometimes reads us some of Father Sharkey's poems which are so nice; they are not like old Shakespeare's dry old poems which are a pain in the neck. . . I save stamps for the missions. . . I am an altar boy. . . I like hockey, baseball and football, but am not a very good player. . . I like to listen to Father Coughlin and Father Lanphier on the radio."

Jack got the mitebox, his certificate, his copy of the Prayer for the conversion of China, and also a big long letter from Father Jim.

When Mary and Emmett Francis, 12½ Spring St., Charlottetown, P.E.I., receivd their certificates they wrote back a nice letter saying how much they enjoyed being members of our club. I hope, Mary, you are fully recovered from your serious illness now.

Occasionally Father Jim gets a jolt when he receives a letter from some regular correspondent which ends with the "P.S. I didn't get my certificate yet". The jolt was particularly severe when that P.S. appeared on a letter from Irene Struthers, 118 Baldwin Avenue, Cornwall, for Irene has been writing frequently and sending donations for the missions. I guess we'll have to blame the mailman, Irene, and send another certificate.

And now at last we have the happiness to announce that our club has a Chinese member, and I would be very pleased if some members would correspond with her. The best way to introduce her is by letting you read her letter, which says:

"I wish to become a member of your Little Flower's Rose Garden. My name is **Dorothy Kong**. I live at 793 E. Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C. I am eleven years old. I would like a girl of my own age for a penpal. Father, may I take Bright Eyes as my penname? Will you remember me to Dr. McRae. Tell him I am the little girl who did the dancing at the Christmas concert. I tried to find out from Father Roberts something about you, but I don't think you look like he said you did. If so, I feel sorry for you."

Those of you who read the beautiful account of the Chinese Mission in Vancouver which was published in the April "China" will remember seeing Dorothy's picture with the others of her family, but I have a picture of Dorothy all by herself which I hope to publish later on. I trust you will write me again, Dorothy, and tell me how your request for penpals was answered. And will you remember me to Father Roberts?

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?" the teacher asked.

"You don't have to pay for lightning," came the prompt reply from a bright pupil.

The Young Man—"But, sir, what reason have you for objecting to having me as a son-in-law?"

The Old Man—"Young man, if I didn't object to you I'd reckon I had no reason."

"Hello, Smith, old man, haven't seen you for some time."

"Been in bed seven weeks."

"Oh, that's too bad. 'Flu, I suppose?"

"Yes, and crashed!"

Teacher—"How many fingers have you?"

Bobbie—"Ten."

Teacher—Well, if four were missing, what would you have then?"

Bobbie—"No music lessons."

"I've moved to the country where I can play my saxophone to my heart's desire."

"You mean there's no one else for mile's around."

"No, I mean my heart's desire lives next door."

Sinister-looking individual (significantly): "Is yer 'usband at 'ome, ma'am?"

Lady (resourcefully): "Well, if he's finished his revolver practice, he'll be playing in the back garden with our blood-hounds. Did you want to see him?"

Sally: "Please, ma'am, I can't find the broom."

Mrs. Shipshape: "Haven't I told you often enough to have a place for everything, and everything in its place?"

Sally: "Yes, ma'am, I did that, but I've lost the place."

Jean—"Fashions may come and go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics."

June—"Yes, women can't go wan forever."

He—"And so you think women have great strength of mind? Do you believe that any woman would do as Caesar did and refuse a crown?"

She—"I think so. Of course, she might try it on to see how it looked."

Mistress: "Where's the jelly, Bridget?"

Bridget: "Faith, missus, ye told me it was moulded, so I throwed it away."

"Is your husband a member of any secret society?"

"He thinks so, but he talks in his sleep."

"Have you a book called 'Man the Master'?"

"Fiction department on the floor above, Madam."

Two colored women were discussing present conditions. One of them remarked:

"It shuah is too bad, ain't it, dat dis heah depression had to come jes' when times is so hard."

"Georges comes from a very poor family."

"Why, they sent him to the university, didn't they?"

"Yes, that's how they got so poor."

Some noisy relatives were visiting a couple, and happened to mention their dog, a big mongrel.

"He's just like one of the family," said the pup's proud mistress.

"Which one?" asked the hostess.

"Why, Donald, it must be nearly ten years since I last met ye?"

"Aye, Sandy, 'tis a mighty long time. We must celebrate."

"Aye, let's. But ye'll remember, Donald, I paid the last time!"

"And now," said the teacher, "will anyone give me an example of an indirect tax, please?"

"The dog tax," announced a pupil.

"Why do you term that an indirect tax?"

"Because the dog doesn't pay it."

The Governor of West Virginia, while travelling through Arizona, noticed the dry, dusty appearance of the country.

Governor—"Doesn't it ever rain here?"

Native—"Rain? Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs here in these parts over 10 years that have not learned to swim yet."

Mrs. Smith—"What rent do you pay?"

Mrs. Jones—"I don't pay it."

Mrs. Smith—"What would it be if you did pay it?"

Mrs. Jones—"A miracle."

Suitor—"Sir, I wish to marry your daughter."

Company Promoter—"In that case I want to know something of your financial position."

Suitor—"I have enough to buy and furnish a house, sir."

Promoter—"Good! Sit down. I think I can show you a better investment for your money."

"Don't give me such wordy reports when you make them out in the future," said the railway inspector to the line overseer. "Just put down the condition of the track as you find it. Leave out everything that isn't to the point. I want a business letter, not a novel."

The overseer replied that he grasped the idea. A few days later the line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the inspector in the new style. It read:

"Where the railway was the river is."

"Yes, lady, that parrot talks, 'e do. Says 'Yes, my dear' to everythink yer says—jest like a 'usband, lidy."

"I wonder who thought of Friday as being an unlucky lay?"

"Probably some poor fish."

"How is everything at your house?" asked the friend of the bridegroom.

"Oh, she's all right," responded the young husband happily.

Brown—"Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

Jones—"Well, you see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low!"

Auto Salesman (explaining to green customer)—"This is the radiator and this is the fan."

Lady—"Oh, then, it's an all-season car?"

Poet—"Do you think there is any chance of my getting this poem in your magazine?"

Editor—"There may be. I'm not going to live always."

Arthur—"So your new job makes you independent?"

Albert—"Absolutely. I get here any time I want before eight, and leave when I please after five."

"Aren't we fools?"

"Please speak in the singular."

"Aren't you a fool?"

Get the Habit of Helping the Missions Regularly

WE wish to remind all our readers that the financial burden of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary is becoming heavier as the number of our priests in China and students at home increases, and if we are to be able to support our growing institutions here and in China we shall need much more financial assistance than that which comes to us through day-to-day donations. We know that "times are hard" with many. We certainly are amongst the number ourselves, and so we appeal to Catholic wage-earners, young and old, to sometimes make a little sacrifice and send a gift to aid our mission work. Those who do give to the missions find joy in the giving, and are none the poorer for their sacrifices. If you have never given to the Missions, why not begin now? Giving to the Missions ought to be a habit with every Catholic family.

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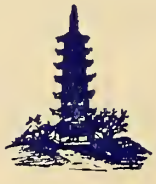
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

WRITING FROM CHINA

+

Our missionaries tell us they are absolutely "up against it" for funds to carry on their work. We have not the money to send to them, so we present their case to you. The Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland ought not to allow their missionaries to suffer by denying them that aid they might so easily give them. May we ask you who read this to make it a matter of personal concern to contribute something right now to help our missionaries who are so sorely in need of financial assistance. Please answer their appeal to the best of your ability.



Kindly send your donations to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT. JUNE 1936



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By sending Mass Intentions to our missionaries.
4. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.
5. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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ACTION IS NEEDED

SOMETHING that never fails to catch our attention is the newspaper reports of non - Catholic activities in favor of Protestant Foreign Missions, and we often wonder why it is that, as a general rule, such reports are a non-entity where Catholic Missions are concerned. Occasionally, of course, as you may notice in another place in this issue of "China", there is a small group of people who make real efforts to aid Catholic Missions, but there is yet lacking in this country that widespread knowledge and support of Mission needs which we should like to see evident. The day will surely come, we know, when this condition will be remedied, but in the meantime the work of the missionaries is being seriously handicapped because of the restricted interest and assistance given their efforts, and the individual Catholic is delaying too long the realization of his obligation to contribute according to his means towards the support of his missionary representatives in Fields Afar.

* * *

HOW YOU MAY HELP

WE do not know how useful a purpose it serves, or what effect it may have on our readers, but nevertheless we occasionally draw their attention to the astounding expenditure of money made for such things as cosmetics, candies, cigarettes, and other items that come into the category of "luxury" expenses. Our idea, of course, is to draw a parallel between the amount thus spent and the amount that is voluntarily donated to charity or to help some cause worth while. We appreciate the fact that the millions of dollars expended on personal pleasure are not altogether unnecessary, but again we throw out the suggestion to Catholic people, especially to young men and women who are earning regular salaries, that they ought to impose a "tax" on themselves for the benefit of some Catholic charity, and we will gladly supply a mite box to any who wish to make this tax a "mission tax". Now as the season for holidays approaches there will be many planning trips and summer pleasures, and we quite seriously inquire if some Catholic people could not think of the needs of the missions and apportion a small percentage of their "budgets" to help in the propagation of the Faith in China.

* * *

WE are all disposed towards the good. But it takes the inspiration of noble example, and the realization of one's own opportunity, to summon to the surface that which is finest, noblest and best within ourselves; and to impel us to make our very own the sublime lives of the great saints of God.

By virtue of the grace of Christ within your souls, you are disposed towards the most sublime course of action. You have before you the glorious example of your own Canadian missionaries, one of whom has already laid down his life for God and the souls of men. Will you not give yourselves the opportunity of acting as magnificently in your own way as they have acted in theirs, by uniting with them in their apostolic labours, through your spiritual and material aids?

* * *

SALUTE TO SCHOOLS

IN the important work entrusted to us here at China Mission Seminary, the education of young men for the missionary priesthood, we are very often encouraged by the letters that come to us from our Catholic Schools. Looking back over the period of the last school year we realize that if it were not for the assistance given us by the young people in the classrooms throughout the country we should be very much deeper "in the hole" financially. We want the zealous teachers and pupils to know how very much we appreciate all they have done for us during the past year, and to say to them that we shall continue to look to them for co-operation in educating others to mission problems and instilling the desire to make this country conscious of mission obligations.

* * *

MISSIONARY'S MOTHER DIES

ON May 6th, at Pomquet, N.S., Mrs. Peter Venadam passed to her eternal reward after a short illness. We extend to Father Arthur Venadam, of Lishui, China, her son, our sincerest sympathy on the loss of his mother. To the other sorrowing relatives, her husband, another son, two daughters, and three brothers, we also extend our sympathy, with the assurance that in the masses and prayers of our priests and students there will be a constant remembrance of the soul of this valiant mother of a missionary. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Seminary for her eternal repose.

Subscribers, Attention!

The regular mid-Summer edition of "China" (July-August issue), will not be printed. The next publication will be for the month of September.

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

THAT lazy feeling that took possession of me in mid-morning one day in March should have served as a warning. I had been alone at Tsingtien for two weeks, and when Father Strang arrived the evening before we had stayed up late, talking; and this day was really a thing of beauty, in contrast to the damp, cold, dismal days of the past few weeks. Standing in front of the Mission, I stretched and half yawned as I looked at the mountains across the river, green on the lower slopes, but soon turning to white as the upper half was snow-covered. Perhaps I wondered if those living up in the mountains were cold, but certainly I gave them no more than a passing thought as I decided to take things easy for the rest of the day.

I had just turned into my room when the catechist came in with a Christian from up in the mountains, beyond where the snow begins. His wife, a catechumen, was sick, and a newly arrived daughter had not been baptized; would the spiritual father come and baptize them both and recite some prayers?

The spiritual father would, but I must admit that there was a little hesitation before saying so. I told the sacristan that he was to come, too. He did not seem overjoyed at the news; he had made the journey before, and he knew its difficulty and that we would have to travel quickly in order to return before nightfall.

The entire journey was only fifteen miles, and on the level road that is just a good hike, but there is a difference when it is up and over the mountains. Leaving the Mission, we went along the road for about a mile before turning into a path that led up into the mountains. The snow-clad peaks looked beautiful, from a distance. As we went higher, parts of the path were under water where the snow had melted, and then we waded through slush. My shoes were soaking wet, but I was rather glad, as they were a little tight, and this was a good chance to have them stretched. Finally we reached the snow, and then it was just a steady climb, although at times we had to pick our steps carefully where the path had caved in or was blocked by a landslide.

Of course, the last mile seemed like three, but eventually we arrived at the little cluster of houses and entered by a gate. Here we were greeted by a few Christians and others who were just curious. I wanted to visit the sick woman at once, but first it was necessary to say a few polite phrases and then have a little lunch. Lunch over, we went into the sick-room. The woman knew sufficient doctrine to be baptized in sickness, so I solemnly baptized her, together with her baby, giving them the names Mary and Teresa.

During the ceremony almost a score of persons had crowded into the cold, drafty room. The ceremony over, the Christians remained, reciting prayers for about fifteen minutes, and then I removed my surplice and stole for the sacristan to put in the bag. Finally we took our departure, with words of gratitude and repeated admonitions to "Walk slowly" ringing in our ears; but as the afternoon was well spent, we went as quickly as possible. Although going down hill is more tiring and the muscles in the back of the legs ache, still we made better time, resting only once on the return trip. On the level road I pushed ahead and arrived at the Mission in the dusk, several minutes ahead of the sacristan, who had a sore foot and was dead tired.

I had found the little missionary journey interesting, and I also experienced a certain spiritual joy in baptizing two more. As to the merit for the day's work, that I gladly share with those who assist me by their prayers or offerings to the missions.

* * *

IF China is cold in the winter, how do the very poor keep warm during that season? This is a question I was recently asked, and with reference to this district, the answer is that they do not keep warm; they put on all the clothes they own or can borrow, sometimes seven or eight ragged coats, and shiver until the next warm day. Most of them have a small portable basket stove, which contains a few live coals and hot ashes. The beggar pictured on this page is carrying such a stove. The meaning for the Chinese word for a beggar is: "Demand rice man."

* * *

OF course all in China are not beggars, and some dress very nicely. On this page is the picture of two girls who were at the school at Lishui. I was told, by one who seemingly spoke with authority, that the traditional dress of women in China is the short coat and long loose trousers, but some years ago some adopted the foreign styles. Chinese officials frowned upon this tendency, and in order to offset it, they gave permission for Chinese



Chinese ladies dressed like this are always in style.



With his little portable stove this poor blind Chinese beggar doesn't know his picture has been taken.

women to wear the long Chinese gown which is properly the costume of the men. The gown is slit on both sides near the bottom, and hooks up on the right side. Naturally it is cut slightly different for the women, and the sleeves are shorter, being above the wrists, not reaching to the knuckles, as do those made for men. The picture shows the two costumes worn by women.

* * *

ON HEARING that I was on the staff at Tsingtien with Father Stringer and Father Strang, my brother wrote, suggesting that I change my name to "Strung". Thinking that in this way I would rhyme better with the others: String(er), Strang, Strung!

* * *

I AM GRATEFUL to all those who in any way participated in the Bridge held at Newman Hall, Toronto, in January. I have celebrated Mass for their intentions. This financial assistance arrived at a time when the work was almost at a standstill for lack of funds.

* * *

FATHER BEAL is hard at work in Sungyang, where he has Father King for a visitor. Father King is helping out there until the bandits leave Huang T'An. At Lishui, Father Leo Curtin is now well established, and for recreation has taken up the study of Chinese. Father McGettigan has now returned to Lishui after an absence on sick leave. It is reported that he is well rounded out, but that he is still able to tie his own shoe laces. The summer here will help him to reduce.

Catholic Scientist Honoured

"CHINA" offers hearty congratulations to Dr. Peter Moloney of the staff of the Connaught Laboratories, University of Toronto, on his election to Fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada. Dr. Moloney's work in biological research, particularly with regard to diphtheria, has well merited the distinction that has come to him. We are happy at the honor paid to one who is to us a neighbor, a frequent visitor, and a very generous friend of our seminary.

A HAPPY DAY

By REV. J. L. BEAL, Sungyang



A group of school children with their teacher at Sungyang.

"KU shing t'ien lai"—meaning "bitter ended comes the sweet", is a rather good Chinese expression to characterize the feelings of our young people as the Easter holidays came to a close yesterday. The boys of the Mission were kept busy for some time preceding Holy Week getting things in order around the church for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, which culminated in the joyous festivities of Easter Sunday. The school children got the spirit, too, and were helping in the polishing and scrubbing. Holy Thursday was a long day and a hard one on little throats reciting endless prayers before the Altar of Repose. There was a fairly good attendance at the impressive ceremonies of Good Friday and Holy Saturday. The altar was beautifully decorated for the High Mass on Easter Sunday. It was the first time that many of the school children witnessed a High Mass.

The two days in the calendar following Easter are known here as "Happy Feast" days, hence there was no school. Easter Monday was occupied in the preparations for a picnic on the following day. Father King had been to Chu Z Ca at Easter to minister to the Christians there, and immediately on his return he got busy in our kitchen and made four big apple pies, which would have done credit to an expert. The cook planned a well-balanced dinner, sharks' fins being the only item omitted, due to a depleted market. To insure the complete success of the outing we hired an orchestra. I had always had misgivings about Chinese music having charms, but yesterday I was converted, and am ready to vote it amongst the world's best.

Came Tuesday. The boys and girls were dressed in their Sunday best, the boys wearing boy scout suits, while the girls wore skirts borrowed from their big sisters or mother. The arrangement of the skirts caused no little bother, I may say.

Quite a stir was caused among the shopkeepers as our procession wended its way through the east gate of Sungyang. Five li in the country is a very pretty spot on a hillside, capped by a monastery, with all the conveniences of a well-furnished home. On the payment of a little "cumshaw", the caretaker was easily persuaded to grant us the use of the monastery. Arriving at the hilltop, five large double-header firecrackers were set off, much to the delight of all. The little girls were then allowed to lay aside their long bothersome dresses and romp around gathering wild flowers in the valley and on the hillside. It was a great day for the kids, and we priests thoroughly enjoyed the outing, too, as a change from the routine of mission duties.

About 11.30 along came the orchestra. These lads evidently keep late hours, and so do not rise very early. The opening number seemed a little bit weird to me, so I asked the boy to request the leader to liven things up with a faster number. Lacking a prima donna, the first violinist had to do the imperson-

(Continued on page 91)

Side Lights From Lishui

By

REV. LEO. CURTIN

ACCORDING to those who have made a special study of the Chinese language it is interesting and fascinating, and even after only a few weeks' application, I can corroborate that statement. In the study of the Latin or Teutonic languages we have a common alphabet to guide us. Even Greek, which looks so terrible at first sight, has an alphabet that corresponds to ours, but the student of Oriental languages has no such advantage. Each character does not represent a letter, but a word, and in Chinese there are said to be, in all, about fourteen thousand characters. The task of learning so many would be a colossal, if not an impossible one, but not nearly so many are in common use. A rickshaw coolie may employ only a few hundred; two thousand are sufficient for the ordinary speech of a well-educated man, and many of our priests have mastered more than that number. The largest newspapers have only about five thousand in their fonts of type.

The Chinese language is hieroglyphic in origin, and each character originally was a picture of some concrete object, or a representation of some action or idea. In the evolution that has taken place down through the ages, many of these pictures have so changed that they are no longer recognizable, but many of them bear some resemblance to the original, if we use our imagination. In the course of this evolution during the centuries quite frequently two or more characters have been grouped to form another character, but if the meaning of the first simple character is remembered, the meaning of the more complex one is easily learned.

A few examples will clarify this. The character for "man", as it was written while the language was still in its pictorial state, did look like the head, shoulders and legs of a man, but now it is made by two strokes, joined at the top and separated at the bottom, so as to be the crude picture of a man. The character for "fish" shows the tail and tapered nose of a fish; "mountain" is made up of three perpendicular lines, with a horizontal line at the base, to represent the peaks of a mountain springing out of the earth. "Horse" is made by a number of strokes which vaguely picture the flowing mane and tail, with the four legs underneath. Of course, it takes imagination to follow the construction of these characters, but perhaps that is what makes it all so interesting. The study of the formation of the complex characters from two or more smaller ones is even more fascinating. The characters for "woman" and "son" combine to make the word "good". It is *good* for a child to be with his mother, and in China especially, it is *good* for a woman to have a son. The word for "tree" looks like the roots, trunk and branches of a tree. Two of these stand for the word "forest" or "grove" and three combine to make the adjective "dense"! The word for "child" placed under the word for "roof" is "word", not a bad combination to suggest the meaning, for most children use many words when they are under the parental roof. The character for "peace" is "woman" under "roof", that is, in the home, peace centres around the mother, who is said to be the heart of the home, as the father is said to be the head of the family. Someone has put another construction on this character: A woman safe at home is peace, but just let her outside! The word for "sun" and "moon" combine to make the word "bright". "White" and "heart" together mean "fear". We have a similar construction in English: "White-livered".



A few days after his arrival in China (last February), Father Curtin is bidding bon voyage to Father McNabb, who looks out from the window of the Shanghai-bound bus. Fr. McNabb is now on health furlough at the Seminary, and is making fairly good progress towards recovery.

* * *

ONE of the difficulties confronting a Missionary when he comes to China, or rather, it is a difficulty for those who are already here, is the selection of a suitable name. It usually resembles his own name, or at least, the first syllable of it, and should have an appropriate meaning. Father Kam's name in Chinese means "gold". Father Amyot's means "The peace". My name happens to be "Kao" and means "high". It is made up of four characters combined, a stool, a table, a ladder, and above. Don't ask me why that one was selected for me.

One feature of the Chinese language that would appeal to the average Canadian pupil is the absence of moods, cases, gender and number. For instance, the verb "to be", which has so many forms in most of the languages we have studied, has only one form in Chinese. "Shih" is "to be, am, art, is, are, were, will be, would be", and so forth, and sometimes it is omitted. Differences of number or tense are indicated from the context of the sentence or from the addition of another word. This may be seen from the formation of the plural of personal pronouns. The word for "I" or "me" is "wo", for "he, him, she, and her" it is "ta", for "you" it is "ni" (singular). The plural of these words is formed by simply adding the word "men", thus "we" is "wo-men", "they" is "ta-men, "you (plural) is "ni-men". It is well to notice in passing that the word "men" here used means "gate" or "door" when it is alone, but when used to form plurals it is represented by the character for "man" standing beside what looks like a



Devil processions are frequent events in Lishui. Here's a close-up of the highly-decorated impersonator of his Satanic majesty as he is carried through the streets to receive the homage of the poor, fear-worshipping pagans. To replace Satan by Jesus Christ, and to promote the worship of God through love is the task in which our Canadian missionaries are engaged and for which they ask your help.

double gate or door. This is helpful, for it is used to form other characters. With the character for "mouth" it means "ask". "Mouth at the door" is a fine representation for asking, especially in a country where there are many beggars. The same character "men" with "ear" means "hear", another appropriate construction, for one with his ear to the door usually hears a lot.

These are but a few examples, but they are sufficient to show how logical the Chinese are in the construction of their words in terms. The same will be seen in the construction of their sentences. If they wish to say "The book on the table in the study upstairs is his", they would reverse the order to its more logical form, so that the general locale in which the book is to be found is first mentioned, that is, upstairs; this is narrowed down to a certain room, the study; finally it is located on the table. The Chinese address an envelope in a more logical way than we do. They put down first the name of the country, then the province, then the city or town, and so on down to the surname, and last of all the "Mister". One must understand the Chinese mentality when conversing with them, and that is why we sometimes hear Pidgin English used when those to whom we are speaking are not well acquainted with our language. A classical example is seen from the sentence spoken by the servant to the lady of the house: "Missie, have ask-ee big man one piece glass. Him say no have got. All-ee same, can do, go look top side," which, being interpreted, would read: "Mrs. (or Madame), I have asked the boss for a glass. He says he has none, but I may go upstairs and look for one."

* * *

THEIR logical turn of mind is evident from the manners and customs one observes during the first year in China, when the newcomer is most impressionable. The Chinese are proverbially economical, but it is logical to be economical. It is logical to waste nothing, and to live within one's means. Two months ago, as we came by motor bus from Kinhwa to Lishui, the road wound in and out along the river in view of the mountain on the opposite side. We could see what looked like terraces from the river-bank all the way up the side of the mountain, but these terraces were rice fields. Not a square foot was wasted. The same may be said of their homes. Small branches of trees, and twigs, on which we place no value, are preserved by them and used for fuel. On the river boats, where whole families eke out an existence, grass is used to fire the tiny stove, but when the rice is cooked and served, the thrifty house wife does not throw the burning embers overboard, but carefully extinguishes them in the water and uses them for the next fire.

* * *

JUST outside my window men are busy making benches for the Church. They begin with the rough logs and saw them into boards. Then the "small carpenter" takes over the work. He planes the boards, and soon the finished article appears. It takes much longer than it would take if the work were done by machinery, but what advantage is there in using labor-saving machinery where labor is so plentiful?

* * *

AN oft-quoted passage from the writings of St. Alphonsus exhorts us to pray, for if we pray we shall certainly be saved; if we do not pray, we shall certainly be lost. Chinese Christians seem to realize how reasonable and logical this statement is, for they *do* pray. All those connected with the Mission, the catechists, teachers, servants, and school children, and many members of the Parish assemble three times a day in the Church to chant their prayers. In the morning, before Mass, morning prayers are said in common; during Mass the prayers of Mass are said, and after Mass they remain in the Church to recite the prayers of Thanksgiving. Early in the afternoon they gather again for the recitation of the "Beads", and again in the evening for night prayers. Every Sunday the fifteen decades of the Rosary are recited, many assist at two Masses, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon and prayers as usual at night. Lenten Devotions, October and May Devotions are well attended, and the Sacraments are received regularly.

Even the pagans are logical in their religious practices, according to their lights, or rather according to their darkness. They have a fairly true idea of the Evil One. They look upon him as a tyrant, and that he is to those who are still under his yoke through Original Sin, but they think that he must be placated. A pagan procession passed our gate a few days ago, and it was pitiful to see little children as well as adults bowing down in adoration before a representative of the Devil. They worship him because they fear him, and because they have never learned that there is a Power Who can conquer him. They have never heard that in the Garden of Eden God spoke to the serpent, and said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel".

IN YOUR CHARITY

please pray for the souls of

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Curran,
Sister M. Monica Purcell,
Sister M. Ambrosia Brennan,
Sister M. Berchmans McCormick,
Sister M. Margaret Woods,
Sister M. Clara O'Byrne,
Sister M. Eileen Phelps,
Sister M. Hilda Trembly,
Mrs. Peter Venadam,
Mrs. Hugh Lackie,
Mr. McNeil.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

"FORBID THEM NOT . . ."

By REV. CRAIG STRANG
Tsingtien

IN China, as elsewhere, Catholic schools are a vital factor in the activities of the Church. It is not my purpose to discuss the "school situation" as it may affect our whole Prefecture, but I do want to talk to you about our own school and our own school kiddies right here in Tsingtien. I think you will like to hear about them, for they are an interesting little group, and they possess those qualities, in common with school children everywhere, which makes them fit to be styled "of such is the Kingdom of God". There is this big difference, though. It is not so easy to lead them to the Kingdom of God because of the circumstances in which they live and in which we work. But we try our level best, keeping in mind that loving expression which long ago delighted the hearts of other children: "Forbid then not . . ."

* * *

I DARESAY many institutions could boast of a school with kitchen attached. Here (though we do not boast of it) we have a kitchen with school attached. In fact only a thin partition divides the respective domains of the cook and the teacher. One convenient thing about it is that the pupils can with ease slip into the kitchen and secure some hot embers for their little portable stoves, and thus the heating problem is soved—and it is a real problem sometimes when the weather is not so good. When it is cold outside it is just as cold within; and when the sun sends down its burning rays their wearying effect adds to the weary of the study, and when humidity is added to the heat it dampens equally the zeal of the teacher and his books and his chalk, and the ardor of the pupils and their desks and their clothes.



"TOP HAT"

* * *

THE outside wall of our school, and the separating partition are of wood, and inside the wall is covered with paper—paper with writing on it, to wit, what it pleased the editors of newspapers two years ago to place before their public. On the front wall there is the blackboard surmounted by a crucifix and by large pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin. The desks each seat two pupils, and number twenty-four, and so of the few thousand children in the city we can accommodate but half a hundred, and at these desks, in this small school, these two score and ten hear about Him, their special Friend, and they know that whomsoever else might take exception to their presence, He will always forbid them not.

* * *

IT is from the poor and the poorest of the poor that they come. The well-to-do pagans send their children to the more commodious public school, and Christians who can afford it send their children to our boarding school at Lishui, so left to us are the youngsters — from the ages of seven to sixteen—from the poor homes near our Mission. No fancy school costumes are needed, and the expense of "dressing for school" is negligible. All wear the usual coarse cotton trousers and jacket, and in most cases it would seem from the state of wear and tear that the garments betokened several previous owners. In the summer months these two garments absorb the heat from the sun and the perspiration from their wearer's heated body; in winter the two garments are multiplied two or three times in addition to a garment of cotton padding which shields them from the cold. Often the little faces and bodies of the youngsters are disfigured with sores and skin diseases; their feet, bare for nine months of the year, are as dry as parchment and besmeared with mud. But, notwithstanding, they are lovable as all children are lovable, and they are pitiable as all poor children are pitiable. In caring for them, and in helping them, we experience some of the joy of the Good Samaritan, and the happiness of St. Vincent de Paul, and, we dare to hope, some of the love that prompted Sacred lips one to utter: "Forbid them not . . ."



Father Strang takes a passenger on his trusty bike.

* * *

WHETHER it is a peculiarity of China or not I am not prepared to say, but these children do not take readily to study; there is so little encouragement in their surroundings that studies evidently are not attractive to them. Their big problem is the reading and writing of characters. They first copy their characters on transparent paper which has the model underneath. When learning to read they first learn by sound only, and the meaning may (or may not) come to them



Born in England of a Chinese father and English mother, these boys are now attending the mission school at Lishui.

later on. They will reel off, at demand, a page of characters, without knowing the meaning of any consecutive three—and they know their lesson then. The recitation has another peculiarity, and it is this: that it excels in volume and in gusto. I would not be far from the truth if I said it was a competition in shouting and lung development. You've got to get used to noise—real hearty noise—if you want to feel at home inside a Chinese school while lessons are being recited. The piercing shouts and vociferous declamations are kept up from eight in the morning till half past four in the afternoon. May God bless their voices—but not increase them.

* * *

BUT since ours is principally a religious school, first place is given to characters found in the catechism. The learning of prayers occupies an hour every day. Prayers, together with a chapter from the catechism, must be recited by the pupils and all the Christians before the late Mass on Sundays. "Tse tien ngo ten Vu cha—at heaven my class Father person—Our Father Who art in Heaven". O sacred words that give these little ones the right to so intimately call on their Creator; O blessed five characters that bring these lonely little ones to One who understands them so well as to forbid them not.

* * *

THEY have their recreations,too—as eagerly anticipated, and as merry and carefree as the Chinese translation implies: "Sa seng—scatter-heart". In the course of a school day there are five such periods of 15 minutes each, and these they fill with opportune games and sports: flying kites (paper birds), playing hop-scotch (kick stone game), football (kick ball game). And it is often amusing to watch how they mimic the actions of their elders. The funniest "take off" I have seen them make had to do with pig-killing. And by the girls, if you please. The one who played "piggy" was caught and tied to a board by the laughing butchers. A real pail was placed by her head to catch the imaginary blood when the throat was cut, which ceremony was performed with all due solemnity. The bell for roll call often saved poor "piggy" from more vigorous treatment.

* * *

WHAT, then, can we hope for from our little school? And what are our prospects? The discrepancy between the two answers is one of the reasons which prompted me to tell you about our school. We hope to have all the pupils (and their families) become Christians, but be the little ones ever so willing for baptism we cannot baptize them all, for after their few terms here they will go back to their pagan homes and do their respective tasks pagan fashion. And thus our expectations are limited. Some we can keep, some we can fully instruct and train in all the ways of adoring and honoring God, and this some we can ultimately baptize. The others who are here—and thousands who do not come near us—we must be interested in continually. We must have a school big and good enough to attract them and retain them till they have learned a good deal of Catholic doctrine. This school we HOPE to have this year—next year—or whenever we secure the wherewithal to build—as soon as the Catholics of Canada and Newfoundland come to our aid and make possible a better fulfilment of one of Christ's most endearing entreaties: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not . . ."

(Continued on page 91)

"Behold, I Stand at the Door..."

THEY say that Sir Opportunity rings but once! (—Unlike the salesman, the bill-collector and those whom we shouldn't mind missing!) And, unless we are prompt to reply to his ring, he is not there when we tardily open the door.

BUT, you know, we should not delay! We should rush to bring in this opportunity. For, purely from a "selfish" viewpoint, there can be no greater investment for the future than an interest in the missions. How great we may not realize until that future!

IF we refuse—or if we lag now in "answering the bell", we shall say then to those who seek our interest now, "But, why didn't you *force* me to do it? You knew what it meant!" But opportunity does not force. It rings. And sometimes, it rings only *once*.

OUR Lord does not *push* His way in to share the very object of His coming upon the earth: the saving of precious souls for eternity. Notice that He *"stands* at the door." It is our choice. Whether we keep Him outside, or whether we open the door. But He is waiting!

—*"Catholic Missions"*.

From Our

VANCOUVER MISSION

NOTES BY FATHER ROBERTS



His Holiness Pope Pius XI Blesses the Mission

THE solicitude of our Holy Father for the Missions is such that it has marked him out as the "Pope of the Missions", a title he truly deserves, one which will remain attached to his memory into eternity. The spread of the Faith among the pagan people seems to be the dominating influence of his pontificate. From the Vatican he looks out upon the whole world. He sees the millions of people "still involved in the darkness of idolatry". He sees them in their own land, surrounded by all the evil influences of ancient idol worship. His eyes turn towards the Christian nations, long established under the guiding influence of the shadow of the cross, where these same pagan ones are rubbing shoulders with the chosen ones of Christ, with those of the King's household.

Before this terrible scene, like a nightmare, his heart, as was the Heart of Him Whom he represents on earth, is troubed. "My heart can know no rest." A recent gesture of his love for the Missions was to bless your Mission for the Chinese. It is with real pleasure that we quote a few lines from a letter which came to us from the Apostolic Delegation by order of His Holiness:

"The Holy Father has been pleased to grant his Benediction to all the Priests, the Sisters and the Chinese Converts of the Chinese Mission in Vancouver."

Would that the spirit of the Holy Father permeated all the members of his flock! If Catholics the world over, if all the Catholics in Canada, in British Columbia, in Vancouver, looked with the eyes of our divinely appointed Pastor of Pastors, beyond the boundaries of race and color, beyond those physical appearances which aid us to distinguish the members of one race from those of another, and looked rather to that life-giving principle, that soul which is loved by its Creator with an eternal and boundless love, their hearts, like the heart of the Holy Father, would "know no rest". They would pray as he prays for the conversion of all peoples; and with what great love, with what fuller meaning would they recite the closing lines of the "Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus":

". . . and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation: to It be honor and glory for ever."

The Cross Versus Buddha

WE have told you that we have only one Catholic family; and that naturally leads to the conclusion that the other members of our growing community are dwelling with pagans.

Buddha has for centuries past been a deity quite generally worshipped by the Chinese. The early emigrants of the Celestial Empire to Canada carried their household image of Buddha across the ocean with them, and when established in their new homes the little grinning god found rest in the most honorable place in the house. The ancient rites of family worship were continued and Buddha received his offering of incense daily. That was many years ago. Today the black idol is still to be found in the majority of Chinese homes here in the West; and if he is peeved at the irregularity of the oblations he receives from many of his former devotees, he is certainly a master at disguise, for the same leering grin still distorts his countenance. He may continue to hold a place of honor in the home but in many families his status has reverted from that of a household deity to an ornamental fixture. That, however, is not the case in every Chinese home. There are some where Buddha still receives worship more or less regularly, and such a condition exists even in a few of those homes where some members of the family are in regular attendance at the Mission. It is a strange sight to see in such homes the leer of Satan in one corner of the room and the sweet, love-inflamed countenance of a Sacred Heart, the Virgin Mary, or one of the Saints, gracing the opposite wall. In one home there hangs on the wall of the sitting room a large and beautiful crucifix, while in the dining room, in a prominent position, is Buddha—a Buddha which pretty regularly receives his offering of incense. It is the Cross versus Buddha, and the Cross is gaining ground.

444

ACCORDING to a recent report from the Provincial Bureau of Statistics, four hundred and forty-four Chinese died in British Columbia last year—the highest death rate recorded from among all the various nationalities within the boundaries of our province. It is not our place to discuss the causes of this high mortality, nor to suggest remedies to control it. These questions come under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Health Department. It is, however, by no means out of place to give a word of appreciation to the Reverend Sisters of St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Campbell Ave., for the good work which is being done by them in the interests of those Orientals who have been unfortunate enough to have contracted the dread disease of tuberculosis. Recently at the request of the City Health Department, they have begun a new endeavor in the interests of the Chinese of the city—a Chinese Health Clinic. Here medical attention and medicine are given gratis to those in need. We ask you to encourage the Sisters in this enterprise: a prayer, a letter of appreciation, a small donation to help defray the expenses of this important work, will be appreciated by them.

We have wandered a bit from the phase of the subject we intended to discuss. What greatly interests us, and what, as Catholics, should interest you, my dear readers, is this question: How many of that large number died unbaptized? We are in a position to tell you how many we Know Were Baptized. The Oriental Hospital reports seven and we have two on record, which leaves a balance of four hundred and thirty-five doubtful, perhaps not baptized at all. Does this mean much to you? It should. You have everything you need to assist you to die well. You have all the luxuries of the Faith at your command, and yet at your very doorstep, four hundred and thirty-five souls, souls as dear to God Who created them, as your own, have gone before that God without, perhaps, even the one requisite for Salvation — Baptism. And Christ died that all might have life—Eternal Life.

What Would You Have Done

I RECEIVED an invitation from one of the pagan families we have made connections with, to visit their home. Chances like this are never missed, so right on the stroke of eight-thirty of the evening appointed, I knocked on the apartment door and awaited developments. After the customary questioning the door was opened and I was ushered into the parlor amid profuse excuses for the untidiness of a truly tidy room. Whether it was the excitement due to a priest's first visit to their home, or not, still has me guessing; anyway, no one made any attempt to accept my hat; so, after holding it for a short time I placed it on the table. The lady of the house looked at her mother

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and the mother looked at me. A Chinese conversation ensued, after which the hostess informed me that it was very unlucky to place your hat on the table; you might get sick. If she had said that it was very much against good manners I could have agreed with her. Anyway to please them I picked up the hat and placed it on my knee. There immediately followed another exchange of looks, another hurried conversation; and then with a certain amount of tact I was led to understand that it was even more unlucky to place one's hat on one's knee. I spent a very pleasant evening with the poor hat on the place that it was made for—my head. What would you have done?

MASS INTENTIONS

Mass Intentions are badly needed by our priests in China. Send your intentions to the Seminary and they will be cabled to our missionaries in Chuchow.

A HAPPY DAY

(Continued from page 85)

ating. It was funny because it was strange. Many bowls of tea were consumed during the recitation of one piece, featuring a mother's warning to her young daughter, with the father occasionally having his say on the matter. There was a tremendous strain on the vocal chords during the falsetto recitation.

At one'clock the cook announced that dinner was ready; twenty-five little ones readily responded to his call. It was the first time that the walls of this pagan monastery ever resounded to the strains of the "Regina Caeli". According to the best traditions of Han, we had "music with our meals", the members of the orchestra having had their "tiffin" earlier than we.

The afternoon session was enlivened by the dances put on by the little girls on a green sward below the hill. The singing of the children seemed more musical to me than did the renditions of the orchestra. By four o'clock some of the young ones seemed to have had enough, so we prepared to "call it a day". Assembled before the monastery gate, we set off the last of the fireworks. Firecrackers, you must know, are indispensable in any kind of a Chinese celebration.

The joyful sounds of the children's songs on the homeward march brought many interested spectators to the doors as the happy group proceeded towards the city. The boys and girls are now studying hard in school, preparing for the final examinations before the close of school. And they are all looking forward to another day's outing.

"FORBID THEM NOT"

(Continued from page 89)

WE see them here not yet beckoned. You do not see them and hence you may not be alive to the tragedy which we witness and which you can avert, and we tell you about it so that you can join us here and make it possible for us all—working together—to bring the little ones of Tsingtien to the Sacred Hands that long ago came to rest upon young heads in loving benediction. It is a work in which we ought All to share, so let us not, by any action of ours, in Christ's sacred name, forbid the children to come to Him.



FATHER RAMON SERRA RETURNS HOME

Here are two of our veteran (and our only two bearded) missionaries. At the right is Rev. Ramon Serra, and with him is Father William Amyot, of Ottawa. Father Serra left Lishui on Monday, April 13th, to return to his home in Spain for a year's holiday with his aged father. He was accompanied to Shanghai by Father Amyot.

On December 13th, 1925, the first Departure Ceremony for priests going to China from St. Francis Xavier Seminary took place at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. That pioneer group included three priests: Monsignor Fraser, Father Morrison, and Father Serra. They arrived in China exactly a month later, and since that time Father Serra has been zealously engaged in missionary work in Chuchow Prefecture. He has "broken ground" for the more than twenty priests who have since joined him in the mission fields, and he has been a tower of strength in helping to form new missionaries and initiate them into the strange ways of life amongst their adopted people. To Father Serra was entrusted the care of the Prefecture during the absence of the Prefect Apostolic, Monsignor McGrath, on health furlough last year. Faithfully has he toiled at his work, and it is our hope that his sojourn amongst his family and friends in his native Spain may be a very pleasant one.



AT THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

The eleven young men shown above have just finished their second year in the Seminary, and have successfully completed their Philosophical studies. In September, they commence their Theological course. The class has representatives from the following Dioceses: St. John's, Nfld.; Kingston, Ont.; Toronto, Ont. (4); Hamilton, Ont.; Monteal, Que.; Harbour Grace, Nfld.; Ottawa, Ont., and Halifax, N.S.

On May 19th, the Oath of Fidelity to the Missions was taken by six students completing their second year of theology, and on the following day they were ordained Clerics by His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto. The new Clerics are: Messrs. M. Carey, D. McNeil, J. McGoey, E. Lyons, T. Morrissey, and A. Pinfold. Mr. C. Murphy was the recipient of First Minor Orders. Eleven students who have completed their third year of theology are due to be ordained Sub-deacons on June 6th, the day when Retreat concludes with summer vacation. These will be raised to the Holy Priesthood before the end of the year. Seven young priests have finished their Seminary course and await announcement of plans for their departure to China in the Fall.

WHAT SOME ARE DOING FOR THE MISSIONS

The following letter from Sydney, N.S., will prove interesting to our readers. It came from a lady who had been requested to become a promoter of a Mission Circle, but who, instead, adopted a more effective means of securing financial aid for China Mission Seminary.

"Enclosed please find the sum of $..... being the final amount from our Bridge Club for this year. I feel that the money we have forwarded will take the place of a Mission Circle fund, and I believe if you mentioned in your magazine that a Bridge Club playing in Sydney had forwarded their charity money to China Mission it might be an incentive for other groups or clubs to send a donation. We were all interested in the large Bridge Party held in Toronto and think it would be a good idea for ladies in other places to follow suit and organize something on behalf of the Missions."

* * *

Some time ago the Daughters of Isabella, at Ottawa, forwarded to us the proceeds of a Card Party held for the benefit of our missions, and we wish to express to those responsible for the affair our deepest gratitude.

* * *

Quite an interesting method of aiding the missions has been adopted by a number of Junior Clerks in a Government Office at Ottawa. A Mission mite box is available for contributions, and once a month those concerned "draw" for a name, and the one chosen is responsible for the sending of the donation to the Seminary and is styled the missionary for that particular month.

* * *

Our thanks are tendered to Mrs. Wm. Bourke, Toronto, for her generosity in donating a beautiful hand-worked Afghan to aid our seminary. Through the efforts of Mrs. McGoey a handsome sum was realized on the Afghan, and it was won by Miss Florence McCabe, Toronto.

HELPING GOD'S WORK

Those who readily and regularly give financial help to the Missions are none the poorer for it, but without their assistance we would be badly off. Help to swell our donation list next month.

BANDITS!

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

IT IS now near midnight on the eve of Holy Thursday, here in Tsingtien.

An hour ago all was peaceful. In the chapel upstairs preparations for the ceremonies of tomorrow had been completed, with the second chalice resting on the credence table.

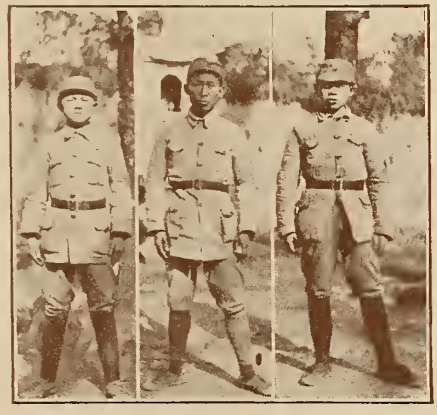
Now all the sacred vessels have been placed in a battered suitcase and hidden. For the bandits are near and may attack at any moment. The city wall is in ruins in several places, and as there are no soldiers here, the bandits could enter the city without difficulty. The few police could not withstand a determined attack.

We have made our hurried preparations, put on good shoes and warm clothing, while Father Stringer has important papers in a brief case and I have the little money on hand in my pockets. Father Strang will take care of the Blessed Sacrament; so now we are quietly waiting. Occasionally a bugle blows, and a family fight of a neighbor is listened to intently, to make sure it is just a family quarrel, and then we resume our quiet waiting. A Christian will inform us if it is necessary to run. Our plan tonight is to take the road leading to Lishui, and thus go away from the bandits. Our last scare was just two nights ago, and then it was our plan to take the road for Wenchow, but the bandits have circled the town and are now on that road.

* * *

FATHER STRANG was in Lishui during the last scare, but returned here this afternoon, bringing news of bandit activities in other parts of the Prefecture. Father Boudreau having had a close call in Pi Wu Ka. His letter states: "I went to bed for a good sleep at 9 p.m. At exactly 11 p.m. the old gatekeeper rings the inside bell and calls out: 'The bandits are just four hundred paces from the mission.' On go my trousers and shoes, no sweater, coat, socks or hat, and out I go in record speed towards Chiulung. As I was going out, just at the head of the lane, fifty steps away, were bandit guards, and the road behind the Mission was guarded also. At Lung Tz Dien I could hear the bandits giving orders; they had not yet started on their rampage of the town. I reached Chiulung in record time, arriving at midnight, footsore, the road being just fairly good, and the darkness not helping matters. I woke up the Catechist, and when he came to open the gate for me he got scared stiff; he did not recognize me or my voice."

On the following day Father Boudreau returned to Pi Wu Ka, which was then in charge of the soldiers, who had come from Lishui the night before just in time



Three of the Chinese soldiers from the garrison which defends the city of Lishui from bandit attacks.

to save the situation, driving the bandits out after exchanging a few shots, a couple on both sides being wounded. Earlier in the evening the bandits had dodged the soldiers on the road to Pi Wu Ka and entered the town, capturing a few rich men and holding them for ransom, but they had not finished their work when the soldiers arrived and drove them out.

* * *

THESE bandits had come from Du Kon Dow where they burnt up a highway bus, cut down telegraph poles and burnt bridges; and it was while they were so engaged that Father Venini was bicycling from Lungchuan to Lishui intending to pass through Du Kon Dow. Fortunately when about a mile away from the village a farmer shouted to him that there were Red soldiers in Du Kon Dow. Father Venini immediately hurried to the mountains and passed the night in the home of a Christian who remained on guard during the night.

The next day Father Venini continued his journey along the main road passing bridges which had been set on fire by the bandits while the country people stood around watching them burn, fearing to extinguish the fire as that would be interpreted as an act against the bandits, who probably had spies among the crowd. The poor people value their lives more than they do bridges, and the bandits do not forget.

* * *

WHILE at Pi Wu Ka the bandits killed two government road surveyors, giving as their reason that these men built roads through rice fields, ruining the fields, without giving compensation to the owners. A bus station agent on the road to Tsing Yuing was also murdered and badly mutilated by the bandits. I have not heard the reason for his death.

* * *

HOURS have passed. It is no longer the "eve of Holy Thursday", but the afternoon of that day. Thanks be to God, the bandits did not attack the city. Early this morning the sacred vessels were taken out of hiding and we had the ceremonies of Holy Thursday as scheduled, and now I can hear the Christians in the chapel above reciting their prayers while on adoration before the Repository.

Will the bandits attack tonight, or some night soon? We do not know, but we do know that their activity will hinder our work here in this district, just when we were making the Spring visitation to the outlying chapels. We still plan to visit these chapels, but it will be necessary to exercise great care, while the visitation of a few, in very dangerous locations, may have to be postponed until things are more peaceful.

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

"Is that a momento of some kind in that locket of yours?"
"Yes, it's a lock of my husband's hair."
"But your husband is still alive."
"Yes; but his hair is all gone."

Said one golfer to another—"What's that fellow with the broken club making such a fuss about? New member, isn't he?"
"Yes. I should imagine he's swearing himself in."

"I see your little boy drive your car."
"Yes; he's still too young to be trusted as a pedestrian."

Passer-by (to angler)—"Good river for fish?"
Angler—"It must be; I can't persuade any to come out."

Young Wife—"Guess what I've cooked for your dinner."
Young Husband—"I'll try. Let me see it."

Visitor—"I'll bet you suffered real hardship to make this Arctic picture."
Star—"Yes, wearing a fur coat in Hollywood in July is torture!"

"You are accused," said the magistrate, "of hitting this Chinaman on the head with a vase. What have you to say?"
"Well, sir," said the accused, "he was threatening me in broken English, so I replied in broken china."

Gentleman—"Can you go into any business more profitable than begging?"
Beggar—"Well, sir, I'd like to open a bank, but I haven't got the tools."

Mrs. Smith—"Has your son started at his haircutting job yet, Mrs. Evans?"
Mrs. Evans—"Yes, he started yesterday, an' when he'd finished the first gennelman's head, the gennelman said, 'Good Evans!'"

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."
"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"

"Well, no one can say anything but good about her."
"No; let's talk about somebody else."

A passenger in an airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.
Passenger—"What's the joke?"
Pilot—"I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped."

Her Partner—"If you are tired of dancing, Mrs. Newrocks, we will sit down and have a tete-a-tete."
Mrs. Newrocks—"Oh, dear me, no; after such a big supper, I really couldn't eat anything."

"You sold me a car two weeks ago."
"Yes, sir?"
"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

Husband—"If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."
Wife (coyly)—"You used to steal kisses from me before we were married."
Husband—"Well, you heard what I said."

Policeman (to motorist)—"Why didn't you slow down? Didn't you see that notice back there, 'Slow down here?'"
Motorist—"Yes, but I thought it referred to your village."

Mrs. Guzzler—"The friend who gave me the recipe for this soup is in great trouble."
Mr. Guzzler—"Then out of respect, let's drink it in silence."

Diner (referring to raw steaks)—"I said well done, waiter, well done!"
"Waiter—"That's the first compliment we've had in a long time, sir."

Mrs. Newly-Rich—"What a horrid boarding house! It seems just like a prison."
Amicable Landlady—"Well, mum, it's all a matter of what one is used to, isn't it?"

"Did your husband threaten to strike you?"
The Wife—"Oh, no, he would not dare do that in my presence."

"You ought to lend your scooter to your little brother sometimes," said auntie, severely.
"I do, auntie," declared Freddie. "He has it up the hills and I have it down."

Hubby—"The bank has returned that cheque."
Wife—"Isn't that splendid! What can we buy with it this time?"

"Hard work never killed anybody," said the father.
"That's just the trouble, Dad," returned the son. "I want to engage in something that has the spice of danger in it."

Mrs. White—"I can't understand why you don't get on with your husband. He's all right in his way."
Mrs. Brown—"Yes; but he's always in mine."

Aviator—"Do you wanna fly?"
Gushing Young Thing—"Oh, I'd love to!"
Aviator—"I'll catch you one."

"What is your occupation?"
"Cocoanut seller."
"Have you always sold cocoanuts?"
"No. I started with monkey-nuts, and worked myself up."

"Come to the football match with me. Tell your boss your aunt is dead."
"I can't—I work for my uncle."

"Was the boss annoyed when you told him I was leaving next week?"
"Yes; he thought it was this week."

Mrs. Nexdore—"My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."
Old Grump—"Good! It's about time we had a little peace."

The member of the crew approached a very distressed passenger on the boat.
"Don't be downhearted, sir," he said. "Sea-sickness never killed anyone yet."
The suffering one groaned. "Don't say that," he pleaded. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far."

Two men were talking together in a public library. One of them said: "The dime novel is gone. I wonder where it's gone to?"
The other man took a glance around at the recommended new novels and remarked: "It's gone up to $2."

Old Salt—"Once in New Zealand I was caught in a terrible earthquake."
Visitor—"Were you frightened?"
Old Salt—"Not much. I can tell you, the earth trembled more than I did!"

"Do you like codfish?"
"No, I don't like codfish, and I'm glad I don't like it, because if I did, I'd eat it, and I hate the blamed stuff."

Get the Habit of Helping the Missions Regularly

WE wish to remind all our readers that the financial burden of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary is becoming heavier as the number of our priests in China and students at home increases, and if we are to be able to support our growing institutions here and in China we shall need much more financial assistance than that which comes to us through day-to-day donations. We know that "times are hard" with many. We certainly are amongst the number ourselves, and so we appeal to Catholic wage-earners, young and old, to sometimes make a little sacrifice and send a gift to aid our mission work. Those who do give to the missions find joy in the giving, and are none the poorer for their sacrifices. If you have never given to the Missions, why not begin now? Giving to the Missions ought to be a habit with every Catholic family.

EVERY CATHOLIC FAMILY SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO A MISSION MAGAZINE

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Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

WRITING FROM CHINA

+

Our missionaries tell us they are absolutely "up against it" for funds to carry on their work. We have not the money to send to them, so we present their case to you. The Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland ought not to allow their missionaries to suffer by denying them that aid they might so easily give them. May we ask you who read this to make it a matter of personal concern to contribute something right now to help our missionaries who are so sorely in need of financial assistance. Please answer their appeal to the best of your ability.



Kindly send your donations to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. John E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT. SEPTEMBER 1936



Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By sending Mass Intentions to our missionaries.
4. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.
5. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.
4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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Vol. XVII. SEPTEMBER, 1936 No. 7

A QUESTION OF GRATITUDE

TOWARDS the end of the month, on September 26th, the Church celebrates the Feast of the Canadian Martyrs. It is an occasion which should cause us to reflect on the debt we owe to those sainted missionaries who came out to our country from France and gave their lives in order that Canada might be brought to a knowledge and love of God. Today, we who enjoy, in this country, the luxuries of the Catholic Faith ought to be mindful of the fact that our Faith was brought to us at a great price, and our pride in our Holy Religion should be tempered with the remembrance that what we enjoy is the product of a great sacrifice made by young priests who answered the call to the Canadian Foreign Missions some three hundred years ago. We owe to them a debt of gratitude that can be discharged only by a lively interest in the foreign mission work of the Church. If we value the heritage of our Faith we will not remain content in its enjoyment without making some effort to share that Faith with others. Whatever we have a right to be proud of, or are compelled to be proud of, also demands our absolute and lively interest. Gratitude for the favors of the past and present should determine our policy of action for the future.

* * *

THERE was a time, not so very long past, when Canada was itself a missionary country in the strict sense of the word; when it depended on contributions of personnel and resources from other countries. But today the Church in Canada occupies a place in keeping with the prominent and honored position of Canada among the nations of the earth. The Church in Canada is established in its normal state; that is to say, it has its own hierarchy, its religious congregations of men and women, its seminaries, its schools and hospitals; in a word, it has all the evidences of a firmly-established Church. We are proud of that, and we thank God for it, but we should keep in mind a truth well-expressed by Cardinal Manning when he wrote that "the apostolic spirit is the condition of our progress, it is the proof and the measure of our Catholicity."

* * *

INTERPRETED, this means that we are not to judge the appreciation of our Faith by a mere recital of the benefits we ourselves have secured, but rather the depth of our appreciation is to be measured by the desire within us to see those benefits extended elsewhere. It is rank selfishness to keep to ourselves the enjoyment of something good. We must wish to make others participate in our blessings. The missionary spirit is the only true yardstick with which to measure our zeal for our Faith. It is so fatally easy to take all and give nothing. That was not the attitude of the Apostles and the early Christians; it was not the attitude of missionaries all down through the ages of Christianity; it was not the attitude of nations that had brought to them the Light of the Gospel. It ought not to be, nor, we think, is it, the attitude of our Canadian Catholic people when it is a question of supporting efforts that are being made to bring to distant heathen nations the same Divine favors that were brought to our shores by foreign missionaries.

FOR the past eighteen years there has been functioning an institution, national in its scope, whose purpose it is to give the Catholic people of English-speaking Canada and Newfoundland an opportunity to show their devotion to the Missions. St. Francis Xavier Seminary, at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, has the approbation of the Canadian hierarchy in its work of educating young men for the Holy Priesthood to labor in the mission-field of China. Its appeal is to every Catholic in Canada and Newfoundland to support its efforts. It is meant to be the medium through which our Catholic people can demonstrate their interest in the propagation of their Faith among pagan peoples. As such, it has the right to expect a generous measure of support. "Freely have ye received, freely give." Let it not be said of any individual that the work of God has been allowed to suffer because of his neglect. Let the remembrance of what you owe to missionaries of the past prompt you to manifest your gratitude by showing an intense practical interest in the preparation of missionaries today at St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

* * *

OUR Holy Father the Pope has told the Hierarchy, and us all, that "it requires the living conviction in every member of the Church, clergy and laity alike, that each one has an important duty to fulfil by co-operating with Us in our efforts to bring a knowledge of our holy Faith to all peoples." The near approach of the Feast of the Canadian Martyrs will give each of us an opportunity to examine how well we are fulfilling that important duty.

JOTTINGS

By
REV. GERALD DOYLE

THE LAST part of the trip to Dolu on the afternoon of Holy Saturday was along a narrow paths between water-submerged rice fields. Balanced on his shoulder pole the carrier had my Mass kit and my bed roll, which also contained personal articles including an extra pair of shoes and a sweater in case the evening turned cold; all rolled up in a heavy water-proof cover.

The little village, for which I was headed, is nestled in the Chekiang mountains and is often the subject of conversation among the priests as it boasts a very fervent group of Christians; so I was glad of the opportunity to visit it. Although it is hoped someday to build there a church, with a priest in residence, at present it is included in the Tsingtien parish and on big feast days Mass is celebrated in the little rented chapel.

On arrival I received a real welcome and was soon at home among the simple people. They were interested in everything and enjoyed a little joke. During supper they stood around and watched the foreigner manipulate the chop-sticks.

In the evening all went to the little chapel upstairs which is fitted with a good altar, a feature which makes one forget the poorness of the rest of the room. After night prayer had been recited in common I heard the confessions of the men, then I was left alone in my room off the chapel.

I finished reciting my Office by candle light and then rolled up in my quilt on a large wooden shelf which served as a bed. Overhead was the tile roof and in the morning the light filtered through a few cracks, while the smoke which crept in the window told me that the neighbors were cooking their morning rice. From the room below came the voices of a few reciting their prayers, whether for my benefit or not I do not know.

Soon the catechist appeared with a basin of hot water and after my morning preparation I had a half hour to myself before the women came to the chapel for confessions.

At about seven thirty o'clock this Easter morn the little chapel filled to overflowing and under the direction of the catechist morning prayers and a section of the catechism was recited, followed by an instruction. Before celebrating Mass I gave a short sermon on the feast. As usual during Mass the Christians recited the prayers out loud, the men kneeling on the Epistle side and the women on the Gospel side of the chapel.

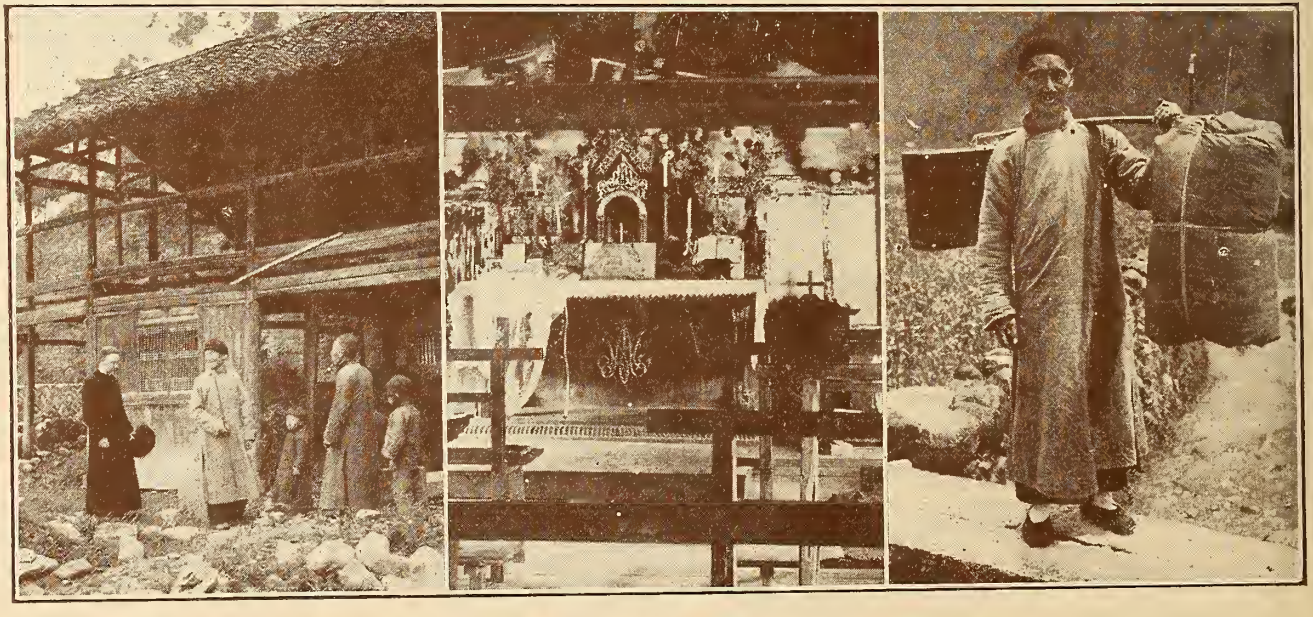
Mass and thanksgiving over I took a few pictures, had my morning rice, and under the guidance of Mr. Wong, the school teacher, visited the village, seeing the property where it is hoped to build a church someday.

The morning was nearly over before I finally broke away from their polite insistance that I stay until the next day, and with a Christian carrier I started back on my way to Tsingtien. Probably in honor of the feast the carrier wore shoes.

After walking the few miles to the road I was fortunate to catch a bus after a wait of only an hour and a half so that I arrived back in Tsingtein in good time. I was very satisfied with my visit to Dolu and one of our priests will be happy if placed in charge of that little Christian community someday.

* * *

MAKING a forced march of sixty miles in one day a Christian arrived from Huang T'An late at night in time to save Fr. Strang leaving Tsingtein in answer to a sick-call. The Huang T'An mission at present being without a priest the sacristan had arrived in Tsingtien earlier in the day with the news that a Christian woman was dying. Father Strang had packed his Mass kit intending to start early in the morning when the man arrived with the news that the woman had died. The feet of the messenger were worn like an old pair of shoes. He was given a good supper and we wished we



FATHER DOYLE'S VISIT TO DOLU

(1) The ramshackle building now on the site where it is hoped a church will be erected some day. (2) The present "church" at Dolu, which is nothing but a rented room containing a fairly substantial altar. (3) This was a special occasion, so the carrier wore shoes. His long pipe may be seen sticking up from the bundled bedclothes he carries.

could give him some sort of decoration for having walked sixty miles to save the priest a like journey.

* * *

AT SUNGYANG Father Beal is busy once more although rumors of bandits forced Father Wong, his assistant, to forego a visit to one of the out-stations. Father Beal claims that eating turtle is a great aid to health and there is a standing invitation to all to visit Sungyang to sample his favorite dish.

* * *

Monsignor McGrath has recently enlarged the district under Father Bernard Boudreau's care giving him charge of the missions of Yunho and Shiht'ang. Father Joseph King, who has taken up his residence at Piwuka, will act as assistant to Father Boudreau.

* * *

Father Authur Venadam recently received the sad news of the death of his mother at Pomquet, Nova Scotia, on May 6th.

(Continued on page 109)



ON SUNDAY afternoon, June 21st, fourteen little men and women, ranging in age from five to seven years. donned mortar-boards and gowns for the first Commencement Exercises of the Chinese Catholic Mission Kindergarten School. Many friends of the Mission filled to overflowing the kindergarten school to witness what was indeed a unique ceremony, and all enjoyed very much the fine entertainment given by the graduates.

Opening the concert, which was presented on our beautiful Oriental-style stage, with their theme song "Chinatown", the children delighted all with their singing and dancing numbers. Most of the parents were in the hall, and they were justly proud of their boys and girls.

As a very distinguished and intensely interested guest at the closing exercises, we were privileged to have the Chinese Consul-General for Canada, His Excellency the Honorable Chunhow H. Pao; together with his wife and few friends. After the entertainment, he presented the children with their graduation certificates and complimented the Mission on the great work they were doing in Vancouver's Chinatown. He thanked the priests and sisters in charge, in the name of the Chinese Community.

Following the address of His Excellency, the little girl graduates were presented with flowers, by Miss Alma Savard, on behalf of the Business Women's Unit of the Catholic Women's League. This Unit of the League has adopted our little Chinese Catholic Mission, as its first charity. Father Sharkey gave the Consul, his wife and friends, a special word of greeting; he spoke of the work of the Mission and especially of the Kindergarten School; and thanked all who had in any way helped to make the Kindergarten's first Commencement Exercises such a great success.

Thus fourteen of our little men and women have left us and though we are sorry to see them go, we feel confident that they will always be our little men and women—our first little graduates.

In this picture with the pretty little graduates are Father Sharkey, Sister M. Gertrude, and Miss Violet Wong, their assistant teacher, herself a convert and a wonderful worker for the Catholic Mission.

Working Along

By

REV. DESMOND STRINGER

THIS afternoon, Father Strang and I left for the village of Du Tsi Wu to make the half-yearly visitation. We had sent our baggage ahead about half-past one and we left at four, after our tea. The road to this place —it is rather a cobblesone path— winds and worms its way up through the mountains. For the first forty-five minutes it was almost a continual climb. Although it is only the month of March the sun was quite hot—made hotter for us by heavy underwear and winter soutanes which we wore. One cannot foretell the vagaries of springtime weather in this mountain province. A roaring wind from the sea and gone is the warmth for the time being. Today, however, a fresh breeze was blowing; at times we stopped and it quickly dried the beads of perspiration that signed us as out of condition.

As we went along we noticed the beauty and fragrance of peach and cherry blossoms — a profusion of pinks and whites against the green foliage and great patches of bare sandy loam. After a while we reached a summit on which is balanced — somewhat precariously, one would think, looking up at it from the valley— a large boulder. For a few minutes we stood on it and looked far down below on Tsingtien strewn along the banks of the Chuchow River, which was rather a beautiful sight, dotted here and there by white sails. One could catch a glimpse of a new motor-road emerging from a bamboo grove and disappearing round a rocky bend. We clambered down and continued our way, and it took us through a temple which housed many gods all looking the fiercer for their new coats of paint. A young girl was there. She was preparing to go on a journey and was ascertaining a propitious day to make a start. There was much burning of joss-sticks and paper money. Somehow familiarity with such scenes has bred, not contempt, but rather a dangerous sense of futility. She stopped a moment to watch us pass. Now we were descending and I have often tried to make up my mind as to which is more wearing — going up or going down. We passed a number of kiddies, one of them just a mite carrying a bundle of brush on one end of his pole and on the other end a basket of stuffs. He made quite a picture jogging along in that easy stride all carriers learn. Then, too, we met a brother and sister whose ages I suppose were somewhere near six and seven. She was washing her hand and arms in a mud puddle while he was trying to clean some large sweet potatoes. Earthy of the earth they are and look quite healthy, too.

WE arrived and were met on the village outskirts by the Catechist who conducted us to Chapel. This is a part of a rented house — a ka-ting (public room) downstairs; and the Chapel proper and priest's room upstairs. But — grand boon — very little smoke finds its way upstairs, something which cannot be said of very many houses in China.

We had supper and found ourselves quite able to wield chop-sticks and drink Chinese wine, which is a great help in swallowing a bowl of rice. After our meal we made a quick round of the Christians to let them know we were here. Quite a crowd turned up. As usual the kiddies led the way, thus encouraging the shyer girls and women Then the men drifted in and soon everyone was talking away freely and easily, staring or taking furtive glances at us when they thought we weren't looking.

At a quarter past seven the bell announced the beginning of the Mission's first exercise. They were blessed with holy water and then listened to a sermon outlining the benefits they could reap from this visitation of the priests. A crowd of pagans came through curiosity. They are bashful at first but after a few days become more sociable. After the sermon came the night prayers. This brought the first night's activities to a close and as we were tired after our trip both of us went to bed and enjoyed one of a missioner's few real joys — a grand sleep!

Sunday morning the first Mass was at half past six for the convenience of those who had to work on Sunday. But they did not turn up! At eight o'clock the bell rang and the usual Sunday service began. I preached at this Mass on the necessity of Faith,



The largest single class we have ever had in the Seminary is this year's class of Fourth Year Theologians, shown above. The eleven young men in the picture were ordained to the Holy Priesthood in their respective Dioceses during the Summer holidays. More extended reference will be made in a later issue concerning the ordinations of these young priests. STANDING (left to right): Rev. C. Murphy (Sydney, N.S.); Rev. E. Moriarty (Hr. Grace, Nfld.); Rev. H. Steele (Dominion, N.S.); Rev. J. Kelly (Eganville, Ont.); Rev. A. MacIntosh (St. Andrew's, N.S.); Rev. K. Turner (Montreal, Que.); Rev. L. Burke (Brigus, Nfld.); KNEELING (left to right): Rev. G. Stringer (Ottawa, Ont.); Rev. J. McCann (Quyon, Que.); Rev. G. McKernan (Brantford, Ont.); Rev. A. McRae (St. Raphael's, Ontario).

but it is doubtful how much was understood. Father Strang said the Mass. Afterwards we kept the kiddies, wrote down their names and told them when to come for instructions.

AN amusing incident occurred today. One of the Christians sent us by his little son a small bowl of boiled sweet potatoes. We had just finished our meal and were unable to partake of this added nourishment. So we asked the young lad to have one; he did, and then, without further invitation devoured the lot!

As in every place so, too, here we find some Christians not practising their religion. We found one young chap in his early twenties who is of this category. He came along with that "what-do-I-care" expression written all over him. He knows nothing — just a village farmer — but filled with that dangerous knowledge born of ignorance. Perhaps before we go it may be possible to win him around. There are, too, the usual number of henpecked husbands. Having pagan wives and fearing them, they give up the practise of religion. But, I suppose people will continue to contract mixed marriages and a bird in the hand is worth a flock in the forest. Virginity is not conspicuous as a virtue of paganism —although the absence of prudery is. If it is important to have a fervent, intelligent Christian womanhood as a pillar of a living Christianity, it is essential here in China where woman fulfills her natural avocation as mistress of the home. Of all the troubles I have had to deal with among my Christians by far the biggest percentage can be laid to women. A well-instructed Christian womanhood must be the basis on which a lasting Christianity will be founded.

Sunday it rained and drizzled until well into the afternoon. When it ceased we managed to take a short stroll to breathe in the fresh clean air. Living in China does one thing for us. It gives us a keen appreciation of natural gifts. What is commonplace back at home is to us here a source of delight. There is much natural beauty, much of the gusto of little things, missed in our Western standardized modes of life. Too much artificiality. So simple a joy as that of walking is unknown to many. However, this is rather a digression. After our walk we returned and enjoyed a simple meal of rice, vegetables and wine—and these taste good After the usual evening exercises — sermon and night prayers — the crowd dispersed and we were left alone to enjoy a pipe and a chat. The room in which I am writing this is not quite the best, but is large enough for our two springless beds and a table. Just now it is 10 p.m. Fr. Strang is sleeping—the whole village is sleeping. Outside the wind is high. From a distance comes the sound of running freshets. A night for thinking — all sorts of things. The sound of the wind has a restful music all its own, a lullaby to sing us to sleep, thankful that we now have a place to lay our heads because Someone else was denied this.

Monday. Last night it turned colder and sleeted somewhat making everything damply cold. We spent the day in the usual manner until evening when one of the Christians invited us to his home to partake of a lunch. Boiled eggs in hot wine was the delicacy served to us. It isn't at best an easy dish to stomach and this afternoon it was not close to best. Then it is we see and appreciate the giver rather than the gift.

THIS evening after our dinner we had a few minutes chat with all the men Christians. They came, one by one, answered whatever they could of the questions —doctrinal—we put, listened to our words of advice and then went out to tell the others just how this spiritual father proceeds. During the course of these visits we learned the following story. Years ago Mr. .... and his wife — a catchuman — with their three children, were very fervent Christians. They would walk the arduous ten long li to Mass on most Sundays of the year. Their eldest son was a bright lad and the future for him looked very good. But without warning tragedy stalked the family circle. This lad went out one April morning to gather brush on the mountains. Time passed and he had not returned. Someone went to call him. But there was no response. The several village folk went searching for him and they found him literally frightened out of his wits. He had been attacked by the devil and the encounter had blasted his mind. This was the account on the lips of everyone. Whether it was an encounter with the devil or the result of sunstroke cannot now be ascertained. But the pagans made the most of it and kept telling the distracted father that the Christian God who was reputedly all-powerful had failed to save one of His subjects. What use to adore Him. Had not the devil clearly shown superiority over Him? The man's wife also joined in this universal condemnation. His faith in God was shaken and he began to grow less fervent in the practice of his religion Some ten years passed and a visiting missionary got him back to the Sacraments. Tonight I spoke to him and tried to encourage him to withstand the talk of pagans, to put absolute trust in God even though he could not understand why such a happening could be permitted. His other children have almost lost their faith, too, and it will be, humanly speaking, quite a task to talk down the bad effects of the occurrence.

Tuesday. Bright sunshine, blue sky, cool breezes, altogether a lovely day. The old people sitting around enjoying the warm rays of the sun. Just near me an old man and his wife. Alongside lies an enormous black pig. A few hens are picking off the swill that has hardened on his snout; a small puppy dog is busy with his fleas — everyone and everything feeling the sun's pleasing warmth. The young men have gone to the fields; while the women are drawing water — a big washing to be done after the long rainy spell when nothing could dry or be dried. In the Chapel the kiddies are looking at some large colored pictures the meaning of which is explained to them by the Catechist. Pictures are a great help in holding the attention of old and young alike — helps them to remember better the doctrine taught in these various scenes. Thus is spent the morning which began at half past five.

Wednesday's weather reminded us that it was still the month of March. Cold, foggy and rainy. It was our last full day at this Mission station and we were kept busy.

Thursday saw us both back in Tsingtien. The trip had been successful we felt. And now we are preparing to visit other stations. Do come along.

What About This BANDIT MENACE?

Is Chekiang Safe for Canadians?

By
RT. REV.
WM. C. McGRATH,
Prefect-Apostolic of Chuckow

IT WAS a lady friend in Toronto who tendered the first piece of advice. "For heaven's sake carry a gun when you get over there and be sure to get in the first shot when you meet those Chinese bandits."

Well, those Chinese bandits have been giving us a bit of trouble these days. Even now, as I am pounding out this article they are fighting with the soldiers less than 20 miles from here. We have no guns and nobody is alarmed because we are in a walled city well garrisoned with soldiers. My Newfoundland friend was more vehement. "Hang of a lot of use talking to you, I know. You will go back to China among those cut-throats. You will run the risk of being captured. And when you are they'll be calling on me and Jim here to dig down and help pay the ransom. Well, I may as well tell you now that 'twill be no use."

Warned Against Dangers

I smiled at his advice and his heartless threat, knowing that if such a dire calamity ever came to pass both he and Jim would be among the first to "dig down" to save me from a fate I so richly deserved. They'd growl a bit, of course. "Didn't we tell that blinkety blank fool that this was going to happen?"

You see, it's that way with people at home. They hate to see their friends leave for China, not necessarily because they love China the less — they don't love it very much — but because they love their friends more. They don't think much about China at all until one of those friends, "fairly sane otherwise, you know," takes "this fool notion" to convert the benighted heathen. To them China is just a remote, wild, dangerous, hopeless place where deadly epidemics vie with treacherous brigands in a relentless conspiracy against life. Of course the home newspapers don't help much. Bandits, floods, famines, disasters! Small wonder that home folk at times become pathological — almost defeatists — in their reactions toward tortured China. "You'll all be captured. Those miserable Chinese aren't worth the risk."

Nobody Captured

I said they were fighting — those bandits. Fr. Boudreau's latest letter, just in, conveys the news. He's been on the run a bit of late. "Just got back from Chiulung, to which place I had to take flight again Monday night. The soldiers and Reds had it out at a place called Tanteochu, just twelve miles from here. They fought until well on into the night. All the people here evacuated the town."

But we're not all being captured. Far from it. Not a priest or sister in our whole district has been captured since we came here, in 1925. Most of the time it is very peaceful, as it will be again when his latest scare blows over. Amazingly few missionaries, as a matter of fact, do manage to get captured in China. The number of Catholic priests in the hands of bandits right now is three, out of more than four thousand in China. Which leads to the question: "Is Chekiang safe for Canadians? What are our chances of being captured by those roving mountain bands?"

Is Chekiang Safe? Somewhat safer than Canada, judging by the statistics of the years that have slipped by since our arrival in China. In the homeland several priest friends of our have been beaten up by thugs. Others have been killed in motor accidents, hunting accidents, or drowned. We have lost but one priest during our 11 years in China, Father James McGillivray, of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, who died of malignant malaria in August of last year. Our friends think we are in danger all the time. They do not seem to realize that death, in so many forms, is ever lurking on the highways and pleasant lakes and cool Summer resorts of Ontario and Quebec and Nova Scotia, and that hardly a mail arrives here but tells the story of its ghastly toll.

Greater Perils at Home

If you want a horrible example, take Fitzroy Harbor. Peaceful Fitzroy Harbor, a quiet Sunday afternoon, a priest seated on his verandah, at peace with the world! Till a maniac at large in a high-powered car drives up with the avowed purpose of "getting" Father Ernie Bambrick, crushes him against his own verandah and sends him to hospital for months.

There are perils aplenty on the Missions, we will agree, but China is far from having a monopoly on disease and danger. We are trained to take precautions against both, because eternal vigilance is the price of life when epidemics are raging and the thermometer hovers around a hundred and ten. Some of the precautions are not "pleasant" exactly. You might care to quaff hot tea or boiled water throughout the dog days in Chekiang, change your clothes about five times a day and live in an eternal bath of perspiration from June till September. But just try some of those cooling drinks, if you can find them, and you predispose yourself to any and all of the Summer ills that China is heir to. Drink boiled water, of course. And be sure that your mosquito net is tucked tightly around your bed at night. And take your

quinine like a man, and your typhoid and cholera injections and, as you value your life, keep away from everything raw in the vegetable line.

Too Many Cold Drinks

It would be difficult to convince some of our American cousins of the wisdom of some of these precautions. But there would be fewer deaths from heat prostration in the U.S.A. if hot tea were to take the place of ice cream sodas. Don't laugh. I know it will not come to pass, such a change at home. But what would you think of the man who repeatedly kept pouring cold water on his red hot stove? In this case it is ice cold water into a red hot and long suffering human system. And the "prostrations" are not always from the heat, but from the violent reaction. No, these precautions are not very pleasant, exactly. They are well described by the unknown author of "The Call of the West".

"I am weary of curry and rice all
Commingled with highly spiced dope,
I'm weary of bathing with Lysol
And washing with carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch skin diseases,
Mosquitoes and vermin and flies;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes."

Element of Safety

And he goes on to say how much he would give to be able—
"To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net;
And throw away all my collection
Of iodine, quinine, et cet."

But unpleasant or otherwise, our very awareness of danger provides an element of safety that is too often lacking in those who flirt with death at home. Just as it is the sickly people who never die, so it is the people who are in no danger who are always getting killed. And, so far, anyway, there are no maniacs driving high powered cars over the highways of our section of Chekiang. The hunted and harried pedestrian may yet find a last stronghold on the millions of miles of cobblestone paths of China where he is in no danger of being bowled over by anything swifter or more high-powered than a three-mile-an-hour sedan-chair.

As for the actual bandit situation over here we may tell you that we are "safe enough" in the larger cities of the district, Lishui, Tsingtien, Lungchuan and Sungyang. In the thousands of little villages lost among the mountains of Chekiang there is always danger of a surprise attack as long as bands of marauders are at large. But they are not always at large. We are often free of them for years. At present, we are told, the number of so-called Red bandits is not more than 400 men. But there are not soldiers enough in China effectively to police every mountain village, so that a bandit horde would never dare come near. Especially is this the case in our district which, from end to end, consists of range after range of mountains with sufficient growth of "brush" and trees to afford an ideal hiding place. In the larger towns it is different.

Bandits Avoid Cities

Those marauders are not one bit anxious to mix it with the soldiers in open battle, much less to try to attack a walled city whose garrison outnumbers them often four or more to one. Lishui, Tsingstien, Lungchuan are all walled towns. But when danger threatens outside in the "bush" the local garrisons are reinforced to make sure that the bandits keep their distance. And while the latter are armed with revolvers and usually very short of ammunition the soldiers have the latest equipment, machine guns included, and have an unlimited supply of ammunition to draw on. In the Dublin Easter Rebellion of 1916, seven hundred Irishmen held out for weeks against 20,000 British soldiers and while our local boys lack the valor of the fighting Irish the same must be said of the marauders who roam the district and are not particularly anxious to risk their skins in pitched battle.

Strategically this small number hasn't a chance of taking a walled city.

Always "On Run"

What about the outside districts? Well, there are thousands of villages in our section of Chekiang. In how many of these villages can, say, 300 men be at once, especially as they are always "on the run" from the soldiers? And how long dare they stay in any village or small town? Just until the soldiers arrive to drive them out. It is true that in these outside places neither side is "spoiling" for a fight. The attitude of the soldiers is often that of a policeman towards a loafer on the corner. "Move on, Jack." And the bandits move on. Chinese, you know, are not fighters. In his book, "My Country and My People", Lin Yutang compares this prudence on their part to the folly of the Western people who with "gin-manufactured courage raise their heads above a trench to stop bullets for a newspaper-manufactured cause". Neither soldier nor bandit is particular anxious to die.

When the bandits are known to be in any vicinity the priests never dare go near there on any mission work. They remain at home. And so, unless they be foolhardy, there is no particular reason why they should go out



Outside the bus station at Sungyang are Father Paul Wong and Father Joseph King (Newburg, Ontario). The latter sought refuge at Sungyang when forced by bandit activities to leave his Mission of Huang T'An. Father King is now with Father Boudreau at Pi-Wu-Ka.

of their way to deliver themselves into the hands of a prowling band who hardly dare remain a day in the same place.

This is about as much as we can say. We cannot assure you that there is not the remotest possibility that anyone will ever be captured. That would be overstating the case. But here that chance is a pretty slim one. When Father Boudreau had his first narrow escape it was because he waited too long in Pi-Wu. He had been warned five hours previously of the proximity of the bandits but went peacefully to bed at 9 p.m. Then, when they actually entered the village he slipped out the back door. He wasn't captured, but next time I hope he doesn't wait so long. After all, God helps those who help themselves, prudently, in this as in other matters.

But Suppose You Are Captured?

Well, suppose! It is then a question of "all is lost". Not at all. The Rev. Mr. Bosshart was released unconditionally in April of this year by the notorious Ho Lung after having been in bandit hands since 1934. The missionary must use his head and his knowledge of Chinese mentality, and the importance attached to "face" even with so-called Chinese Reds. They can be flattered and jollied along and may become either friendly or hostile, according to the tactics you employ, as the following instances will show:

The Reds entered a little village not long ago and were parading down the street. As they passed one man's house his wife became hysterical and screamed at him. "The Red bandits! The Red bandits! Flee for your life." But the husband knew he was in a tight place used his head, and, incidentally, saved it. "How dare you talk like that, you stupid old crone," he bellowed back, making sure that the soldiers heard him. "How dare you insult the honorable soldiers of the great Red Army? Go out there now and invite them in. Let our unworthy home be honored by their presence as we ask them to partake of our humble fare"

The soldiers entered, even before the terrified wife could obey her husband's command. They partook of the meal, chatting amiably with their host. Just as dinner was ended the Red leader spoke:

"How much did you pay for that wife of yours?"

"A hundred dollars," the husband replied.

"Well, here's two hundred. Go get yourself another."

He pulled his revolver and shot the wife dead. It pays to be polite over here.

Not Nice People

You see, these Reds are not nice people, exactly. To them human life is about as precious as the life of a mongrel cur. When they catch one of the unfortunate bus drivers or station masters along the road (they have captured only three to date out of hundreds) they usually cut them in three pieces, sidewise. A little while ago they sent the body of one of them back to his father, in a coffin. It was his only son and the poor old man said he wanted to get in the coffin and die with him. They hate the bus drivers and the new roads and all connected with them, because new roads mean transportation and ready movement of troops. They tell the people that they kill the road men because the latter confiscated their lands without compensation, which they did.

The Devil's Advice

The bandits who captured Father Bravo periodically consulted the devil in a pagan temple. He often heard them asking questions and heard the answers. One day, after they had performed their superstitious ceremonies and asked their question, he heard a voice saying: "Don't kill that priest, because if you do there will only be more Christians and you don't want more Christians." In this way the evil one bore witness to the fact that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. Father Bravo was released, unharmed.

Then take the case of Father Bush, of Maryknoll. A friendly bandit stood by him as the soldiers were coming near the hiding place, shot the bandit leader and helped him to escape.

On the other hand, another priest who shall be unnamed, was hacked to pieces by his captors and another member of his community told me that it was the prevailing opinion that Fr. —— had been very imprudent in continually abusing the bandits. He was a bit hot-tempered, they said. Well, it doesn't pay to be hot-tempered when you are at the mercy of men who have no regard for human life.

So, speaking from the point of view of friends at home, even if one should be captured by the bandits it does not mean that all is lost. Few of us are worthy of the crown of martyrdom.

No doubt some people will feel that it would be better not to

(Continued on page 109)



One of our pioneer missionaries in the field, Father Joseph Venini of Oshawa, Ontario, as he reached our headquarters at Lishui, after the bandits made it too hot for him to remain in Lungchuan. On the way to safety at Lishui, Father Venini narrowly escaped capture by the wandering bandits. How do you like his travelling outfit?

The First Anniversary

By

Rev. Craig Strang

WITH becoming sentiments we greet each different anniversary—the joyful one of birth, the happy one of marriage, the sacred one of religious profession or priestly ordination. The years, as they roll along, measure the span of life, and bring the moment of death. In their further course, they bring anniversaries of the ending of life. And our sorrow is renewed for a departed one, for sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.



FATHER McGILLIVRAY

With grief in our hearts we commemorate a first anniversary, the passing of Father McGillivray at the Canadian Mission in Lishui, China, on August 6, 1935.

A year ago. One year ago he was busy in the active life of the apostolic ministry. For twelve months now we, his missionary companions, have tried to reconcile ourselves to his absence. In grateful memory let us think back once more to that fateful week in August of last year.

The sermon schedule for Sunday, August 4th, showed that Father McGillivray was to be the preacher. Two weeks he had passed in study for this twenty-minute discourse It dealt with the loving care of God for each one of us — the care that yet permitted bitter sorrow for His loved ones and trying hardships for His friends. It was a sermon on hope and trust in the good God. Thus were his last two weeks spent, converting this into Chinese and committing it to memory. The best place for that was on the verandah. In a rocking chair. With a fan. Preaching it to the listless birds.

On Friday — that was August 2nd — Father McGillivray met a friend from Sungyang, and a little ride into the country was suggested by way of celebration. That afternoon, he and his friend, with another priest from the Mission and the sacristan, cycled slowly to a beauty spot a mile from the city; there tea could be served, and turtle was in season. The resort was pleasant and cool; one could sit in the cave under the waterfall and sip tea in comfortable coolness But no meals were served, so the party betook itself to a city restaurant conducted by a Christian, and there they had their supper. Father McGillivray was the gracious host, and the guests toasted him and wished him many happy years.

Saturday, Father McGillivray, being chaplain at the Convent, heard confessions there in the morning, and being Bursar of the Mission attended to the daily demands of that office. Before noon he spoke of a pain in his back but attributed it to exposure during sleep on the verandah the night before. He left the dining room for bed before two o'clock he was running a temperature. The Sisters were called and administered to him. Father expressed the fear of not being able to preach next day and another priest was appointed to take his place. Saturday gone, and not so pleasantly as Friday.

SUNDAY dawns, and he cannot celebrate or even assist at Holy Mass. Signs of malaria had manifested themselves, and quinine is administered; from now on he has constant attendance all day and night. The Fathers and Sisters are praying for him. Sunday passes, a day of distress and awakening anxiety. Monday morning brings comforting reports, but at noon we hear of a relapse and begin to fear the worse. An unearthly quiet prevails, and anxiety increases. All the Christians are praying for the sick priest. Monday is going, dragging out, life is ebbing away; it is the last night, but we refuse to consider the possibility — it cannot be so quick, so sudden —

It cannot be at all. But Monday is gone, and Tuesday, August 6th comes — the day that is starting a long string of anniversaries. The sufferer senses it. In a few sentences he disposes of his worldly affairs; in a few more he sends loving messages to those at home; he makes his confession and suggests that he be annointed after night prayers, when it will least interfere with the order of the house.

But the beads of perspiration which gather on him are not only from the heat, and ere the afternoon is far spent Extreme Unction is administered. Holy Viaticum is given. We all kneel and pray. The Christians recite the Rosary in the church, and the words of their chant reach our ears: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." Ten minutes more of Life; there seems to be no struggle to hold it longer; ten minutes more of praying and hoping, and we are bidden to recite the "De Profundis", for Father Jim's valiant life is ended and God has taken him to Himself. Tuesday is gone. August 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration. " . . . and He took Peter and James and John to a high mountain and was transfigured before them."

ON that memorable Tuesday went the life of one whom we had learned to love. From the very first of his seminary days we were quick to recognize his sterling ability, to be edified by his solid and unpretentious piety, to be inspired by his earnestness in everything that promoted the work of saving souls, and last (dare I say not least) we were so often jovial because of his gaiety, and so often merry because of his sense of humor. His ability merited him his office as business manager of the whole Mission; his piety drew many of us to him as spiritual adviser and confessor.

We will keep ever fresh the memory of his holy life and his happy death. We attempt to honor him by writing about him on his anniversary. But no writing can every assuage the grief of our hearts when we recall the loss of our first priest companion on the missions. Father Jim, be mindful of your friends on earth from your place in the Court of the Master!

From Our VANCOUVER MISSION

NOTES BY FATHER ROBERTS



Visitors to our Catholic Chinese Mission at 572 East Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C., have been impressed with the results already evident, and have seen for themselves how bright are the prospects of many conversions. The children especially have captured the hearts of all who meet them. During the Eucharistic Congress in June the Mission was highly honoured by a visit from their Excellencies, Archbishop Monahan of Regina and Bishop Carroll of Calgary, when the above picture was taken. The gentleman at the left is Mr. J. J. McNab of Vancouver, one of the best friends the Mission has.

Modern Mission for Chinese Children

THERE are in and around Vancouver over 20,000 Chinese, and they have taken a notable part in the celebration of the city's fiftieth birthday. The Chinese community is as old as the city itself, and has given a decidedly Oriental touch to this gateway of the Pacific. A model Chinese village has been set up in Chinatown, with Chinese houses, pagodas and a Buddhist temple with real Buddhist priests.

The beginnings of the Catholic Chinese Mission among the Chinese of Vancouver closes the golden cycle of fifty years of missionary endeavor on the part of the Catholic Church on this Pacific Coast.

The mission was founded in the fall of 1933 by Father Hugh Sharkey, who had returned from the mission field of Central China for that purpose. A member of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., Father Sharkey had been recalled from the Canadian Mission in China at the urgent request of His Excellency Right Reverend William Duke, Archbishop of Vancouver.

Beginnings were indeed hard, for the year that the foundation of the mission was undertaken was the worst of the depression. Yet, in the short period that has elapsed since that time, much has been accomplished. From nothing at all, there has grown up an institution in Chinatown that has passionately devoted itself to the best interests of the Chinese people. With perfect unselfishness, the priests and sisters at the mission have given, and are giving, the best that is in them for the religious, social and educational advancement of the large Chinese community. The Chinese people themselves have responded admirably and are deeply devoted to the mission and missioners.

Working with Father Sharkey is Rev. Roland Roberts, a native of Victoria, to whose zeal and hard work so much of the success of the mission is due, and three of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ont.

A free kindergarten school for Chinese children is run by the mission at Georgia and Princess Streets. Enrolment numbers about sixty children, who are given the very best of care, instruction and moral training, and prepared for their entrance to primary grades. Visitors will tell you of the sweetness of these little Chinese children—their politeness, their neatness and their friendliness. The entertainment put on at the school by these youngsters would more than surprise anybody—for the children sing, dance, act and recite with a charm that is a mixture of the West and East.

Just recently the mission has organized a Boy Scout troop and a Girl Guide troop. Another work carried on in Chinatown that deserves special mention is that of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Montreal, who are in charge of St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital on Campbell Avenue. One has only to visit the hospital and see the good sisters tending the poor Chinese and Japanese patients with the greatest of care and patience, to realize that here assuredly is the most perfect charity. Many of the persons in this hospital are tubercular, and a special section is given over to the aged and incurable. A free clinic in Chinatown is operated by this same order of sisters for the poor Chinese.

School Life Not Easy

THE school-life of the average Chinese child in this city of Vancouver is by no means one to be envied. I am pretty certain that there is no Occidental child who would wish to change places with one of them even for a day. Speaking for myself, I often thank the good God that I was not born into Chinese family. It was penance enough—and I credit myself with having been an average Canadian child—to spend from five to six hours in the class-room; and as I look back on those days, which were in truth happy days, I can see that the sentiments of my companions

were not opposed to my own. Certainly to have had to spend from eight to nine hours in school every school-day, and three hours on Saturday—the school boy's recognized "day of rest"—would have been too much altogether. But to have had to continue in school until the end of June and to begin again on the first Monday of August, the hottest month of the year, instead of the day after Labor Day, and that for three hours each day except Sunday, would have caused a revolt of no small order. And yet that is the school life of the generality of the Chinese children living in this Western metropolis.

These children attend the public schools of the city, and, side by side with the children of English, Irish and Scotch parentage, follow the regular plan of studies prescribed by the Public School Board. That they are attentive in school and anxious to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded is beyond question. The examination results of these schools, as published yearly in the newspapers of the city, tell a story of hard labor plus an earnest desire to acquire knowledge —hard labor, because these children are at a distinct disadvantage; an earnest desire to acquire knowledge, for only that impulse could force them above the disadvantages which hover over them. Not the least of these disadvantages is the fact that they must attend their own Chinese school.

When the Chinese child leaves the public school at three o'clock, it is not to go home and enjoy a few hours' recreation, to play with other children in the neighborhood, or, for the more studious type, to have a few leisure hours to attend to their homework. The children of the Orient go home for a bite to eat, to glance hastily over their Chinese exercises and to start off again for school—their Chinese school. At four o'clock they are once more under the direction of a teacher, and from three to four hours they are guided through the mystic maze of their native language; they listen to the moral teachings of China's greatest moralist, Confucius; and for a while, as they turn the pages of their history books, they are lost in the confusion of dynasties which extend back to an antiquity already ancient when Moses led the Israelites out of the Land of Egypt. The gong sounds, and the children wander home to a belated supper and homework from two schools to be prepared for the following day. Saturday morning, while the rest of the school world relaxes, finds these children again at their desk in school, writing letters and compositions in Chinese characters. But, oh, the irony of it all, to be forced to return to school one whole month before their companions in the public schools! Again I breathe a prayer of thanks that I was not born of Chinese parents.

JOTTINGS

(Continued from page 101)

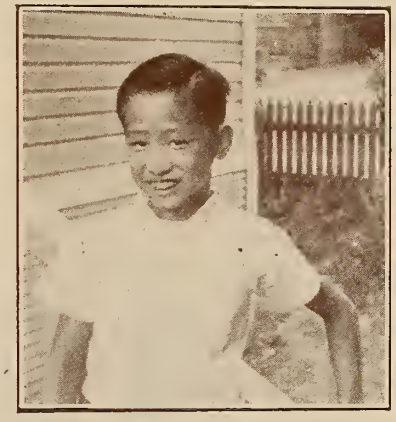
To Father Venadam and his relatives goes the sincere sympathy of all our priests. On the morning following her death all the priests here celebrated Mass for the repose of her soul, while Father Venadam was celebrant at a solemn High Mass for the same intention.

* * *

THE Church in China suffered a severe blow recently in the death in Scotland, where he was home on leave, of Father Andrew McArdle on May 3rd. Father McArdle, who preached our retreat in September, 1933, was a real friend of our mission. When he left China last fall he seemed in the best of health. On his way to Scotland he visited Toronto and our seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, where he endeared himself to all. Solemn High Mass was sung for the repose of his soul on May 12th. To his relatives we extend our sincere sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.

* * *

As I write this closing paragraph it is May 13th and summer has started in Chekiang. Light clothing is the order of the day and one does not venture into the sun unless wearing a sun-helmet.



WILSON LEE

The axiom so often heard: "All work and no play will make John a dull boy", does not seem to apply with much force to the Chinese children. There is ample proof of this from examination results. We who are working with the Chinese here in Vancouver can bear witness to the fact that they are generally very bright—both in their school work and in their religious studies required of them at this Mission. Bright, too, in their general disposition. I have in mind one of our own boys, Wilson Lee, who passed first and with honours in both the Public School and the Chinese School. Wilson always knows well his catechism, too. He has to be feeling pretty low not to greet you with a grin which the best Irishman in the world might be proud to possess.

BANDIT MENACE?

(Continued from page 106)

speak so plainly. If you even hint at dangers, they will say, you may deter some young men from coming to China. But aren't such young men, if any, far better deterred? We think they should know the true state of affairs before giving their lives to the work of the Missions. If they are of the type to be deterred or held back because there are bandits in China it would really be better for them to remain at home. For bandits there always have been in this country where the situation in so many places is always "hopeless but not serious" and bandits there will be in China during our stay in the Celestial Republic and long after we are dead and gone.

Work Must Go On

Meanwhile, we have our work to do and the solemn obligation of fidelity to our great missionary vocation and we must never forget that God is in China as well as at home and not a hair of our heads will be harmed against the will of Our Father in Heaven. If it be His will that we should be privileged to suffer a little more and thus come nearer to the suffering Christ then joyfully should we accept it, for we have no other will but His. But for the vast majority of us, bandits notwithstanding, missionary life will consist of the more humdrum and less melodramatic commonplaces of daily life among a peaceful people. That is God's will for the most of us and that is why we are all so happy in spite of war's alarms.

"TIME OUT!"

By Rev. Leo Curtin

"THE MISSIONARY in China learns how to do everything — except how to do nothing!" These words of wisdom, the fruit of a long experience in China, were written by Maryknoll's Bishop James E. Walsh in a recent article appearing in the "Ecclesiastical Review."

It is the usual thing for a young missionary, newly-arrived in the Mission field, to throw himself into his work with reckless abandon, keep hard at it all the time, and pay little attention to the effect it necessarily has on his physical well-being. To know how to relax, to relieve the tension, and get some rest for mind and body is a lesson he often fails to learn in time.

But the experience of older missionaries comes to the rescue. "Go easy, young man!" "Take a day off now and then and you can bring to your work new strength and vigor. It pays." Our Prefect-Apostolic, Monsignor McGrath, is a "convert" to the theory. It cost him many months of serious illness before he believed in the truth of it. Now he sees to it that the priests under his care use their energies judiciously. Hence the occasional "day off" is insisted on; it brings results in less sickness and fewer breakdowns due to prolonged over-exertion.

That's why I'm going to tell you about an outing we enjoyed recently as a feature of our day of leisure. Situated as we are near a river, with plenty of sampans for hire, it was not difficult for our Bursar, Father John MacDonald, to arrange for a boat to take us a few li down the river to a favorable spot. The lunches were prepared under the direction of our "Minister of the Interior", Father Venadam. The party was headed by Monsignor McGrath, and in addition to those already mentioned, included Father Hugh McGettigan, Father Aaron Gignac, Father Craig Strang (on a lucky visit from Tsingtien at the time), and yours truly. Several cameras were included in our equipment. The Editor back in Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, might be getting a report of the day's fun, and pictures are always helpful.

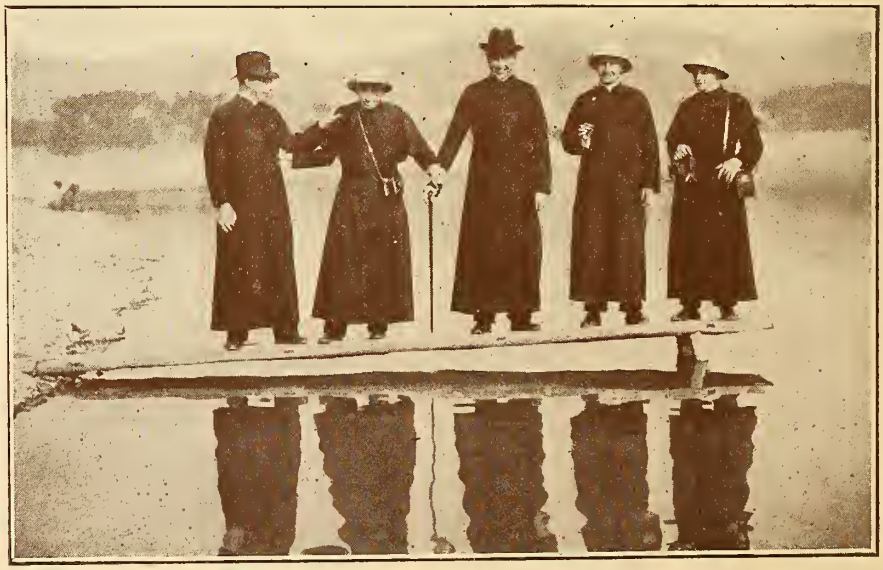
The sampan type of craft does not permit of much exercise inside its straw-covered roof, so Father Strang, disdaining the "passenger acommodations", sat out in the bow with the boatman, and it was not long before we spied him, minus shoes and socks, wading up to his knees in the water aiding the coolie steer the boat through the shoals. Monsignor remarked that Father Craig's Newfoundland blood got the better of him in the circumstances, and from the gleam in the speaker's eye we could easily imagine that were it not for the dignity of his position he would himself be out there, too.

THE choice of a suitable place for lunch was left to Pomquet's Father Venadam, and it was not long before he spotted a shady nook high up on the bank overlooking the river. The boat was beached, the boy was loaded up with the "eats", and we all scampered up the cliff. A meal in the open somehow seems to have a peculiar attraction, but the victuals prepared by Father Venadam would have an attraction anytime and anywhere, so our hearty efforts in disposing of the meal were a compliment to his cuisine, not to mention the tribute to our appetites.

As we returned to the Mission in the late afternoon, and "cast one longing, lingering look behind", a resolution was passed unanimously to "repeat the dose" soon. That resolution was kept in mind and a date fixed for a second day's outing, but we reckoned without the weather man on the second occasion. Father Venadam scanned the sky the night before and forecasted favorable weather. A veritable cloudburst took the place of his promised fine day. For ten continuous days the process was repeated. At night, the weather "prophet" would be encouraging us, but now we have settled down to wait for the day when he stops forecasting and admits it WILL be wet next day. Only then will it be safe to make preparations for another outing.

OUR "diversion" in these last few days has been a walk downtown. It is a period of some festival celebration by the Chinese, and the stores and streets are decorated profusely in honor of the occasion. On one of these walks Father McGettigan and I accompanied Monsignor and "ran interference" for him when he wanted to take pictures of interesting characters without their knowledge. By this time I have come to realize the untruth of the statement that all Chinese look alike. Anyhow, to judge by the stares, three "foreigners" strolling through the street must be a major curiosity for many of these people.

It has been quite interesting to watch the big parades at night which feature the celebration now in progress.



During the "Day Off", described here by Father Curtin, "Walking the plank" are Fathers John MacDonald, Hugh McGettigan, Arthur Venadam, Craig Strang and Aaron Gignac.

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

Reporting the news that a distiller's foreman recently fell into a large barrel of whisky, a contemporary remarks that "he laughed heartily at his misadventure." In fact, he was in excellent spirits.

First Crook—"How did Bill die?"
Second Crook—"'E fell through some scaffolding."
First Crook—"Whatever was 'e doing up there?"
Second Crook—"Being 'anged."

He—"I hope my visits are not disagreeable to you."
She (politely)—"Not at all."
He—"I have sometimes thought that I worried you."
She—"Oh, no! No matter how gloomy I feel when you call, I am always happy when you go."

An aged negro saw an extraordinary looking instrument in an optician's shop. He gazed in open-mouthed wonder, and, turning to the optician, inquired:
"What is it, boss?"
"That," replied the optician, "is an ophthalmometer."
"Sho'," muttered the other, his eyes still fastened on the curious-looking thing as he backed out. "Dat's what I feared it was!"

To the consternation of the guests the vicar was very late for the ceremony.
Years afterwards he met the bridegroom, and, taking him by the hand, remarked: "Well, John, it is just ten years ago that I gave you an awful fright!"
"Yes," said John gloomily, "and I've still got her."

In a wayside sation down in Alabama an old negro shuffled to the ticket agent.
"Ah wants a ticket for Trivinia," he said.
The agent consulted the time-table and the atlas and the company records. Finally he asked, "Where is Trivinia? I can't find it."
"Why," said the negro in amazement, "dar she am, standin' right over there!"

Little Johnny aged seven, had been taken to the Zoo. He stood before the leopard's cage for a few minutes staring intently. Then, turning to his mother, he asked: "Mother, is that the dotted lion that everyone wants Dad to sign on?"

It was a London bus, and two "smart" young things were talking at the top of their voices in an affected jargon.
At last the conductor could stand it no longer. As the bus neared a stopping plae, he called out in a high-pitched voice: "Darlings, here's too, too sweet Smith Street!"
After that silence reigned!

Customer—"These shoes I bought from you are too flimsy to walk in."
Manageress — "Our establishment, madam, does not pretend to cater for pedestrians."

The teacher was examining a paper presented by a primary student.
"And where is the dot over the i, Mary?" she inquired.
"That's funny," replied the child. "I guess it must be in the pencil yet."

The Golfer (fishing for compliments)—"I suppose you think I'm a very moderate golfer?"
The Caddie—"No, mister, not yet I don't. But yer might be one later if yer improve a bit."

"A bachelor suggests that a tax on perambulators would be a good idea."
But the babies would be up in arms over that.

"Lady," asked the policeman who had motioned her to stop, "how long do you expect to be out?"
"What do you mean by that question?" she demanded, indignantly.
"Well," he replied, sarcastically, "there are a couple of thousand other motorists who would like to use this street after you get through with it."

Film Director — "In this part you have to do a number of funny falls. How are you on falls?"
Applicant (confidently) — "I rank next to Niagara."

Customer—"Will the spaghetti I ordered be long?"
Waitress—"We never measure it, sir."

Nature Teacher—"When do leaves begin to turn?"
Willie—"The day before examination."

"Mummy, isn't it wrong to strike anyone smaller than yourself?"
"Yes, dear."
"Would you mind telling teacher? I don't think she knows."

"Where's your pencil, Alf?"
"Ain't got one, teacher."
"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, we haven't got one——"
"Well, who has all the pencils?"

"Who was the first man?" inquired the Sunday School teacher.
"George Washington," promptly announced a boy on the front seat.
"Oh, no," corrected the instructor.
"I s'pose it was Adam," muttered the boy, "if you're counting those foreigners."

First Business Man—"Was the conference a success? What did you decide?"
Second Business Man — "It was great. We decided to have another conference next week."

"I am afraid our new housemaid is dishonest," said the wife.
"Come, my dear," answered the husband. "You should never judge by appearances."
"I don't," was the retort. "I judge by disappearances."

Charwoman—"What's the matter with your husban', Mrs. Miggles. I saw 'im going to the doctor's last night."
Mrs. Miggles—"The veins in 'is legs are too near each other or something."
Charwoman—"I've never 'eard of that before."
Mrs. Miggles—"Well, dearie, the doctor said as 'ow 'e got very close veins."

When Mose was told that poor Rastus had been shot dead by Judge Hicks while he was stealing the judge's chickens, he merely replied: "Oh, well, it might have been worse."
"How could it have been worse?" indignantly asked the informant. "Poor Rastus dead! De jedge just nachully blow de head right off of him. What could be worse than dat?"
"It might have been worse," repeated Mose, "if de jedge fire off de gun de night before, he might have blow de head off of me!"

He—"You were no spring chicken when I married you."
She—"No, I was a little goose."

Teacher—"As we walk outdoors on a cold winter's morning and look about us, what do we see on every hand?"
Pupil—"Gloves."

Please Do Not Read This

and then forget what you've read.

If you forget, then both of us are the losers. You will lose the opportunity of doing a good deed, and a meritorious one. We will lose all that it means to have a sympathetic, helpful friend. You see, dear Reader, China Mission Seminary this month begins another year of effort to educate young men for the Holy Priesthood. We shall have fifty students to care for, and it is going to cost many thousands of dollars to run our Seminary which provides a home and a training for these future missionaries to China. We have nobody to whom we can turn for a helping hand—except YOU. Now, if you refuse us, our work will suffer, so won't you please keep in mind our request and send us a contribution? Be it ever so small it will aid in the grand work of supporting and educating boys for the missionary priesthood. We ask only a little from each of our readers. Are you going to refuse us? It is for God's work we beg. God will give you your reward.

+

Kindly send your donations to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

SCARBORO BLUFFS. ONT. OCTOBER 1936



OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

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Help the Missions

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.

2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.

3. By sending Mass Intentions to our missionaries.

4. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year — a life subscription costs ten dollars.

5. By making a Catholic Will— our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

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OUR SYMPATHY

DURING the Summer months four of our missionary priests have suffered bereavements in their families. Father Lawrence Beal, of Sungyang, lost his father and his brother, Brother Leo of the Cistersian Order; Father Desmond Stringer, Tsingtien, suffered the loss of his father at Ottawa; Father Patrick Moore's father died at Ingersoll, Ont., and Father Lorne McFarland's mother passed away at Toronto. Fathers Moore and McFarland, whose departure for China was deferred last year, had the privilege of assisting at the bedsides of their dying parents. These two priests leave for China this month.

To the bereaved missionaries, their families, and relatives, we offer our sincere sympathy, and from our readers we beg a prayer for the repose of the souls of the deceased.

ANOTHER YEAR BEGINS

DESERTED, save for our hard-working Bursar, during the Summer vacation months, China Mission Seminary resumed its wonted measure of activity with the return of the students on September 14th. With the first week devoted to the opening Retreat, Monday, September 21st, saw the familiar trek begin as the students moved off to class. We are happy to report that again this year the seminary has a capacity enrolment, with fifty young men from various parts of Canada and Newfoundland prosecuting their philosophical and theological studies for the Holy Priesthood. Eleven of these fifty are making their final year of studies as student-priests, having been raised to the Office of Priesthood in their respective Dioceses during the Summer holidays. We'll let you see their pictures next month.

CHUCHOW

REPORTS from our Prefecture in Chuchow indicate that recently things have been going along fairly quietly in that district, and the bandit menace which gave cause for concern a few months ago has now abated. Save for a few cases of minor illnesses, the general health of our priests in China has remained good during the past few months. The weather in Chuchow was fortunately not severely warm during the Summer, but yet sufficiently dangerous to curtail the travelling activities of our men. Monsignor McGrath, with several of our missionaries, availed themselves of the lull in activities to seek a respite from their labours in short holidays spent at nearby missions. All our priests assembled at headquarters in Lishui towards the end of September, to participate in the Annual Retreat, preached this year by a Jesuit Father from Shanghai. It is expected that at the close of the Retreat some new parish assignments will be announced, news of which we hope to have for our next issue.

FATHER SERRA

ANXIETY is being felt for the safety of our Father Ramon Serra, veteran missionary of our Prefecture, who returned to his home in Spain two months before the outbreak of the civil war in that country. Since the start of hostilities no word has come from Father Serra. His home is in the vicinity of Barcelona, centre of some of the most violent outrages against the clergy in the recent unhappy incidents of the Spanish conflict. It is our earnest hope that Father Serra has escaped unharmed.

SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

THE Summer vacation period was usefully employed by most of our seminarians, and by some from St. Augustine's Seminary, in campaigning for subscriptions for "CHINA". We wish to extend our thanks to the many friends who received them so cordially, and particularly do we express our gratitude to the Pastors who made the work of our campaigners so much more easy and profitable by kindly references from their pulpits. It is co-operation of that kind that we value exceedingly and which does more than anything else to instil into our Catholic people a knowledge of, and love for, the work of Catholic Missions. We add that if you were not called on for your subscription this Summer, we shall be glad to receive the renewal of same through the mail.

MISSION SUNDAY

THE second last Sunday in October has been designated by the Sacred Congregation of Rites as a day of special prayer and effort throughout the whole Church every year in behalf of Catholic Missions. Our Holy Father the Pope desires that this Mission Sunday be observed in every diocese and parish in the world in order that Catholics everywhere may be brought to understand better the work which missionaries are striving to accomplish in the midst of privations and hardships. It is a day of prayer and of action, of propaganda and organization, set aside to awaken the dull spirits of many Catholics and to render more alive and active the enthusiasm of those who realize that there is no apostolate more beautiful or beneficient than that which is exercised in favour of missionary work.

CHECKING OFF THE SECOND YEAR

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

SHOULD you read through this attempt to describe what two years in China does to one, I beg of you not to get confused and take it for an autobiography covering two decades. You see, two years can very easily make one a little arrogant and I fear that that arrogance may appear in the following paragraphs and give the erroneous impression that when the two years are up there is not much more to know about China. It is fitting therefore to preface this letter with the warning that the scope of it really is limited to one fifth of one decade and that any conclusions drawn are private ones and therefore not authoritative.

Two years in "The Middle Kingdom" — in the Orient — in Asia — call it by any name, imposing or otherwise, yet it is a little something to think about and offers some little things to write about. The novelty that made everything so varied during the first year has faded away, and the guest-like atmosphere that surrounded our first ten months has mellowed into the more familiar one of being one of the family and consequently of doing what is expected of the family. We even play the part of the host to the new comers and point out with patronizing wisdom things that a short time ago presented mysteries to us. But the second year has more than just familiarity to recommend it —it has several special features. Each year in succession, I am told, unfolds its noteworthy contribution of strange or new phenomena, and during this year the superficial ideas and hasty judgments of the first year evolve into truer and more lasting ones — though not yet by any means solidly mature ones.

THE first and main change is the graduation from uninterrupted study of the language, to which the first year was exclusively devoted — a graduation into the active part of missionary life in the form of an appointment to a parish. The work is not unfamiliar in as much as we were watching it for a year, but the experience is entirely new. Immediately came the constant need of using all the Chinese we picked up from our books and of adding to our vocabulary, with the additional handicap of acquiring a new dialect in the different parish. People, we thought, did not have a high I.Q. if they did not understand our efforts at communication (and how weak sometimes these efforts can be); and if we did not understand them when they spoke to us we had plenty of excuses with which to console ourselves. The look on the faces of some of our listeners was not unlike the "bovine stare" that school-teacher often faces in class, and especially at mathematics. It was not so embarrassing doing our bits of business about the place; the real tests came in preparing and delivering sermons, and anxious were the first moments in the confessional — and even yet we are not without trepidation there. And yet when we spoke about our sermons or mentioned we were hearing confessions we did so in a nonchalant manner as if we were above fears of not understanding, and as if we were very adept in our choice of phrases in our sermons. For example, I would say that I explained to the congregation (as I did this morning — I write on August fifteenth) that the Blessed Virgin was assumed or taken up into heaven, and did not ascend as our Lord did, (the Chinese phrase, "mounted to heaven" is applied to both), whereas I cannot really put that sentence into good Chinese. You see what I mean — we say that we told them a certain little thing, but it took no end of circumlocution for us to put our point over. This attitude found its way into a lot of things, and even into our writing for "China" — it is what I warned against in the first paragraph.

THE making of the missions in the autumn and in the spring was about the most notable innovation in our new life—it is the part of missionary life most known to those at home, for it constitutes the most important phase of the work. I was very fortunate in being introduced to this by visiting the seven chapels with my pastor, Father Stringer, last fall, and of since calling upon other villages where isolated Christian families have settled, and again in the past spring, both with him and by myself. Accounts of them or of similar expeditions have appeared in these columns from time to time. They provide an introduction to almost every phase of mission life — but just an introduction. As you read this we will be once more on the road, only this time it will be more familiar to me and so I will be more at ease than ever about it.

The time spent in the city where the residence is (Tsingtien) was employed in rounding up the nearby Christians, preparing sermons, and studying the dialect, and to that is added the care of the school—also recently mentioned in "China". And now our second summer is drawing to a close (it is nice to count the years by the summers, isn't it? — just like the poets do) — the summer is the time of necessarily reduced activity when the heat and the humidity render travelling



Father Strang, with the tailor who made his new soutane.

precarious to the health. However, we rounded up many catechumens and some new converts and gave instructions every evening after supper — ten of the catechumens were found ready for baptism for to-day's feast and the others we hope to have ready in early September.

MAY I add a personal note of appreciation to my many friends who have remembered me no less during the second year than during the first. The mere fact of being remembered serves as a stimulus to greater efforts and the spiritual and material help that they have offered have made possible the fruitful work which depends upon them just as much as upon us. The appeals that we make from time to time are based upon dire needs . . . needs that Christ has left to every Christian to supply; every year has its peculiar needs, so every year we have our peculiar appeals; so please, every year, do your part in supplying the means, for if the means do not come, why then, some year we will have a very sorry report to make, one that will fill us with regret and heap further difficulties upon the none too easy task we already have.



"Although the Chinese do not bother about stove pipe (I will write about that some time) here at the Mission, we prefer that the smoke go outside. But it is not just a matter of sending the boy out to buy pipes; it is necessary to have the tinsmith come and make them on the premises. Sheets of metal are purchased and with the minimum number of tools he makes the pipes to order, and he does a good job, too. In the picture above you see him putting on the finishing touches".

—Father Doyle's "JOTTINGS"

JOTTINGS

By
REV. GERALD DOYLE

EVEN in China Dominion Day has a special significance for Father Beal who was visiting Lishui at that time. He felt that it should be celebrated properly, so we were not surprised when the boy returned to the Mission with a good supply of firecrackers. Darkness had fallen, night prayers were over when the neighborhood was either delighted or dismayed by the fusilade. Soon a crowd gathered in the street, while the next day we heard that five gamblers, on hearing the noise, jumped from their places with cries of "Bandits!" Their lamp was upset and the pieces scattered.

* * *

TOWARDS the end of July the head official in Lishui decided to send twenty rifles to the town of Pi Wu Ka, thirteen miles away. Evidently the spies were active as the bus carrying the rifles was stopped by bandits only three miles from Lishui and the rifles confiscated. A few soldiers in the bus showed fight. One of them was killed and another wounded. The bandits got away safely.

* * *

A few nights ago the sky was reddened by the flames of a large fire which swept away a block of houses and stores. Fortunately there was no big wind or half of the city might have been levelled by the flames. Fire-fighting here is usually restricted to saving nearby houses as once the fire has a good start it is almost impossible to save the building. Mud walls which enclose many properties often stop the fire from spreading, but when there is a wind flying sparks and flames quickly ignite the nearby houses. This fire was the largest in Lishui since our priests have been here.

On the next morning the mayor sent word that those rebuilding must build several feet back from the old street line, thus widening the street. There will be no property compensation.

* * *

WHILE the Lishui church bell by no means compares with "Big Ben", nevertheless it is not hard to listen to and its ringing a few minutes ago reminded me of another bell, little more than a large hand-bell, at the chapel in Du Tsz Wu near Tsingtien. I visited that chapel a few months ago and while making the trip from Tsingtien I walked slowly behind my pagan carrier over mountains and through valleys. I had a feeling of being entirely alone. Pagan China seemed to encompass me, pressing; when suddenly over the fields came the sound of the little bell ringing the Angelus. I was thrilled. No longer did I feel alone. It is wonderful to be a Catholic. Even in pagan China.

* * *

FATHER JOSEPH KING was a recent visitor to Lishui, coming for a few days' rest before returning to Pi Wu Ka where he is doing real missionary work with Father Bernard Boudreau.

* * *

IF YOU visited our dining room these days you would probably be surprised to see the legs of the table standing in tins of water. The reason is to keep the ants from climbing onto the table. Even so, a few manage to reach the top.

* * *

YOU will be reading this in October, the month in which the new missionaries usually leave Canada for China. We will be looking forward to their arrival which will be a red-letter day here in Lishui. We will give them a real welcome and soon they will consider China a second home. At least I hope so.



A farmer had brought his few sheaves of wheat into the city and was drying it in the street in front of the mission. A chance for a picture, but a picture is more interesting if a familiar figure is in it, so I asked Father Leo Curtin to oblige. "I suppose you are asking me to examine the wheat just because I was born on a farm," Father Curtin pretended to grumble as he cheerfully posed for the picture. In the background may be seen the well from which the Mission water supply is drawn.

New Mission Established for "Down the River"

By REV. ARTHUR VENADAM

ALMOST inseparably connected with the mission work here is the making of long journeys to distant villages and hamlets where a community of Christians has been established. Some of the journeys take one or two whole days, and as the missionary travels he passes innumerable towns and settlements which are wholly pagan, and if the inhabitants know about the Catholic Church they show very little interest in its claims. On the whole "mission making" means absence and almost complete isolation from headquarters until the return is made. Why it is the Holy Ghost picks such scattered spots to work His designs is not ours to ask, but the fact remains that right here near Lishui there are lots of little towns that surely know about us but have so far discouraged all our advances, and yet, away up in the country there are communities that send regularly for the priest and regard his visits as the outstanding events of the year.

Now about two miles down the river from here is a little town or suburb called "Yuo Wu" and it means "Down the River". In this town there are several Christian families, and in past years they have been coming up the river to Mass on Sundays—and a nice walk it is. Immediately outside the town the cobble-stone path passes through a shaded grove of bamboo trees, then winds along the fringes of the rice paddies and by the edges of stagnant fishing pools till it reaches the city gate which is on the same street as the Church, although still half a mile away from it. The same path is worn smooth by the feet of many others besides the few Christians—they come and do their buying and selling and plod home again, and if they come to the Church it is only for medicine and absolutely nothing else.

IT WAS first mentioned casually in conversation, and then it became the topic of after-dinner chats, and soon plans were suggested, and finally it was decided to open a mission in this little town of "Down the River". Came visits to "Yuo Wu"—very convenient and cheap enough by rickshaw. On these visits we heard of several apostates who had given up the Sunday walk to Lishui, and how their unbaptized children were attending the community school, and how many others had heard of us through the visits of the Sisters to their sick—and how it was something like a floating population, for as soon as anyone did well there he moved himself and his chattels to Lishui. After a while we heard of



Father Venadam, of Pomquet, N.S., in a happy mood as he is about to sample a pie of his own making. His ability in the kitchen puts smiles of appreciation on the faces of all our Lishui missionaries.

a house that was for rent—a fine house in the midst of a fruit orchard and surrounded by a wall. Then our decision to open a mission there was confirmed. There were negotiations for the renting and preparations to convert the whole second storey into a chapel and to fix up a living room for the catechist and a reception room for the guests. The catechist was selected—a former sacristan at Lishui. The day was chosen—Trinity Sunday—and the mission was placed under the patronage of this sacred mystery.

Most of this business was placed in my hands and kept me coming and going for two weeks till everything was ready for the formal opening and the first Mass on the morning of Trinity Sunday. The women living nearby, Christians and pagans, helped in the sweeping and cleaning; an altar was brought down and erected, and Father Strang and I together put the cross on it; benches were made and placed in position; a bell was blessed and suspended; holy pictures and scrolls with doctrine written on them were framed and hung up; an organ was carried down and placed in the chapel, notices of the opening with open invitation were stuck on the poles and houses and walls nearby; an orchestra was hired and bunting with Chinese lamps gave the scene quite a gala appearance. If our attempt was not blessed with success it would not be from want of enticement or lack of knowledge.

THE outlined program of the day differed but little from the regular Sunday order at the Mission. Father Morrison was to say the Mass, preceded by the usual Sunday prayers and sermon, with another sermon before the recitation of the rosary in the afternoon; obviously, there could be no Benediction here yet. Mr. Wong, the head catechist, had prepared a special discourse for the occasion; the choir boys and girls had rehearsed the hymns they had sung at Pentecost; the boys had their soutanes and collars and red ties newly pressed, and the girls' veils and crowns of flowers freshly arrayed. Immediately after breakfast they set out for "Down the River" in high glee, for the day promised a bit of festivity as well as duty, and our Chinese friends go for celebrations of all kinds in a big way.

The orchestra greeted us at the entrance with blasts from their trumpets and clamourous bangs from their cymbals. Already a crowd had gathered, satisfying their curiosity and wondering very much what it was all about. Many of them had just dropped in on their way to Lishui, for this was market day also, and even celebrations must take second place on these

days. The sacristans prepared the altar and I devoted the next half hour to tying the red bows on the choir boys, while Sisters Daniel and Catherine arranged the veils and flowers on the girls. In the meantime the half-hour-bell had rung and many had already gathered in the chapel waiting for the opening. Father Doyle had arrived and took some pictures. The children took their places and the other Christians acted as most solicitous hosts for their pagan friends.

THE altar was erected against the back wall of the house, and so the congregation sat with their backs to the main gate, which therefore provided no distraction for them during the ceremonies, for there was no front wall to the upstairs—a feature appreciated in summer when breezes are at a premium, but deplored in the winter. When all had assembled and the bell had rung again, I blessed the people and chapel with holy water and then prayers were recited. After prayers, Mr. Wong, our learned and zealous catechist, arrayed in his white for the first time this summer, delivered a very impressive discourse on the Ruler of the universe, pointing out His power, prudence and mercy and showing what He expected of us. The speaker concluded with an exhortation to learn more about this wonderful Ruler by attending the exercises and instructions given here in their midst.

Father Morrison then vested for Mass, and as the pagans followed it with interest and even awe the choir gathered around the organ behind the people and sang their hymns in Latin and in Chinese, beginning with "Veni Creator Spiritus", and very proud they were to be able thus to do their part in making the occasion attractive—afterwards I could see what impression they made on the other school boys and girls, for they, too, had learned in their school a little about "foreign" singing. The Holy Sacrifice went on, and whether the people knew it or not, God had not only come into their midst but had offered Himself up to His Heavenly Father for their sake. All the graces we hope to bring them we will bring them through the Mass, and so, all the fervour that was ours to command we put into the hearing of that first Mass at "Down the River".

After the Mass, and even before the thanksgiving after Holy Communion was finished, the string of firecrackers suspended from a long pole was set off, and in rapid succession they exploded and scattered about the property, while the little boys came as near as they could to see if they could find any unburnt ones. The orchestra took up its strains once more, but only in a half-spirited way and soon stopped again. This orchestra was no feature orchestra and rather second rate, and we were incessantly asking them to come to life; Father Strang had requested his favourite piece, "The Three Kingdoms", but they neither had the instruments nor the ability to accommodate him. The photographer had arrived and so we were lined up for the picture —Father Doyle also took some. The catechists and teachers mixed with the crowd and were expounding or explaining doctrine, and the boys and girls lolled about until dinner time.



This is LIU NGA ZEN ("Rock of Compassion"), a servant-boy in Kinhwa. A "boy" is indispensable to the missionary in China; he serves his Mass, acts as sacristan, buys the food, serves at meals, tidies the house, accompanies him on journeys and performs a hundred-and-one other errands and commissions. This young man, baptized and confirmed some years ago in Lishui by Monsignor Fraser, is very exemplary, a daily communicant.

"Today, Sunday, April 19th," writes Monsignor, "I rose at 4:00, boarded a train at 5:20 for Lanchi; arrived at the big city at 6:15 a.m. On the outskirts we passed a famous pagan temple; crowds were pouring out of the front doors; hundreds could be seen inside praying; fully a thousand persons were in sight; they had passed the whole night in the temple praying to their gods for a plentiful rice crop this year; the planting season is about to begin. Idolatry is by no means dead in China.

"After confessions, sermon and Mass, I returned the same day to Kinhwa in time for Benediction at 2:00 p.m. Trains between Kinhwa and Lanchi are now running on a new schedule, four trains a day each way, which makes it very convenient to serve the Lanchi mission."

THEN came the first and only hold-up — we discovered that the restaurant we had asked to cater to the choir and teachers was not big enough. They had to send out and borrow dishes and help, and even then they were late; the girls had to wait until the boys were finished. Fathers Morrison, Strang and I sat down in the reception room to a cold dinner prepared by our cook the evening before, and ere we were finished a sacristan arrived with a box of biscuits from the Sisters. As we ate, the knives and forks scored again, for they seemed to have created as much interest as the combined attractions of the firecrackers, orchestra and organ, for we not even once jabbed our forks into our jaws nor cut our lips with our knives, and we foreigners eat so fast.

Things were quiet after dinner, but soon the crowd came again, and by the time for rosary there was a big assemblage. Mr. Wong elaborated upon his discourse of the morning and waxed most eloquent as he told the story of Redemption. I dare say the recitation of the rosary was boring to the uninitiated, but the second string of firecrackers brought them back to interest and an end to the ceremonies, and by five o'clock we were back at the head mission talking over the day and the possibilities for the future. It was unique in the fact that to "make the mission" here required only fifteen minutes' walk or ride, and that Mass could be said there every Sunday and that visits could be frequent during the week. It is our earnest prayer that it turns out to be a chain in the link of Christian communities that will join us to our more distant ones, and for this happy outcome we beg remembrances in your prayers and we solicit the help of your alms—for without these two we will be obliged to "close down" and take up again the passing of all the pagan visits on our way to the Christian communities in the mountains.

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From Ship to Sanctuary

By the Late
Father Justin Moore, C.P.

I WAS born on January 27th, 1903, in Fall River, Massachusetts. I learned my ABC's (and a few other things) in St. Patrick's and other schools there, but really there was not anything exciting about my early years except, perhaps, that I was run over twice. I swallowed a Miraculous Medal while quite young which, of course, led to predictions that I would be a great man in Church affairs some day! At least I felt that I thereby had a special claim to the protection of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.

While I was still in my teens I secured a position with the Government and was sent to Harvard College for several months. There I was equipped with a very practical and workable knowledge of radio, which was almost a new science in those days but which was making wonderful strides towards the vast achievements which we now take for granted.

That of course centered my interest in the radio world. I began to travel here and there. I held a rather good position in one of the Atlantic Ship Radio Stations and in that way I became interested in the great Transatlantic Maritime work. Then one day it happened that one of the Italian passenger ships was sending out an "SOS" for a radio operator. One of the Italian operators had decided that he liked Brooklyn better than Italy, so he just "up and quit" when the vessel arrived in New York. I volunteered my service, and made my first trip to Europe as wireless operator on an Italian ship.

I laugh when I look back, because I was perhaps the highest paid official on that ship. The officers were paid according to the Italian scale of wages but I, working under American standards, received a salary that made them gasp. The trip to Italy was most interesting because it was my first. We took in the Azores and Africa between sailings as side trips.

That trip to Italy on an Italian steamship started the ball of my travelling days rolling. It opened up for me a great opportunity to see this wonderful and picturesque world of ours, and I must say I didn't let that opportunity go by unheeded. Time does not allow me to go into details but I think I have travelled over three hundred thousand miles. I travelled regularly on the passenger service between New York and South America; between New York-England, France and Germany. Then I tried the vast Pacific with its strange peoples and races. I made the regular run on the Pacific Mail steamers—always as wireless operator—between San Francisco, Honolulu, Japan, China and the Philippines. Occasionally I branched off on side trips to the South Sea Islands, Indo-China, Singapore, etc.

EVEN in fiction you will not find more interesting reading than this Story of A Vocation, by the late Father Justin Moore, C.P., which we reprint, by permission, from "The Sign". For anyone, 300,000 miles is a long log of ocean travel. The last 10,000 ended in sudden death for this young radio operator who became a Passionist missionary. He was scarcely six months in the mission of Yuanling, Hunan, when he succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. We have nine young priests leaving for Chuchow this month. Father Justin's description of his parting with his parents serves to emphasize the sacrifice made by all missionaries in leaving home and loved ones.

Incidentally, I spent quite a bit of time in China, and became very much interested in her teeming millions. Perhaps the memory of those gentle, pleading faces has remained with me all these years and is responsible for my fifteenth trip across the Pacific that *may be my last.*

I DIDN'T give life a chance to grow monotonous during those days and months of travel. Each day meant new faces, new sights, oftentimes strange lands—with the ever restless sea with its perils, its fascination and its beauty. Once Heaven itself sent me a message (not a radio message!) that I had some other purpose in life, that God had a special work for me to do somewhere, sometime. I refer to one of the most thrilling chapters in the story of my life. It began in rather commonplace surroundings in Hoboken, New Jersey.

It was a day in November, the kind of day that people draw their coats closer about them and like to be indoors. I didn't like the weather any too well so I began to consider the possibility of a trip to California via the Panama Canal. That was more attractive than a winter in New York. So I dropped into the Main Office of a large radio corporation to see a friend of mine. He knew I was looking for a change of atmosphere, so he began making offers. England? No. South Africa? No. And a few other vacancies were presented for my consideration. (That was way back long before the depression, when a man had a chance to pick up his employment, and even to dictate conditions.)

Finally my friend got a little impatient. He looked at me with that tone of voice: "Say, if you don't take the next one I offer you, you and I won't be friends any more." I didn't want to lose his friendship, so good-naturedly I agreed to accept the next offer.

It was an assignment to a tramp steamer that was undergoing extensive repairs in a dry-dock in Hoboken. I thought to myself, "I don't know why in the world a ship in dry docks needs a wireless operator; but——! Oh well, I'll have to carry out my gentleman's agreement," so I said to my anxious friend: "I'll take it. Good-bye, California, with your b a l m y weather!"

So, sad of heart, I proceeded over to my tramp steamer to look over the radio outfit and nurse my grudge. Imagine this, will you! My salary was $50 a week, because I received subsistence money while the ship was in port. The ship was in port for four weeks. All I had to do was read, collect my salary each week, report on board sometimes and put up with the cold weather.

Then one day a strange thing happened—just before the ship was to sail. The young man who had been the operator on that ship had decided to become a sea captain. But who ever heard of a radio operator becoming a sea captain

overnight? They don't do things that way. He had to begin from rock bottom; and oh, it was hard! From a high-salaried, carefree operator, he became a deck hand on that very ship. During that never-to-be-forgotten four weeks while I was taking in $200 at his job, he was slaving for what was perhaps less than $50 a month.

He was a fine chap and, being human, he couldn't help looking back. I could not resist suggesting to him that he was mentally off balance. Just before the ship sailed he came to me and told me he was a fool; he didn't want to be a sea captain any longer; he was sick of being a deck hand and was contented to be an operator. He was sorry that he had ever quit.

I began to figure things out. I didn't feel any more like sailing on that tramp steamer than the President of the United States would care about driving a taxi. I was interested in passenger steamers like the Leviathan and the George Washington, so I said casually, "Say, pal, how would you like to have your old job back again?" You can guess the rest of the story. He almost died of joy. So I, with the attitude—"Oh! not at all, not at all", quietly packed my bag and graciously withdrew from the scene. I had made two hundred dollars for doing practically nothing for four weeks—so, after all, things could have been worse.

BUT here is where the thrill comes: something that makes my blood run cold when I think of it! That ship sailed from New York a few days later. It loaded a cargo of sulphur in Texas and was returning to New York—but it never got there! I have heard many a tragedy of the sea, but this is one of the most gruesome. That ship with its crew and everything on board disappeared. Not a survivor lived to tell the story, not even an SOS message flashed the tale. Not even a life-boat returned to show what happened. There was many an attempted explanation; of an explosion, of the cargo shifting and the vessel capsizing, etc., but only God knows the truth. And to think that I had been scheduled to sail as operator on the death trip of that vessel, whose entire crew was buried in the depths of the treacherous sea!

God was saving me for the priesthood and China, but I knew it not. One day, as I sat conversing with a Sister who had known me for years, she said, "Do you know, I think God is waiting for you to get tired of wandering and to become a priest?" It was undoubtedly an inspiration, because it was perhaps the last thing in the word that I was thinking about. As a boy I had dreamed of being a priest someday, but my intense interest in radio and travel had relegated it to the land of forgotten dreams. I laughed at her words, but I good-naturedly listened to her arguments. I promised her that I would pray over the matter and seek light and grace from God. I redoubled my prayers when, that same evening, one of my most intimate friends, a priest, received the some inspiration concerning God's designs on my behalf.

ON my next trip to Europe I made the acquaintance of a Passionist and a Paulist Father. This is interesting in the light of subsequent events. I ventured my perplexities to both these good priests. The Paulist Father was the younger of the two and he took a greater interest in my cause, with the result that I became a Paulist. By way of parenthesis: Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts was instrumental in bringing about the accomplishment of my vocation, because it was through his influence that I secured the position on that transatlantic passenger steamer. And one of the first things that he asked me when I met him was whether or not I had been to Mass that morning. A beautiful thought in the life of a United States Senator!

I made my first novitiate with the Paulists in their pictureque mountain home in New Jersey; and when that was completed I took my college course at the Catholic University of Washington. I graduated in the summer of 1929. Under the careful guidance of my superiors and spiritual directors, my dear Paulist friends, we decided that God was inviting me to the life of the Passionists. But I must say that it was a hard step for me to make—a decision that was the result of prayer and advice over the space of years. The Paulists could not have done more for me. A finer class of priests is not to be found in the Church. They never questioned my right to respond to God's call to a stricter religious life, and any success I have had with the Passionists they have always rejoiced over.

It was necessary for me to make a second novitiate with the Passionists. After I made my religious profession I continued my theological studies in our various monasteries. I was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on the Feast of Our Holy Founder, St. Paul of the Cross, April 28th, 1934, by Rt. Rev. Thomas C. O'Reilly, D.D., Bishop of Scranton.

During the past few years it has been the fun of the class to mention the possibilities and impossibilities for China; that is to say, who might be chosen for China and who might not. Of course no one knew



In the centre of this group is the author of this remarkable story, Father Justin Moore, C.P., who died in China on May 10th, 1936. With him are his two priest companions with whom he sailed to China, Fr. Marcellus White, C.P., and Fr. Reginald Arliss, C.P., and Rev. Harvey Steele and Mr. Michael Dwyer of China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. The picture was taken last Summer when the five missionaries attended the Medical Mission Course at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City.

the future, but somehow or other my name began to be associated with the foreign missions, though I always took the attitude—"Hands off", that is the work of God's Providence.

So in June when Father Provincial told me to begin my Medical Course in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, there were numbers of "I told you so", but I retorted by, "Oh, well, perhaps I'll miss the boat!" For three months Father Marcellus, Father Reginald and myself worked hard at preparing for our life in China. About a week before I was to depart for the West, I received word from home that my mother was seriously ill, and while I was at home my superiors sent word to Boston that I was not to sail for China on November 2nd with Father Marcellus and Father Reginald.

IN the religious life one learns to adapt oneself, for after all, sanctity is but a continual adaptation to duty; so while the news spread around that I wasn't going to China, I quietly settled down in our Boston Monastery working on my sermons in preparation for the home missions. Yes, I had missed my boat this time, and as the weeks and days sped by, one by one, I wondered what would become of all the preparations I had made. Father Marcellus and Father Reginald left for New York two days later to get their steamer in Vancouver.

The days wore on, and happily my mother's condition was greatly improved. In fact, it had been exaggerated in the beginning. The doctor told me that she was coming along fine and that she had many years of life as yet. That was good news indeed and during the days I spent with mother I kept her laughing so much that she grew younger.

Sunday morning, October 27th, the Feast of Christ the King, was a glorious fall day in Boston. I had despatched a hurried letter to Father Marcellus and one to Father Reginald, hoping that they would reach them in Vancouver before their departure. I bade them farewell and Bon Voyage and congratulated them on the glorious work for which God has chosen them, a work so dear to His Sacred Heart. I told them I was sorry to have missed the boat; and if they got sea-sick I advised them to take advantage of the fine medical experience they had imbibed during the hot summer months in one of New York's great hospitals.

Later that morning I had a talk with one of the priests in the Monastery, a dear friend of mine, and one with considerable experience. I told him that my mother had recovered and that the doctor had only consoling news. And then he started the ball rolling. "Well, why don't you lay the matter before Father Provincial? Why don't you tell him how things stand now, because, after all the preparations you have made, etc., he may intend to send you in a few months, and why not know?" I thanked him for his advice and told him I would think the matter over. That was ten o'clock Sunday morning, October 27th. My mind and imagination began to speed up, to calculate and reckon. Boston, New York, Chicago, Vancouver—the *Empress of Canada*, Saturday, November 2nd. *My boat!* My old experience with timetables, trains and ships came into full play and I began to consider. There was still time to make my boat, to go to China with my classmates as had been the original plan.

I went to the chapel to pray, to ask Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother for light and guidance. It was the Feast of the King of Kings, Whose empire has no boundaries and Who has commanded His followers to "Go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature. For other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also must I bring that there may be but one fold and one Shepherd."

There was a terrible struggle going on within my heart. We were divided. One time I would think, "Why go to China? That is an awful hard life, one of constant hardships and temptations; perils from bandits, disease, etc. I know from experience the loneliness and desolation of the bleak Mongolian winters without the luxury of steam heat or any of our modern conveniences. I can work at home; I have so many kind friends who would appreciate me and my efforts for them ever so much more than the Chinese. Then there is that terrible language. It's bad enough writing sermons in the good old U.S.A. and committing them to memory, without racking my poor brain with Chinese."

BUT I was conscious of another spirit within me. "Someone must go to China! You are young and strong. You have learned to love the Chinese people, to pity them. They have never had a chance to know and love our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, the King of love. Why, in our territory alone there are five million pagan souls with about thirty-two Passionist priests to represent the Church of God, to win those poor people to Christ. Yet, in this country we have thousands of priests, and how simple and easy it is for non-Catholics as well as Catholics to get in touch with a priest if they care to do so. We must sacrifice some vocations for the foreign missions if we wish God to bless us with good priests."

So the struggle went on for hours—the realization that I was at the crossroads of life. A decision had to be made between home, friends, comforts and a life of exile and constant sacrifice in China. It was too much for me to decide, but almost unconsciously I began to pack my bags and make preparations; there wasn't a moment to be lost. I consulted Father Rector and he agreed that it would be a happy thing to get in touch with Father Provincial. To telegraph or telephone was impractical in the case, so we decided that a trip to New York would be best; and as that was the first lap of a journey to Vancouver, I dispensed with my trunk and confined my belongings to two bags. A kind friend of mine drove me to Fall River, because I would not think of going without the consent of mother and father.

The evening wore on, as I sat and talked with mother and dad. Mother was sleepy and went to bed. I went in to kiss her good-night. She sensed that there was something on my mind, and asked me about it. I told her of the struggle that had been going on within, how I had come prepared to leave for New York on the Fall River Line early that evening; but how I didn't have the courage to leave her and dad.

It was then that I was to experience the faith and self-sacrifice of a good Irish mother. With her parental authority she told me that I must do what my superiors wanted. If God wanted me in China, I must go. I must not think of her. She was happy with her beads and prayer books, and an occasional visit from her Sweet Master when He came to her in Holy Communion on the First Friday of the month. She told me to go to New York and lay the matter before my superiors and abide by their decision. I told her

(Concluded on page 126)

Our Vancouver Mission

A WORD about the Chinese schools here. The majority of them are under the direction of one or other of the various Christion organizations established in the Chinese centre. Some of them are private enterprises controlled by an individual who can boast of teaching experience in the Orient. There is also a Chinese public school; but how it can lay claim to the title "public" I am at a loss to say. They charge a regular monthly fee, as do all the others. We were very pleased to be able to join the ranks ourselves this year, and Monday, August 3rd, marked another step in our efforts to serve the Chinese community of Vancouver.

Our school, like the other Chinese schools, opened with the accustomed formula of speeches and a tea party. The ceremony began with prayers in Chinese, followed by an address of welcome by our Superior, Rev. Father Sharkey, who concluded his interesting talk by announcing the school officially opened and, as is customary, introducing each child in turn to the teacher. The teacher, Mr. T. Kong, a convert to the Faith and a man of considerable teaching experience in China, spoke at length to the children in their native tongue. What he said is beyond me to tell you; however, judging from the strict attention paid by his listeners, it must have been interesting. Nor do I doubt but that there was a certain amount of humor in his words; at least the faces of the children left that impression. It was now up to me to say a few words; but what was there left to say! I suppose it would not make very much difference what I said; the main thing was to give a speech, for at any kind of a gathering the speech-making is the principal attraction—for the speakers. Generally very little attention is paid to what is being said—everyone seems to have topics of their own that are much more interesting. However, the ancient traditions must be upheld, so I started in, and I really did arouse some interest when I announced that the tea party would follow immediately. It did; and it was enjoyed to the last crumb.

—Rev. Roland Roberts.



VANCOUVER CHINESE COMMUNITY CELEBRATES CITY JUBILEE

ONE of the privileges of citizenship in Vancouver is the opportunity it affords of contact with representatives of a people so different as the Chinese. In this Golden Jubilee year of Vancouver this contact has been emphasized by the prominent role played by the Chinese colony in contributing to the success of the celebrations. Thousands of dollars have been spent to provide for Vancouverites and tourists a glimpse into the culture and civilization of the middle kingdom. What has proven to be probably the most attractive feature of the city's celebrations is the Carnival Village erected by the Chinese Community, and containing a wondrous abundance of artistic, historical and cultural exhibits imported directly from China. The cost of the treasures on exhibition is said to approximate two million dollars.

The top picture is a night view of the Chinese Carnival Village. In the foreground is the Entrance Arch, a masterpiece of Chinese architecture and decorated with thousands of delicately hand-carved images. This arch was erected without the use of even a single nail. Topped by a Chinese Pagoda is the octagonal building which houses rare objects of art secured from great private collections and Government museums in China. Old porcelain vases, pottery, earthenware, exquisitely carved jade, ivory and ebony, gorgeously embroidered ceremonial robes, rare paintings and statuary, etc., form part of this exhibit. Other attractions at the Carnival Village include a replica of a Mandarin's palace, fully furnished and containing intricately carved doors, screens and panels, with a wealth of paintings, tapestries and rugs. A peasant's home is also displayed, containing ingenious Chinese farm implements, and samples of Chinese agricultural life. Images, idols, ancient relics without number are contained in the Buddhist Temple, where one may see a real Buddhist priest in his robes. In the courtyard of the Temple is a profusion of Chinese flowers and shrubs, many of the latter carefully cultured and shaped in human form.

The lighted semi-circle in the background indicates the open-air stage, whereon marvelous performances of acrobatics and magic are given by a troupe of Chinese actors and actresses direct from China. These talented performers are shown in the lower picture taking part in one of the many processions which marked the period of the Jubilee. Two of these performers are Catholics and frequently attended Mass at our Chinese Mission, and, with their friends, spent many a pleasant hour as guests at the Catholic Mission. One of the actresses is a direct descendant of Martyrs for the Faith during the Boxer Rebellion.

A people who play such a large part in the life of one of our great Canadian cities ought not to be neglected in matters of religion, and the purpose of our Catholic Mission in Vancouver is to win many of them to the Faith. For that project to be successful the help of Catholics throughout the country is solicited. The address of our Catholic Mission in Vancouver is 572 East Georgia Street.

FROM SHIP TO SANCTUARY

(Continued from page 124)

that if I went to New York it meant China, but if I remained home that night I would not have to go to China. And then dad seconded her motion. They had everything in the world they needed. They were happy. If God could use me in the great cause of the salvation of the pagans, it was my duty to go. I was no longer *Father;* I was only a *boy* in the presence of his *father* and *mother*.

It was a trying situation. In bewilderment I put my hat and coat on and went out into the night. The hour was getting late; there was only one more bus out of Fall River to Providence that night which carried with it the possibility of the midnight train to New York. When I returned mother had gotten out of bed and was seated in her wheel chair with the sweetest smile on her face. I told her that there was still time. She told me to go. I kissed her, gave her my blessing, and told her I would see her in Heaven. She smiled and said good-bye. I embraced my father and said good-bye.

The next morning, October 29th, I offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in St. Michael's Monastery, Union City—begging God, His Holy Mother and the saints to help and guide me. It was the feast of Sts. Simon and Jude, so I besought St. Jude especially to prove himself the Apostle of extreme cases. I went in to see Father Provincial, told him that mother was better, that the doctor said she would live for years yet, and that I was ready to sail as had been originally planned on November 2nd from Vancouver if he cared to send me.

OCTOBER 18th IS MISSION SUNDAY

A Few Mission Thoughts From His Holiness the Pope

EVER since Archille Ratti ascended the Fisherman's Throne as the 261st successor of St. Peter and became Pius XI, the entire world, both Christian and pagan, has had ample evidence of his deep solicitude for the missions of the Catholic Church. Rightly has he been called "The Pope of the Missions".

NOT only with nations already Christian is the Holy Father concerned. But, far better than anyone else in our day he realizes that 1,900 years after Jesus Christ died to save all men, nearly two-thirds of mankind have not even heard His Name. And this despite His solemn command! "Go ye into the *whole* world . . ." The Sovereign Pontiff does not forget that the great work of the Catholic Church is *still ahead,*—a fact overlooked by most Catholics. But no doubt does His Holiness leave. His words are: "The spread of the Gospel is the *primary object* of the Church".

PERHAPS the mission-spirit of Pope Pius XI can best be caught from the following statements that have been culled from his many references to the missions . . .

"PONDERING on the fact that pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in Our spirit and We seem to hear sounding in Our ears, 'Cry; cease not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet'."

"THAT even one single soul may be lost through Our tardiness, through Our lack of generosity; that even one single missionary may have to hold back in his work because he does not receive all the assistance that We could make possible for him, is another responsibility to which We perhaps have not given too much thought during the course of Our life."

"FROM the very beginning of Our Pontificate We have applied the most interested care to the development of the Holy Missions."

"WHAT a heartrending scene to see fields white for the harvest, so many possibilities to do good, such marvelous facilities in certain cases, and to be obliged to hold back, to see death assert itself and error stand in the place of truth!"

"WHEN one considers that with all this magnificent development of missionary activity, there yet remains such a large portion of the world in the densest darkness, truly one must say with the ancient Romans: 'Nothing is done, if yet there remains somewhat to do'!"

"HOW desolating the eloquence of statistics which show that after so many centuries already elapsed in the era of Redemption, so many souls have yet to come to the knowledge of the Light of the Gospel!"

"WE wish that all the Catholic Missions be assisted by a contribution of the Catholic universe."

"BE not ashamed, therefore, to make yourselves beggars for Christ and for the salvation of souls."

"HOW anxious We are to come to the assistance of the missionaries, and how deeply grateful We are for all that you do for them!"

"IT is Our wish that in every parish there be formed a nucleus of missionary zeal and action . . . How much good, what great glory for God, what salvation for souls would be procured, should this Our wish be realized."

"OUR missionary action behind the lines, so to speak, is efficacious not only for the missions, but also for the salvation of Our own souls."

"CHARITY for the Missions surpasses every other work of charity, even as the soul surpasses the body, or the heavens surpass the earth, or eternity surpasses time."

"HAVING close to Our heart, as We are in duty bound, the Propagation of the Faith in the world. We are accustomed to turn Our special care and thought to all that regards the organization and increase of Catholic missions."

"THERE are vast masses of peoples, as vast as the Dark Continent, as vast as the immense regions of India and of China, who still await the word of salvation."

—"Catholic Missions."

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

Football Enthusiast (to uninterested friend)—"Don't go yet. Let's wait till the finish—it's great fun. They usually throw the referee to the crowd."

"Bobbie," said the woman in the car severely, "why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

"Not in the tram," said Bobbie. "It does at home."

"Yes," said the election candidate, "I'm going among the farmers today, to a cattle show, or a jackass show, or something of that sort; not that I care for cows or jackasses, but I want to show the people that I'm one of them."

"What did you think of the horse show?"

"I didn't see a single frock I liked."

Mrs. Potter—"I notice your husband always has his hair cut short."

Mrs. Cottor—"Yes, the coward!"

Rastus—"Here am a telegram from de boss in Africa. He says he is sending us some lions' tails."

Circus Owner's Wife—"Lions' tails, Rastus? What are you talking about?"

Rastus—"Well, read it yourself. It says plain: 'Just captured two lions. Sending details by mail'."

Mike sent his city friend, Jerry a crate of chickens.

Mike—"Did you get the chickens?"

Jerry—"Some of them. After I got them from the station they got out of the crates, and I was two hours scouring the neighborhood, and then I only caught ten."

Mike—"Sh—sh, Jerry, not so loud. I only sent you six."

Cooking Teacher (reviewing class in sandwich making)—"Take two pieces of bread, a layer of cheese, two slices of ham, a spoonful of mayonnaise, a piece of lettuce, and what have you got?"

Bright Pupil—"A tea shoppe."

Wife (heatedly)—"You're lazy, you're worthless, you're bad-tempered, you're shiftless, you're a thorough liar."

Husband (reasonably)—"Well, my dear, no man is perfect."

A rash broke out on Tommy's face and it gradually became worse. His mother, feeling anxious, sent him to the doctor with the following note:

"Dear Doctor—Please look at Tommy's face. He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

A schoolmistress, after impressing upon her pupils that "Upper Burma is about as big as Siam," found that half had written in their notebooks: "Upper Burma is about as big as she is."

Dolly—"How is your son getting on, Mrs. Briggs—the one who was such a clever ventriloquist?"

Mrs. Briggs—"E's doin' very nicely, Miss; 'e's in a bird shop selling parrots."

The wife of a well-known Norwegian author had been telling a story against herself.

Her husband had translated one of Shakespeare's plays into Norwegian, and it was to be produced at the National Theatre in Oslo. Wishing to see the first rehearsal, to which her husband had already gone, she presented herself alone at the door of the theatre, only to be refused admittance by the door-keeper, who did not know her.

"But I am the author's wife," she protested in indignation.

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mrs. Shakespeare," said the man politely, "but even you cannot go in."

The baby pulled brother's hair until he yelled from the pain of it. The mother soothed the weeping boy:

"Of course she doesn't know how badly it hurts." Then she left the room.

She hurried back presently on hearing frantic squalling from baby.

"What in the world is the matter with her?" she questioned anxiously.

"Nothin' 'tall," brother replied, contentedly. "Only now she knows."

Neighbor—"Say, have you folks got a bottle opener around here?"

Parent—"Yeah, but he's away at college."

An architect remarked to a woman that he had been to see the great nave in the new church.

"Don't mention names," the woman replied. "I know the man you refer to."

"The man who tells us of our faults is our best friend," quoth the philosopher.

"Yes, but he won't be long," added the mere man.

Foreman—"Hi, what are you doin', Jim?"

Bricky—"Sharpenin' a bit of pencil."

Foreman—"You'll 'av the union after you, me lad. That's a carpenter's job, that is."

"Why are you moping there, Dick?"

"I've no one to play with."

"Well, go and fetch Freddie next door."

"Oh, I played with him yesterday, and I don't suppose he's well enough to come out yet."

Mabel—"How are you getting on at college, Percy?"

Percy—"Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know."

Mabel—"Well, heaven knows you need one."

"I've not seen old Mrs. Wiggins lately. How is she?"

"Dead, sir."

"What, joined the great majority?"

"Oh, no, sir! She was a good enough woman, as far as I know."

He was discussing his son and heir, whom he had recently taken into the business:

"Well, yes, he's shaping pretty well, but he has a long way to go yet before he'll have a head big enough to fill my shoes."

Gus—"The horn on your car must be broken."

Mr.—"No, it's just indifferent."

Gus—"Indifferent! What do you mean?"

Mr.—"It just doesn't give a hoot."

Jones—"Your office sent me a cook last week."

Employment Office Manager—"Yes, that's right."

Jones—"Well, it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will dine with me tonight.

She—"I think that is an ideal match."

He—"Yes, the least friction will cause a flare-up."

Please Do Not Read This

and then forget what you've read.

If you forget, then both of us are the losers. You will lose the opportunity of doing a good deed, and a meritorious one. We will lose all that it means to have a sympathetic, helpful friend. You see, dear Reader, China Mission Seminary last month began another year of effort to educate young men for the Holy Priesthood. We now have fifty students to care for, and it is going to cost many thousands of dollars to run our Seminary which provides a home and a training for these future missionaries to China. We have nobody to whom we can turn for a helping hand—except YOU. Now, if you refuse us, our work will suffer, so won't you please keep in mind our request and send us a contribution? Be it ever so small it will aid in the grand work of supporting and educating boys for the missionary priesthood. We ask only a little from each of our readers. Are you going to refuse us? It is for God's work we beg. God will give you your reward. Perhaps you were going to send us something last month, but forgot to do so. It's never too late to do good, you know. Do it now—please.

+

Kindly send your donations to

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs. Ont. November 1936



OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

ATTENTION!

THIS is the last issue of "China", but one, for the year 1936. Our mailing list unfortunately includes many names of subscribers who are not paid quite up to date. The only means we use to advise delinquent subscribers is the expiry date on their address label. Look at the date on your "China" now. If it does not read 1937, or later, we ask you to renew your subscription after you receive this issue. It costs only 50c for one year. When sending cheques or money orders please make them payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
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WE hope you like Invitations. We have taken up a whole display page in this issue extending an invitation to you. Now we are going to use another page to encourage you not to refuse what we ask. The very simplicity of the thing is what we fear. Hence the necessity of a little argument.

Fundamental Facts

To get off to a good start it is necessary for us first to recall, and for our readers clearly to understand, certain facts about the Missions. The Pope speaks! and says that the Head of the Church "would be false to his principal duty did he not strive by all the means in his power to win for Christ those who are outside the fold." And the reason the Pope gives is: "For the Church has no other reason for existence than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption." Strong words, these. An affirmation by His Holiness Pope Pius XI that his first duty is to preach the Gospel and bring the means of salvation to pagans.

What follows? The Pope cannot fulfil his task in person. He depends on others to act under his guidance. He looks to missionaries to take his place among the heathen, and he charges the faithful to support these missionaries. It explains the existence of missionary bodies such as St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute in Canada. On these missionary societies lies a grave obligation to send out a sufficient number of missionaries to look after the pagans who have been entrusted to their care by the Pope. Furthermore, they have the strict obligation of seeking from the Catholic faithful means sufficient to support these missionaries and to enable them to carry out their work properly. Hence, it is not a whim of ours to be making appeals. We need what we ask for, and we have the obligation of asking so long as the need exists.

The Varied Means

We have been "beggars for Christ's sake" ever since our Seminary was founded. We have asked you, our friends, for money to build our Seminary; for financial assistance in educating our students for the Priesthood; for the wherewithal to buy transportation for our missionaries going to China; for money to support our priests on the Missions and to help them build chapels and pay the salaries of catechists, their chief auxiliaries. Building Funds, Burse Funds, Mission Band Expenses, Mission Needs —all have been mentioned as the need arose, and, thank God, the mention has never gone entirely without response.

An Opportunity For All

Sometimes we have felt the desire of presenting our case in such a way that everybody could respond to our appeal without the least financial inconvenience to themselves. Casually have we mentioned Mite-boxes as "the way out." This time we are not content with a casual suggestion. We are featuring their possibilities. Just read on. You'll see why you ought to join our new Mission League. It's all so easy you will feel ashamed to refuse where your active goodwill can mean so much.

OUR COVER

A picture taken early this year in the Church of the Sacred Heart at our headquarters in Lishui provides our November cover. The occasion was the celebration of a Pontifical High Mass by the Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, Monsignor McGrath. The missionaries on ceremonies are Fathers Amyot, Gignac, Serra, Curtin, and McGettigan.

Too Small to Bother With?

We are inviting your family to give to Canada's Foreign Mission Seminary one cent a day. "Why", you say, "everybody can afford that much. It's such a small thing I wouldn't even be bothered thinking about it." Listen, dear friend. If you, and every you who reads this, gave us one cent every day for one year then we could get along nicely without asking for any financial help whatever for the following five years. So that you may remember this startling fact do a little figuring for yourself on the basis of every reader of CHINA becoming a member of our Mission League described on page 144. Here are the figures to work on: we mail 24,000 copies of CHINA each month, and presume 4 persons on an average read each copy. 96,000 readers giving one cent every day for a year. Simple? It's so simple that it won't work — UNLESS — (and here's the "catch") —UNLESS YOU determine right now that you are going to be ONE of those who see the wonderful possibilities of a Mission Mite-box in your Catholic home.

Optimism

"But, Father," (speaks a reader) "you ask for only five thousand people to join your Mission League." Yes, dear reader, I'm a missionary. Therefore, I'm an optimist. And I'm hoping that even 5,000 people will see the truth of what I've written. If you are one of them, and 4,999 others join with you and give our Seminary one cent a day through the use of a Mission Mite-box, then we will receive enough in one year to pay half our annual current expenses. And that's worth trying. Don't you think so? Well, it's up to you now. I've done my bit. And—thank you in advance. I'm sure you'll enjoy being a Mission Leaguer!

JOTTINGS

By REV. GERALD DOYLE

WHEN a person in Canada hears of a missionary going to China one of the thoughts that may come to mind is: "Oh! He will have to eat rice and use chopsticks."

The statement is partially true but certainly rice is not the only food he will have. While away from headquarters, rice of necessity takes an important place on the limited menu and then chopsticks also come into play, and even here at Lishui the priests at table usually have chopsticks available and use them for certain foods.

In English the word chopstick is probably a combination of "chow" and "stick." One meaning of "chow" being food. The sticks, which are about ten inches long, are used in one hand to convey food to the mouth. With some foods the bowl is held close to the face and the chopsticks seemingly shove the food into the mouth, but usually they are manipulated by the thumb and fingers to pick up small pieces of food, previously cut up, from dishes on the table and convey them to the mouth.

The chopsticks in common use are made of bamboo, but there are also chopsticks made of ivory and bone, while sticks made of blackwood with the ends covered with a coating of silver are not uncommon in Chinese middle-class families. It is said that if any poison has been put into the food the silver ends would turn black owing to a chemical reaction.

Of course, fancy chopsticks made of a sort of jade, and also ivory chopsticks decorated with gold are obtainable as well as other decorative chopsticks, but for everyday use even the wealthy generally employ plain chopsticks as they are more convenient.

It is amusing to watch a newcomer to China use chopsticks for the first time. The sticks just refuse to work together and usually an anticlimax is provided when a persistent beginner finally succeeds in lifting a piece of food several inches above his plate. He then pauses to enjoy a moment of satisfaction, and at the pause the chopsticks slip in his unsteady fingers, slide past each other and the piece of food is liable to land any place except in the owner's mouth.

Father Amyot claims that the real test of a chopstick user is lifting an egg from the table. The egg must be held at the point of balance and the pressure must be just right; if there is not enough pressure the egg will remain on the table, while if too strong a hold is taken the sticks will slip on the rounded surface.

Yes, Father Amyot can lift an egg with chopsticks.



An expert with the chopsticks shows how it's done.

WELL—

You've always wanted to do something for our Missions.

NOW—

Here's your chance.

JOIN OUR NEW MISSION LEAGUE

It's very easy. Read page 144. Please don't wait till "later on". We would like to have you a Mission Leaguer right now. You won't forget, will you?

SPEAKING of Father Amyot reminds me that he has now been up in his mission of Huang T'An for a couple of months and to date the bandits have not visited him, although a small band is reported as being only several miles away. He is slowly finishing his combined chapel and residence and his complaint now is that he is held up by a shortage of bricks. The local brick maker fashions bricks only when they are required and he then demands a partial payment in advance. With a small kiln it is slow work and the brick makers received a set back recently when a heavy rain storm destroyed a "batch" of bricks which were just prepared for baking.

☼

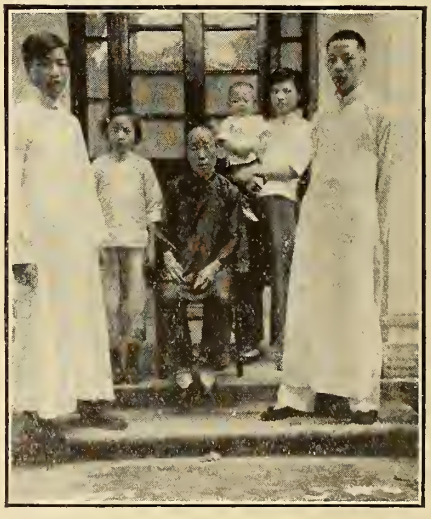
THE MISSION SCHOOL is open once more and boys and girls from various parts of the Prefecture are now studying under Chinese teachers. Although catechism is the most important subject on the curriculum the three "R's" are not forgotten. After a course in Christian Doctrine a few children are sent to the government schools in the city so that they can qualify as teachers or, after special training, as future catechists. In the government schools long hours are kept, the children frequently arriving before six o'clock in the morning and remaining at the school, except for a short time at noon, until late in the evening.

☼

DURING THE COMING week the missionaries will arrive at the Lishui headquarters to make the annual retreat which will end a few days before the last of September. When the retreat is finished the missionaries will quickly return to their missions to take advantage of the fine autumn weather for a visitation of all mission chapels. We hope and pray that bandit activity will not hinder the work. Recently, we have had almost no word of bandits; the heat evidently curtailed their activities.

☼

FATHER VENADAM just dropped into my room for a visit, having returned from his new mission chapel at Yuo Wu, about a mile and a half from the mission here in Lishui. He was very pleased with the progress being made and greatly encouraged with the large number of catechumens present for instruction, 86 now being enrolled. It will be remembered that only four months ago there was no chapel in that little village.



Three generations are shown in this picture. With the grandmother are her two sons and a daughter, as well as the daughter-in-law and the little grandson. The young man on the left is a seminarian now studying at Ningpo. The picture was taken in front of the mission residence at Lishui.

FROM THE ARCHDIOCESES OF OTTAWA and MONTREAL



REV. GORDON STRINGER,
Ottawa, Ont.



REV. KENNETH TURNER,
Montreal, Que.

Fathers Stringer and Turner were both ordained on September 6th, 1936, the former by Archbishop Forbes, in Ottawa, the latter by Bishop Deschamps, in Montreal.

LIFE IN CHINA

Child Welfare

China now has an official "Children's Day" yearly. As a nation, China is now waking up to the importance of guarding and guiding the welfare of her children. This is particularly so in the parts where rural reconstruction is being actively pursued.

In the more advanced cities serious attention is being given to the welfare of the children. This is but a beginning of better things for the little ones, for parents, teachers and the educational authorities have at last realized the importance of this movement.

Railroad Progress

Travel is picking up in China, as witness the fact that the Canton-Hankow Railway Admnistration has recently ordered from England 24 locomotives and 430 passenger and freight cars to be used on their line. It is expected that some of this new equipment will arrive before the first of the year.

Mail and Telegrams

Astonishing progress has been made in the evolution of China's postal and telegraph service, quite in line with the many kinds of reconstruction taking place in this country.

The statistics of the Ministry of Communications point out that there are now 101,283 kilometers of telegraph lines and 500,000 kilometers of postal routes.

There are 22 postal districts, each in charge of a postal commissioner, and China now possesses 30 first-class offices, 819 second-class and 1,030 third-class offices, 295 sub-offices, and 10,113 agencies. These take care of the mail, money orders, parcel post, registered mail, etc., where once courier service was the only means of communication.

Telegraphic and wireless services have made equal progress. 1,394 agencies, consisting of 972 telegraph offices, 677 business offices and 145 branches, give efficient service throughout the country.

Radio service has reached the farthest borders, where the Ministry of Communications maintains 20 radiogram offices, in such remote provinces as Inner Mongolia, Kansu, Chinghai, Sikang and Tibet so that even these are in touch with the important commercial and governmental centres through the most modern of means—wireless.

Educational Movies

China is alert to use every means —even the latest—to help educate her people in the new ideals of citizenship of a modern nation.

Knowledge is more easily gained through talks and pictures, particularly so when so many are either illiterate or of little education, and consequently Nanking has decided to use the "Talkies" (with their vast possibilities of sound and light effects) in preference to books and pictures.

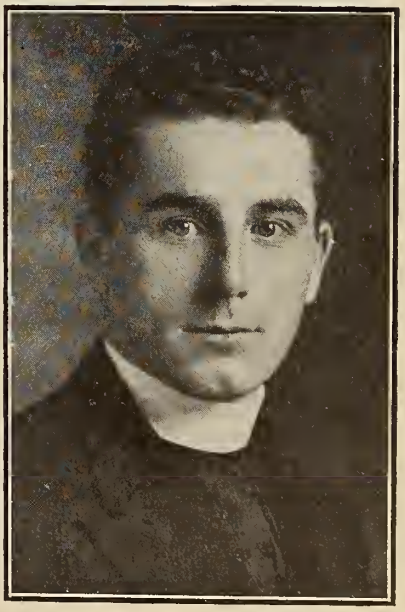
Educational pictures will be produced which will foster the national spirit, while others will instruct the

(Continued on page 139)

FROM THE DIOCESE OF HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND



REV. EDWARD MORIARTY,
Harbour Grace, Nfld.



REV. LEO BURKE,
Brigus, Nfld.

His Excellency Bishop March ordained Fathers Moriarty and Burke in Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, on August 24th, 1936

INSPIRING DEPARTURE CEREMONY AS NINE PRIESTS LEAVE for CHINA

THOSE Catholics in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto —and there were as many of them as the Cathedral could possibly hold—who were present on Mission Sunday at the departure ceremony for nine young priests of the Canadian China Mission Seminary leaving in October for China, will never forget the experience. It was a spiritual drama charged with emotions that are not of earth. The participants, and every Catholic present must have been a participant not a spectator, were moved to the depths of their souls, but with calmness and gladness, not with merely human emotionalism or sentimentality.

Into the packed cathedral came the procession of clergy, preceding His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, giving his blessing to the kneeling people. The nine outgoing missionaries were in the procession marked by their plain black cassocks, for they wore no surplice, and noticeable also by their appearance of youth. They took their places before the altar in the sanctuary. The Schola Cantorum of St. Augustine's Seminary was at the side of the sanctuary and began the singing with "Veni Creator Spiritus." It was the plain chant of the Church, prayer music, with its own beauty so different from that of the music of this world that it makes the rendering of secular music in church seem a profanation. Immediately after the chant of the schola the whole congregation sang the English version of the same hymn to the Holy Ghost: "Come Holy Ghost, Creator Blest."

Sermon

The sermon followed. Father Gregory Kelly, Rector of the Cathedral, preached on the text of our Divine Lord's Command to His Apostles: "Go ye and teach all nations." The preacher commented on the apparently impossible task laid on those twelve rude, unlettered men of Galilee. The vast pagan world stretched unending before them, all peoples given up to the indulgence of passion, of ambition and greed, and these lowly Galileans had to bring that proud world under the yoke of Christ. God had deliberately chosen humanly impossible means to perform His task, because He wanted it to be known as a divine and not a human work. God chose the weak things of this world to confound the wise. He gave to these Apostles courage, which they had not at first, He gave them assurance of true doctrine, and He gave them also the gifts of miracles. After two thousand years we could see how the command to go forth and teach all nations had been fulfilled. The command was still being given and that night they were privilged to witness a going forth of apostles, an exemplification of that greatest love whereby men laid down their lives for their friends. The Canadian China Mission Seminary was sending forth its seventh band of missionaries. They went with divine credentials to carry the light of faith to those that sat in the darkness and the shadow of death. Was it not too great a sacrifice to ask of young men? Was it worth the risk? Yes, it was worth it. Dangers meant nothing to the true Catholic missionary who is endowed with a love or Jesus Christ and for souls and who has heard that divine call: "Go forth." All could learn a wholesome lesson from that scene; they could learn that all had a duty to the missions; all the faithful could share in the work of teaching all nations by their alms and prayers. In concluding, the preacher addressed himself to the nine young missionaries bidding them farewell, perhaps not to meet again except in heaven.

Invested With the Cross

At the end of the sermon the Gallery Choir sang the motet "Lauda Jerusalem." Then the Archbishop stood in front of the altar and each young missionary came and knelt before him, receiving a crucifix which the Archbishop placed round the missionary's neck by a cord. The Archbishop venerated each crucifix before placing it on the missionary, and the missionary himself performed the same act of devotion.

The Oath

With their crucifixes on their breasts the nine missionaries then knelt in a row before the Archbishop at the altar and recited their Oath of Allegiance:

"I, ————, of Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, in the presence of Almighty God, of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of His Excellency, Right Reverend James Charles McGuigan, on bended knees make oath and promise that I will devote my whole life to



TEN NEW STUDENTS AT CHINA MISSION SEMINARY

Above are the ten young men who began their philosophical and theological studies in September at our Seminary. Four are from Ontario, three from Newfoundland, two from Nova Scotia, and one from Prince Edward Island. Our total enrolment is 50 students, embracing subjects from 14 different Dioceses in Canada and Newfoundland.

FROM THE DIOCESE OF PEMBROKE, ONTARIO



REV. JAMES McCANN,
Quyon, Que.



REV. JOHN KELLY,
Eganville, Ont.

Both these priests were ordained at Pembroke on August 15th, 1936, by His Excellency Bishop Ryan

the mission work now entrusted, or that will be entrusted in future, to this Institute, and I will be obedient to its Superior General according to the constitutions of the Institute. So help me God, and this His Holy Gospel."

"I will devote my whole life . . ."

The congregation could catch these tremendous words from the young lips, and as Catholics they could feel the full force of their meaning. To give some of their possessions, to give some part of life, is common enough among ordinary good people, but to give all, irrevocably, holding back nothing, is superhuman.

Ite, Fratres

To the young men who had made their Oath and who now lay prostrate in the sanctuary, the Archbishop answered with a prayer in Latin: "Go, my beloved brethren, to the sheep that perish, that have been bought with a great price. Let the powers of darkness retreat. Let the angels of the Lord accompany thee on thy way. May the One God, invisible and immortal, have honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The noble Itinerarium from the Breviary was chanted by the Schola Cantorum which sang also the Departure Hymn:

"Go forth, ye heralds of God's tender mercy,
The day has come, at last the day of joy.
Your burning zeal is by no fetters shackled,
Go forth, O brothers, happy you! Go forth.

Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest brothers;
Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God.
We meet again one day in heaven's land of blessings.
Farewell, brothers, farewell."

At the end of the Departure Hymn the nine missionaries faced the congregation to which, with their newly received crucifixes, they gave their priestly blessing. The Blessed Sacrament was solemnly enthroned in the monstrance and the whole congregation burst forth into the "O Salutaris Hostia." The glorious service concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by His Grace the Archbishop.

—Toronto "Catholic Register."

* * *

The ceremonies were faultlessly executed by the Seminarians of China Mission, under the guidance of Mr. Michael Carey and Mr. John McGoey. Assisting the Archbishop as Deacon and Subdeacon, respectively, were Rev. A. Chafe of the Seminary staff, and Rev. Wm. McNabb, missionary returned from Chuchow on health furlough. The music was in charge of Rev. Dr. Ronan, directing both the Schola Cantorum of St. Augustine's Seminary and the Gallery Choir of St. Michael's Cathedral.

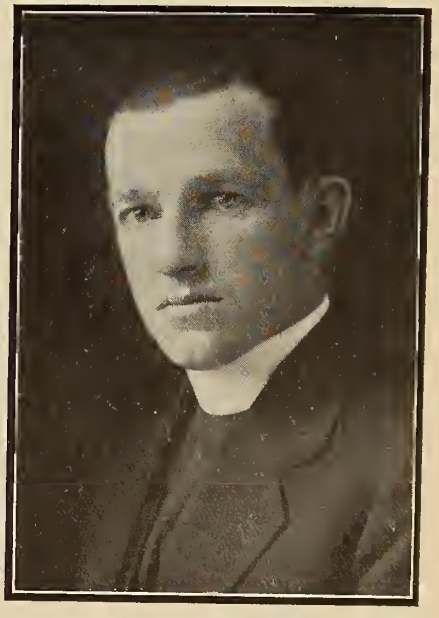
During the week the nine new missionaries left Toronto for Winnipeg, where, on Sunday night, Oct. 25, another departure ceremony was held at the request of His Excellency, Archbishop Alfred Sinnott.

The C.P.R. "Empress of Russia," sailing from Vancouver, Saturday, Oct. 31, takes the Mission Band to Shanghai, from which point they will proceed to Lishui.

FROM THE DIOCESES OF HAMILTON and ALEXANDRIA



REV. GERARD McKERNAN,
Brantford, Ont.



REV. ALLAN McRAE,
St. Raphael's, Ont.

Father McRae was ordained by His Excellency Bishop Coutourier, O.P., at Alexandria, on June 28th, 1936; Father McKernan was ordained in Toronto on September 19th by His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan

BODY a

By REV. C

A Schoolboy Talks With the Priest

"Spiritual Father, I have finished my school-course; I come to ask if you have a position for me. My unworthy name is Chan. Chan K'uei Shing. Thirteen, this year. Two years ago I was baptized. I was at school in Lishui then. The Spiritual Father there paid for me. What can I do? I know the duties of Sacristan. Yes, I serve Mass. And Benediction. Once I lead the prayers for the Way of the Cross. I could also serve the priest. No, I don't know what a fork is. A knife? For cutting vegetables and sugar-cane. I could learn it all very quickly. Yes, I know I'll have to get up early and bring water to the priests' rooms—even clean and hot water if you want it. I am a great hand at ringing bells. And hearing them too. How much money would I want? Don't think of it; I wouldn't want much if I eat my rice at the mission. No, I have no wife. The girl my father had picked for me died last year. She was twelve. No, but the catechist baptized her just before she died. You will think it over about the job? A thousand thanks, Spiritual Father—I am so unworthy. Yes, I will be around. Good-bye, Father. work slowly."

The Catechist Makes a Report

"Spiritual Father, a baby was left at the door last night. It was found when we opened the gates this morning. It seems well; it is crying a lot. A baby-girl; about two months old, I guess. No, nobody knows whose it is and no message with it except a slip bearing its first name. No clothes except what it is wrapped in. It is in a basket. No, certainly there is nothing we can do about it; we have no orphanage here yet. It is too bad, but we will have to send it to the public orphanage. No, it does not seem sick like the last one, and so we can't baptize it. Yes, it is sad. If we did take it and try to do something for it there would be hundreds of others left here within a month. No, certainly no other plan. Yes, I will have it sent away —I hear it is crying more and more—for milk, and there is no mother to feed it. Work slowly, Father."

The Catechist Reports Again

"Father, the jail keeper was here today. No, he wasn't looking for any of us, neither are there any Christians in jail—now. Nor was he asking for food—he expressed thanks though for the meal you gave the prisoners last Christmas. But he just heard of the Sisters who were down here a few days ago for little Tse Ying, who had cholera. She is much better now, thank you Father. The news just reached the jail that the Sisters did some vaccinating here. Well, he wanted to know if he asked the mandarin (major) for permission, would they do the same for the prisoners. Yes, many of them are sick already. There are eighty in all—you heard of the three who escaped last week—one was caught carrying a woman on his back—he is back in jail again; two days ago they caught another who was a bandit—that's the one they shot yesterday. Anyway, I told the keeper the Sisters had gone back to Lishui, and possibly the mandarin would not care to do so, for fear of making the local doctors lose face as well as trade. Yes, I told him he was too late—he says he hopes they come again sometime. There were quite a few others here today and yesterday looking for medicine—one man sent his servant down from the country. Maybe later

THE SPIRITUAL FATHER W

Dear Readers of China: I have just gathered a repre together rather at random, and written to give you some con from the "official" kind, such as the demands of the upkeep and servants. The "official" help is supplied by the mission extras are supplied from the personal resources of the priest

The pot pourri assembled here may give the impressio of our pastors," has been turned round by the Chinese, so tha and observe it as best they can—they supply food for the whole, they are unable to do. I have been able to cite only Christian, for that man is a little better off than his neighbors

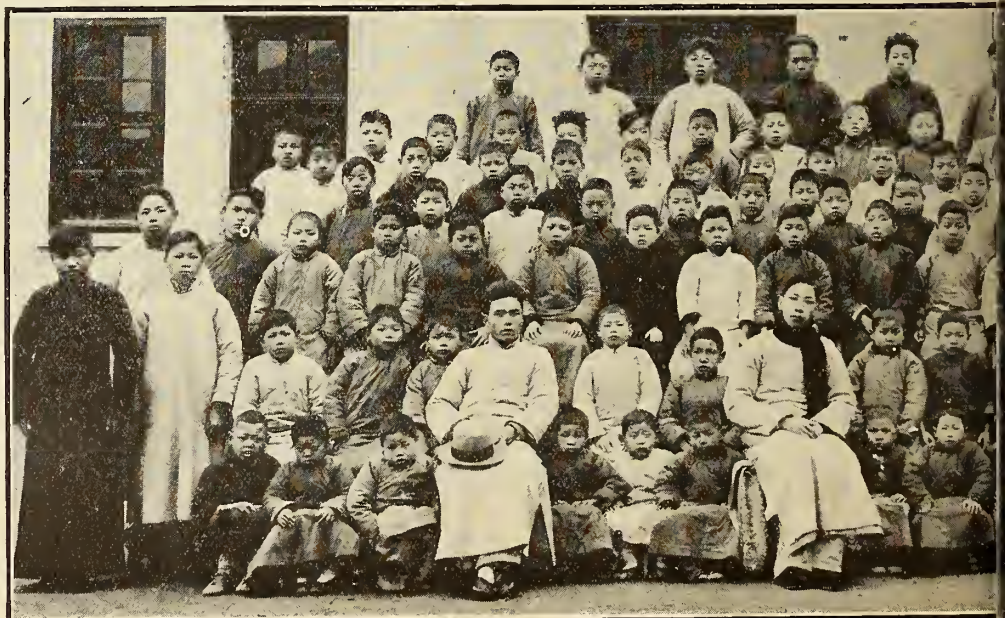
It is not through a sense of duty that we undertake to charity, and as every Christian has the duty of contributing them as generous as possible. You will understand that I am Chinese polite "proceed slowly."

Catholic Wills

For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF ....."



Boys attending the Mission School at Lishui, headquarters of the Canadian Mission in China. Seate seated in front are the Chinese teachers. When you help our Missions by your

d SOUL

STRANG

) HIS FRIENDS AT HOME

t by no means comprehensive compilation of incidents, strung e perpetual demands for material help, which help is separate roperty, rents, schools, dispensary and salaries of catechists n comes solely from the kind donations of you at home—the

ourth Precept of the Church, "To contribute to the support n rests upon the pastors. But they have the fourth precept e mission, and candles and labor, but more than that, as a in which full expenses for a sick call were paid by the

ne of the extra demands, but rather at the dictates of Christian "official" expenses, we also appeal to your charity to make ul of your help in the past as I conclude this letter with the

we will have a dispensary here. Not yet, though, eh? You are going out now, Father? Walk slowly."

A Sick Man's Last Request

"Father, I believe in God. I am a very old Christian. See my grandchildren, all baptized. I am drawing near the end, but I am not afraid. I have performed spiritual work (confession), received Last Holy Body (Viaticum) and final blessing (Extreme Unction). I thank the Spiritual Father for coming to my home. Father, drink some tea. It is very poor, I have nothing nice to offer you. And I have no coffin. I never could afford to buy one and now my children will have to go in debt to buy one for me. My father had a very nice coffin—I helped him to make it. When I am dead I want to lie by him—in a coffin like his. But I cannot buy one. I know, Father, I know my body will decay, but if I have no coffin how will the Christians come to my funeral and read prayers? Will you help to buy one, Father? It will make my last few days free from care—body and soul. I thank God for my many years, and for my sons and grandsons; I thank Father for helping to buy the coffin. Drink the tea slowly. Father. . . ."

The Guest-Master at Lishui Writes a Letter

"Reverend Father Sun, great person and Spiritual Father, this miserable sinner presumes to scribble this miserable letter and greet you with blessings of soul and body and with wishes for a long and peaceful life. This unworthy one prays for you every day. May you always meet with happiness. This poor writer often recalls how you, O blessed Father, used to talk with him at the mission gate at Lishui. I was not feeling well then and the Sisters gave me medicine, but they could not give it all the time. Cod liver oil is very expensive. Father Mo, great person, bought me some bottles. So did Father Sun. May you always enjoy perfect health. These bottles are empty now and I am feeling better, but am not real strong yet. If I had some more of that good foreign medicine, God would give me all my strength. Alas, miserable in many ways, I cannot afford to buy any myself. I know in your charity you will continue to help me a little longer.

"This mean one lives in happiness of soon seeing again your honorable body; let these words serve as a perpetual welcome, but weigh them lightly for they come from a wretched creature, your spiritual son, Zeng Bing San."

An Old Crippled Lady Greets the Priest

"Oh Father Sun, how glad I am to see you again after so long an absence. You arrived today? From Tsingtien? Yes, I still come here every Sunday with one leg always resting on this chair, for my left foot and leg are very sore yet—I don't think I'll ever be cured now—I'm so old. How is it I am here on Saturday? Well, last Saturday was our Blessed Mother's big feast and I came to Mass and doctrine. When I went home, I forgot it was Saturday and started counting the seven days as usual until the next week. Each day I put a little pebble in a bowl and when there are seven I go to church—I can't read the calendar. Today there were seven, but it was from last Saturday, not last Sunday—I will come again tomorrow. Does Father Sun understand my words? But at home I am very miserable, I have only a grandson and he is too small yet to earn much. Many



is Father Paul Kam, the first and only Chinese priest ever ordained in Canada. The four others aiding in the development of such splendid groups as the one shown above.

HELP THE MISSIONS

1. By praying every day for the propagation of the Faith.
2. By your generous material assistance to our Seminary.
3. By becoming a subscriber to "CHINA", the official publication of St. F. X. Seminary. The subscription price is fifty cents for one year—a life subscription costs ten dollars.
4. By making a Catholic Will — our legal title is Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

times there is no rice in the bin. I can't help it Father, if I am crying; it is so hard for an old woman like me. Father Sun used to help me out and the Sisters would give me my dinner on Sundays, but Father Sun is not at Lishui any more—he is in Tsingtien. What is that? O thank you, Spiritual Father, you are good; my grandson and I will pray for you. You cannot take my grandson and give him something to do? All right, we will talk about that later. God bless you, Father. Walk slowly."

The Catechist as Middle-Man

"Father, may I speak a few words with you? About the school boys going to Lishui to school. Many of them say they cannot afford to pay the whole fee—yes, they know it is very cheap—twelve dollars a term for non-baptized is very reasonable, and six for Christians is really a gift. One of the boys says he can pay in kind by giving rice—yes, he is baptized. Four Christians and three pagans can, and are willing to, pay full tuition, but the remaining eight all want help of some kind. Some of them; yes, they are really badly off; they haven't a thing and this is the only way to get them to study doctrine—the others are able to give something—they are all poor enough. You will pay the balance? And the boat-fare up the river? The mission will take care of that? All right, Father, thank you; yes, I will tell them; yes, they will all be here with their bedding and little boxes and parcels. Pardon me, Father. I was forgetting; one little boy says he has no shoes or stockings and so cannot go to Communion or serve Mass. Yes, he really cannot buy them; yes, I will buy them—oh, for the shoes about sixty cents — for the stockings twenty will be enough. He will come to thank you; no, he is not the lad who had his clothes stolen last term—that fellow is here again wearing the new suit you bought him. He wants to know if you have any medicine. Stomach-ache. Give him that? Yes, but my, he will make faces when he swallows it. Yes, that is all I have to ask just now. Work slowly, Father."

At Dinner During a Long Sick Call

"Father Sun, this is the third time this year you have come over the mountains to visit my sick Father. Yes, all this year and last he has been very weak, he cannot last much longer. He was too weak today to make his confession? But he understood enough to know that he was receiving last Holy Body and Final Blessing? He could not recall much else though—he was very anxious to know your name. Eat your rice, Father; I am sorry the vegetables are so poor. Father is very polite. Father had a long trip by chair to get here? Over four hours? Yes, it usually is about that. Eat slowly, Father. As on former occasions, Father will permit me to pay for the chair. One dollar to each of the two bearers. The first time Mr. Un, the catechist, was with you, but you know the way now and can understand some of our country dialect. More rice, Father? No? Tea? Yes, the foreign priests always like tea with their meals. Tea and peanuts. Here is the money for the carriers, Father—yes, it is better to leave soon for it will be dark by the time you get to the big river. Walk very slowly."

The Next Day at Tsingtien

"Father, my father died last night; yes, very peacefully; he was a good old Christian; I am very happy you were there yesterday. I come to ask if the catechist and some Christians may come to my poor dwelling and read prayers. The funeral is tomorrow. They will be back tomorrow night. Father, here is a dollar; will you have the death notice sheets printed and sent to the other churches so that the Christians will pray for his soul? Yes, there is enough there for the postage. Thank you, Father, I will be going now and will be down again for the big feast on August 15th. Work slowly, Father."

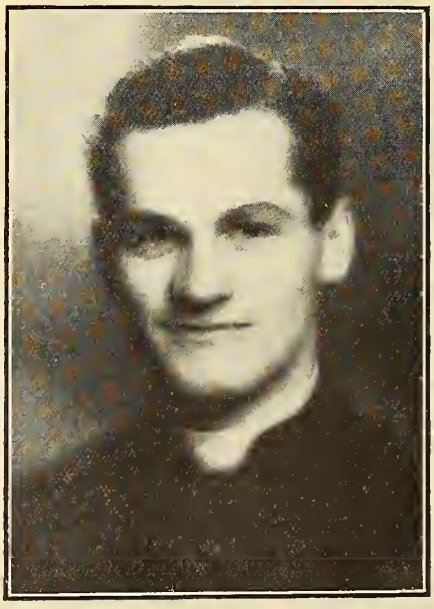
MASS INTENTIONS

Mass Intentions are badly needed by our priests in China. Send your intentions to the Seminary and they will be cabled to our missionaries in Chuchow.

THREE NEW MISSIONARIES FROM THE DIOCESE OF ANTIGONISH, N.S.



REV. ALEXANDER MacINTOSH,
St. Andrew's, N.S.



REV. CHARLES MURPHY,
Sydney, N.S.



REV. HARVEY STEELE,
Dominion, N.S.

These three priests were ordained at Old Bridgeport, N.S., by His Excellency Bishop Morrison of Antigonish, on Aug. 9th, 1936.

LIFE IN CHINA

(Continued from page 133)

people in sanitary knowledge, or illustrate the changing industrial and living conditions in China, or demonstrate scientific truths, etc.

Orders will be issued to the provincial and municipal governments directing their attention to the unique potentialities in this movie-educational movement, and asking their co-operation.

The special committee of the Ministry of Education must first train a personnel to be competent to produce the proposed films, then they must purchase a great many projecting machines to be distributed to the various provinces and municipalities—and then this far-sighted campaign for education of the masses will get under way.

Rockefeller Foundation and China

The annnual report for 1935 of the Rockefeller Foundation mentions several aspects of its work in China.

In connection with the development of mutual understanding with the Far East, aid was given to Harvard University for work in Oriental art; to the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, to study methods of teaching Chinese; to the Library of Congress, for the development of a Far-Eastern Centre, and to the National Library of Peiping, China, for its Quarterly Bulletin of Chinese Bibliography.

It has also provided funds for diphtheria investigation in Peiping.

—*Fu Jen Magazine.*

A STATEMENT

EVERY year, following Mission Sunday and the Parish collections for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, we receive numerous letters asking that individual contributions be credited in our donation records, or complaining that "my subscription expiry date has not been changed on 'CHINA'."

May we make it clear to our subscribers, and the public generally, that China Mission Seminary DOES NOT SHARE in the Funds collected at any time for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

China Mission Seminary has no annual collection in parish churches. The Seminary depends entirely for its support, and for the development of its Missions in China, on the free-will offerings sent by interested friends through the medium of the mail. And just now we are in need of a legion of such friends.

JOHN E. McRAE.

CHINA

SUBSCRIBERS ARE REQUESTED TO READ THE FOLLOWING VERY CAREFULLY

The subscription price to CHINA is fifty cents a year. Subscribers who do not receive the magazine regularly will confer a favor by notifying us.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Do not fail to inform us promptly if at any time you change your address. In doing so, please send us your old as well as your new address.

DUPLICATE COPIES

If you are receiving two copies of CHINA, and have subscribed for only one, kindly let us know.

SENDING SUBSCRIPTIONS

In sending your subscription to CHINA, be sure to state WHETHER IT IS A RENEWAL OR A NEW SUBSCRIPTION.

MRS. OR MISS

Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE DETAILS WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED

REMITTANCES

Money should be sent by Post Office or Express Money Orders, Drafts or Registered Letters to ensure safe delivery. All such orders may be made payable to:

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

OUR THANKS

During September a card party, convened by Mrs. J. H. Colvey and a number of friends, brought together a large crowd at St. Augustine's Parish Hall, Montreal, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by the pastor, Very Rev. Canon Heffernan. The very creditable financial returns were donated to China Mission Seminary, and we are grateful to all concerned for their generous assistance.

* * *

To Mrs. Bunce of Toronto we express our thanks for her efforts to help replenish the Seminary larder by her contributions of preserves, etc.

* * *

To the young ladies of St. Joseph's Parish, Toronto, members of the B.V.M. Sodality, we are grateful for a large supply of Altar linens for use in China.

* * *

We avail of this opportunity also to say a hearty "thank you" to the good friends who sent various gifts to be taken to our Priests and the Grey Sisters in Lishui. On their behalf we assure the donors that their thoughtful remembrance is much appreciated.

* * *

Our appeal for funds to pay the expenses of our missionaries now en route to China met with a fairly generous response and we are deeply indebted to all who sent us aid.

DEATH OF MISSIONARY'S MOTHER

Last month we recorded deaths in the families of four of our missionaries. This month it is our sad duty to report still another. Mrs. Roberts, the mother of Rev. Roland Roberts of our Chinese Mission in Vancouver, B.C., died in hospital in Victoria, B.C., on Sunday, October 25th. We offer our sincere sympathy to Father Roberts, his sister Kathleen, and to the bereaved husband, Mr. George Roberts. From the readers of "CHINA" we ask a prayer for the soul of the deceased mother of a missionary priest. Requiescat in pace.

A SOLITARY bird, the eagle. In that, he differs from other winged creatures. They live in flocks. And they fight in flocks. But alone the eagle battles. Perhaps, that is why, inevitably, he brings the missioner to our mind. Because "in the world of men", it is in the missioner, and almost uniquely in the missioner, that the eagle's isolated strength finds its analogy. For he, more than any man, fights for what he believes, not side by side with those of his own race and ideals. But apart, in the midst of an alien culture, he struggles to bring the Truth to those who have no inkling of it. And the singleness of mind, the courage of the eagle—these he must have in his efforts. But, as he is human, he trusts two things: his God and his people at home, who are "backing" him. Because of these, he does not fly alone.

—"Catholic Missions"



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer for the Conversion of China; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Catholic Mission Rally in Cape Breton

ON Sunday, September 6th, the Mission Crusade Units of Cape Breton held a general rally at the Sacred Heart Church in the City of Sydney. This was the first general assembly of Crusaders ever held in Cape Breton, and the success of the whole affair was beyond expectations.

The program opened with Solemn High Mass in the Sacred Heart Church, Rev. Harvey Steele of China Mission Seminary being the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Rev. Charles Murphy and Rev. Alexander MacIntosh, also of the China Mission Seminary, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and Rev. John Edwards, C.C., as master of ceremonies.

The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. William Gallivan of St. Theresa's Parish, Sydney. Rev. Father Gallivan strongly emphasized the importance of missionary endeavors in the life of the Church, and stressed the obligation which falls upon every Catholic to help the work of the Missions not only by our prayers, but also by seeing to it that they are supplied with the necessary material needs. He paid tribute to the three Missioners present, who were recently ordained at Bridgeport, and who would be sailing for China next Fall from St. Francis Xavier Seminary.

In the afternoon, the Crusaders from the various units, numbering about 800, filled the Lyceum Theatre to capacity. On the stage were the various speakers for the afternoon, with Rev. Ronald C. MacGillivray, P.P., presiding. Due to the absence of His Excellency Bishop Morrison (who arrived later) the opening address to the Crusaders was delivered by Rev. P. J. Nicholson, Ph.D., of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish. A feature of the afternoon's program was the general sing-song under the leadership of Rev. Michael McLaughlin of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish. This was perhaps the most enjoyable part of the whole afternoon as far as the younger Crusaders were concerned. Towards the end of the program, copies of "China" were distributed to those present. The Crusaders, under the direction of the various Sisters, marched to the Sacred Heart Church, where the Rally came to a close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the taking of the Crusader's pledge.

After the program had been completed, the various Orders of Sisters from the different towns met for the purpose of drawing up plans to have Crusade units established in the rural schools.

THE PROGRAM

11.00 a.m.—Solemn High Mass at Sacred Heart Church, Sydney.
Sermon—Rev. William Gallivan.

1.45 p.m.—General Assembly and Opening in Lyceum.
Chairman—Rev. R. C. MacGillivray, P.P.
Opening Address—Rev. Dr. P. J. Nicholson.

2.30 p.m.—Paper by Mr. Peter Nearing of St. F.X. Extension Department, "The Role of Catholic Youth in Combatting Communism".

3.15 p.m.—Reports of the activities of the various units during the past year were read.

3.30 p.m.—Recreational singing, conducted by Rev. M. McLaughlin.

4.00 p.m.—Paper by Rev. Harvey Steele, "The Medical Missions".

4.45 p.m.—Motion Pictures—Rev. M. M. MacDonald.

5.00 p.m.—Benediction of Blessed Sacrament—Rev. Alexander MacIntosh.
Crusaders' Pledge and closing hymn.

—H. S.

To the Boys and Girls of the "Rose Garden":—

We have been given space in "China" only a few times this year, but yet often enough to keep in touch with one another officially. The Club work goes on without ceasing, and our occasional appearance in print is sufficient to acquaint new young readers with what we wish them to do. That's all they need, apparently, for they join in large numbers, undertaking to perform the simple duties, namely, to say every day the prayer for the Conversion of China, and go to Holy Communion once a month for the intention of missionary vocations. When I receive their names they get a Certificate of Membership; if their names come with a list from their school Class then the Class only gets a certificate. I am saving some fine pictures for a future issue, and I hope lots of new pictures will be sent.

I know most of our members are trying hard to go to Mass each day during November in honour of the Holy Souls. I ask that at Mass especially our boys and girls pray hard for our nine young priests now on their way to China, and for all our priests and sisters on the Missions. I feel sure that the large number of vocations given to young men in recent years for the Chinese Missions have been in some measure due to the fervent prayers and Holy Communions of our young "Rose Garden" members.

Father Editor tells me I ought to interest my young friends this month in supporting the idea of getting mission miteboxes into Catholic homes. (They're interested, Father Editor, as soon as the subject is broached; in fact our young friends have all along been the best to fill Johnny Mitebox, but I'll make a special request to oblige you.) So, Father Jim wants every member of his Club, past and present, to send him a request for a mitebox for your home. It will be used by your parents and your working brothers and sisters. You yourselves keep on being good to the China Mission Mitebox in your school, and in inter-

esting your companions in our Mission Club. And I for my part will continue to serve your interests as best I can, not forgetting my remembrance of you in Holy Mass. From now till Christmas holidays (which are not so very far off) let's all be keen on working hard for the Missions.

Your friend,
FATHER JIM.

Space does not permit anything more than a brief mention of the following Schools and Crusade Units from which donations and lovely letters were lately received. We thank most sincerely the pupils and their zealous teachers concerned. St. Agnes Priory School, West Kildonan, Man.; Grade 9, per Joan Ryan, St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, N.S.; St. Albert's School, Sudbury, Ont., for the ransom of two Chinese babies to be named "Albert Joseph" and "Mary Therese"; Crusaders, Notre Dame Convent, Inverness, N.S.; St. Brigid's School, Hamilton; Pupils of Room 3, St. Mary's School, Barrie, Ont.; Grade 10, St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, per Ann Meech; Notre Dame Convent's Mission Circle, Kingston, Ont., per Jean Carty; Pupils of Grades 4 and 5, Holy Angels' Convent, Sydney; St. John's School, New Aberdeen, N.S.; Pupils of Monk's Head School, Pomquet, N.S., per Theresa Broussard; Grade 11, St. Joseph's High School, Sydney, per Nan MacDonald; St. Mary's School, Campbellford, Ont.; and St. Lawrence School, Hamilton, Ont.

Thanks to the "Little Flower" for favours received.
—K. M., Sault Ste. Marie.

New members whom we welcomed to our club recently are: Patricia Davis, 9 Circular Road, Grand Falls, Nfld.; Marguerite McIsaac, 32 Livingstone St., Halifax N.S.; Alice Noseworthy, Black Head, Nfld.

"Boys, oh boys, were the 'Willing Nine' ever proud when the March 'China' came with our letter in it; we were so glad to think you gave us such a big mention in your Club columns. All the Sisters in school noticed it in the 'China', too. It is nice to know our little efforts are appreciated."

That's Gwen Hatchette's introduction to another long and newsy letter from Halifax. I told you about the "Willing Nine" in the March issue, and they're right on the job again. Gwen told me "each class in our school has to raise twenty-five dollars for the missions, so our class with another class of 25 girls planned an 'At Home' for St. Patrick's Day. We served refreshments and had a big programme. We made over fifty dollars, so each class obtained their objective."



Above are pictured some enthusiastic little Missionaries who delight in the title of "Little Workers of Our Lady". They are in Grade 6 at St. Angela's School, Calgary, Alta. The group at the right is the Executive of the "Little Workers". I should like very much to have lots of pictures of school groups and of individuals who work for the Missions. Send your picture to Father Jim.

THE "ROSE OF CHINA"

By Rev. R. Roberts, Vancouver Chinese Mission

A PERSON who has never been materially connected with our work among her country-people here in the Occident, but whom we feel to be actively interested is Marie Therese Wang, more popularly known in many circles as the "Rose of China". Marie Therese first looked upon the passing glories of this world on April 1st, 1917, when she was born into a well-to-do and cultured family in the ancient, pagan city of Pekin. She was given the name Ta-Jun—"all gracious". All the advantages of wealth and position were combined to produce in this little flower of the Orient the personification of Chinese culture—a culture which lacks only the elevating influence of true Christianity.

At the age of eleven Ta-Jun graduated from the elementary school with distinction; however, the happiness of the occasion was marred by the grave fears that she was suffering from tuberculosis, fears which became realities when she was placed in St. Michael's Hospital for examination. Strange as it may seem, Ta-Jun became immediately attached to her new surroundings and the good Sisters of Charity became at once her intimate friends. Providence had destined that this little girl should be placed in a room immediately below the chapel. The early morning and late evening prayers, the softly sung hymns, aroused that curiosity so universal among the Chinese, and soon she was making inquiries; innocent questions that have had tremendous repercussions, questions which are remotely responsible for the prayers which today are being offered up throughout the Catholic world that Ta-Jun may receive the honor of beatification.

April 25th, 1929, was a happy day for our little friend, for on that day she was baptized and took the name of Marie Therese, and on the following day the Bread of Life entered that pure sanctuary to strengthen it for the terrible ordeal ahead.

For a while she made good progress along the path of recovery, so much so that she was permitted to leave the hospital; but the recovery was not complete, and before long Marie Therese again occupied her little white room below the chapel. With this relapse crumbled all her hopes of becoming a Sister of Charity, but it did not deter her from fulfilling her desire to consecrate her virginity to God, a desire which was approved of by the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Archbishop Costantini, who, while visiting the hospital, gave her his special blessing.

The dread disease made alarming inroads, and on February 17th, it was considered advisable to give her the last rites of the Church. The agony began early on February 24th, and reached its climax at 6.30 in the evening. Shortly before that hour her features relaxed and a heavenly smile surmounted her lips, her eyes opened and remained fixed on some object invisible to those attending her, and her arms were extended as if to embrace the vision which attracted her, and in this manner she died. Today this little Chinese girl, this "Rose of China" receives the veneration of many of the faithful. Many requests are being made to her and many are being answered.

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

Old Lady—"Isn't it wonderful how one policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

Boy — "Yes, Grannie; but you should hear the bus drivers!"

Man—"Heard Dave's going in for settlement work."

Friend—"Salvation Army?"

Man—"No, bill collecting."

Old Aunt (despondently)—"Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer."

Nephew (reassuringly) — "Don't talk like that, aunt, you know you will."

Lady Interviewer — "Then your knowledge, McTuggan, must cover a very wide field."

Dentist — "Thousands of achers, madam, roughly speaking."

"Ow's yr Missis, George?"

"Oh, she be a-jawin' an a-jawin' an' a-jawin'."

"What's she jawin' about?"

"Well, she don't say."

Magistrate—"I seem to know your face!"

Prisoner—"Yus, we was boys together."

Magistrate—"Nonsense."

Prisoner—"Yus, we was. We're both about the same age, so we must have bin boys together!"

Fall—"You should have seen the fish I caught last week. It was so big it pulled me into the river."

Dowell—"Got a wetting, I suppose?"

Fall—"Oh no, thank goodness, I landed right on top of the fish."

Lawyer—"You say defendant ran his car into the show window of a millinery store; that doesn't show he was intoxicated, does it?"

Officer—"No, but when I arrested him he was trying on the hats."

"Hi, there," bellowed a policeman to an inebriated citizen, "you can't stand there in the street."

"Yes, I can, orfsher," retorted the citizen proudly. "Don't you worry 'bout me. I been standin' here an hour an' ain't fell off yet."

Mother—"You must learn to button your frock yourself."

Betty—"Oh, dear, I don't know what I'd do without myself."

With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor car, and shouted to a little boy playing in the field:

"I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his tiny slingshot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."

Two youths went to see a billiards match in which two well-known pros were playing. After watching one of them silently pile up a huge break, one said to the other:

"What do they call this game, Alf."

"Why, billiards, of course," replied Alf.

The other man was silent for a few minutes, then he whispered again to Alf:

"Well, what's the name of that game we played?"

"Can you get my pendulum clock to work?" asked the simple-looking person in the jeweller's shop.

"We will endeavor to," replied the jeweler.

The customer unwrapped a small parcel.

The jeweler gazed in wonderment at the contents.

"But this is no use," he said. "In order to mend the clock we must have the whole thing. You've only brought us the pendulum.

"Well," replied the customer, brightly, "it is only the pendulum as won't go."

"Gosh, you're dumb. Why don't you get an encylopedia?"

"The pedals hurt my feet."

Doctor—"I just can't diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

Patient—"Righto, doctor. I'll come back when you're sober."

"Johnnie," said the teacher reprovingly, "you misspelled most of the words in your composition."

"Yes'm," explained Johnnie. I'm going to be a dialect writer."

"It is simply a question of veracity between us," said the oldest inhabitant. "He said I was a liar, and I said he was one."

"Humph!" rejoined the village postmaster. "That's the first time I ever heard either of you telling the truth."

"Mah bredren," said a Negro preacher, "when yo' hears Gabriel sound his horn, yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Mah goodness!" excitedly exclaimed one of the congregation, "am he acomin' in an automobile?"

A very energetic business man bustled into his office on Monday morning to find his staff taking things rather easily.

"Come, come; this won't do," he exclaimed. "Here's Monday morning, tomorrow's Tuesday, the next day's Wednesdy—half the week gone, and nothing done."

City Girl—"And I suppose at dusk, when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cowboys are huddled around the campfire broiling venison and listening to the weird eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes."

Rattlesnake Gus—"Well, ma'am, not ezzackly. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos and Andy."

A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told a visitor:

"Daddy made a speech, and several other men made speeches to twelve men who sat all together, and then the twelve men were put in a dark room to be developed."

Mother was trying to patch up the quarrel between her little son and daughter.

"Now, Tommy," said she, "I read the other day of a little boy in England who walked ten miles through the snow to fetch a doctor to his little sister. Now, would you do that?"

"No," replied Tommy, "but I'd do it to fetch a dentist."

A man, nearly eighty, walked twenty miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance.

"You walked all the way?" exclaimed the acquaintance. "How did you get along?"

"Oh, first rate," the old man replied. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there, 'Slow Down to Twenty-five Miles Per Hour.' That kept me back some."

THE LAST CALL to Readers of "China"!

WHEN the next issue of "China" reaches you, nine priests from St. Francis Xavier's Seminary will have completed their journey to Chuchow in China. Last month we appealed for your financial assistance to provide their passage money. We think many people to whose homes "China" is a regular monthly visitor will want to have a share in the sending to the Mission Fields of these nine new missionaries. This is the last opportunity you will have to contribute to their expenses. May we ask you once more to make use of the coupon printed below. It will take you only a minute to enclose your donation in an envelope and mail it today to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario
Very Rev. J. E. McRae, President.

Dear Fathers:

Enclosed please find $..... , my contribution to help pay for the journey of your nine priests who sailed for China on October 31st.

My Name .....

Address .....

.....

WANTED!
Five Thousand People
To Answer An Invitation

+

The Invitation . . St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, invites you to enlist your family in a Mission League.

The Object . . . . To help the Seminary educate its students for the Missionary Priesthood, and to send aid to its Missionaries working in Chuchow, China.

The Method . . . To deposit ONE CENT A DAY in a China Mission Mite-box kept in your home.

How to Join . . . Just send to us for a Mission Mite-box. That's all. You don't even have to write a letter. Just use the Coupon below.

The Easiest and Simplest Way for Every Catholic Family in Canada and Newfoundland to Do Its Duty by Supporting Canada's Only Foreign Mission Seminary for English-speaking Catholics.

READ PAGE 131
in this issue

——————————MAIL THIS TODAY——————————

ST. F. X. SEMINARY,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

Dear Fathers:

I want a China Mission Mite-box for my home. I intend to put in the Mite-box ONE CENT every day, and from time to time I'll send you what I've collected. I think that's the least every Catholic family could do to help your missionary works. Please enter my name as a member of your new Mission League, thereby entitling me to a share in all the Spiritual Benefits extended to benefactors of your Missions.

MY NAME .....

MY ADDRESS .....

.....

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs. Ont. December 1936



OUR WORK

St. Francis Xavier Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Administration, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Coadjutator Archbishop of Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Kidd, London; Very Rev. Dr. McRae, President of the Seminary, and Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, Pref. Ap.

In order to provide missionaries for China the Seminary provides for the education of students in our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

It supports parishes, churches and schools in the district allotted to it by the Holy See.

It establishes schools, employs native teachers and promotes Catholic education among both Christians and Pagans.

It trains and maintains catechists for instructing the Pagans in Catholic doctrine in districts in which there is not a resident Priest and to assist the missionaries in the larger mission centres.

When circumstances permit, it establishes dispensaries, medical missions and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity the influence of the Church is extended and many are brought into the true fold.

To carry on this work the Seminary depends solely on contributions from the Faithful. We need your assistance, dear reader, if we are to help Our Lord bring to a fruitful issue the work which He came on earth to inaugurate.

His Holiness Pius XI says of our work:

"Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another (John, 13:35; 15:12) can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdraw from the darkness of superstitions, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body, heaven, earth, eternity, time; and everyone that exercises this work of charity to the best of his ability, shows that he esteems the gift of faith as much as it is meet and just that he should esteem it, and moreover, he manifests his gratitude towards the Goodness of God by sharing with the poor Pagans this gift, the most precious of all."

PRIVILEGES OF BENEFACTORS:

1. They share in all the masses offered by our priests.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. They share in the prayers of our priests and students.

4. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

5. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

Donations to the Seminary should be addressed to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY - SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

ATTENTION!

THIS is the last issue of "China" for the present year, 1936. Our mailing list unfortunately includes many names of subscribers who are not paid quite up to date. The only means we use to advise delinquent subscribers is the expiry date on their address label. Look at the date on your "China" now. If it does not read 1937, or later, we ask you to renew your subscription after you receive this issue. It costs only 50c for one year. When sending cheques or money orders please make them payable to

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

CHINA

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Vol. XVII. DECEMBER, 1936 No. 10

We have one object in this life: to save our souls and to help others to save theirs. Nothing else should worry us. If we allow other things to enslave us and to draw us away from the goal of life's Journey, we will pay the tremendous price of sacrificing eternity for time, God for mammon.

☼

Pioneering, in whatsoever field of endeavor, is always a difficult task. Pioneers have to blaze a trail for the future, and in their labors they are without benefit of precedents. When their preparations are centered in places and circumstances more or less entirely alien to all their previous experience then their successes are all the more commendable.

When we speak of our Canadian missionaries in Chuchow we speak of pioneers. Less than a dozen years have passed since three priests from China Mission Seminary inaugurated our work in Chuchow. It was a magnificent venture. It has met with the magnificent blessings of God. It was inspired by confidence in Divine Providence. That same Divine Providence has sustained it. In the Catholic Church, where institutions are young even when they have functioned for centuries, St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute is a veritable infant. But in its infant efforts it justifies its right to growth and expansion. Three priests went to Chuchow in 1925; a few students at the Seminary prepared to follow them. Nine priests went to Chuchow in 1936; fifty students are at the seminary preparing to go. The growth in numbers will not be stayed. It will bring an increase of difficulties in maintenance. It has already brought them. But the Directors of the Institute are seeking a solution.

Three experienced and very capable missionaries have been withdrawn from front-line duties to engage in necessary campaign work in Canada. It had to be. Always functioning under financial difficulties, our Missions have now reached the stage where further progress is impossible without increased means of financial support. The best way to receive this support is to let the Catholic people in Canada know of the pressing needs of our Missions. Those best qualified to tell of those needs are the priests who have labored long and been handicapped by lack of means on the Mission field. So Father Morrison (of P.E.I.), Father Stringer (of Ottawa, and Father Venadam (of Pomquet, N.S.) have come home. We trust that the Bishops and priests in Canada will give our returned missionaries the opportunity to present their case to the laity. From experience we know that the people at large are happy to help a deserving cause to the best of their ability.

☼

God has been good to us. He has given us life, the secret of happiness, every opportunity to gain an eternal crown. Infinitely more precious than all the honors, all the pleasures of the world is the Faith He has bequeathed to us. Cherish it; live according to its dictates; thank God daily for it. And don't forget to share it with others. God has commanded this and if we neglect this commandment only one-half of the task of life has been accomplished.

☼

China Mission Seminary wishes to give public expression of its gratitude to Most Reverend Alfred Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg, for having given our missionaries an opportunity to participate for the first time in a Departure Ceremony held outside Toronto. Indicative of his own personal interest in our seminary were the measures His Excellency took to insure the success of the function. At his direction the various Pastors of the City announced special services in their churches at which priests from China Mission Seminary spoke on the work of the Missions and received generous financial support from the congregations. In a letter to his City clergy, referring to the departure of nine Canadian priests for China, His Excellency stated that it was "an event in the history of our country, and it shows unmistakeably how the missionary spirit has grown and developed amongst us during the last few years".

Communications from our priests following their stay in Winnipeg gave evidence of the lasting impressions their reception in the Western Archdiocese made on them. They were received an treated in a royal manner by their gracious host, his clergy, and his faithful people, and we are confident that the publicity resulting from Winnipeg's tribute will have long-enduring effects on the work of the Missions among Canadian Catholics.

☼

Prayer comes first for the propagation of the Faith in God's work and without Him all effort is vain. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it". Alms are necessary to maintain the missionaries, to support their apostolic works, to keep catechists, to train young men for the priesthood. If we have much we should give much, if we have little we must give a little. A wonderful characteristic about such giving is that it always comes back. If you doubt this, just try it.

"China" Wishes All Its Readers A Very Merry Christmas!

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

THIRTEEN HEADS may not be your idea of a suitable gift but, nevertheless, representatives of the village of Dalingah took great pleasure in presenting the heads of thirteen bandits to the mayor of Tsingtien. Coming from their village in the mountains across the river from Tsingtien, they carried the heads in baskets to the mayor's residence, passing the mission residence en route.

* * *

Bandits

THE AUTUMN here in China is a lovely season, but this year the bandits also seem to appreciate it and have once more commenced "activity." They are reported in several places and just now river traffic is held up as the boatmen refuse to pass certain sections of the river where bandits may be lurking. Father Amyot, in Lishui for the annual retreat, is awaiting word that the bandits have left his section of the country before returning home to his mountain mission.

* * *

Father Kearney's Work

OUR retreat this year was preached by Father James Kearney, S.J., from California, who is now stationed in Nanking, the capital of China, where he is commencing a work which may have great results for the future of the Catholic Church in China. With the help of co-labourers he is endeavouring to establish what might be called an "intellectual center" among the university students of Nanking. Following the general plan of the "Newman Hall" in America, one of the special aims of this institution will be to bring about a better understanding and appreciation of the Church among the future rulers and officials of the country. By a willingness to co-operate with university authorities in scientific research and kindred matters, and by explanation of the Catholic Church's attitude on various questions, it is hoped to break down prejudice against the Church and do away with certain misunderstandings which hinder the work of the missionary. For instance, if the future generation of officials in China were to consider the Catholic Church not as an organization teaching a foreign religion but rather a religion which is universal and in no wise opposed to the general welfare of China and the Chinese, then a great step forward would have been taken.

The work Father Kearney is starting deserves every encouragement. May it grow.

* * *

MISSIONARIES HOME FOR CAMPAIGN WORK

SO THAT our work here in China will not die, so that we may have the funds to go ahead and preach the Gospel, it has been found necessary to make a big sacrifice this year in sending back to Canada three experienced missionaries who will go about appealing to the Catholics of the country for the means to extend the Church of God in China. Our missionaries here in China are your representatives. Please assist them so that you may share in their reward. So, if Fathers Vincent Morrison, Desmond Stringer or Arthur Venadam preach in your parish church, visit your school, or meet you any other place, please respond to their appeal. No gift can be too large nor can any gift be too small. All gifts will be welcome. The continuance of our work depends upon you.

Coloured lantern slides of the work of the missionaries in China have been made so that these priests will be available not only for preaching in parish churches but also for lectures in schools and other places. The direction of the campaign is in the hands of Very Rev. J. E. McRae, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario. He will be glad to hear from priests and directors of schools and other organizations.

Please help us to carry on.



The Crib at Tsingtien

Parish Appointments

WITH THE commencement of another missionary year the priests are now settled at their various posts. In Lishui with Monsignor McGrath will be Father Gignac, who will have charge of the parish, and Fathers Curtin, Kam, and MacDonald. At Pi Wu Ka, Father Boudreau will be assisted by Fathers Wong and King, while Father Beal in Sungyang will have Father McGettigan to help him in that far-flung parish. Father Venini will be alone at Lungchuan and Father Amyot will be the sole member of the staff at Huang T'An. Here at Tsingtien Father Strang and I will endeavour to carry on the work which last year was under the direction of Father Stringer.

Of course the new arrivals this year will remain at Lishui to undertake the study of Chinese and become familiar with things Oriental.

* * *

Recently a former cook came to the mission and asked for old newspapers. He was to be married soon and he will use the papers to paper the walls of the bridal chamber. The bride will be delighted. No fooling.

* * *

Plans for Christmas

SHORTLY after you read these few paragraphs you will be celebrating the great feast of Christmas. On that feast Father Strang will probably celebrate midnight Mass and his Masses during the morning, in Tsingtien, while I plan to celebrate midnight Mass in the village of Dolu, saying a second Mass there in the morning, and then I shall walk the few miles to the chapel at Lei Shih where I shall celebrate my third Mass. This plan will permit a goodly number to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. In the early afternoon I shall return to Tsingtien, where it is planned to have Christmas dinner in the evening. Perhaps one or two of the new missionaries will come to Tsingtien to pass the feast with us. We hope so.

And now, last but by no means least, I wish each of you a Holy and Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. May God be with you always.

OUR COVER

Scene during the Departure Ceremony at Winnipeg as Archbishop Sinnott receives Oath of Fidelity to the Missions from our nine priests on October 25th.

FATHER CURTIN REVIEWS THE SITUATION IN CHUCHOW

EXPERIENCED Missionaries caution the new-comer to China not to be disappointed if his work does not produce the objective results for which he hoped, and if the number of converts is far below his expectations. Despite this caution, in the Annual Report for this Prefecture, covering the past year, the number of converts seems to be small, disappointingly small. If it is human to be disappointed, it ought to be reasonable to inquire the cause or causes of this condition.

Is it scarcity of priests? Undoubtedly this is a contributing cause. The death of the late lamented Father McGillivray, the departure of Father Serla on a well-deserved holiday, and of Father McNabb on sick leave reduced the number, with no new men of equal experience to fill the gaps. In time, please God, this condition will change, with this year's band of nine, and as many, or more, in 1937. Our priests are not lacking in zeal, ability, or energy. There is a danger they are too energetic, in some cases, judging from the prevalence of sickness during the past few years.

Is it due to bandits? Yes, partly, but not entirely. One or two of our Missionaries have been forced to vacate their posts for months at a time because things became too "hot" for them, some have had to take short sorties to the mountains for safety, and more than once mission trips have had to be cancelled when the presence of bandits was reported. The people, too, are intimidated by this menace, and fearing that the Reds are hostile to a "foreign" religion, are slow to accept Christianity.

Lack of funds is another cause of the present condition. With more funds, more and better qualified Catechists could be employed, and the work of the Catechist in Mission countries is indispensable. It costs money to travel, in China as well as elsewhere, and if a priest wishes to make the contacts that will result in conversions, he must cover the territory regularly. With the present state of finances, this must necessarily be curtailed. But the dearth of conversions cannot be blamed entirely on lack of funds. Money might pour in in abundance, and yet the number of converts might still be small. There is another and greater reason.

To my mind, and I think I express the conviction of others more competent to judge, the cause of this is spiritual. We are not making converts because of the lack of prayer. Every one knows that conversion is a special grace, given only in answer to prayer. Are our friends, the friends of the Mission, using this most powerful means of gaining conversions in China? Few can go to the Foreign Missions to work directly for the salvation of souls there, but all can assist by prayer. St. Theresa has been justly chosen as the Patroness of the Missions, though she never left the soil of France for the purpose. She was an apostle of prayer. It is related in her Autobiography that she was inspired to begin the practice of selecting a Missionary for whom she offered special prayers and sacrifices, and so attractive and efficacious was the practice, that before her death she was given a second Missionary, who benefited by her prayers. She called these her adopted brother priests. This laudable practice is recommended to friends of our Missionaries, and readers of "China". It has already been referred to in these pages, and is being practised by some. A few months ago I had a letter from a pupil of one of our Catholic schools at home, telling me that it was introduced in their school. Each pupil was asked to select a Missionary, and to offer daily prayers for his success. God alone knows the good they will accomplish for His glory, and for the salvation of souls. Let us hope the practice will become more widespread, not only in our schools, but among the faithful generally. In the words of St. Theresa: "Beyond all doubt, it is by prayer and sacrifice that we can best help our Missionaries." It was a non-Catholic poet who said: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of".

Soon the Church will celebrate the glorious Feast of Christmas, and Catholics throughout the world will once more recall the Birth of the Child Jesus. As you kneel at the Crib, and pray for "Peace on earth to men of good will", remember His words, spoken just before His Death, "If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you". While meditating on the Divine Infancy, ask the Father, in the Name of the Child Jesus, to move the hearts of the poor pagans of China to accept Him, and to embrace His religion.



REV. VINCENT MORRISON.
With Msgr. Fraser and Father Serra, Father Morrison completed the first goup of Canadian Missionaries to go to Chuchow in 1925. Having completed eleven years of active labours in China, he returns to engage in campaign work in Canada. His home is in Savage Hr., P.E.I.



REV. ARTHUR VENADAM,
of Pomquet, N.S., was ordained in 1930 and went to China the following year. He is due to arrive at the Seminary early in December, having been recalled from Chuchow to engage in the very necessary work of raising funds for the benefit of our missions.

St. Mary's Cathedral
Scene of Touching Farewell

Archbishop Sinnott Bids Godspeed to Nine "Witnesses of Christ" for the Missions of Far-off China

"Go, my most beloved Brothers, to the sheep who perish, for they have been bought with a great price. May the powers of darkness retreat and may the Angel of the Lord accompany you on your way. To the One God, invisible and immortal, be honour and glory for ever and even, Amen." Thus runs the translation of the "Ite Fratres . . ." recited by His Grace, Most Reverend A. A. Sinnott, D.D., over the nine youthful missionaries to China, who lay prostrate in the sanctuary of St. Mary's Cathedral, Winnipeg, Sunday evening, October 25th, after having recited a solemn Oath of Fidelity to the Missions. The dramatic tenseness which charged the air of the crowded Cathedral. throughout the impressive Departure Ceremony, seems to have reached a climax at this point, and the utterance of these words was followed by many an audible sob. No truly Catholic heart in that huge congregation could fail to experience unearthly emotions at the touching spectacle of these mere youths giving, not some of their possessions, not some of their life, but their very all. A sense of their super-human sacrifice was forced on the minds of the congregation by the awesome words of their oath, "I will devote my whole life."

This impressive ceremony, the first of its kind to be held in Winnipeg, was made possible through the interest in the Missions of Archbishop Sinnott, and we feel quite safe in saying that it was one of the rarest privileges ever accorded the Catholics of Winnipeg. The nine young Canadian Missionaries, Rev. Lorne McFarland, Toronto; Rec. Patrick Moore, Ingersoll, Ont.; Rev. William Matte, Gogama, Ont.; Rev. James Leonard, Toronto, Ont.; Rev. Harold Murphy, Kingston; Rev. John Maurice, Ingersoll, Ont.; Rev. Ronald Reeves, London, Ont.; Rev. Leonard Hudswell, Tweed, Ont., and Rev. Lawrence McAuliffe, Peterboro, Ont., are enroute to China from the China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., where they have recently completed their studies. On the gracious invitation of the Archbishop, their journey was interrupted in Winnipeg for a departure ceremony. Prior to the service at the Cathedral, the Missionaries delivered sermons in the various churches of the city.

The service opened with a procession in which His Grace, the Archbishop was preceded by the clergy of the city, the nine Missionaries, clad only in their black cassocks, and the members of the Sanctuary Club. When the clergy had taken their places in the Sanctuary, the "Veni Creator Spiritus" was intoned by the Archbishop and continued by the choir, after which was sung the English version of the same hymn, "Come Holy Ghost, Creator Blest".

A sermon was then given by the Archbishop, the text of which appears elsewhere in this article. The motet, "Lauda Sion", was then sung by the choir, after which the Archbishop, standing in front of the Altar, invested each of the nine Missionaries with a crucifix. The Archbishop venerated each crucifix before placing it on the Missionary, and they were in turn venerated by the missionaries.

After they had received their crucifixes, the nine Missionaries knelt before the Archbishop and recited their Oath of Fidelity to the Missions. After the taking of the Oath, which was received in breathless silence, they prostrated themselves on the floor of the Sanctuary, and over their prostrate forms the Archbishop recited the Latin prayer, "Ite, Fratres". The Itinerarium and the Departure Hymn were then sung by the choir, following which Solemn Benediction was given by Archbishop Sinnott, assisted by Very Rev. W. G. Moore and Very Rev. J. E. Cahill. The impressive ceremony was brought to a close by the Missionaries imparting their Blessing to the congregation.

Princely Collection

Prior to the Departure Ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral, the nine missionaries delivered sermons in the city churches. At all these services, a collection was taken up for the missionaries. These collections amounted to the princely sum of $400.00 and the Catholics of Winnipeg are to be commended for the generosity which they have shown towards the missions.

Archbishop's Sermon

"But you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth."

These are the last words which Christ spoke to His Apostles upon earth. The Risen Saviour stood upon Mount Olivet with his little band of followers gathered around Him. "And when He had said these things, while they looked on, he was raised up: and a cloud received Him out of their sight." In fulfilment of this last message of Christ, the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles in the miraculous manner you know, and there, strong in the strength of the Holy Spirit, the Apostle divided the earth between them and each went forth to his appointed portion to spread the Gospel of salvation, or to use the more striking and more appropriate words of Holy Scripture: "to be witnesses of Christ not only in Jerusalem or Judea or Samaria, but even to the uttermost parts of the earth" The Apostles never for a moment forgot the last command laid upon them by Christ. Wherever they went and whatever they did; in their wanderings, their hardships and their sacrifices; in life and in death, they were what their Lord wanted them to be "witnesses of Christ."

Is it not strange and is it not extraordinary that we are gathered

here to-night in this Cathedral in this City of Winnipeg in obedience to those last words which were uttered by Christ more than 1,900 years ago: In the history of the world, did the words of any man carry such far-reaching effects as these last words of Christ? Where everything is ephemeral and transitory, is it not a proof that Christ was divine and that His words were the words of eternal truth. Our office, therefore, is to be witnesses of Christ there, for the most of us, where our lot is cast, but for some, the privileged few, to be witnesses of Christ unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Dearly Beloved Brethren, Christ is with us to-night as truly as He was on the Mount of Olivet, and He is presiding over a farewell ceremony, similar to that which scattered the Apostles to the four corners of the earth. Nine young men of our own country, chosen and called by Christ from our own Christian homes, are going forth to be His witnesses in a far-away land among a people who know Him not. They are leaving home and country, they are leaving Father and Mother, they are turning their backs upon the joys and comforts of a life of culture and refinement, they are renouncing all that man holds dear, and they are exiling themselves for Christ's sake. There are Mothers in homes in Eastern Canada to-night who are thinking of their boys—thinking of the farewell that is being tendered to them in this Cathedral,—thinking in joy and pride that there are other Christian Mothers, who will take their boys to their hearts and send them on their way rejoicing. There are Fathers too who are proud of their boys for their manliness and spirit of self-sacrifice, who are glad that there are other Fathers who share their pride and who will take their place, if only for a brief moment. And who or what has given this marvellous faith and courage to these fathers and mothers, to these young Missionaries—nothing, my brethren, but the Cross of Christ. That Cross these Missionaries bear with them in their hearts and they will plant it in a far-away land and by their words and their example they will draw pagan fathers and mothers and pagan children to come and kneel before that Cross, to look up to Him Who is hanging upon that Cross and acknowledge Him as their Redeemer and their sole hope of salvation. And in that far-away land the Kingdom of Christ will be established, and you know what that Kingdom is: a Kingdom of truth and life; a Kingdom of sanctification and grace; a Kingdom of justice, love and peace.

Ours is not merely the office of saying a brief farewell. We will follow these young Missionaries into the Mission field and before God we want a part in the work which they are going to do. That part we can have by our prayers and alms. It is the Inspired writer who said: "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We can pray that the Holy Spirit of God may always be with these Missionaries, to give them strength and courage to carry on their Apostolate. It is only inasmuch as that Spirit is with them that they will meet with success in their work, for it is a work of God operating through human instruments. We can help them by our alms, and that we will do according to our means before this service is ended. The Missionaries themselves will go to you and you may be sure that anything you place in their hands you are giving it with all your hearts to God.

And now, Dearly Beloved Missionaries, Dear Brothers in Christ, in saying farewell to you, we do so with joy rather than with sorrow. We cannot forget that, whilst your work is a great sacrifice, your reward will be exceedingly great.

"Everyone that for My sake has left father and mother, and lands and home, shall receive a hundredfold in his life, and in the world to come, life everlasting." Everlasting life is the goal for all of us and to you it is assured in the plainest words from the lips of God Himself. May God be always with you! May His grace accompany you.

(From the *"North West Review"*)

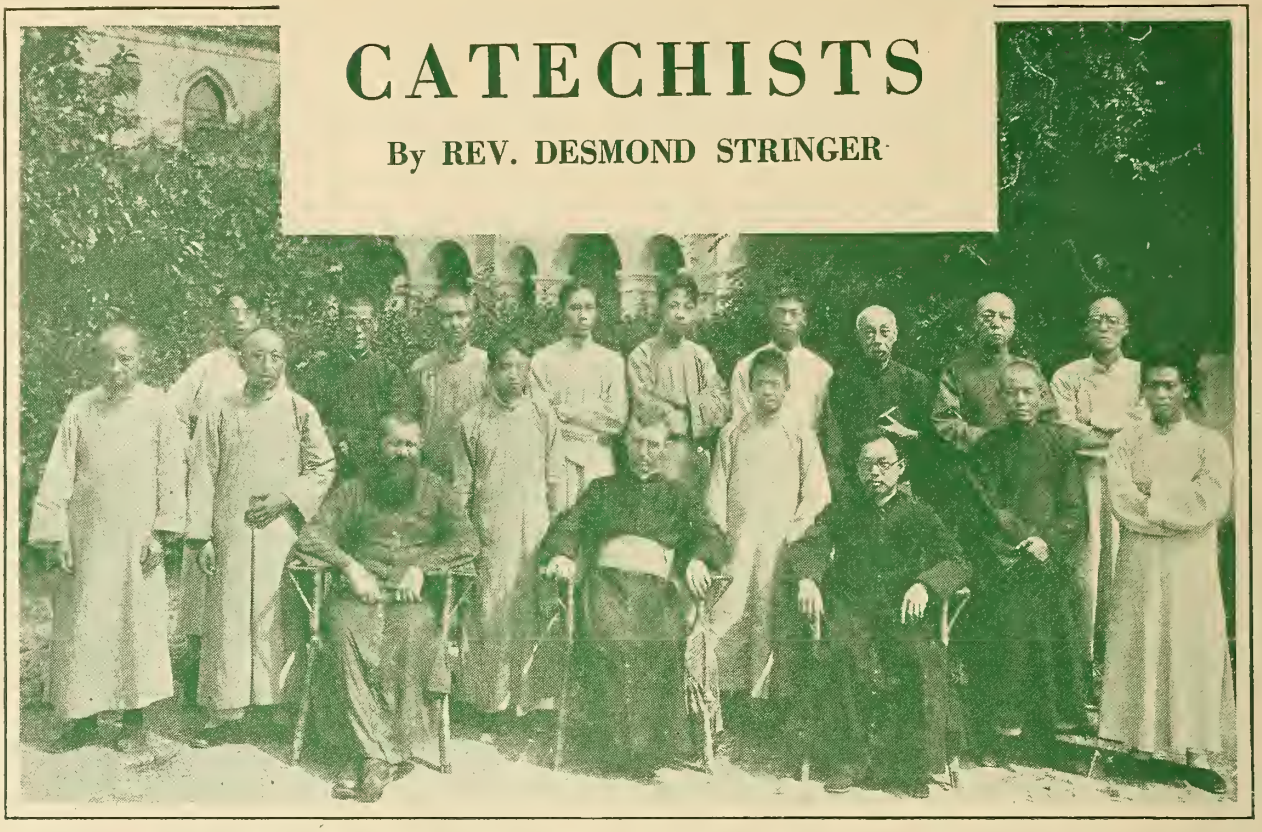


Not for a long day will our young priests forget the hearty welcome accorded them by the beloved Archbishop of Winnipeg, his clergy, and people. His Excellency cheerfully poses with the departing missionaries, following the beautiful ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral, on October 25th.

Picture, courtesy of the "Winnipeg Tribune."

CATECHISTS

By REV. DESMOND STRINGER



Conditions in Mission territories call for a plan of action on the part of missionaries which differs somewhat from the methods followed by the clergy in "home" countries. No description of activities in pagan lands is completely understood unless readers realize the part played by the "right hand men" of the Missionary, his Catechists. This article by Father Desmond Stringer is sufficiently detailed to give you an appreciative understanding of the functions and importance of native Catechists in China. Being of the race, they know how to adapt the Christian message to the Chinese mind. Gradually, by carefully and thoughtfully planned steps, our Missionaries in Chuchow are building up a School of Catechists that will accelerate conversions and knit together all the Christians into a compact body which will ultimately make its influence felt in every department of life. That is their aim. Difficulties and obstacles are being met with, but these will yield with time to the patience and prayer of our Missionaries. Pray for our Chinese Catechists; they have a most important part in the evangelization of their fellowmen.

FROM time to time you have come across the word Catechist in articles of this magazine. It may be of interest to know what such a person is; what are his duties; what are some of the obstacles that hinder his utility.

You know already, of course, that our Prefecture of Chuchow has its headquarters in Lishui, the residence of Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrath, our Prefect Apostolic. There are five other centres where resident priests dwell. All these, Lishui included, have pastors, curates and catechists. These last are laymen—married or single as the case may be—chosen from out the Christian body, and trained to be evangelical workers. Briefly put, they are teachers of Catechism. A well-trained and virtuous Catechist can do untold good. He is a link between priest and flock,—a sort of resident pastor in those numerous towns and villages where Christians live without a priest. The Catechist has no powers to dispense the Sacraments, but he can and does baptize in cases of necessity; and also, when the priest is impeded, be present to witness marriages. In the case of marriage between Christian and pagan, he interviews the parties, obtains the promises (under witness) of the pagan that all children to be born of the marriage shall be raised Catholics and that no hindrance shall be placed which would prevent the Catholic party's practice of religion This information he forwards to the priest under whom he works.

Hard to Assemble

As a teacher of religion he finds all ages and both sexes among his pupils. You know already that the great majority of people in our Prefecture live a hand to mouth existence. Bandits—within and without the law—prey on them almost incessantly. Thus the inhabitants are forced beyond normal working hours. Conditions of living also tend to thwart orderly procedure in spreading the Gospel. Take one instance. The Catechist tries to get the children together for a lesson. He has already announced it the previous day. The hour strikes—a mere handful have assembled. Peter has gone to cut brush on the mountain-side. Anna has taken the ox to graze along the pathway. Martha has gone to do the washing in the village pool, the water of which makes one think of French pea soup. All at these jobs at the command of the parents who are "astonished" when the Catechist comes looking for Peters, Annas and Marthas. "What!" quoth the parents, "Peter *not* at Catechism? Ai-ya! these kids *will* run off. It isn't as though the Shieh-San (Catechist) *hadn't* told them. Well, just wait till Peter gets home!" All

this and more, day after day impedes the catechism lesson. In places where we have schools there is, more or less, a regular attendance, which makes the Catechist's lot a little better.

BESIDES the children he has the grown-ups to teach,—Christians and catechumens. On Sunday he preaches to them. During the week he tries to assemble them for night-prayers and instructions. The vocabulary of his listeners—especially the women is extremely limited, generally circumscribed by the trade or work in which they are engaged. Differences of dialect add to the difficulties. Atmosphere conducive to quiet listening and pondering is in constant jeopardy. The mothers bring their babies. To politicians I recommend one sure method to bring any meeting to an untimely end. About six babies would suffice,—three hungry and three filled. The combination of yells and gurgles ensuing, accompanied by devices, vocal and otherwise, of mothers trying to quell the rising volume of infant bedlam, would, I think, snap the stoic patience of any servant of the country. Ask any Catechist!

At times a point in the instruction causes the imagination to take flight. Attention is lost and so, sometimes, is the Catechist's calm. Once I gave a Catechist a picture of the "Descent of the Holy Ghost". *But!* It took a lot of explaining to convince some that the Apostles *weren't* bad men and *weren't* being hit by lightning!

Settling Disputes

The Catechist is also a sort of foster-father to his Christians and Catechumens, watching over them and their interests, having a special concern for the baby girls that they be not sold into pagan homes,—or given away. He has to report any serious misdemeanours he notices among the Christians. Since he himself is Chinese, as also is his flock, there are always a goodly number who expect the Catechist to follow their line of action in dealing with the priest,—in regard to alms, as an instance. Often enough the Catechist has to report a case to be spurious; this incurs the wrath of the thwarted beggar. As guardian of his people it falls to the Catechist to act as middleman. Catechists come to grief on this rock more than on any other obstacle to their exercise of office. And, incidentally, the priest gets more headaches from it than from any other source. One faction will solemnly assure the "Spiritual Father" that this Catechist has bent, broken and mangled every law of God and man. The other side, with equal zeal, will praise him as being a strong pillar of the Church. Yet in matters of less moment the Catechist is able to patch up quarrels if only by providing an opportunity for the contestants to withdraw without loss of "face".



REV. DESMOND STRINGER, Ottawa, Ont.

During his seven years in China, Father Stringer was a faithful contributor to our pages. Looking hale and hearty, he arrived at the Seminary on Sunday, November 15th, and during the next twelve months he will be engaged in making known to audiences in Canada the facts of Mission life in China. Better than any printed word will be the actual recounting of the trials and difficulties experienced by our missionaries in Chuchow. China Mission Seminary asks a sympathetic response to the appeals which three of our returned missionaries will make to Canadian Catholics as opportunity offers.

LITTLE rifts or divisions the Catechists can rectify. There is one difficulty, however, that as yet proves insurmountable. Christians from varying localities will not mix. This state of affairs exists only in the larger towns and cities. One example will suffice to show you. In another town, where I was previously, there were a number of Christians from a seaport something over one hundred miles away. They knew they could not mix with the local Christians and, beyond attending services, did not attempt to. The Catechist's usefulness in their regard was very little. It has also occurred that a man from another district has been accepted to become a Catechist because no suitable subject could be found at hand. His utility was practically nil; he wasn't "one of the crowd". Gradually as the leaven of Christian charity begins to affect our young Christianity this difficulty will fade away. But as yet it makes the lot of the Catechist quite hard.

To "Save Face"

There is another part the Catechist plays in his general character of middleman and this when the priest is present. Not because the latter does not or cannot understand this or that dialect. In the case being given he can. But the presence of the Catechist is necessary be-

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A STATEMENT

EVERY year, following Mission Sunday and the Parish collections for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, we receive numerous letters asking that indivdual contributions be credited in our donation records, or complaining that "my subscription expiry date has not been changed on 'CHINA'."

May we make it clear to our subscribers, and the public generally, that China Mission Seminary DOES NOT SHARE in the Funds collected at any time for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

China Mission Seminary has no annual collection in parish churches. The Seminary depends entirely for its support, and for the development for its Missions in China, on the free-will offerings sent by interested friends through the medium of the mail. And just now we are in need of a legion of such friends.

JOHN E. McRAE, President, China Mission Seminary.

A LETTER TO SAINT FRANCIS

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

I HAVE been quite a while contemplating writing you this letter, St. Francis. I hope you won't mind my commenting on several incidents which your biographers have handed down to us, and which spiritual writers have presented to us as exemplifying the spirit which animated you in living the Gospel which you preached so well. I would like to recall for you several incidents which single you out as a great saint and the greatest of missionaries. You know, St. Francis the Institute which trained me and my fellow-missionaries delights in your Heavenly Patronage. We have often meditated on your heroic work and your almost fabulous success, and often, too, on your wonderful, unique death. We have honoured you on your Feasts, and made Novenas of intercession, and we keep on trying our best to imitate you. But we do not forget the differences between you and us—our weaknesses are so apparent beside your heroism; and we must reckon with the changes that have come over the world in general, and the mission world in particular, since you left it.

Yes, things have changed since your day, St. Francis. To the places you went we now can go much more swiftly, more easily and more comfortably. I remember reading with sympathy of that long five-months' journey which ensued after you left Lisbon and sailed down the Guinea Coast and rounded the Cape of Good Hope—how your ship was becalmed at times and at other times buffeted by storms. I wonder if you did not sometimes fear that your life would end on that ship and that you would never land with your cross to carry out the work to which your Father in Christ, St. Ignatius, had commissioned you.

But well I know you did not wait till you landed before commencing that work to which your whole being was devoted. How often have I thrilled at the memory of what your life on board ship brought to you. How, continually sick, wasted by heat and wracked by fever, yet your spirit rose above the poor worn body, and you preached on Sundays, catechised and instructed, made peace, silenced oaths, blasphemy, obscene songs. Yes, it is a glorious chapter in your life, this long journey passed in ministering to the sick and dying amongst a seething mass of men and vermin in the fever-swept hold of an unsanitary boat. It is really not easy for us to picture the actual hardships endured at this time as you tended to the wants of sick bodies and supplied the needs of sicker souls. I sometimes wonder what you must have thought of us as we crossed the broad Pacific in fast and comfortable liners. The starting of our missionary life was more full of fun than of sacrifice—but just the same it was a departure from all that we liked and held dear, and in that, at least, we resembled you.

Even if it be not true, Father Francis, that you deliberately passed up the opportunity of visiting your mother and bidding her a fond farewell (as some inaccurate legend has it), still I know you would have been capable of such a sacrifice in your zeal to begin your mission. Need I tell you, dear St. Francis, that our first great sacrifice is made when we say our farewells to our loved ones at home.

THERE's something I want to ask you, St. Francis. Didn't you hear your friends and acquaintances say there was enough paganism in Europe and enough work to keep you busy there without the necessity of going far afield to labour for God? And were you not hurt and pained by such remarks? Europe was just beginning to learn of the existence of people across the seas, and I guess the people at home didn't bother much about these distant souls as they bartered with them for material merchandise. But you knew that the Church had a Mission that was all-embracing, and not Europe's exclusively, and you realized that other races had need of the ministrations of God's priests, and even more so than any in Europe, where hardly anyone lived outside the hearing of a church bell. And so these remarks did not daunt nor impede you.



We are indebted to Father Doyle for many of the pictures which appear in "China." Somebody else was on the job this time, as Father Strang (left) watches Fr. Doyle arrange his camera.

About your real missionary life, dear St. Francis, I make reference now only in a general way. At the moment I want to discuss with you the pleasant topic of your phenomenal success, for you seem to have had many days quite as busy and as fruitful as was that day for St. Peter when he baptized no fewer than three thousand people. You'll forgive us, St. Francis, if we remind you that we greet with a clerical chuckle the account of one monk who wrote that you baptized three thousand yourself on a desert island. We often hear how tired you must have been, and how armweary, at the close of a busy day of baptisms. Even if you had had helpers, the task must have been enormous. You certainly are outstanding in the number of your baptisms administered. You have it all over us in that respect. We would welcome the chance to have tired arms from pouring the saving waters of baptism on our newly-made converts. But we do get immeasurable consolation from the baptisms we are privileged to administer, even though, among us all, they do not exceed a few hundreds a year.

FATHER Francis, saints like you are few and far between. Even though it be from afar off we still try to follow in your footsteps. But we are conscious of our deficiences. Perhaps we do not have the same eagerness to meet discomforts and trials and hardships as you had. We encounter somewhat the same circumstances and the same pagan mentality which you encountered, but somehow we do not meet with the same success as was yours. But still, mind you, we are not dis-

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Reclaiming the Outcasts

By
SISTER M. TITO F.M.M.,
Shanghai

IT was in answer to an S.O.S. call from our Sisters in Tsinan that two of us were sent from Shanghai to help nurse the flood refugees. On arrival I was put on duty in the hospital, where, with the help of a Chinese Sister, 200 patients had to be cared for. As they became convalescent they were sent away to make room for others. At that time there were some 20,000 refugees round about Tsinan, sheltered in 31 disused pagodas. Diphtheria, measles, and smallpox were rife among the children and in spite of what we did to help, we were powerless to save them; but the great "remedy" was administered, and in four months 2,000 dying children received, through Baptism, their "Passport" to Heaven. It was pitiful to see these little children dying off like flies; one mother had to stand by and watch her five children carried off one after the other by one of the above-mentioned diseases. She was comforted when we explained to her that her little ones would find greater happiness in God's Kingdom.

In our own hospital not one patient died without having been instructed, and at his or her request, baptised. One day two Chinese arrived in the final stages of tuberculosis, supported by two kind neighbors, they had walked four hours, hoping to find their cure in the Hospital. Our Lord in His great mercy gave them something better. They lived just long enough to be instructed in the principal truths of our holy religion and receive the water of regeneration. Another privileged soul found among the refugees had already attained his 100th year. He took his departure for Heaven just a few hours after baptism.

The harvest of souls was great during the eight months that the shelters were open to the refugees, and we thank God for having used us as His instruments to save some of those souls.

WHEN the patients left the hospital to return to their respective villages, each was given a dollar, alloted by the government. Several left before they were cured just to have the money. In one case, a woman not feeling quite fit, decided not to leave, but her husband thought otherwise; he wanted the dollar. There was much arguing, without any definite result, until madam, in a temper, had an epileptic seizure and died three days later without regaining consciousness. Fortunately, she had asked to be baptised some time previously, but as she was in apparently good health we refused her request on the grounds that she was not suffiliently instructed, and advised her to continue studying doctrine. However, "man proposes, God disposes". She received baptism.

The local authorities seeing us at work amongst the sick gave us permission to assist in the prisons also.

I can hardly describe my first visit there. Some 200 or 300 prisoners were huddled together in a room about eight yards square, with two very small holes serving for ventilation. Sanitary conveniences there are none, and the place is in such a condition that it is only for the love of God, Whose grace upholds us, that we return a second time. The wardens, who all wear masks when they enter the prisoners' cells, are astonished when they see the Sisters speak kindly to the prisoners, give them the remedies they need for their different ailments or do what is possible to ease the sufferings of the inmates of the prison, and the Sisters do not wear masks. Poor wardens, they have still to learn that in caring for the body we are hoping to save the soul that has been ransomed by the Precious Blood of Him whom we serve.

IN one part of the prison it was so filthy we were obliged to stand at a distance and throw the remedies over to those who needed them, as it was impossible to walk between the prisoners. It is not surprising therefore that many who were brigands and malefactors are changed in a few weeks from fellows that terrorized, into weak, cowering creatures. A Chinese virgin or catechist goes daily to the prison and instructs all those who are willing to learn the principal mysteries of the Faith; there is hardly time for more or further instructions as the majority of the prisoners are awaiting the death sentence, either by shooting or from some malady. The prisoners lis-



Sister Mary Angela, of the Grey Nuns at Lishui, looks quite at home with her young friends.

ten willingly; it is no strange sight to see the tears rolling down the cheeks of some of those criminals as they hear the story of the mercy and love of Our Lord who cares for them as much as He cares for us. The misery these poor people endure during their term of prison life makes them enter into themselves and see things in another light.

The Sisters go twice a week and baptize those who are sufficiently instructed and who desire baptism, also those who, in danger of death, who ask for baptism. Although I was not present on the occasion, the Sister who usually goes to the prison told me the following: One day she baptized 84 condemned men. Another day 400 received baptism. At her next visit three days later a host of new faces greeted her. Of the 400 newly-baptised not one remained, they had all paid the penalty and passed into eternity. That same day in a yard next to the room in which she administered baptism to the 400 she saw 60 dead bodies thrown one on top of the other, like so many pieces of wood, awaiting burial,—such as it is. A huge hole is dug, all the bodies are pushed into it and then covered with earth.

There is a special part in the prison for those dangerously ill, but the prisoner who has to be transported there does not have the luxury of a stretcher. He is turned on his back—hands tied together—feet tied together, and then a bamboo pole is passed between hands and feet. Something like a pig trussed up for market.

IT happened that during Holy Week visits to the prison were stopped so that we sisters could have time to follow the ceremonies of that great week. In the meantime the prisoners had been transferred elsewhere. On Good Friday Mother Superior received a letter from the Governor informing her of the change as they thought the Sisters had not been there for some days and not acquainted of the change. Also that several brigands, feeling their end drawing near, had asked to see the Sisters and have some of their remedies and also their "Saving water".

For us, we ask nothing better than that Our Divine Lord may bless our work and give us the grace to save many more souls for Him.

LETTER TO ST. FRANCIS

(Continued from page 154)

couraged. For humbly do we claim that we give as you gave—the best possible. And I trust you are not disappointed with us or our results. I know you bear with our shortcomings, and perhaps you see many excusing factors. But I am sure that you must be very proud of all the intrepid missionaries, men and women, both in your Society and outside, who have followed your example in the past four hundred years and added their part to the work that cost you your life. Yes, I feel that you are proud of all the Church's missionaries and the results they have garnered through the years since you first blazed the trail. But, more important, I know you are interceding for them and always meriting the title of their Heavenly Protector and saintly Patron, and for that, dear Saint Francis, we thank you, and encouraged by it we keep on at the work.

And now a concluding paragraph about your death. Your lovely, lonely death — parted from all friends, distant from all help, and even deprived of the presence of a fellow-priest. Books about you tell us that your thoughts were where your glazed eyes sought to focus themselves—across the narrow strip of sea from Sancian to China, where the teeming millions of souls in that vast land offered you virginal soil for still more fruitful cultivation. And so your last thoughts must have been for them. And for your successors who would surely work amongst them. With that final thought and prayer in your mind you prepared to welcome Sister Death with all the loving longing and holy happiness as did your gentle name-sake. Father Francis, did the drama of the whole thing ever cross your mind as the increasingly-difficult breathing advised you of the falling of life's curtain? When the breath went out of you it, figuratively, entered into others. We are engaged in the same drama as you were, Francis Xavier, and we but ask that some of your indomitable spirit and courage and zeal may show forth in our lives lived for God in the land to which your last look was directed.

Catholic Wills

For Mission Needs

In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Donations to our Burse Fund and our Building Fund are our greatest present needs. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF ....."



Monsignor McGrath presides at the Commencement Exercises of the Girls' School at Lishui. At his left are Fathers Morrison, Beal, and Gignac; seated to his right are Fathers Stringer, Curtin, and McGettigan.

MONSIGNOR FRASER WRITES

IT was the Eve of Pentecost. I expected a big crowd for the Feast, which is one of the four great Feasts in China. It was after 4 p.m. and people were beginning to come in for confession. I was all alone, my assistants being distributed throughout the district to celebrate the Festival in the principal centres—Mass in six different places, a record for Kinhwa. A countryman rushed in; he had been on the road since early morning; had walked 27 miles; a Christian, dying in his village, was calling for a priest. What was to be done? Could I get one of my assistants to take the call? No, they were too far away, and there was no time to lose. But what about to-morrow's Feast? Would I be able to get back in time to celebrate?

Taking my sick-call set I hurried to the Church for the Blessed Sacrament. Mounting rickshaws my servant boy and I proceeded to the motor bus terminal. It is seldom that one sees a motor vehicle in this city, and so the rickshaw pullers are careless. Just as we were swinging through the narrow city gate a motor truck dashed by. The driver waved a reproving finger at my rickshaw puller—death had been avoided by a mere hair's-breath.

On arrival at the pontoon bridge we were delayed by a thousand Boy Scouts returning from their drill grounds. At the bus terminal I found the last bus had left. There was an auto in a corner, but it was out of commission—engine trouble. The buses were parked in the shed for the night. To hire one for the journey would be exorbitant; but there was no alternative, if I wished to get back for to-morrow's Feast.

So we bumped along at a great speed in the special bus for about an hour; then walked several miles through the country to the village where the sick man lay. I gave the Last Sacraments and hurried back to the bus which was waiting for us—the round trip having been arranged for $10. It was 9 p.m. when we got back to the Church. I was proud of the adventure, which I think is a record in this slow-moving country; and still more pleased that a churchful of Christians were not deprived of Mass and Communion on the great Festival; many of them had walked long distances from the country. The sick person died a few days later.

A few days ago a pagan family, most superstitious and devoted to their idols, brought us their little sick daughter, aged seven. She was a pupil in the Sisters' school, and was exceedingly bright for her age. She learned catechism and prayers and firmly believed in God. Her pagan parents, as usual in sickness, had recourse to all sorts of superstitions. She was placed, against her will, in the pagan temple under the protection of the idols against the devil, who the pagans think produces illness. Wonderful to say, this tiny child resisted all the pressure brought to bear on her, and firmly refused to adore the false gods. Water mixed with the ashes of incense burned before the idols was given her to drink, and many other silly superstitions were employed, but all to no avail. Finally, at the proposal of a Christian lady, she was brought to the convent, and placed under the protection of God.

Fortunate it was for the little child. As she was now very ill Father Ly baptized her, and I gave her Confirmation. We had her treated by a first-class doctor, but at his last visit he refused to prescribe medicine, as all hope was gone. We endeavoured to prolong her life with condensed milk, and she seemed to rally a little, but she had a very high fever, and fell into unconsciousness. Her pagan mother began the weird wailing usual at the approach of death, and as is the custom here, laid her on the floor to die. And so, this little child, with the staunch faith of martyrs, went to join the Angels. A little coffin was procured, covered with a white cloth, and placed in the church, where surrounded by the sanctuary boys, I performed the beautiful service of the innocents. She was then buried in our Christian cemetery.

MISSION LITERATURE

We have in stock at the Seminary a number of copies of Monsignor McGrath's book "The Dragon at Close Range", and also copies of Father Sharkey's volume of Poems "The Anvil of the Cross". Both books provide interesting and instructive Catholic reading, and we advise you to add copies to your library now before the supply becomes exhausted. The price for each book is one dollar, and you will be pleased at the investment. Send for your copy now while you think of it.

HELPING GOD'S WORK

Those who readily and regularly give financial help to the Missions are none the poorer for it, but without their assistance we would be badly off. Please include China Mission Seminary in your Christmas Gift list.



Boys in the Catholic School, Kinhwa, China (Monsignor Fraser's Mission). Some were Christians from infancy; some recently baptized; the greater number not yet baptized; all are being instructed in Christian doctrine, and assist at all Church functions. This is an out-and-out Catholic School, no pupil being accepted unless the parents agree to the child practising the Christian Religion. There are as many girls under instruction in the girls' school taught by the native Sisters of the Sacred Heart. These are the two principal schools in the District of Kinhwa, which contains eight counties with 2,000,000 inhabitants. There are besides a few smaller schools throughout the district, but the pagan schools can be counted by the thousand. Alas! "The harvest indeed is great but the labourers few".

CATECHISTS

(Continued from page 153)

cause one of the Christian's "hasn't the face" to speak to the priest directly. This most often happens with women. I was examining one once on points concerning her marriage. She would not answer me; but she spoke *at* the Catechist *to* me! This process can be reversed, If I have to speak "scold words" to a Christian, it seems that the honourable way to go about it is to call the Catechist and culprit before me and scold the latter by speaking my piece *at* the former. Just one of the buds from that ill-fated Tree in the Garden!

Patient Training

The training of Catechists is one of the Missionaries' pressing tasks. Because of the youth of Christianity throughout our Prefecture good subjects are scarce. Hence the building up of a strong active body of men fitted for this office proceeds slowly. To it the missionary must bring a colossal patience; an ability to confine his training to the limits of their mental machinery; and a readiness to overlook a lot of minor defects. The ideal Catechist, like ideal priest, is rare. At least St. James thinks so. The education of the millions in China consisted for centuries in sheer memorizing. So one cannot expect our Catechists to be remotely related to Aristotle. We have to tell our Catechists the same thing over and over again.

Method in Tsingtien

Every month in Tsingtien, our eight Catechists and two schoolteachers come into headquarters from their stations, there to spend the First Friday. Thursday afternoon, as each arrives, he comes to announce his presence and pay his respects to the priests; then he retires to the "Ka-ting" to meet his fellows and with them to smoke and chat. That evening they listen to a sermon specially adapted to their particular needs. Night prayers, examen of conscience and confession follow. Friday morning's meditation time is given to thinking on the sermon of the night before. In their own stations they use meditation books supplied to them. At Mass on Friday they receive their monthly Communion. Benediction follows and then breakfast. After this repast all congregate in the "Ka-ting" and one is chosen by lot to prepare, and give in the afternoon, a Catechism class to his confreres. This decided, the regular business of reports is begun. One by one they come to the pastor's office and give an account of the month's activities and happenings. The range of these is as wide as human nature. One tells me he has baptized three pagan infants shortly before they died. Another recounts how Mr. Cherish, a Christian of sixty-four summers, has rented another man's wife for ten years. A third relates that Mr. Benefit, who was too indifferent to attend the Mission last Fall, was found dead sitting in his chair. A fourth reports that Mr. Peace is henpecked by his pagan wife's mother—a termagant if ever one was —and that is the reason why he can't send his young son to learn prayers at the chapel school. And so on until all have come with their parcel of news.

In the afternoon at three o'clock the catechism class is held. In the morning the one selected received a large picture from a series of doctrinal ones. His task is to explain its meaning. Twenty minutes is allowed and at the completion of this time the other Catechists may quiz him. This method enables them to find out for themselves what talent they have and what weaknesses they must eradicate to fit themselves better for their work.

At five o'clock all assemble in the chapel and receive various pointers—corrections and commendations, with no names mentioned. This lasts half an hour and then the Stations of the Cross are made in common, for themselves and their dependants. At seven o'clock another sermon is preached to them. Saturday morning they receive Holy Communion again and, breakfast over, they go off in twos and threes to their missions.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

THE work of the Foreign Missions is not a whim or fad of a few individuals. It is a sacred trust given to all Catholics, young and old, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

Vast masses of people in China and elsewhere still await the word of salvation that can be brought to them only through foreign missionaries.

Nearly three hundred years ago the Catholic Faith was brought to Canada by the saintly Jesuit Martyrs from France.

Canadian Catholics owe a deep debt of gratitude to those pioneer Missionaries for the gift of their Catholic Faith.

Today Canada is making an effort to pay this debt by sending out her own missionaries to pagan lands.

An Institution for the development of Mission Vocations among English-speaking Canadian boys was founded in 1918 by Father John M. Fraser. That Institution is known as St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, now located at Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario.

The Seminary has now 24 priests in China. These priests are evangelizing a district (Chuchow) comprising a population of 1,500,000. Fewer than 3,000 are yet Catholics.

The present personnel of China Mission Seminary is: 45 priests and 39 students. This personnel has been recruited from 21 different dioceses, as follows: Toronto, 14; London, 8; St. John's, Nfld., 10; Alexandria, 5; Antigonish, 8; Ottawa, 6; Hr. Grace, Nfld., 5; Kingston, 5; Montreal, 4; Halifax, 3; Hamilton, 2; Pembroke, 2; Calgary, 2; China, 2; Spain, 1; Victoria, 1; Peterboro, 1; Charlottetown, 2; St. John, N.B., 1; Vicariate of Northern Ontario, 1; Fall River, Mass., 1.

The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, from Pembroke, Ontario, are assisting the priests of China Mission Seminary in Chuchow Prefecture, China. Seven Sisters are at the Lishui Convent.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary has the endorsement of the entire Canadian Hierarchy. The President of the Seminary is Very Rev J. E. McRae, D.C.L. The Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow is Right Rev. Wm. C. McGrath.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary for its upkeep, and the developpment of its Missions in China, depends entirely on free-will offerings given by interested friends.

As a Catholic, you should contribute to this national endeavor for Foreign Missions. "Charity for the Missions surpasses every other work of charity." (Pius XI).

"'Without doubt, it is by prayer and sacrifice that we can best help our missionaries."—ST. THERESE, Patroness of Missions.

NONSENSE



"IF YOU DON'T LAUGH AT THE JOKES OF THE AGE, THEN LAUGH AT THE AGE OF THE JOKES"

"So you're the chief of police," said the stranger in a small American town, "Glad to know you. I wonder if I could also shake hands with the fire chief?"

"Sure," replied the police chief. "Just wait while I change hats."

Mary—"Why do they keep lions at the central telephone office?"

Teacher—"Why do you ask such a question, Mary?"

Mary—"Well, when I call my daddy sometimes the central girl says, 'The Lion is busy'."

The two survivors of a shipwreck, a seaman and a passenger, had managed to clamber on to a raft.

"If a ship doesn't sight us soon," said the seaman, "we'll starve."

"Don't talk nonsense," snapped the passenger. "I've plenty of money."

The lady was visiting the aquarium. "Can you tell me whether I could get a live shark here?" she asked the attendant.

"A live shark? What could you do with a live shark?"

"A neighbor's cat has been eating my goldfish and I want to teach him a lesson."

Johnny—"What is a brick hod used for, Daddy?"

Father—"Why, for carrying bricks, of course. You should know that. It explains itself."

Johnny (after a moment's silence) —"Then I suppose a tripod is used for carrying tripe?"

Visitor: "How old are you, sonny?"

Boston Boy: "That's hard to say, sir. According to my latest school tests, I have a psychological age of 11 and a moral age of 10. Anatomically, I'm 7; mentally, I'm 9. But I suppose you refer to my chronological age. That's 8—but nobody pays any attention to that these days!"

"Will you guarantee the upholstery of this car?" demanded the prospective purchaser. "Madam," replied the salesman with dignity, "the proof of the padding is in the seating."

Husband: "Did you have a good game of bridge, dear?"

Wife: "So-so. We lost the rubber, but I think we won the argument afterwards."

The deep-sea diver was hard at work on the ocean bed. Suddenly an urgent voice came over the telephone which connected him with the boat above.

"What's the matter, chum?" he asked.

"Come up quickly," he heard. "The captain's just told me the bloomin' boat's sinking."

The cheapjack had been holding forth on the wonderful properties of the anti-fat preparation he was hawking.

"But are you sure it's all you say it is?" demanded a female sceptic in the crowd.

"Am I sure, madame?" retorted the other. "Why, you can take it from me that it was this very preparation that made the Tower of Pisa lean!"

A negro preacher called on a white minister and found the latter writing. "What you doin'?" asked the colored parson.

"I'm preparing my notes for next Sunday's sermon."

"I suttinly nevah would do that. Don't you know the debbil is looking right ovah your shouldah an' knows everything yo' gwin t' say? Now, I don't make no notes, and when I gets up to talk, neither me nor th' debil himself knows what I'm gwine t' say."

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher. "Can you tell me what a quack doctor is?"

"Oh, yes; he's a vet that cures ducks."

"You didn't take a vacation this year, did you?"

"No, I thought I needed a rest."

"Your father looks very distinguished with his snow-white hair."

"Yes, he has me to thank for that."

"Yesterday I got a parrot for my wife."

"Um! I wouldn't mind an exchange like that."

Mistress (giving new cook instructions)—"I am getting a new griller for the kitchen."

Cook: "Then I don't want the job. I won't have one of those big hairy monkeys jumping around my kitchen."

Aristocratic Castaway (to his valet): "Just one more thing before I turn in, Thompson. Make a sundial and call me at half-past nine."

Note received by teacher explaining the absence of child: "Dear Teacher,—Beatrice is suffering from measles as required by law and cannot come to school."

"Daddy!" exclaimed the little boy.

"One more question, then," sighed the tired father. "Only one."

"How far is it," inquired the tot, "between to and fro."

Patron: "Look here, waiter, I ordered chicken pie and there isn't a single piece of chicken in it."

Waiter: "That's being consistent, sir. We also have cottage cheese but so far as I know there's not a cottage in it."

Tailor: "You have recently inherited a nice lump of money from your uncle. Why don't you pay me?"

Customer: "I hate all outward show. don't want it to be said that my newly-acquired wealth has caused a departure from my former simple habits."

Two men occupying the same seat on a bus got into conversation.

"So you are a doctor, eh," said one.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Well," said the first one, "in a way our work is alike. I'm a window washer and work on panes, to."

Rustic: "If you please, zur; Janet and I 'ud like to put off our wedding for a week or two."

Vicar: "Dear, dear, what has happened? Is Miss Janet ill?"

Rustic: "Oh no, zur; but the weddin' presents ain't a-comin' in up to expectations."

Rastus and Liza were married but a short time when he came home with a big wash-tub, a wash-board and a handsome three-foot mirror.

Liza: "Whut's all de truck you brung?"

Rastus: "Yo'-all kin take yo' pick. Yo' kin take de tub an' washboard an' go to work, or yo' kin take de mirror an' set down and watch you'se'f starve."

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR

YOU

To Answer An Invitation

+

The Invitation . . St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, invites you to enlist your family in a Mission League.

The Object . . . . To help the Seminary educate its students for the Missionary Priesthood, and to send aid to its Missionaries working in Chuchow, China.

The Method . . . To deposit ONE CENT A DAY in a China Mission Mite-box kept in your home.

How to Join . . . Just send to us for a Mission Mite-box. That's all. You don't even have to write a letter. Use the Coupon below.

The Easiest and Simplest Way for Every Catholic Family in Canada and Newfoundland to Do Its Duty by Supporting Canada's Only Foreign Mission Seminary for English-speaking Catholics.

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ST. F. X. SEMINARY,
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Dear Fathers:

I want a China Mission Mite-box for my home. I intend to put in the Mite-box ONE CENT every day, and from time to time I'll send you what I've collected. I think that's the least every Catholic family could do to help your missionary works. Please enter my name as a member of your new Mission League, thereby entitling me to a share in all the Spiritual Benefits extended to benefactors of your Missions.

MY NAME .....

MY ADDRESS .....

.....